THE

Sword and the Trowel;

A RECORD

OF

COMBAT WITH SIN AND OF LABOUR FOR THE LORD.

EDITED BY C. H. SPURGEON.

1891.

"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.

HE who has conducted this Magazine for so many years has this year been laid aside for long months; but his place has been so ably filled that the readers have not suffered. He feels he must, for an hour or two, reassume the editorial chair, and write the last article for the year, which, strange to say, is *the Preface* of the volume. If that which stands at the beginning is in very deed the last, it may fitly be used as a sort of summary of the whole. This Magazine is of the nature of an autobiography of its Editor, and therefore this Preface may be a brief record of his year's experience.

Our ministry at the Tabernacle has been sorrowfully brief during 1891. It opened happily enough, with congregations undiminished, and converts coming forward in large numbers; and then the clouds descended, and the customary voice was hushed. Yet, possibly; nay, we may say, assuredly, the Lord has done greater things by his servant's sickness and silence than by his health and verbal testimony. We may not always expect to see the why and wherefore of the Lord's dealings; but, in this case, certain points are clear enough.

The work which centres at the Metropolitan Tabernacle has been tested. It has been assumed by many that the death of the Pastor would be fatal to the work which he has inaugurated. This has been shown to be a mere assumption. Like Isaac, he was "as good as dead", but the institutions were maintained, and the preaching of the Word was sustained by divers men of God, till at last the man came who has filled the great house, and moved the heart of the crowd by his noble witness for the truth. The members have not forsaken the church, and the workers have not stayed their hand. Such an experience is reassuring, and is a practical rehearsal of what will surely be done on another day, when he, who has again and again been drawn out of the waters of death, shall in very deed go up the mount, and fall asleep, and no more lead the flock through the wilderness.

Very notable is the fact that an immense amount of fervent prayer has been drawn forth. On no modern occasion known to us has more supplication been made to God for the life of a minister of the gospel. Of course, our own dear people were constant and instant in their pleadings; but this was only as the drop of a bucket compared with the intercessions of millions all over the world. There is no exaggeration in this estimate; it really seemed as if all bodies of Christians, and even others beyond the pale of our holy faith, were at one in crying to God on our behalf. Had the prayers remained unanswered, great occasion to blaspheme would have been taken by the enemy. As it is, the fact has greatly aided faith in candid minds. The preservation of a life so nearly gone was, if we may not say "miraculous", at least a very remarkable instance of the prevalence of united prayer in a desperate case. The lesson thus taught by public fact cannot be lost on thoughtful minds. Several pastors have stated that their people had allowed the prayer-meeting to droop; but when invited to pray in this

case, they came together in numbers, and pleaded fervently for the special object, *and have continued in the fuller exercise of prayer ever since.* It is worth while to be sore sick if thereby men are cured of the sorer sickness of neglect of prayer.

Equally memorable is the latent Christian love which has been made manifest. Spontaneously, loving telegrams and letters poured in, not from well-known friends only, but more numerously from persons of other denominations, from whom tender sympathy and concern might not have been expected. Had the sufferer been an Episcopalian, the clergy could not have been more solicitous; had he been a Presbyterian, Wesleyan, or Independent, members of those bodies could not have been more loving. All sorts of Baptists were more than brotherly; but they could not exceed the other Christian churches in their affectionate enquiries and condolences. The sorrowing wife was, under God, borne up every morning by the most tender assurances. Many children of God wrote that they had received in their own souls an answer to the prayer of faith, and were sure that the sick one would recover. Though the patient knew little about it, his worst weeks were a long Pentecost of brotherly love. When he did know of it, he could not comprehend why so much holy affection should have centred upon him, and bowed his head in deep humiliation of gratitude. It was an astonishing fact, and one not easily realized, that without any hint from himself, or any of his family, or personal friends, the sufferer's name was mentioned in the public assemblies of many parish churches among those for whom the prayers of the congregation were requested. Twenty years ago, one who had prophesied that a Dissenting minister would have been lovingly mentioned in St. Paul's Cathedral, and in numerous Episcopal churches, would have been reckoned among madmen: yet the fact is sure. Surely, there is a real and growing unity among those who are spiritual, when even towards one who has been very outspoken concerning religious differences such brotherly kindness has been shown. May it be an omen of a time wherein the true union of all who are in Christ Jesus will make similar outbursts of sympathy to be of ordinary occurrence!

Strength and space alike fail the Editor, and he patiently resumes the couch, to which he is bound to return by the careful reminders of those who watch over him. Gratitude, to God and to all sorts of friends, brings the water into his eyes as he writes. Blessed be the Lord, who healeth us, and blessed be the hearts that implored his gracious interposition, and blessed be every reader of these pages!

So prays



EDITOR.

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THE

SWORD AND THE TROWEL.

JANUARY, 1891.

The Present Crisis.

BY C. H. SPURGEON.

THE age is on the stir. Some sadly compare it to "the troubled sea, when it cannot rest, whose waters cast up mire and dirt"; and the analogy certainly holds good to a very high degree. Others liken the period to the awakening days of spring, when all the pent-up forces burst into action, and prophesy a season of growth and fruit. There is truth in this also, although the awakening energies are not all those of goodness, and caution asks the question, "What will the harvest be?"

In any case, the constable of society cries roughly, "Move on"; and the throngs in the streets of Mansoul insist that everyone shall proceed one way or another. Virtuous advances, if possible; but advances, even if virtue be left behind: such is the restless demand of the time. Politics in a hurry takes to alliances which patriotism formerly forbade, and ventures upon stratagems which old-fashioned honesty would have condemned. Benevolence in a fever will not stay to consider possible failure, and assured hazard; but declares that the die is cast, and goes in for a vast experiment. Liberty, sick of her own sweets, turns to despotic power, as, at least in religion, the cure for her feebleness. Religion itself, weary of laborious advance, regards her holy scruples as *impedimenta*, and adopts the methods of the world, while her doctrinal teaching is left, like some ancient Cæsar's camp, to be viewed as a curiosity by this advanced generation. These are serious alterations; are they improvements?

Those who have no delight in unsettlement, and useless change, are by no means indifferent spectators of the childish freaks of this light-headed generation. As fresh developments appear, the question arises, again and again, "What next?" and with the enquiry comes the sigh, "O Lord, how long?" Certain of us are distressed beyond measure by that which others enter upon with a light heart. To mention this is to bring upon such dissentients a storm of ridicule. Our regrets cause no concern to the changeful ones. Why should they? They despise the old fogies who cannot, like themselves, rush into the bogs after the jack-o'-lantern of progress. "Doctrine!" cry they, "Who cares for *that?*" Calling it "dogma," they make a football of it, and again they shout, "Who cares?" Without waiting for an answer, they hurry forward in their infallible wisdom to exercise their liberality of spirit by scoffing at the narrow-minded orthodox. "Waters of a full cup are wrung out to them." New teachings and new methods mar the peace of churches which, for many generations, have held to the once-delivered faith. The intrusion has been wanton and illegal; but what of that? Protests are of no avail: it usually suffices to answer them with a sneer. Where contempt would scarcely be prudent, the pretence of agreement is made to cover over a fatal difference, and to give opportunity to stab the truth in the back. All things appear to be regarded as fair in the conflict with old-fashioned believers: they are a kind of creature with whom no faith is to be kept, and to whom no rights are reserved. No matter how venerable in years, profound in knowledge, or great in usefulness a man may be, let him hold to the old faith, and he has thereby forfeited every claim to regard. "*He was the founder of the church.*" He has ruled it too long! "*He has been its principal pillar for many years.*" It is time that there was a change! "*He is gentle, and of tender spirit. It is cruel to oppose him.*" Men cannot be considered; if they are opposed to modern progress, they must endure the inevitable! This is the spirit of the new religion—the religion of "humanity," the religion of "thought and culture." So to describe it is to give serious offence, but the description has been proved to be emphatically true in many instances; and others will be forthcoming with cruel certainty in due time.

Is anything more precious given to us in the place of the doctrine which is said to be obsolete, and is therefore to be scouted? By no means. The substitutes for Solomon's shields of gold are not made of diamond, but of brass, and that brass of a poor sort. The dishes of solid meat are removed from the table, and pottage of the most watery sort occupies the room—a pottage into which wild gourds have been shred, so that there is "death in the pot." The results patent to all, in many cases, are the decay of piety, the death of prayer-meetings, the frequenting of theatres and other places of amusement, lax morals, and a general worldliness of life. Need we go far to find Nonconformist churches which will never be accused of Puritanism, but might truthfully be called clubs for social, political, literary, and sportive purposes? Of course, the provision of amusement is judged to be laudable, and by no means a thing requiring to be defended; while the holding of bazaars, in which the stage itself is left in the rear, and Vanity Fair is outdone, is justified and commended. We have "Institutes" for youth,

where the gambler tries his unaccustomed hand, and "sing-songs," where the frequenter of the low music-hall acquires his first taste for the comic and the loose. The more "liberal" the doctrine, the more free-and-easy the living. These are the new lamps which are offered us for the old. We are to barter away the gold of Ophir, and receive, in exchange, the mud of the Dead Sea. Will all professors have it so? Will the free churches be in the forefront of this mad movement towards the abyss?

It is cheering to believe that many have of late been braced up, and are recovering their footing. Testimony for the gospel is clearer from many pulpits than it was wont to be; for which may God be praised! In other cases the new system has worked itself out; and, aroused by the disastrous result, the people have returned to the truth which they once loved. The heart of the churches is in a great measure sound; and when those who rule the hour are no longer able to silence the much-enduring people, there will be a return to the former beliefs, and this will be accompanied by a firmer adhesion to them in the future. Too much is it a fact that a clique is ruling, and the real voice of the people is unheard.

Be that as it may, believers must look well to the foundations. We need to have the fundamentals laid continually; and doctrines taken for granted must be once more Scripturally proved. More and more must faith renounce dependence upon the arm of flesh, and cling tenaciously to the Lord and his Word, without the admixture of other reliances. Nothing is to be done but to continue "steadfast, unmoveable, always abounding in the work of the Lord." There is one gospel, and if that be preached in the power of the one Spirit, it must accomplish the purposes of God. God will raise up his own champions. In the way of his Providence he will fight for his own cause. This is all we desire. Party we must have none; personal honour we must not consider; let truth become once more dear to Zion, and by whomsoever the Lord shall work the reformation, it sufficeth us.

If, for her sins, the present visible church shall be left to decline into death, it will be a heavy heart-sickness to the faithful; but even then they have no reason to despair. Out of the stones of Jordan God can raise up children unto Abraham. His purposes fail not. The end of the book of history will show his hand, even if in some of its pages his name be not readily discernible. If he was honoured who believed in Rome when her foes were within her walls, so shall he be who believes in the triumph of the faith when apparently overcome by the subtlest of her adversaries. In the most disastrous hour of the march of the army of the Lord, when the Amalekites are smiting the hindmost, he will do well who will take his stand, and hold his ground, and resolve to die beneath the arrows of ridicule rather than suffer harm to the ark of God. There is a faith which turns to flight the armies of the aliens. May we each one possess it now!

The Parable of the Lakes.

BY W. Y. FULLERTON.

ON the summit of the Bernina Pass, in the Engadine, there are two lakes, whose peculiar characteristics attract particular notice. Their names are Lago Nero and Lago Bianco, which interpreted mean, the Black Lake and the White Lake; and very aptly are they thus named, for the one is as black as ink, and the other as white as milk.

One summer day I climbed up from Pontresina to the Bernina Hospice, and then, having seen the lakes, my wife and I wandered further on to a coign of vantage, where, on the further side, stretches before the eye a scene of inimitable beauty. Sitting there, a parable bubbled up in my imagination; and as we talked it over, it became vivid and tangible—the parable of the lakes.

There are but two classes of people in the world. Philosophers have made each his classification of mankind, but is it not strange that none have accepted the judgment of God, that men are all in two divisions? But two lakes in Bernina; but two spiritual species of men; sheep and goats, no alpacas. The colour of the two lakes is different—one black, one white; so, too, is the character of the two sorts of men—one defiled and blackened by sin, the other whiter than snow.

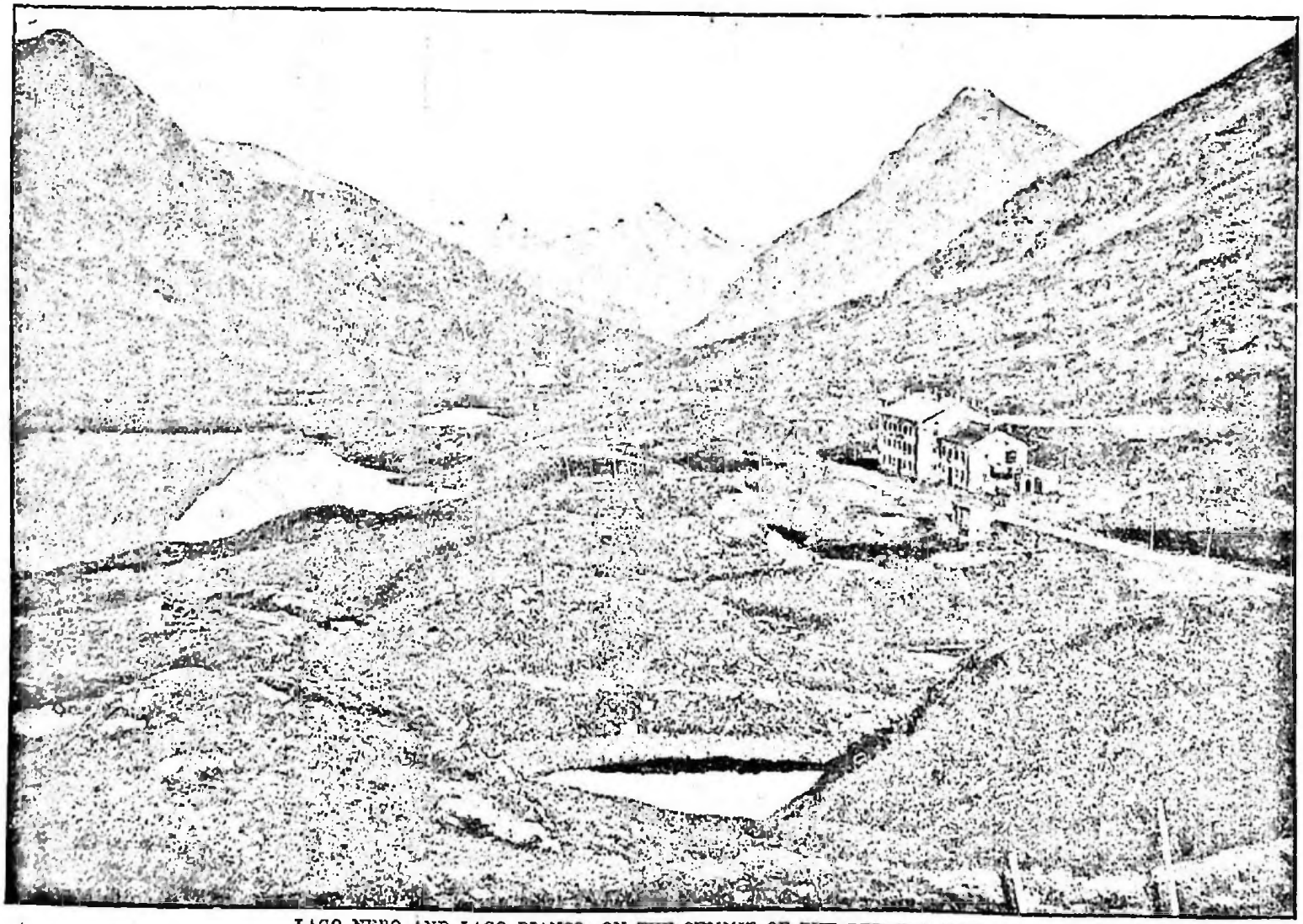
Looking further into the matter, I noticed that the source of the two lakes differed. The Black Lake is supplied from below; while the river which fills the White Lake flows down from the glacier above, and passing over what I think is limestone, becomes white. See here a picture of the two sources of life: the one from beneath; of the earth, earthly; the other saintly and pure from the throne of God and the Lamb; and nothing makes one think more of that Great White Throne than one of these giant glistening glaciers. The source is different.

But the course is different, too. For exactly at this spot is the watershed of Europe, and the river from one lake flows one way, while the river from the other goes in the contrary direction. Again the parable speaks plainly, and testifies that, when a man is born from above, the life of Christ in the soul flows diametrically opposite to the way of those who have only the life of the flesh. We go in different directions; our aims, purposes, and hopes are reversed.

And, strange to say, the rivers run into different countries; from Lago Nero flowing into Switzerland—wild, rocky, sombre: from Lago Bianco into Italy, whose smiling fields and vineyards lay in the valley before us as we mused; and thus, too, the experiences of the two lives differ. We, having climbed up one side, and feasting our eyes on the other, said to ourselves—Who would not choose the fertile, sunny plains which at length stretch to the Eternal City, rather than the brief summer of the wild valleys—the pleasures of sin for a season?

For that is not the end. Their destiny is different. The Nero river reaches at length the Black Sea, symbol of that blacker sea of wrath, where those who live a carnal life at length must go. And who shall say how black it is, or how stormy? The Bianco river pours itself into the Adriatic; and the heaven-born at last shall reach the sea of glass mingled with fire. How great the distance of their destiny!

How great the distance! Yet here together they sleep a while, but a



LAGO NERO AND LAGO BIANCO, ON THE SUMMIT OF THE BERNINA PASS.

few yards apart, on the bosom of the hill. We could throw a stone from one to the other; but the direction once taken, the river, with increasing velocity, rushes on to its own place, even as character in man tends to permanence. The unjust become yet more unjust, and the holy yet more holy. So near—at first lying side by side; sundered so far at length. Ah me! the pity of it, that men and women who daily meet each other, who live, perhaps, in the same house, will, at last, be separated, and dwell for ever apart. The pity of it, when it might be so different.

And how might it be different? Just as I could easily have taken some of that black water, and conveyed it over the rocky barrier into the White Lake, where it would have changed its character, its direction, its country, and its aim—just as I could easily do that, the Holy Spirit of God can take those who are only born of earth, and have their course away from heaven; he can take them, and unite them to Christ, give them an impulse in the new life, guide them through all the varying phases of experience, like a voice behind them saying, "This is the way, walk ye in it, when ye turn to the right hand, and when ye turn to the left"; and at last bring them to their glorious end in peace. Every soul willing to yield to his blessed sway—you, if you are willing—is thus changed by his power. This is the parable of the lakes.

"Apt and suggestive," was the partial judgment of my beloved wife. "At any rate, it is the gospel I have proved, and which I mean to preach," I answered.

"But it is getting late; let us go back to Pontresina."

An Irishism.

CROSSING recently on one of the express boats between Dublin and Holyhead, there was seated beside me, in the deck cabin, an American, who, as he said himself, was "just in time to catch the boat." Quite close to him sat an Irish gentleman, of the Sir Boyle Roche description, full of the doings of his countrymen, and of his own ideas as to how things ought to be done. The volubility and speed at which the words rolled from his tongue fled by like the wash of the sea from the quickly revolving paddles: all was froth, foam, and a confused noise as of a great tumult, till nature at last gave way; then, breathless and exhausted, he wound up his torrent of words with, "Sure, I tell you, sur, I tell you *they don't know what they want, and they'll never rest satisfied till they get it.*" At this last remark of his, Cousin Jonathan softly smiled, and, blowing from his mouth and through his nose an enormous volume of smoke, which gave one the impression that he had caught fire, replied, "How, in the name of common-sense, could a people that know not what they want, and will not rest till they get what they know not of, ever be satisfied?" Well, be it so, 'cute Cousin Jonathan; still, there is a truth in this Irishism. How many people one meets with every day, fretful, hasty, hot in the pursuit of worldly pleasure, find every cup they drain an unsatisfying portion! Truly, *they know not what they want.* Those that are in the sweet secret of a satisfied and restful life know that Christ alone can satisfy; and those that are restless, and who know not what they want, will never rest satisfied till they get HIM.

NASEBY.

The Perils of the Playhouse.

BY THEODORE L. CUYLER, D.D.

YOUNG people often ask me the questions, "Would it be right for me to go to the theatre? If not, then why not?"

Those who propound these questions are not of the dissipated and dissolute class, but clean young men and maidens—too clean to be smirched by needless exposure to impure influences. That such questions are constantly raised is not surprising, for the playhouse is increasingly persistent in its demands on popular attention and patronage. It fills a constantly-enlarging place in the daily journals. Theatres multiply more rapidly than churches in some of our great cities. Theatre-going increases more than church-going. The dead walls are covered with pictorial representations of scenes and actors in full dress (or in very little dress), and many of these are of such disgusting indecency that they deserve suppression by the public authorities. If the pictures be so shameless, what must the originals be? Before our youthful inquirers become patrons of the playhouse, it is but fair that they should know just what perils to their moral nature and their welfare as immortal beings they are likely to encounter.

First. The first peril is to purity of character. Your eyes and ears are windows and doors to the heart. What enters once never goes out. Photographs taken on the memory are not easily effaced or burned up; they stick there, and often become tempters and tormentors for a lifetime. "I'd give my right hand," said a Christian to me once, "if I could rub out the abominable things that I put into my mind when I was a fast young man." He could not do it; neither will you be able to efface the lascivious images or the impure words which the stage may photograph on your very soul. We do not affirm that every popular play is immoral, or that every performer is impure, or that every play-goer is on the scent for sensual excitements; but the stage is to be estimated as a totality, and the whole trend of the average American stage is hostile to heart-purity. The exceptions do not alter the rule. Nor have honest attempts to bring the stage up to a high standard of moral purity been successful. The experiment, once made in Boston, of so managing a theatre as to exclude every indelicacy from the stage, and every notoriously improper person from the audience, ended in a pecuniary failure. The puritanic playhouse soon went into bankruptcy. The chief object of the manager is to make money; and if he can spice his evening entertainment with a plot that turns on a seduction, or with a scene of sexual passion, or with a salacious exposure of physical beauty, the temptation is very often too strong to be resisted.

You must take the average stage as it is, and not as you would like to have it. It is an institution which, if you patronize it, you become morally responsible for—as much as if you were to patronize a public library or a public drinking-saloon. As an institution it habitually unsexes woman by parading her in man's attire before a mixed audience. Too often it exposes her in such a pitiable scantiness of any attire at all, that if you saw your own sister in such a plight you would turn away your eyes in horror. Yet you propose to pay your money, through the box-office, to somebody else's sisters and daughters to violate womanly delicacy for your entertainment. If "the daughter of Herodias" dances to please

you, then you are responsible for the dance in its influence on both the dancer and your own moral sense. There is no evading, before God, your accountability for the theatre if you habitually support it. What its influence upon the average performer is appears from most abundant testimony. One of the most celebrated actresses of this time informed a friend of mine that she "enters a theatre only to enact her part, and has very little association with her own profession." A converted actor once said to me, while passing a playhouse in which he had often performed, "Behind those curtains lies Sodom." Although sorely pressed to return to his old business, he said he would starve sooner than go on the stage again. Mrs. Frances Kemble Butler—the last living representative of the most famous histrionic family of modern times—has in her old age emphatically condemned the stage. As an institution the American theatre tolerates sensual impurity in its performers, and presents scenes of impurity to its patrons. If you become one of its patrons, you go into moral partnership with the theatre.

Second. It would be a sufficient condemnation of the average playhouse if it stimulates one evil passion. But other temptations lurk about it. *There are dangerous associations to be encountered there.* It is a prevalent habit with young people who attend the theatre to remain until a late hour amid the excitement of the plays, and then to finish off with a midnight supper or a wine-drink at some neighbouring restaurant. To this perilous practice a young lady of my acquaintance owed her downfall. Long after sensible people have laid their heads on their pillows the *habitués* of the theatre are apt to be adding a second scene of dissipation to the first one. It must be pretty hard work for a Christian to finish up such an evening's experience with an honest prayer for God's blessing. That is indeed a poor business and a poor pleasure on which we cannot with a clear conscience ask our heavenly Father's approval. Certainly there are enough innocent, wholesome, and beneficial recreations without venturing into the dangerous atmosphere of the playhouse. That is a dear-bought pleasure which involves even a risk to the immortal soul.

Third. Another peril of the theatre arises from *the fascination which it too often engenders.* Like wine-drinking, it becomes an appetite, and a very greedy appetite. To gratify this growing passion for the playhouse tens of thousands of young people most profusely squander their money and their time. Other and purer recreations become tame and insipid. Even the entertainments of the stage become dull unless they are spiced with new excitements to the passions. Wholesome pleasures cease to please, just as a brandy-drinker ceases to be satisfied with cold water or a cup of coffee. It is not recreation, but stimulation—and a very dangerous sort of stimulation too—that you will be after when you become enslaved by the fascinations of the stage.

My young friends, be assured that no sagacious employer ever chooses a clerk, or an accountant, or any other employé; the sooner because he is a theatre-goer. No sensible man is apt to select the companion of his heart and home because she is a frequenter of a playhouse. No wise Christian mother wants her sons and daughters to go there. No pastor expects his youthful church members to go into that impure atmosphere without a terrible damage to their piety. I do not believe that the

theatre has helped many souls towards heaven; I know that it has sent thousands to perdition.

Now that I have, in kind and candid plainness of speech, pointed out some of the inevitable perils of the playhouse, ought you to take the risk?

[*Extracted from "Newly Enlisted," Hodder and Stoughton.* We fear that what is said of America will have much truth in it when applied to England; but possibly there may be a little less force in it, and allowance may be made. At least, we hope so; but we certainly shall not go to see. We observe enough of the ill influence of the theatre without nearer acquaintance.—C. H. S.]

He Minded his Own Business.

"FOR cool self-possession the descendant of Ham is hard to discount." This trait of the negro was illustrated in a recent trial, in Irontown, of a white man named Chambers for shooting another man. The most important witness was Frank Jenkins, a negro, who was whitewashing a chicken-coop only a few feet away when the quarrel took place. When the lie was given, defendant went for his gun.

"What did you do then?" asked the cross-examiner.

Witness: "I jes' went on whitewashing de chicken-coop."

Cross-examiner: "But when the defendant appeared with his gun, and it looked as if someone was going to get hurt, then what did you do?"

Witness: "I kept on whitewashing de chicken-coop."

Cross-examiner: "When the first shot was fired, what did you do?"

Witness: "Kept right on whitewashing. It was none of my business; and whah I cum from, in Kaintuck, I learned not to interfere with two white gentlemen occupied in settling a question of honah. I jes' turned up one corner of de coop, and kept on whitewashing."

Cross-examiner: "Did you do anything when they removed the body?"

Witness: "Yes, sah; kept on whitewashing dat chicken-coop."

Even the justice was moved to smile by this uncommon display of a disposition to attend strictly to one's own business.

[This comes to us from America; and there is a lesson in it, which may be wholesome if taken with a grain of salt. If Frank Jenkins could have saved a life, he ought to have left his hen-coop, and his whitewash, and it may have been a passive selfishness which kept him from so doing. Yet if he kept clear of the quarrel because he had nothing to do with it, and had no gun, and the two white ruffians would probably both have turned on him, he was wise to mind his own work. At any rate, in most cases, when we have no right nor reason to intermeddle, we had better go on with the chicken-coop.

At the present moment, in controversies, religious and political, the ordinary worker had better go on with his Master's work, and leave the fighting to others. Brother, feed your sheep; and as to what this man or that may be called upon to do, the word may come home to you from your Lord, "What is that to thee? Follow thou me."—C. H. S.]

"The Work of an Evangelist."

BY THOMAS SPURGEON.

No. IV.—Sydenham.

I CANNOT even write the name of this, my next mission-field, without flashes from the Crystal Palace lighting up the mind's eye, and recollections of my own dear home flooding the memory. But, when I found myself at Sydenham, I was, alas! as far as ever from Joseph Paxton's beautiful creation, and from, to my eyes, the still more lovely "Westwood."

Yet, wherefore do I sigh "alas!"? It is surely better to be in the path of duty, though exile from home is involved, than to enjoy in unappointed places the fellowship of nearest friends. Besides, the banishment affects our bodies merely, for

> "Though sunder'd far, by faith we meet
> Around our common mercy-seat."

The Sydenham of which I write is a suburb of the city of Christchurch, and the nearest approach to the Crystal Palace it affords is found in the glass verandahs with which many of its "stores" are furnished. In physical configuration too, this Sydenham is the antipodes of the other.

Gipsy, Beulah, and Sydenham hills, with all the other glorious heights around the Palace, give place, in this case, to a monotonous level, relieved only by the Port Hills, some six miles distant, and by a range of snow-capped mountains, perhaps forty miles away.

Moreover, this Sydenham is not an aristocratic neighbourhood. It is populated for the most part by the working-classes—*i.e.*, by those who labour with their hands. By the way, I am not sure that they ought to have the monopoly of that most honourable title, "working-classes." Surely many of those who drive the pen instead of the plough, and hammer their brains instead of nails, and delve in fields of literature rather than in cabbage-gardens, are of the working-class as well. Many of them have longer hours, I know, than the so-called labouring-man, and some of them get hardly more remuneration; and they *are* labourers too, undoubtedly, although not "horny-handed sons of toil." But these Sydenham people are, for the most part, workers in the ordinary acceptation of that term; the toilers and moilers, on whom, to an extent so large, depends the well-being of the body politic. There are few, if any, titled folk thereabouts. Some "professors" there may be, but they are of the tonsorial art; and the only "generals" I know of, resident in that district, are the general blacksmith and the general storekeeper.

Right glad was I to have the opportunity of carrying the gospel to these busy bees. Still is it true that the poor have the gospel preached unto them. As a matter of fact, the poor get more of the gospel than the rich. The editor of *The Sword and the Trowel* once said, "We have plenty of sermons to the working-classes; I think we want some sermons to the carriage-classes. There is as much ignorance of the gospel among the upper classes as among the lower." Doubtless this is so; and we all rejoice in those whom God has raised up to bear the good

tidings to the *élite* of society. Nevertheless, there is no less a need for workers among the middle classes; and to me, at least, it is a more congenial task to preach to those who have not wealth and worldliness as additional hindrances to salvation.

The Sydenham Baptist Church has not, so far, experienced a very smooth passage. The good ship has suffered from a rather too frequent change of captains; and just at present she is without a skipper at all. She is, however, in the good hands of three earnest brethren who are steering her from a lee-shore. Not inappropriately, the chief of the trio is named Marriner. May he prove a master mariner! He will have earned that proud distinction if he and his mates succeed in weathering the cape on which it seemed possible the good ship might strike. This they will, doubtless, do; for though the crew is a comparatively small one, all hands are on deck, and an earnest, hopeful spirit animates them all.

Good work had been done before the Evangelist arrived, and a series of preparatory meetings had blessed the banners and whetted the swords of the faithful soldiers. There seemed every prospect of success. From so large a population large congregations would be gathered, composed of the sort, too, whose minds are most open to gospel truth. So we judged, and with great hopes unfurled the flag. But an unexpected hindrance arose. Another battle was about to rage. On or about the same date commenced the great labour strife, and all men's hearts were full of wonder and anxiety about the struggle between capital and labour. Every night of the week some labour-meeting drew many away, and the strike absorbed the attention of all classes and conditions of men. Only on Sunday evenings could we secure a large attendance. Nevertheless, the seed was sown, and the reaper had some little work to do, too, thank God! We were delighted to learn that certain waverers had been stablished, some wanderers restored, and others, whose lamps were burning low, had them cleaned and trimmed, and charged with fresh oil. Moreover, the believers were welded together in the warm glow of a united effort to rescue the perishing.

At one of the meetings, a note was handed to me, in which the writer (a widow), after acknowledging much blessing received through one of the discourses, sent a message to the Evangelist's father. Can I do better than convey it to him through the columns of his own magazine? It runs as follows:—"Will you please tell your honoured father how much good his book, *Morning by Morning*, has done me. I have passed through deep waters. How often that book has cheered me! Long may the Lord spare him, and use him for his glory!"

The Sydenham series over, we had to undertake

A LONG JOURNEY,

and a not uneventful one. It looked as though we were not to carry out our programme. The crews of the coastal, as well as of the inter-colonial boats, had by this time been called out, and the ordinary time-table of the steamers was quite suspended. So unlikely did it appear that we could get away, that I arranged to conduct a service at the Christchurch Baptist Church on Wednesday evening. That very evening a boat sailed, so my services had to be dispensed with, and

by six o'clock I and my "first mate" were on board the s.s. "Wanaka," bound for Wellington. Our next field was Nelson, whither we hoped to find another steamer going from Wellington. We could not expect to reach the former place on Thursday (when we were due), but thought it barely possible we might arrive ere the next Lord's-day.

Slipping away in the darkness, without sounding the usual whistles, we were not subjected to the hootings with which the unionists had been saluting the "blackleg" crews. We thanked God for a fair wind, and took courage. But long ere the next day dawned we discovered, like Peter, that the winds and the waves were boisterous, and our diminutive craft tossed about like the proverbial nutshell. The wind was still fair, but it had increased to the proportions of at least "half a gale." Though by this time I may reckon myself a bit of a "salt," I confess I prefer Paddy's hurricane to even half a gale. In the former case, you know, the wind blows straight up and down the mast! Towards afternoon we found ourselves in calmer water, and hastening on deck, I looked around for the familiar landmarks of Wellington harbour. But they were nowhere to be seen. Presently the case was made plain. We were steaming up Queen Charlotte's Sound, and making for the town of Picton, where the captain wished to report himself by wire to Wellington. The prudent commander would not venture across Cook's Straits with an unaccustomed crew, and a small pressure of steam (for the firemen were novices), especially as the weather threatened to be thick on the lee-shore of the North Island. All hopes of reaching Nelson even by Sunday were now taken away. It would probably be a day or two before we could venture out again, and when we did reach Wellington we would have to cross the Straits again. What a wind was raging! How it swept down the gorges of the Sound, as through funnels, dense clouds of snowy spray flying before the besom of each blast! "One would think the deep to be hoary," or even that it boiled like a pot, had it not been so excruciatingly cold. Slowly we steamed, in the very teeth of this gale, until we reached the head of the Sound, and the town of Picton. It was now that it dawned upon us that this storm was for the furtherance of the gospel. Had we reached Wellington, we could not have made Nelson before the Sabbath, and now we were still on the South Island (so is Nelson), with a coach road to our destination. But, unfortunately, the coach was to leave Blenheim (some thirty miles from Picton) at 6.45 next morning, and no vehicle was available to take us to Blenheim overnight. So we slept at Picton, or rather, tried to. We should have had a better chance of sleep at Bedlam than at the Pier Hotel. Whether they were unionists, or "free labourers," or escaped lunatics, I know not, but certain it is that until two in the morning a yelling, shouting, singing (?), and, of course, drinking crowd, held high carnival beneath our dormitory. Such are the peculiar views of pleasure which some men hold, while those who do not share them have to endure their well-nigh demoniacal din. The 8 o'clock train took us as far as Blenheim, where we met a former deacon of the Auckland Tabernacle. That same day, soon after noon, we set out in a special buggy, with two stout horses, and a young but able Jehu, on our drive of over eighty miles. Right gaily we tripped it at the first, for the road was good, and the sun bright, and the animals

fresh. The way was level—on a gloriously-fertile plain—till the wide bed of a river, whose name is of the unpronounceable order, had been crossed. Then we wound up a lovely valley, with sheep upon the hills on either side. How often I wondered if this or that one would ever figure in *The Sword and the Trowel*, amongst the gifts to the orphans, as—"The New Zealand Sheep!" I could wish that more of them met with such distinction. It is only *meet* they should.

After driving for, say, three hours, we passed through the township of Havelock, and remembered that Christian hero from whom it takes its name; as also Deacon Wm. Olney, whose son Herbert commenced his New Zealand career in this same spot. The evening was fast closing in when we pulled up at a wayside inn, known as The Pelorus Hotel. We were in the very centre of Canvas Town, whose importance can be judged from the fact that it consists (so far as we could tell) of the hostelry aforenamed, a smithy, and a church. The inn was of a humble sort, but it proved a Paradise in comparison to the pandemonium at Picton. Never was bread sweeter, nor chop more savoury, nor sleep more sound, for we were hungry and weary.

The ground was white with frost next morning (Saturday) when we mounted our trap again, behind the same faithful steeds. And what a drive we had that day! Our devious road led us over two mountain ranges, and along two heavily-timbered valleys. There was plenty to interest us *en route*. Trees, and ferns, and watercourses, and creepers, and mosses, and native birds, and Californian quail, kept eyes and ears ever occupied. Of course, the way was rough in parts, and the inevitable back-aches and cramps preyed upon us. But jolts, and jars, and aches were more than compensated for by the lovely views, and the fresh hill-air. Habitations were few and far between. Occasionally we descried one in a place as inaccessible as a lady's pocket. Presumably, there is a way to both. Once we looked down in a place called Happy Valley, where a miserable habitation, and not a blade of grass, contradicted the name. Only once did we tarry, and then but for forty minutes. Surely it speaks well for New Zealand horseflesh that our nags, though of course leg weary, seemed not unduly tired even when the journey was accomplished. About three of the clock, when some six miles from Nelson, we descried a figure, which was by no means unfamiliar, approaching us on horseback. The Rev. T. Bray, who once assisted in the work at Auckland—now Pastor of the Nelson Baptist Church—had come thus far to meet us. In another hour we were heartily welcomed by his worthy wife, and happily located in their cosy manse. So, despite the storm; nay, by means of it, we were in readiness to begin the Nelson Mission up to date, though we had missed the preparatory meetings. Extra expense and fatigue had been incurred, but we had good cause to be glad that by stress of weather we had been compelled to travel overland, by what may well be called a "war-path," since Picton, Blenheim, Marlborough, Havelock, and Nelson, are the names of the places and provinces through which we journeyed.

We, too, were soldiers, but of a nobler warfare.

The Year's Work at Costers' Hall.

AS our readers are aware, Costers' Hall, Hoxton, is a Gospel light-house in a densely populated north-eastern quarter of London, the aim being, as Mr. W. J. Orsman, the pastor of the mission church, tells us, "to give light, and to save life." As our friend still remains a member of the church at the Tabernacle, Costers' Hall may still be reckoned as one of its outposts, although it is in all respects an active working church, carrying on its operations quite independently. The aim has been, from the first, to make converts; and then to employ them in aggressive work among people of their own order. The result has been the gathering of a large and prosperous company, a large proportion of whom engage with ardour in Sunday-school, Bible-class, and other branches of service.

Mr. W. J. Orsman is now to be reckoned among veterans in Christian enterprise; for in 1891 it will be thirty years since he commenced work in Golden Lane. What changes have come over that notorious locality since 1861, and over London generally; but as a Christian teacher, it is Mr. Orsman's happiness to be just where he was at the outset. As he himself remarks:—

"Like the lighthouse we are not given to change, and friends can still find us at the same blessed voluntary work which we commenced in 1861, in the Golden Lane and Hoxton Christian Mission. Very few of our earlier co-workers remain, and we count it a special privilege to be still 'giving light, and saving life.' We make no compromise with the devil; but in our encounters with sin we adopt the military command—'*Strike hard, and strike quickly.*' True religion does not make us empty sentimentalists, but real, honest, devoted servants of the King of kings. We like *reality*, and leave all that savours of pretence or affectation to the theatre. Our surroundings call for warmth and enthusiasm, hence we leave coldness and dulness outside. We love *life*, and so banish the lifeless to the churchyard. Our place in the church of God is not to be exhibitional, but useful. Activity is the order of the day at Costers' Hall: *we are all at it, and always at it*, and we do our best to make everything hearty, homely, and happy."

Situated about a mile away from the former quarters in Golden Lane, Costers' Hall, with its thirty-two rooms, in addition to the assembly-room, capable of accommodating 800 persons, is regarded by the costers, street-traders, and others, as their own institution. There, without charge, they can have warm and well-lighted rooms for club meetings and other business purposes; and occasionally a gathering of a more festive character may take place. The chief work is of another kind, however; and this includes the Sunday services, the Sunday-school—the scholars of which throng the entire building—the Bible-readings, and prayer-meetings of the week, &c. These are all well attended; and Mr. Orsman is able to say that "many spiritually dead and barren lives have become living and fruitful by the grace of God." There are also evening classes, lectures, and a free library for such as desire to improve their education. Then come temperance and thrift; so that, altogether, nearly forty distinct meetings are held at the hall during the week.

This winter the breakfasts to famishing Board-school children, who would otherwise go fasting to school, will be continued; while the Irish stew, at a nominal charge, will, as in former years, be served out to needy people.

By retiring from his position in the General Post Office a few months



MR. W. J. ORSMAN.

ago, Mr. Orsman entered upon quite a new phase of his busy life; for hardly was he released from the Queen's service, than he was elected upon the London County Council. In connection with this body he will do good service, for, as he says:

"Once in the Council, we found plenty of congenial and useful work

to occupy our daytime, and without interfering with the evenings at the Mission. Some of our friends may be interested to know that we are at present serving on the following committees :—Housing of the Working Classes ; Lunatic Asylums ; Parks and Open Spaces ; Bird and Animal Life in the Parks ; Corporate Property, Charities and Endowments ; London Water Supply, Markets, and Sanitary and Special Purposes. Our large experience of the needs of the Metropolis should enable us to render useful service on the above committees."

Apart from the County Council, Mr. Orsman has at present two important enterprises in hand, which will prove of great benefit to the poor when completed. One is the purchase of a suitable building for a Seaside Home on the South Coast, which, through the generous gifts of two friends, is likely soon to become an accomplished fact ; the other being the erection of dwellings in London for the accommodation of the poorest of the wage-earning classes. Our friend writes :—

"It is well known that the substantial sanitary Model Dwellings now erected in many districts, are too expensive for those whose earnings are uncertain, and rarely exceed 10/- a week ; yet this is a numerous class almost beyond computation. It comprises jobbing-men, seamstresses, laundry and charwomen, widows, besides invalids and others who are kept out of the workhouse by the assistance of relatives and friends. Such persons now pay from 20 to 40 per cent. of their income for bare walls, with often insanitary accommodation, which is being rapidly condemned by the London County Council, and must shortly disappear."

To remedy all this, Mr. Orsman proposes to put up, by way of experiment, on a cleared space obtained from the London County Council, a building containing 100 rooms, to be let from a shilling to half-a-crown a week, according to size. This cannot, of course, be made self-paying ; but one friend has promised £2,000, and if £3,000 can be obtained from others, the scheme can be completed.

Thus, this comprehensive Mission continues on its way, carrying on its ordinary work, and developing new enterprises. Contributions to the ordinary fund, or otherwise, can be sent to Mr. W. J. Orsman, Milton House, Shacklewell Green, N.E., while parcels of cast-off clothing, &c., should be sent to Costers' Hall, Hoxton, London.

Mr. Orsman is thus one of many volunteers who have given time and energy to the work of improving the poor of London. We live in fast-moving times, however, in which we find one proposing to set all things right by means of his Salvation Army. Sensational experimental schemes are, nevertheless, more likely to disappoint those who embark in them than to be crowned with success ; while nothing is more certain than that it would be a real disaster to the poor of London if support were withdrawn from the tried veterans, who have borne the burden and heat of the day, to indulge the fancy of sanguine adventurers, whose schemes in the main are quite as likely as otherwise to prove impracticable.

Stephen Hislop,

PIONEER MISSIONARY AND NATURALIST.*

THE town of Duns, or Dunse, thirteen miles from Berwick-upon-Tweed, and the chief town of Berwickshire, has been the birthplace of several distinguished persons, and the scene of many remarkable events. Indeed, the whole district is full of objects of interest, and repleto with associations which carry us back to the early days of Christianity in these Islands. The followers of Columba, of Iona, invaded Northumbria with the sword of the gospel, and many of the Angles were converted and civilized. They pursued their conquest down to Lindisfarne, Whitby, Durham, and York. Here Duns Scotus, *the subtle Doctor*, as the French named him, was born; and here a far greater than he, Thomas Boston, the author of the "Fourfold State," long after first drew breath. The sight of an open grave and a mouldering corpse, in his native town, gave him, it is said, the first idea of the plan of his book, which is full of the marrow of gospel truth. Perhaps a greater work than writing the book, out of which thoughtful ministers might get no end of sermons, was the prominence he gave to the truths of the gospel in relation to the evangelization of the world. Associated with Ralph and Ebenezer Erskine, he first gave shape and direction to the evangelizing spirit which grew up in the bosom of the Scottish Church.

In the bright autumn (8th September) of 1817, Stephen Hislop was born, the youngest son of his father of the same name. The elder Stephen Hislop was one of a firm of three masons, or builders, who, while employing workmen, toiled with their own hands. Father and mother are described as "righteous before God, walking in all the commandments and ordinances of the Lord blameless." He went to school to one Dickson, then to Thomas Sheriff, and finally to Mercer, the accomplished Latin scholar. Under the second of these masters he is said to have learned two arts, which were afterwards very useful to him—the "statistical and the usefully artistic."

Besides his parents, his minister, and teachers, "nature," we are told, "was his chief schoolmaster." Every holiday, every leisure hour, he was exploring the country round about; sometimes alone, sometimes with his elder brother, Robert; and, when bent on insect-hunting and the collecting of fossils, his most intimate friend and companion was a youth named Duns, now Professor Duns, of the New College, Edinburgh.

There is still living in Duns an "auld shoemaker," David Paterson, who has all his life been a collector of insects, and of coins and medals. Dr. Smiles speaks of him as having the head of Jacob Boehme, and but one enemy in all the world—his poverty, which restricts his collections. David tells us that, when out on a fishing excursion, Robert Hislop had hooked a fine trout, and while Stephen was on the grass studying the beetles, the trout fell back into the stream, just above the swirl of the mill. David, a boy in a pinafore, rushed in to catch it, and Stephen plunged in after him, and, with exceeding difficulty, rescued him from drowning.

* Stephen Hislop, Pioneer Missionary and Naturalist in Central India. By George Smith, C.I.E., LL.D. London: John Murray.

The picture of his boyhood and youth has been briefly drawn by Dr. Duns. When told that his boy was about to leave Scotland for Mission work in India, the father said, "Steephie, frae a bairn, was unco auld-farrand (sagacious), and aye sa guid."

Stephen was not an early riser, but he loved to sit up and read. His mother, who kept a small shop, followed the good old rule, "early to bed, and early to rise." She lived for her sons, of whom Stephen and Robert become most distinguished. One evening, on her retiring, Stephen said to her :—

"When will you be here in the morning?"

"At five," was her answer.

"That will do," replied Stepher.

"Oh, yes," said the mother dryly, "our Stephen's a grand riser *at night*."

One other anecdote of his boyish days must suffice. It was the year before he entered college, at "Fasterns' E'en" time (Shrove Tuesday), when the married and single of Duns always joined in a game of hand-ball. To every one's astonishment, Stephen joined in the contest, throwing himself into the match with much impetuosity, which led onlookers to say, "Is it possible? Is that Steephie Hislop?" He came out of the fray a good deal mauled, and with a torn coat. It had been his wont to speak of even trivial incidents, outside common occurrences, as under the direction of providence. "What a providence!" was his favourite phrase. "Was your Fasterns' E'en fight a providence?" some one unkindly and incautiously remarked. Looking hurt, he replied, "It was permitted."

We pass over the many wanderings of the incipient naturalist over the many ample fields of the border country favourable for such pursuits, ramblings which he pursued upon the simple fare of coarse wheaten scone, or coarser barley bread, and the pure water from the burn or larger stream, with the addition, in the summer and autumn, of wild raspberries, hips and haws, blackberries, and now and then, under protest, the *scrag-apple*, or crab.

Having learned all that Duns could teach him, coming out first in Mathematics, Latin, and Greek, Stephen entered the university in his seventeenth year.

The "early piety" with which he entered the university did not receive much development during his four years in the Arts Faculty, but the mental training did him lasting service.

In his Divinity course he had, first, three partial sessions at Glasgow, and then he returned to Edinburgh, and "came under the spell" of Chalmers and Welsh, when he gave himself fully to study. He supported himself as a schoolmaster, or as a private tutor, as many had done before, and others have done since. We may quote Dr. Smith on the happy state of things in the midst of which Hislop moved and had his being :—

"What they (Chalmers and Welsh) did for him at college was enlarged and practically applied in the preaching of Dr. James Buchanan in the High Kirk. Not only the Church, but the whole land was seething with the evangelical fervour, which, having gradually gained the mastery in the General Assembly, resulted in the heroic sacrifice by

that majority which formed the Church of Scotland (Free) in 1843. Hislop and the divinity students lived and debated, resolved and suffered, like their seniors during the white heat of the Third Reformation. He came out of college adding to his scientific method and devotion the love of truth, and a willingness to sacrifice everything for it, together with consecration to Christ, and Christ alone, as Head of the Church, and King of the people given to him by the Father, which made him the great missionary he became."

In Dr. Duncan, of Ruthwell, he found a true and sympathizing friend. The doctor's large scientific knowledge, and his fervent piety, no less than his evangelical preaching, drew Hislop to him. Thus his summer residences as a tutor helped as much as they delighted him.

It was in 1841, while still a tutor, that he met the young lady God had designed as his future wife and help-meet. Erasma Hull came of a good evangelical stock. Her grandfather, Rev. Erasmus Middleton, was once Romaine's curate, a friend of Toplady's, and preceded Leigh Richmond as rector of Turvey. Her father was the son of that Mr. Hull whom Whitefield commended to Newton when appointed to Olney. It was from this town, rich with the memories of Cowper and Newton, Sutcliff and Carey, that he took his wife in due time.

It is in his correspondence with Miss Hull that his religious experience is told out. He had met with the saintly M'Cheyne, and had felt his influence, as he admired his zeal and devotion; but his full decision—he called it his conversion—was reached through the instrumentality of Mr. Burns, who became the first Presbyterian Missionary to China.

Hislop's devotion to missions was not the result of a lack of work at home. As his last term in divinity was closing at the university, amid the throes of the great Disruption, many competed for his services, for he was in the front rank of young men. The Blair Lodge School tempted him to become master and chaplain. Dr. Henry Duncan implored him to become his assistant and successor; and one of the best livings in the Established Church was offered him; but he declined them all.

While waiting to be licensed, he became secretary to the Ladies' Society for Female Education in India, founded a few years before by Major Jameson, a Bombay officer. He worked so heartily for that Society, that it proposed to send him out, when married, as a missionary to Bombay. While he was waiting the direction of providence, Dr. John Wilson returned home accompanied by the first Parsee convert. Meeting with these gave a new impulse to his desire. But he had a humbling sense of his unfitness. Thus he wrote to his future wife:—

"20th January, 1843.—This morning, at our University Missionary Association, we had a very interesting address from Rev. Dr. Stevenson, of Bombay. He told us of the need of missionaries in India, and of the qualifications requisite in them. One qualification is a turn for languages, which I think I possess; but the most essential of all requisites in one who would do this work of the evangelist faithfully is personal piety—a singleness of heart and aim—increased devotedness to Christ and his cause. In this respect, I frankly acknowledge to you, I fall vastly short; and though I am deficient in courage and the taste for business, it is in regard for spirituality of feeling that I am aware

the greatest defect exists. When I think of this, and when I reflect that nothing but an elevated piety, implanted by the Spirit of God, will carry a missionary through his arduous labours, I begin to conclude that I should not even take into consideration the question whether, in any circumstances, I ought to be a missionary. This, however, ought not to be the conclusion. I should rather be stirred up to more earnest prayer for the gift of the Spirit, that I may be *spiritually* fitted, at least, for any department of the Lord's vineyard to which he may appear to send me."

The adhesion of Dr. Duff to the Free Church gave a new impulse to the mission-work of the infant society, and was a joy to all its adherents. Notwithstanding his own sense of unfitness, there was a growing sympathy with the work, and an increased desire to enter upon it, which was aided very much by the reading of Dr. Duff's book, "Missions the Chief End of the Church." On 20th January, 1844, he offered himself to the Foreign Missions' Committee of the Free Church, through Dr. Gordon, to go to India as a missionary. Among the committee there was a general approval of the candidate, but the decision was not taken for a month. Indeed, the question was not *whether* he should go, but *whither*. A missionary was required for Nagpoor, the capital of what are now called the Central Provinces of India; a candidate who had been under consideration was found not to be adapted to the very important work; as a consequence, Stephen Hislop was accepted as a man every way fitted for the post.

A visit to his brother Alexander, at Arbroath, nearly put an end to all these plans. Leaving Dundee, in the *Windsor Castle*, on the same day that the Queen's yacht left that port, the vessel struck upon a rock, and, when nearly filled with water, she struck on another. The company had been indulging in gay pastimes, and seemed to be wholly possessed with passionate denunciation of the captain, giving vent to oaths and curses instead of cries for help and mercy. As God would have it, the second collision proved their salvation, for the vessel was so fixed that at low tide all escaped to the shore, in boats or otherwise.

His marriage followed in due time, and on November 3rd, 1844, Stephen and Erasma Hislop left Southampton for Bombay. Narrowly escaping shipwreck off the coast of Portugal, they reached Bombay 14th December. Nagpoor, which name is applied to the city and the surrounding district, denotes the serpent worship which marked the religion of its founders, the Gond tribes, the aboriginal inhabitants. It is a district rich in coal and iron, diamonds, and other precious stones, and yet for thousands of years its inhabitants were little better than savages. It was the part of India last of all to submit to invasion. Something more than a century ago the Maratha robbers overran its plains, and Hinduism and Mohammedanism followed, the Gonds taking very much to the hills, dense forests, and jungles. As early as 1810, Lieutenant (afterwards Colonel) Moxon took pity on the people. As commandant of the Resident's body-guard, he regularly addressed the Arab and Afghan troopers and sepoys, as also the Maratha-speaking peasantry. Hearing that Dr. Carey was preparing a Marathi translation of the Scriptures, he applied for copies. He afterwards went to Serampore, where he was baptized, and where he married Miss Hobson, a niece of Dr. Carey.

He returned to Nagpoor with Marathi, Hindustani, and Hindu Scriptures, and a native catechist. When, after some years, Colonel Moxon retired, and the Serampore mission ceased, the intercessions of the Moxons went up for Nagpoor. God heard their prayers; and we find Sir Donald M'Leod, a civil servant of the East India Company, and a military officer, Sir William Hill, on the scene. Moxon, M'Leod, and Hill, from 1810, with a few years' break, until 1845, prepared the way for Stephen Hislop, and the Central Indian Mission of the Free Church. Rev. A. Leslie, who led Henry Havelock to Christ, was made useful to Sir Donald, and the Presbyterian became a Baptist. Of the Gossner mission to the Kohls, a similar tribe to the Gonds, at the instigation of Sir Donald, there is no space to speak.

Sir W. Hill went to Madras in 1821, a thoughtless boy of sixteen. He fought through the first Burmah war, when Judson suffered so severely in his prison at Ava. He returned to Kamthi, nine miles from Nagpoor, after a visit home, and brought his young wife. They took their full swing of worldly pleasures for a time, until Lady Hill fell sick. Her eyes were opened; a lady friend led her to Christ; and as soon as she was able, she began to work among her native servants, and the young officers to whom she had access. When nursing a young soldier in a cholera visitation, she caught it, and died. In her last days she laid upon her husband the duty of devoting her fortune to the establishment of a Christian mission to the people of Kamthi and Nagpoor. He was brought to Christ, and gave himself to him with full purpose of heart. He wrote to Dr. John Wilson, of Bombay, promising £2,500 for the establishment of a mission at Nagpoor and Kamthi. Stephen Hislop and his work was the outcome of this gift, and the faith and prayer which accompanied it. Hislop's co-worker here for eight years was Robert Hunter, who went out in response to the appeals of Dr. Duff. But in 1855, ill-health necessitated his return. He was in every way a congenial companion for Hislop, and has survived him, being known in literature and science as Robert Hunter, LL.D., F.G.S. His brother Thomas was stationed as a missionary of the Established Church of Scotland in the Punjaub, where he founded the most spiritually fruitful of its missions. He, with his wife and child, were butchered in the mutiny of 1857.

It would be interesting to give details of Hislop's work at Nagpoor, and of the Marathi converts which were given him. Of the first three, one was arrested and brought to Christ by means of an exposition of the history of Noah; another was first impressed by a Tamil tract, "The Blind Way," which shows, by extracts from Hindu writings, the folly of idolatry. The third was a middle-aged farmer, who, while in a merchant's shop at Nagpoor, saw a strange-looking book, and bought it: it was a Marathi translation of a twopenny English primer for children, containing some of the words of Jesus Christ. He read it day by day. In his dreams at night he thought of the Saviour crucified for sinners. He abandoned idolatry, sanctified the Sabbath, gave up his caste observances, and received Christ as his Saviour. His conversion and baptism was the first stone of the Marathi church. His name was Yadoji. The other two, who were Tamils, were named Monkhali and Virasawamy, or Virpa.

The field where Mr. Hislop laboured was a difficult one, and in view of the difficulties he learned the peculiar helplessness of human instrumentality. He came in contact with Hindus prepossessed with the superstition of ages; with Mussulmans filled with contempt for every form of belief but their own; and with so-called Christians who had learned to look upon all religions as alike. In addition to these things, there were evils strictly local and political. "Thirty years," says Dr. Smith, "British influence had been tempering Marathi misrule," and no mission had dared to penetrate its 113,000 square miles of territory, and its nearly 12,000,000 of inhabitants. But here he laboured in preaching the gospel, in education and other purely missionary work, with occasional recreative excursions in all directions in pursuit of objects dear to naturalists, and in discoveries as a scientist, all which, and especially the latter, were made to bear on the interests of his great work.

In visiting the hills where the aboriginal Gonds still hold their own, his heart was drawn out towards them as at once greatly needing evangelization, and holding out encouraging prospects of unusual success, such as has been witnessed among the Kohls and Santhals.

The deeply interesting work under notice gives facts from the journal of Mr. Hislop, which discover, more than anything written before, the real cause and methods of the terrible mutiny. It was Mohammedan in its conception and plan, though the religious prejudices of the Hindus were utilized in the matter of the *Chapatees*, or white wheaten cakes, which were mysteriously distributed from hand to hand, as if under the authority of the Government. Nagpoor was one of the centres of revolt, and all the Europeans, civilians and military, were doomed. But God saved Nagpoor through Stephen Hislop, to whom the plot was revealed by Feiz Buksh, an old Mussulman gentleman, who came, under cover of the night, to Mr. H., with his son, a former pupil of the mission, and urged him to make good his flight. The massacre was to take place at midnight, or in the early hours of Sunday, 13th June. By ten p.m. four hundred fierce Mussulmans were lurking in the garden near the Mission-house. An agent was sent to the irregular cavalry to join them; but the native sergeant on duty was faithful, and when the agent was brought to him by the sentry, he committed him to prison, and gave the alarm to the European officers. Before midnight all had fled to Kamthi, or to a neighbouring fort. The bloodthirsty mutineers, finding their plans abortive, and that their prey had escaped, made good their retreat.

In 1858 Mr. Hislop visited his native land to recruit his exhausted energies. As soon as he was convalescent, he set about forming a missionary association in connection with every Free Church congregation. He attended the Liverpool Conference, in 1860, and on Saturday, 1st December, the same year, he left London for Nagpoor, proceeding by way of Folkestone, Paris, and Marseilles; and on the 26th of the same month, he and his wife were welcomed to the home of Dr. John Wilson, of Bombay, who met them on the pier.

All unconsciously on his part, Mr. Hislop was used by God to bring about a much-needed reform in the entire civil administration of Nagpoor, and to bring into existence the chief commissionership of the central provinces, under officials of high personal character and equal energy and ability, the first of which was Sir Richard Temple.

When he returned to his loved work, he had less than three years to live, yet, "into that brief period," says Dr. Smith, "he crowded the achievements of a life-time as effectually as if he had been told the measure of his days." Of him the lines were true :—

"In secret love the Master
To each one whispers low,
'I am at hand, work faster,
Behold the sunset glow!'
And each one smileth sweet
Who hears the Master's feet."

Mr. Hislop, like most other missionaries, did a good deal of itinerating in the cool season; and it was while out on a tour of inspection of schools, and other institutions, with Sir Richard Temple, that the end unexpectedly came. The party had reached the village of Bori, inhabited by shopkeepers, peasants, and dyers, on the Wana, near to which is a wooded hamlet named Takalghat, on a mound near the Krishna. It was on Friday morning when, after visiting the native labourers, who were excavating the mounds, or ancient tumuli, and taking a late breakfast with the chief commissioner and Captain H. Mackenzie, that the missionary conducted family worship for the last time. He read 1 Thess. v., and prayed with remarkable fervour and unction, concluding by invoking God's blessing on all that had been done, and was being done, for the conversion of the heathen in that land. After which, he dwelt at some length on the efficacy of the divine Word in convincing the human conscience.

A storm which had come suddenly in the course of the day had swelled the little river Krishna to a flood, and it was in attempting to cross this on horseback after sunset—the stream which in the morning was a mere brook—that he lost his footing and was drowned, the horse escaping, and reaching Bori riderless. The river soon subsided, and he was found in a sitting posture, with both hands clasping the turf by which he had in vain sought to regain the bank. In one pocket was his Bible, and in the other some curiosities from one of the mounds.

His death was a sad blow to Free Church Missions, and to all fellow-workers in the kingdom of our Lord, especially in India. But the work goes on, as also the institutions he founded—the Hislop Missionary College, the Native Christian Mission House, and various schools; and still we may say, "The servant dies, but the Master lives."

Perhaps we could not conclude this paper better than by quoting passages from a letter addressed to Professor Duns, the friend to whom, more than to any other, he had been wont to unbosom himself. It describes so well what a missionary should be, and what he so largely became, that it may be useful at this juncture when many young men are devoting themselves to this noble work. It is dated 10th July, 1845 :—

"When I think of all that the Redeemer has done for sinners, I do feel astonished that I should remain insensible to the amount of his love. And when I reflect on the freeness of his salvation, and my own career of carelessness and ingratitude, there is nothing on which I can place any confidence save on his finished and meritorious work."

After other confessions, he adds :—"I am convinced that there is

nothing equal to earnest and continued wrestling with God as a means of obtaining blessings from the Most High. Without it, though we may draw out a miserable existence, there is no spiritual health, no soul prosperity; and with it we are honourable as sons of the King of heaven, as princes having power to prevail with God. And if we prevail with God, we shall also prevail with men. Might in prayer is indeed the true secret of ministerial success."

Will not the Lord continue to raise up whole-hearted and capable men for Mission labour? Of course he will; and what if one of our readers, who has just read this article, should be predestinated to this high and heavenly calling? May the suggestion fall like a fire-flake into the heart of our friend!

"Will God kiss me like that?"

"HE saved others, himself he cannot save." Such was the language hurled at Christ, in derision, by the rabble Jews who surrounded the cross and witnessed the death of the Saviour of sinners. But this sentence may be truthfully and well applied to Edgar George Wilson, the son of a Baptist minister, who lost his life while saving two lads who were drowning. He was, indeed, a hero; one whose life was full of activity, and whose heart was filled with tenderness and love. He had, doubtless, learned many lessons of self-sacrifice under the paternal roof, by what he had seen, heard, and experienced. I have heard of several praiseworthy deeds performed by this Baptist minister's son; but the one to which I would call your attention was his last act in life. It occurred on this wise.

After partaking of his mid-day meal, while walking back to business by the river-side, he heard the cry of distress from two little boys who had been fishing, and had fallen into the water. The river at this spot is between eight and nine feet deep. He gallantly plunged in, and succeeded in bringing the boys safely to the bank. Unfortunately he was not a good swimmer himself. A student, who was in a boat near by, was attracted to the place by the cries of the boys, saw young Wilson's dangerous position, and threw his sculls to him; but he failed to grasp them, and sank to the bottom. When the body was recovered, it was noticed that one of the boy's fishing lines was twisted four times round the deceased's right wrist, and the hook had caught in his clothing, thus rendering his right arm powerless. The news rapidly spread when it was too late to save his life. His parents were informed of the sad event, which turned their home suddenly into a scene of great sorrow. In the midst of their trouble, a second son came home and witnessed the mourning of his mother. He inquired the meaning of his parents' distress, and soon his heart and eyes were full also, as the cause of their grief was made known unto him. His brother! whom he loved, and had seen so lately! Could it be possible he was dead? Yes, indeed, it was too true!

"Tell me, father," said the second son, "how did my brother die? What was the cause of his death?"

"My boy," said the broken-hearted father, "your brother died trying to save two little boys who had fallen into the river; and when your brother heard their cry of distress, he dashed into the water to try and save them."

"And did he save them, father?"

"Yes, my dear, he saved both the boys, but was drowned himself."

"Then," said the sorrowful son, as he brushed away, with his coat-sleeve, the falling tears from his eyes, "I don't care a bit, then, now, father, if he saved the boys."

When the father told me this, I felt bound to cry out, "Bravo, my boy! You must have sent a thrill of glow into that sorrowful homestead by such a noble expression amidst such a trying scene. Surely, both brothers were endowed with the same heroic nature.

A few days later on, a crowd gathered together to pay the last tribute of respect at the grave of this noble young man. Pressing close up to the coffin came two little boys, in deep mourning, with a beautiful wreath of flowers in their hands, and tears in their eyes. They were too young to speak; but their silent service that day, as they laid their tribute of love on the coffin in memory of their deliverer, touched the minister's heart; and this deed of gratitude was an eloquent sermon of consolation to the bereaved family in that hour of trial. It was touching to see this sorrowing Baptist minister turn from the bier that bore all that was mortal of his beloved son, and embrace each of the dear little boys that had been rescued from a watery grave at the price of his own boy; and after imprinting a kiss on each of their cheeks, he invoked God's blessing upon them for their future life.

A local preacher, who witnessed this scene, was moved to tears, and went straight to his preaching-service and related what he had witnessed at the grave. He said—"Friends, I saw to-day what I shall never forget. I saw a man kiss two lads who were strangers to him, who had caused the death of his son." This statement arrested the attention of a man, who was a notable sinner in the place; and when the preacher said, "And that is just how God the Father will receive and welcome every sinner who comes to him, though they have caused the death of his only Son"; the man said to the local preacher, at the close of his service, "*Will God kiss me like that?*"

"Yes, indeed he will, if you come to him through Jesus Christ."

"Then," said he, "I will come to him at once;" and he did so.

I was privileged to be in the city when the monument, erected to the memory of Edgar Wilson through the Y. M. C. A. of that place, was unveiled by the mayor, in the presence of a large crowd of onlookers. My friend, W. Y. Fullerton, took part in the public ceremony, and asked the divine blessing to rest upon all present, and prayed that some who had come to see the unveiling of the stone which marked the spot where a noble life had been sacrificed in rescuing others, might that day find the place and the occasion to be ordained for their salvation.

J. MANTON SMITH.

What the Lord is to His People.

AS the bridegroom to his chosen,
As the king unto his realm,
As the keep unto the castle,
As the pilot to the helm,
So, Lord, art thou to me!

As the fountain to the garden,
As the candle in the dark,
As the treasure in the coffer,
As the manna in the ark,
So, Lord, art thou to me!

As the music at the banquet,
As the stamp unto the seal,
As the medicine to the fainting,
As the bread at daily meal,
So, Lord, art thou to me!

As the ruby in the setting,
As the honey in the comb,
As the light within the lantern,
As the father to the home,
So, Lord, art thou to me!

As the sunshine to the heavens,
As the image to the glass,
As the fruit unto the fig-tree,
As the dew unto the grass,
So, Lord, art thou to me!

John Tauler, 1340.

Dr. Spener and the Elector;

OR, HOW THE COURT BALL WAS STOPPED.

DR. PHILIP JACOB SPENER must ever hold a high place in connection with the history of the Evangelical faith in Germany. He is reputed as being the founder of Pietism, which may be taken very much as another name for Puritanism. In his time (1635—1705), Protestant Germany was fast sinking—indeed had, to a great extent, sunk—into a lifeless dogmatism. Doctrines, forms, and polemics were confounded with religious life. Spener, in a work called *Pia Desideria*, and other writings, exposed the evils of this state of things, and showed how the ministry in general had departed from the vocation of the gospel as to its experimental power and practical operations. Of course he raised a storm, and called forth the opposition of many unconverted ministers and lay persons of different ranks. Some few, also, of those who were truly alive to God, mistook the man and his aims, and so were

out of sympathy with him. But God greatly honoured him, even in his own days; and since his departure, tens of thousands in every successive generation have blessed God for the man, and for his books, and his preaching. He it was who was mainly instrumental in founding the University at Halle, of which Hermann Augustus Francke, the founder of the orphanage there, was the first theological professor.

Spener was born at Rappolstweiler, in Upper Alsace. He enjoyed the patronage of the young Countess of Rappolstein, and his first impressions of religion were awakened by her example and words, when she was little more than a child. Her early preparation for death tended to deepen and confirm these convictions. After studying at Leipsic and Strasburg, he settled at Frankfort-on-the-Maine, and afterwards at Berlin. In Frankfort, one of his sermons made a wonderful stir among the inhabitants, especially among the scribes and Pharisees of the place. There was a powerful and widely-extended awakening. The whole city was aroused. Dr. Tholuck relates that not less than forty thousand souls were awakened by that one sermon, and states as his opinion, that probably no sermon preached by any mere man has ever produced such an effect. Men and women ran through the streets wringing their hands, and smiting upon their breasts, and crying out, "What must we do to be saved?" Strangely enough, Spener became Court preacher, and was admitted to frequent intercourse with the Elector. The Elector was a man of the sword rather than a statesman or a wise governor. One day he asked Spener the question:

"Well, doctor, what are your views on the subject of war?"

Spener's reply was honest and becoming: "Sir," said he, "I am a servant of the gospel of Jesus Christ, which proclaims peace to all men. I cannot, therefore, be an advocate for war. War is sometimes unavoidable. As long as the kingdoms in this world do not constitute the one true kingdom of God on earth, the sword of justice will have to govern instead of the word of love. The prince becomes great through the wisdom and courage with which he wards off and overcomes the dangers which threaten him. With the Christian it is not so. The Christian becomes great through his weakness."

This boldness and independence on the part of the Court chaplain was not palatable to the Elector. He may have admired his courage; but he disliked his doctrine.

On a subsequent occasion, the Elector requested an answer to another question, one which many are asking now, and to which many give a hesitating answer, and some answer definitely in a different way from the Court chaplain; though there seems to be no good reason why any should hesitate, as the matter and the answer are obvious enough. But many frame their answer according to the desires of their heart rather than according to the spirit and teaching of Holy Scripture.

"What are your views, sir doctor, about dancing and the theatre?" the Elector demanded.

Spener knew that there was to be a ball that very night at the Electoral Palace. He was anxious not to offend the Elector; yet he must be faithful, and maintain his character as a minister of the gospel. He therefore replied to this effect:

"It would be wrong if Christians were to regard all amusement as

sinful; but the mistake lies in the fact that there is scarcely an amusement, though innocent in itself, which does not at the same time awaken impure thoughts and feelings. Dancing and dramatic performances may be in themselves harmless things; yet, when we reflect how the preparation for such things enslaves the heart and mind, days and even months before, so that during all this time the pleasure of the Word of God must utterly give way to the lust of the world; when we reflect how even the enjoyment of these pleasures almost always exceeds the limits of a pure innocent cheerfulness of heart, and how at such times, full often, sensual and impure thoughts take possession of the heart; and when we reflect, further, how afterwards the remembrance of these pleasures occupies heart, mind, and sense so exclusively that godliness can find no entrance, and that thus weeks and months pass by during which men do not think about their heavenly calling, nor about repentance and amendment; and in addition to all this, when we call to mind the declaration of Holy Scripture, that we shall be called to account for even every idle word spoken, we might well hesitate in regarding such amusements as harmless and indifferent."

Whatever effect these moderate and yet truthful arguments might have on some of those professors of religion in the present day whose cry is for *breadth of view*, *charity*, and a liberty which would be better named license, the cogent reasoning of the learned and faithful chaplain so told upon the Elector, that he acknowledged himself convinced; and he actually ordered one of his attendants to inform the Court that there should be no dancing there that night, as had been announced. Thus the fidelity of the man of God had its reward; and the fact stands as an example and an argument for fidelity to Christ in the renunciation of all those things which are neither pure nor honest, neither lovely nor of good report. As to amusements generally, Christians must distinguish between mere amusements and healthy recreations; and as everyone must draw a line somewhere, it will be best to draw it at a safe place, a long way from the precipice; and if we err at all, it will be better to err on the right side, which is always the safe side. The present age seems to be infatuated with the sensational, the dramatic, the amusing; and we shall be no great losers if we follow not with the giddy multitude. The writer once had a very old copy of Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress," which had belonged to his grandfather, of the same name, which had for a frontispiece a portrait of Bunyan, beneath which were the lines:

"To blend instruction with delight,
Mankind the easier to excite
To love the things that are divine,
Was Bunyan's great and good design."

The book has been lost sight of, but not the lines, which, the present writer thinks, contain an answer to all related questions, and show that not only should our aims be right, but also our means and methods. May every reader have the mind of Christ in these matters!

R. S.

The Founder of the Cunard Liners.*

FOR some years before his death the Earl of Shaftesbury was accustomed to spend a part of each autumn at Wemyss Bay, Scotland, his entertainer being the late Sir George Burns, who was ever in hearty sympathy with the good Earl's life-work. Sir George was about six years older than his noble friend, and, like him, was a liberal supporter of work among the poor in London and elsewhere. The great shipowner rose to his commanding position in the world from very humble beginnings.

Mr. Hodder's biography relates to one who lived near to God from his early days to the close of his long life of about ninety-five years; and it is a book which should be widely read. As a young man, George Burns was an example to such as were beginning life; and throughout the whole of his business career he never acted contrary to Christian principle.

He was born in 1795. His father was minister of the Barony Church, Glasgow, and one of George's earliest recollections was associated with his going with his father to hear eminent clergymen at the Episcopal chapel. It is said that "this was a privilege and a pleasure felt both then and afterwards, for it gave the youth the opportunity of hearing such men as Mr. Simeon, of Cambridge; Mr. Saunders, of St. Ann's, Blackfriars; Henry Venn, Secretary of the Church Missionary Society, and many other celebrated evangelicals."

As a youth he often heard Dr. Wardlaw, and also Dr. Chalmers, with whom he became intimately acquainted. He well remembered the sensation in Glasgow in connection with the Astronomical Discourses which were preached on week-days and during business hours. It is said that "many merchants not only left their desks in those days, but allowed their clerks to do the same, and George Burns attended every lecture of the series, extending from November, 1815, to December, 1816." Happily for Glasgow, and indeed for the country at large, Dr. Chalmers was more than a great preacher, he was a great worker who urged all of his church-members to do something, while by means of a band of picked individuals he established those Sunday-evening schools which were afterwards imitated in London. George Burns had the honour of being one of the pioneers in what was then called "a revolutionary innovation."

At the age of seventeen, George Burns entered upon business life, in the Lanark Cotton Mills at Glasgow; and a few years later he and his brother James entered into partnership as general merchants. While both were desirous of conducting their business on principles of Christian uprightness, George showed the greater capacity, and to his lot it fell to travel over the British Isles on account of his trade. The letters he wrote to his future wife at this period show how genuine was his faith in Christ; and when the union of the happy couple took place, their interest in Christian work was as keen as ever. Both continued their work in the Sunday-school, and also assisted many useful societies. "One of the institutions of their new life was an evening meeting,

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* Sir George Burns, Bart.: His Times and Friends. By Edwin Hodder. With etched portrait by Manesse. Hodder and Stoughton. Price 14s.

held generally once a week in their house, at which a minister of some denomination—it did not matter to them which, provided he were a good man—would take the lead in reading the Bible and expounding it, concluding the short service with family worship."

Though they commenced as general merchants, the two brothers became more and more mixed up with the shipping business between Liverpool and Glasgow. At that time, that is just about fifty years ago, the question whether steamships should or should not be used to cross the Atlantic was exercising many persons' minds; and chief among the interested observers was the Quaker, Samuel Cunard, who lived at Halifax, Nova Scotia. Mr. Cunard had already done something in conveying the mails between Boston, Newfoundland, and Bermuda; and when he saw that tenders were invited for carrying the mails between England and America, he felt that the opportunity of his life had come, although he lacked capital to carry out the enterprise. In due time, however, the co-operation of the Burnses and Robert Napier was secured, and the line of steamships was established. The first steamship bearing the mails across the Atlantic was the *Britannia*, which occupied about a fortnight in making the passage. There was much enthusiasm on both sides of the water; and Mr. Cunard, who accompanied the vessel, was so much the hero of the day that, during his twenty-four hours' stay in Boston harbour, he received one thousand eight hundred and seventy-three invitations to dinner!

Some time afterwards, the Cunard Company had to compete with the American Collins Company, but that Company collapsed. Speaking of the Cunard Line, Mr. Hodder says, that "The most remarkable fact in connection with the history of the Company is the wonderful immunity from accident, although hundreds of thousands of passengers and millions of letters have been conveyed across the stormy Atlantic in their ships." Some would say that this has been mere "luck"; but in point of fact, Mr. Burns treated his ships very much after the manner that Cromwell treated his men, with whom he never knew defeat. "While trusting in Providence, and believing implicitly in the power of prayer, he was also a firm believer in doing work well, and in subordinating profit and speed to safety, comfort, and efficiency."

When Mr. Burns finally retired from business, to spend the evening of his life in the charming seclusion of Wemyss Bay, he seems to have become more than ever the patron of all good work. "He loved to assist poor and struggling churches," it is said, "and to help towards building new ones. He and his wife put into circulation books that they thought would be as silent messengers, and do good; he was interested in evangelization on the Continent, and rarely withheld a solicited subscription; he watched the good services to the poor of London and other cities rendered by his friend Lord Shaftesbury, and backed up his labours by contributions to each movement."

Lord Shaftesbury usually stayed at Castle Wemyss, the home of Mr. John Burns, but each day he would walk down from what he called the "Hill Country" to see Sir G. Burns and his wife at Wemyss House, or, as the visitor called it, "Hebron." There, thorough rest and change seem to have been enjoyed as they were enjoyed nowhere else, so that "Lord Shaftesbury at Wemyss Bay was very unlike Lord

Shaftesbury at Exeter Hall"; for "wherever the ripple of laughter was to be heard, and the most fun was going on, there Lord Shaftesbury was invariably to be found." Here is one of Sir G. Burns's anecdotes of the great philanthropist :—

"Sitting one day upon the lawn, Lord Shaftesbury said to me, 'If I followed my inclination, I would sit in my arm-chair, and take it easy for the rest of my life; but I dare not do it: I must work as long as life lasts.' I had many conversations with him on religious questions. He was in the habit of walking quietly and thoughtfully, and then suddenly giving out the result of his cogitation. On returning from church one Sunday forenoon, we walked together as we generally did; and when opposite the gate of this house, he stood still, and said to me, 'Did you ever think of these remarkable words in Scripture, *The wrath of the Lamb?* The Lamb, an emblem of gentleness; and yet, on account of sin, these words are applicable to him.'"

James, the brother of George Burns, lived to be over eighty, and to the last adorned the Christian life. Mrs. George Burns passed away in 1877, at the age of eighty-four, after fifty-five years of married life. At the age of ninety-four, Mr. Burns was made a baronet by the Queen, in celebration of her birthday, and in recognition of distinguished services. At length, in the full assurance of faith, the Christian shipowner passed away, in June 1890, at the age of ninety-five.

Sir George Burns was thus, in all respects, a remarkable character, whether, looked at as a private Christian, or as one who developed the steamship traffic between the Old and New Worlds. With Mr. Hodder, we may see in him "a man who was born in the year of Warren Hastings' acquittal; who clung tremblingly to his mother's skirt, in the Old Barony Kirk, on that darksome watchnight which ushered in the nineteenth century and the 'year of dearth'; who could remember the magistrates issuing a solemn proclamation against the eating of hot rolls, and his mother conveying him certain dainty morsels surreptitiously in spite of the injunction, and who had heard, nearly ninety years since, from his venerable grandfather's lips, the story of the stirring events of 1715."

The biography of such a man deserved to be published, and all must be the better for reading what Mr. Hodder has written.

Preaching to the Ear, or to the Heart.

SPEAKING of "Stout Hugh Latimer," Sir John Cheke said :—"I have an *ear* for other preachers; but I have a *heart* for Latimer." Thomas Becon also wrote of the same great preacher :—"He spake nothing but it left, as it were, certain pricks and stings in the *hearts* of his hearers, which moved them to consent to his doctrine." It is not every man who can so enlist the ear upon the side of truth that it listens to it with pleasure; but to win the heart for the gospel is more than any man may hope to do unless his Lord be with him. At a venture, the arrow may wound the body through the joints of the harness; but only as the result of an eternal purpose, and an almighty power, does the shaft of saving conviction pierce the soul.—C. H. S.

"We would see Jesus."

John xii. 21.

WE *would see Jesus* ; we have heard the story,
So full of hope to weary, sinful men,
Of how he left his home in heaven's glory
To bring us back again.

We would see Jesus : other eyes beholding,
As in a glass, the glory of his face,
Have been transfigured by that bright unfolding.
So full of truth and grace.

We *would* see Jesus : time is swiftly flying,
The day is closing, night is coming on,
The grave is near, and living is but dying.
Oh, bid us not begone!

We would *see* Jesus, gazing long and often,
On that fair form extended on the tree,
Till the sad wonder cause the heart to soften,
In tender sympathy.

We would see *Jesus*—Jesus only, ever,
Through all our days and nights; till life be past,
And in his presence, where night cometh never,
We find our heaven at last.

Sidcup. E. A. TYDEMAN.

Bread Cast upon the Waters.

RECENTLY, prostrate through the constant strain of service, we sought rest at Malvern, and were most hospitably entertained by "one of the King's daughters." For thirty-six years she has been an invalid; but seldom have we met with a more devout, persistent toiler for Christ. Amongst other forms of service, this lady has worked, for sixteen years,

"THE BOOK-BAG MISSION TO SAILORS."

Long years ago, she had been reading a sermon by C. H. S., on "Withholding Corn" (No. 642), and this came direct to her heart as "a message from God." Just then she read an interesting account in *The British Workman* of a quiet, unostentatious work, carried on at Folkestone, by Wm. Cook, who spent his spare time in placing books, &c., in the cabins of the coal-vessels visiting the harbour. This narrative gave direction to her yearning for scattering the Word of God. Could not this work be done on an extensive scale? The salvation of our sailors is a work of such interest, that it is a matter for surprise that more has not been done in it. "The uncertainty of sea life, and the frequency of fatal calamity in connection with it, renders soul-seeking among sailors a peculiarly important form of evangelistic work."

These considerations urged forward this worker, and straightway she commenced. Her first move was *at home*. Bookshelves were searched for readable books for the sailors. She then sent out appeals; and boxes of tracts, books, and Bibles came from various quarters.

It is very interesting to note the guidance of God in the trifling details of the work; *e.g.*, Miss B. says, "At first our bags were made of carpet, and lined, but that proved too expensive. The friend with whom I was then staying held a weekly prayer-meeting in her drawing-room. Greatly valuing the promise, 'If two of you shall agree on earth as touching anything that they shall ask, it shall be done for them of my Father which is in heaven,' I put a mark in my Bible to the history of the Tabernacle and its furniture, intending to read a few verses. I told my need, and asked for guidance. A lady, without knowing the verses that were on my heart, knelt and prayed that, just as God had guided in the material for the Tabernacle, so he would guide in the material for the sailors' book-bags. Shortly after, it struck me that some canvas I had on a camp-stool might serve as a clue to suitable material. One evening I picked up a piece of *the very same kind* on a lawn by the sea, and it was given me by the lady to whom it belonged. I took it to London, as a guide, and was then shown what is now so widely in use for the mission-bag. It was the exact width and strength needed."

Having fairly launched the work, Miss B. sought out helpers, in our seaports, willing to distribute the bags of books to vessels visiting their shores; and ladies thus found an interesting sphere of service for the Master.

Let us not despise "the day of small things." When Mr. Spurgeon sent forth "Withholding Corn," how little could he dream of its usefulness, and what fruit would spring from it! Already has "the Word," through the agency of this mission, "sounded forth" upon the deep.

Plymouth was the first port at which the work was thoroughly organized by a band of ladies, in connection with the sailors' missionary (Mr. Norris); and as many as nine hundred bags of English and foreign books have been sent forth in a year from that town alone. The lighthouses and coast-guard stations have also been supplied; and boxes have been sent to many foreign ports. An annual report is published at Plymouth, from which we quote a few sentences: "Returning from a twelvemonth's voyage, the captain of the schooner *Hilda* said, 'I and my men have greatly enjoyed the books put on board by the ladies at Plymouth. They cheered many a weary hour on the voyage.' The captain of *The Gipsy Chief*, after a nine months' voyage, wrote, 'With grateful thanks, don't forget to tell the kind ladies who supply these books that they have been much prized by my crew and myself.' A 'tar' exclaimed, 'I remember your coming with books, on a Sunday afternoon. We are very thankful for the bag; and here is 2s. toward the mission.'" These instances of appreciation on the part of sailors might be multiplied indefinitely; but space forbids.

As the spiritual welfare of the sailors is the object of the mission, very careful discrimination is used in selecting the books. Illustrated magazines are much appreciated; and books such as *The Pilgrim's Progress*, Fox's *Book of Martyrs*, stirring Christian biographies, and Spurgeon's sermons and books, are most welcome.

In connection with this mission, there are now active centres of operation at London, Plymouth, Bristol, Brixham, Glasgow, Liverpool, Gosport, Yarmouth, and Aberdeen; and also branches in Sweden and Denmark. In addition to this, the "Book-bag Mission" has been taken up and adopted by all the principal Evangelical Sailors' Missions in our land.

This record of Christian work is inserted, not to ask help for the lady who began it, but to stir up God's people to do the work themselves, according to their several ability. A twopenny book has been published, containing all needful information for those willing to help in this holy service. It is entitled, "Our Sailors, and how to Help Them." Miss B. will gladly forward a copy on receipt of a stamped and addressed wrapper, and will also give any advice in her power. A pattern bag will be sent, post-free, for 9d., by Miss Anna Boobbyer, North Malvern.

J. BURNHAM.

Notices of Books.

In Darkest England, and the way out. By General Booth. 101, Queen Victoria Street.

That is not a bad sermon of which the hearer declares, "The man has said exactly what I should have said, if I had thought of it." We have heard this sort of judgment pronounced upon this remarkable work. Put any benevolent man in Mr. Booth's position, and give him unlimited scope, and this is what he could, would, or should have said. Of course, we do not include all particulars, but we refer to the general run of the enterprise here projected. To write just so was the real difficulty: that which looks so obvious is hard to come at. When Columbus breaks the egg, everybody can see how easy it is to make it stand on one end. To have produced a scheme which commands so wide an acceptance reflects great credit upon the leader of the Salvationists, to whom we are all indebted. The planner neither drags in religion at every opening, nor for a moment conceals it: in fact, he relies upon religious agency as the great spiritual power which will work in and through the machinery proposed. There may be other methods equally as good, but they must be to a large degree identical with Mr. Booth's. This is not the time to squabble over details; *let the churches proceed to carry out these plans with such modifications as they shall think fit.* No patent hinders any godly people from entering upon the needful labour.

Many have been long working in much the same way already; and this fact ought not to have been concealed. There were philanthropists before William Booth, and will be after him. We would remember the good men and true who are doing real work, and not merely proposing plans. Many more should help them, or go in for the work themselves. It is not supposable that bodies of Christian people expect this gigantic enterprise to be carried out by one man: they will all take their share. It would be a serious calamity if one sect were allowed to monopolize so huge a field of service. General Booth may head the crusade with his zealous coadjutors, but the churches will pray that men of zeal and practical ability may work on similar lines, or on other lines which lead to the same end. Anyhow, may the holy work be done! The book deserves careful reading, and we hope it will stir up the Lord's people to rescue the perishing.

Our Father's Kingdom: Lectures on the Lord's Prayer. By Charles B. Ross, M.A. Edinburgh: Clark.

There is much force and fervour in the twelve lectures, which Mr. Ross tells us he delivered, in the usual course of his ministry, at the Presbyterian Church, Lachine, Canada. There is no affectation in his making this remark: it is rather an apology for the occasional repetition of some leading ideas; proper enough in the pulpit, where one has often a fluctuating congregation, but not quite so pardonable in essays, which should excel in terseness. Here we have four lectures on the invocation—"Our Father, which art in heaven"; and then, presently, three on the Kingdom of grace and the final reign—"Thy Kingdom come." Mr. Ross has studied the late Dr. Stanford and Dr. Adolph Saphir, on the same theme; and he owns his obligation to two or three other eminent scholars, who have written on kindred subjects; notably to Bishop Westcott. In reviewing valuable books published by Messrs. T. and T. Clark, we have often regretted that the number of readers of such works would be strictly limited; but this little brochure of 182 pages ought not to be restricted in its circulation, for the price at which it is issued is only half-a-crown, and it is well worth it.

The Baptist Almanack and Directory for 1891. Robert Banks and Son. Price twopence; fourpence, interleaved; and one shilling, bound.

This Almanack is a Handbook for Baptists, and contains a good deal of information on London churches not to be found elsewhere. It is fullest, we think, in those items which relate to the more avowedly Calvinistic section of the baptized communities.

Shakespeare's True Life. By JAMES WALTER. Illustrated by GERALD E. MOIRA. Longmans.

MAJOR JAMES WALTER is an enthusiast in the matter of Shakespeare, and has therefore accomplished what no one else could have carried through. With a wealth of choice engravings of every place where the great poet set his foot, he has adorned a book which will henceforth be the standard work on Shakespeare's life. We are amazed at the prodigality with which the illustrations bejewel the volume. This work, to the archæologist and the artist, will be a museum of delights.

We do not profess to share our author's enthusiasm for Shakespeare to any high degree; but we warmly welcome his splendid book. He has written most devoutly, and is evidently a deeply religious man. Hitherto, the loose world has set up a claim to the imperial genius of the bard of Avon; but here a man who loves his Bible and his God takes fair possession of him, and fights hard with all who would besmirch his character. It is graciously done of Major Walter, and we thank him for it. Our interest in his achievement is great, and if his work is really to be sold for a nominal guinea, or an actual 16s., it is cruelly cheap; how is he to recoup himself? If we were making a Christmas present to a literary friend, we should think this one of the best gifts we could offer him. There is a large-paper edition, which is altogether a luxury—a gem to adorn a great library. We care not for the playwright; but whatever form the productions of his master-mind might have assumed, they would have exercised a vast influence far beyond their immediate audience. This book is history and topography of a high order.

"Stops"; or, How to Punctuate. By PAUL ALLARDYCE. Sixth and Revised Edition. T. Fisher Unwin.

THIS is the best thing we know upon the subject. It is scientific, practical, and clear. To value this book by its size would be a very foolish thing: to a young composer it would be worth its weight in silver. We wish that contributors who kindly send us MSS. would either stop the practice, or practise their stops by the help of such a manual as this.

Famous London Merchants. A Book for Boys. By H. R. FOX BOURNE. John Hogg.

"FAMOUS London Merchants" would make a fine subject for a lecture, and this half-crown book would furnish all the matter needed. Some brother may be glad of the hint. This is a popular work. Hardly religious enough for our taste; but still leaning in the right direction.

Lads and Lasses. By MARY ONLEY. Sunday School Union.

A NICE book for the mothers' meeting. The women will be sure to like it; and it will do them good to hear that even the drunken husband may be saved by the grace of God.

From Army to Army. A Thrilling Story of Real Life. By HENRY CLINCH. Birkenhead: H. C. Robinson, Conway Street.

THE life of a converted soldier, who was court-martialled for preaching in the street. He was not cowed by imprisonment, neither was he soured by it. Friends bought him out of the army, and he began to preach the Word. He has gravitated towards the Campbellites, or Disciples, and is now an earnest preacher in their ranks. The memoir has a measure of interest all through, though it is by no means of the first class, either in composition, printing, or binding.

The Wanderings of a Bible. By CLARA LUCAS BALFOUR. *Herbert's First Year at Bramford.* By the author of "Dick and his Donkey." *Ted's Golden Cloud.* By E. M. WATERWORTH. *Harry's Monkey:* How it Helped the Missionaries. By Mrs. C. E. BOWEN. *"No Work, No Bread."* By the author of "Jessica's First Prayer." Partridge and Co.

FIVE delightful little books at sixpence each. Nice for New Year's gifts for the little ones.

Our Boys and Girls for 1890. 2, Ludgate Circus Buildings.

NOT so good as it might be. Some of the cuts are very cutting to a soul that knows what engravings can be and ought to be.

Mr. John S. Wheeler, SS, *Mildmay Park*, sends a few packets of his *cards*. One set, "Good Tidings," twelve for a shilling, is specially noteworthy. Mr. Wheeler's other productions are good; but we cannot find anything novel among them. Very hard it must be to invent a new card at this time of day. The words are chosen with great care, and this gives an unusual value to the series.

Ernest Nister, of the Book Society, 28, *Paternoster Row*, sends Communion Cards—GOOD. Calendars, Mottoes, and Cards, from the same house, are such as can be localized, and made useful to congregations. They are not the very best, but yet they are up to a fair average of artistic excellence.

We had despaired of meeting with anything new in the card region this season, but *Hildesheimer and Faulkner* have shown that there are yet tracts of the world of taste which no human foot has traversed. Some of this year's issue are as novel as if no cards had ever been made before. We wish these cards had come earlier, so as to have been mentioned in our December number; but as this did not happen, we give them our very warmest word, and hope that it will be better to give it late than never. Very choice indeed are some of the Calendars. The *faded leaves* are marvels of art. The books and booklets are of a high order of art, but are out of our line, being purely secular. We have, however, been much delighted with the dainty luxury entitled, "The Harvest Fields, illustrated by Ernest Wilson."

Raphael Tuck does splendid work, and is a real art educator by his cards, books, &c. We note a boldness and an originality about the issues of this house which keep it well to the front. Certain of the "Art Gem Panel Series" do more than justify their name. Tuck and Hildesheimer stand altogether beyond compare with the other card-publishers who send us specimens, good as some of these are. As, however, these publishers do little in the line of evangelical religion, we review their productions as art rather than as literature; and here we must give them first places.

Some Better Things, and other Poems. By LUCY A. BENNETT. Designs by ALICE PRICE.

The Briar and The Rose. By LUCY A. BENNETT. Castell Brothers.

Miss Lucy A. Bennett is a true poetess, and these two booklets of hers, one at a shilling, and the other at twopence, are a joy for ever. He that would give away gems should have a store of these. They are suitable for this season, but they would be unsuitable at no season.

Foreshadowed; or, The Foster Brothers. By Mrs. G. E. MORTON. Partridge.

A GOSPEL Temperance story, very nicely told. Some of its details are improbable; but, as a whole, it is true to life, and likely to be of use.

Hamilton of King's. By ALICE PRICE. Partridge and Co.

LOVE simulated, love sighed for, love rejected, and love enjoyed. Summing it all up, we find ourselves not so much love-sick as sick of such love.

Least Said, Soonest Mended. By AGNES GIBERNE. Nisbet and Co.

WRITTEN in Miss Giberne's own most sensible, and yet sympathetic style. A nice book for the school library.

The Farm on the Down, and *Old Gwen*. By ANNE BEALE. Hodder and Stoughton.

TWO stories in one book, both illustrating the value of the Christian virtues when practised in the home. Gwen, the old Welsh grandmother, reciting her chapter in the village church on Easter Monday, makes a very pleasing picture, well worth a study.

Lena and I. By JENNIE CHAPPELL. Charles H. Kelly.

THIS story ably shows the folly of making unwise companionships, and reminds us that bright homes are too often shadowed, and brave and loving hearts pained, by those who should do most to cheer and comfort them.

Windmill House. By EDITH CORNFORTH. Charles H. Kelly.

BRIGHT and pleasing. A tale that the children will like to listen to.

Our Own Gazette and Y.W.C.A. News. Vol. VII. 18, Paternoster Square.

FIRST-RATE. If any suppose that soundness in the faith also means dulness, they will find out their mistake if they read this paper. It is of a high-class every way; and although its circulation is very large, we wish it a still wider range. Nothing can be healthier. The year's numbers make a fine volume.

The Leisure Hour, 1890. Religious Tract Society.

WHAT is a leisure hour? We never know while we are in England. If we had one, we could not wish for a better book to make our leisure complete than this excellent magazine. Both pen and pencil have done well, and together produced a treasure.

The Sunday at Home. A Family Magazine for Sabbath Reading, 1889-90. Religious Tract Society.

VERY beautifully bound. A mass of gracious reading. We have not read it all through, but our examination of it leads to the award of the gold medal for Sunday readings.

Home Words for 1890. 7, Paternoster Square.

BRAVO, *Home Words!* The illustrations have a dash of real genius in them. Some of them beat the cartoons of *Punch* for real fun—good, harmless, health-giving fun. Two shillings buy a good deal when laid out on such a book as this.

"A 1." Vol. III. Partridge and Co.

WITH this volume A 1 reaches Z. A gallant attempt has been made to sustain a monthly of the very highest class; its circulation has not been vigorous enough, and therefore the magazine dies. It lived not payingly, but too well. It absorbed "The Welcome"; but, alas! like Pharaoh's lean kine, it was never the fatter. We notice its decease with considerable regret. Volume III. is worth buying and keeping.

Sunshine for 1890. George Stoneman.

DR. WHITTEMORE has the knack of editing; but we do not think that even he can keep a periodical afloat which is weighted with such poor engravings. True, there's plenty for the money, and some may like the amateurish attempts; but we cannot endure them. Still, for eighteenpence, the volume is a bargain, if your taste is not too particular.

Faithful Words for Old and Young. Vol. XIX. Holness.

YES, these are faithful words. Many magazines are a little seasoned with a gospel flavouring, but this gives the gospel itself perpetually, and plenty of it, plainly put. May it prosper!

Early Days for 1890. Kelly, 66, Paternoster Row.

ANOTHER of the many juvenile annuals. It seems to us to be very good. Happy are children whose early days are thus brightened with pleasing literature!

The Rosebud Annual. James Clarke and Co.

IT needs a great deal of genius to write a new nursery rhyme, or a tale that will live among the little ones: that kind of genius is abundant in this annual. Amusing nonsense may be for children a stepping-stone to something higher; still we wish that at least a flavour of instruction could mingle with the fun. For an out-and-out play-book this is first-rate.

Onward Reciter. A Choice Collection of Recitations, Readings, and Dialogues, for Band of Hope Meetings, &c. Edited by THOMAS E. HALLSWORTH. Partridge and Co.

YET another volume of this Temperance Reciter. There seems to be no end to the business. The pieces are still good, though not of the very first quality, like the earlier volumes.

Scripture Calendar. Proverbial Calendar. Daily Calendar. Bemrose and Sons.

THESE three Calendars are of excellent use in office or sitting-room. Having used them for many years, we speak what we do know. We would not be without one or other of them on any account. A shilling is thus made to yield a year's comfort to a busy man. Get one of these calendars.

Watchers for the Dawn, and other Studies of Christian Character. By Mrs. W. R. Lloyd. With illustrations by James Godwin. John Hogg.

Reader, we do you no small favour if we persuade you to read this admirable book. Half-a-crown will buy it, and it will lead you into lanes of history little frequented, but full of charms. Of course you know all about *Bede* the Venerable, and *John Huss*, and his brave comrade, *Jerome of Prague;* but we question whether you know the difference between *John Wesel*, and *John of Wessel:* two men whose hearts were equally true, but their ends very dissimilar. We confess ourselves fascinated with the lives of *Ulric von Hütten*, and *Francis von Sickengen*—two chevaliers who hated the falsehood and arrogance of Popery, but were all too apt, like Peter in the garden, to cry, "Shall we smite with the sword?" Mrs. Lloyd gives you the pith of their story without falling into digressions and disquisitions, so dear to book-makers who are short of materials, and therefore spin, and spin, and spin. *Albert Dürer* and *Lucas Cranach* represent two noble forms of Protestant art, and *Hans Sachs*, and others dear to the muses, take their places with them. Though of a rather later date, we are not sorry to have in the last chapter *Madame Guyon*, or, at least, enough about her to whet curiosity, and lead to larger reading.

Real life is to fiction what gold pieces are to gilt medals—give us the precious metal. You may read novels till your eyes give out, and only become the blinder; but lives of the great and good enlighten the soul, and fire it with ambitions which lead to a reproduction of the originals which provoked the ardour. This particular volume will weary no one: its sketches are so brief. It does not enlarge upon the religion which occurs abundantly in the history, but leaves the reader to his own reflections. When weary with pain, we were soothed by the story of Ulric, which was read to us; and hence our review has more of heartiness in it than we can accord to all the books which come under our knife. Mr. Hogg's issues are always readable, but this one is edifying, and yet all the more fascinating. We hope to see our authoress again at similar work.

(*Men with a Mission.*) *Hugh Latimer. William Tyndale. Henry Morton Stanley.* By Rev. James J. Ellis. Nisbet and Co.

Mr. Ellis does these lives well—thoroughly well; and by such work he is doing valuable service to his age. All our young readers should get these shilling biographies as fast as they appear, and read them with great care. Rev. James J. Ellis worked hard at the Baptist Church, Richmond, and he is destined to be heard of in the pulpit yet again; meanwhile, his pen teems with books, and they are by no means a feeble progeny. We wish him thousands of readers.

Famous Men of Science. By Sarah K. Bolton. Hodder and Stoughton.

The lives of the following great scientists are well condensed in these pages: Galileo Galilei, Sir Isaac Newton, Carl Linnæus, Baron Cuvier, Sir William and Caroline Herschel, Alexander von Humboldt, Sir Humphry Davy, Audubon, Samuel Morse, Sir Charles Lyell, Joseph Henry, Agassiz, and Francis Trevelyan Buckland. The kernel of each story is preserved, and only the shell is left out. We have greatly enjoyed *Sir Isaac Newton*, even though the famous apple turned up again; it is time it was put into a dumpling. *Morse* will be new to many. His first telegraphic message was a notable one—"What hath God wrought!" After all his struggles, he might well say this when his dream was realized, and he was speaking, by his wire and needle, to friends hundreds of miles away. Not always do men remember how the Lord helps: prayer offered in the hour of need is not always followed by praise in the day of success.

This volume contains the sort of reading which we prescribe for our youth. Whenever we meet with such a book, we half wish we had a dictatorship over all public libraries, and could order a copy at once to be placed in each one of them. We suggest to our readers that seven sixpences will be well invested in the purchase of this work.

Dorothy Lavender: a Temperance Story. By EMILY JANE MOORE. George Cauldwell.

WHO ever spent ninepence on a plant of lavender for the look of the thing? It's about the meanest-looking bush in the garden. But who does not love it for its superlative fragrance? Just so, this little *Dorothy Lavender* must be judged, not by its modest size and price, but by the sweet perfume of its flowers and leaves. The story is full of tender pathos, and the style of the writer is simply perfect. Buy Moore's sweet lavender! Ten pages a penny — sweet, blooming lavender!

Not His Own Master: or, Ronald Eversley's Experience. By Mrs. LUCAS SHADWELL. Religious Tract Society.

THIS story professes to be the experiences of a lad who chafed under the well-meant but unwise and severe discipline to which his father subjected his sons in a dull country home. Determined to be his own master, he ran away—to London, of course. His troubles as the scapegoat of a rogue, and his acquaintance with life in a prison, in a hospital, in the army, and in the Australian Bush, are very graphically told. The moral is, that he who would be his own master may come to be the slave of many. Divine truth is clearly set forth, especially the blessedness of being the servants of all for the Master's sake.

Bogie and his Master: their Flight and their Fortunes. By Mrs. S. STAINER. George Cauldwell.

BOGIE is described as "a dog whose pedigree dated back to a line of Scottish ancestors." Of his master's ancestry all that is known is that he had a drunken mother from whom he parted without a tear. How Bogie and little Dick both entered upon a "higher life" than that of London gutterdom is well told at the low charge of one shilling.

A Pirate Bold: a Story for Boys, Young and Old. By HUGH PATON. George Cauldwell.

A BIT of good counsel put in story form; written to prevent or counteract the evil of the "penny dreadfuls," from which boys get a taste for criminal life, as amateur highwaymen, and pirates.

N.B.—The story epidemic of the season appears to be the run-away-from-home-fit. This is the third case out of half-a-dozen books taken "per-miskus-like."

Loyal to Truth. By SYDNEY WATSON.
Clovie and Madge. By Mrs. G. S. REANEY.
Gerald's Dilemma. By EMMA LESLIE.
Fine Gold; or, Ravenswood Courtenay. By EMMA MARSHALL. Partridge and Co. 1s. 6d. each.

ALL prettily got-up, well-illustrated, and cheap.

Of *Loyal to Truth* it is almost commendation enough to say that it is published by the Stirling Tract Depôt. The fiction is but a silken thread for goodly pearls of precious truth. Here are "straight talks" to the unsaved, and sweet sentences for the seeker and the saved.

More than five years ago we heartily commended Mrs. Reaney's Gospel Temperance story, *Clovie and Madge.* We can only add that it is as pretty without as it is pure within. In our previous notice we were led to observe that, from this and similar stories, it would appear that "the chief end of woman was to marry a clergyman." The authoress has, in the meantime, confirmed our judgment: she has become a clergyman's wife.

Miss Leslie writes sensible stories, and seasons them with Bible salt. *Gerald's* is not the only *dilemma;* for these family puzzles puzzle us to dissect them, so as to give a verdict of "Buy," or "Don't buy."

Fine Gold is a not uncommon story of a stern father disinheriting his son for marrying contrary to his wishes —death of son; poverty of widow and children; adoption of grandchild; restoration of family to favour and family fortune. Moral: "A little child shall lead them."

P.S.—Readers will please tie on to the end of each of the four foregoing tales one or more—mostly more—wedding-rings and bride-cakes, with orange flowers and peals of bells, and, "they lived happy, &c."

Notes.



MR. THOMAS H. OLNEY.—During the present pastorate at the Tabernacle, the Treasurer of the Church has always been a THOMAS OLNEY. The first of these was predestinated to be a deacon, and to care for his Pastor, and all the concerns of the Church: for this purpose was he constituted as he was, and he could do no less. It was the bent of his mind, and the joy of his heart. He fulfilled his course, and in his office he was faultless, and never to be excelled; but in his old age his son, another *Thomas Olney*, was really keeping the accounts, and managing the Church finance. Therefore, when old Mr. Olney died, the office passed into the present hands without a question, and all things went on as aforetime: it was one long dispensation of OLNEY.

Our esteemed friend is a member of an extensive firm in the City, and has his hands full. The finance of a large Church is a great addition to his labour, but methodical habits enable him to master it. The Church will probably never know how much it owes to the care, and skill, and personal liberality of its Treasurer. He who is best cognizant of the regularity and exactness of the Chancellor of our Exchequer records his gratitude to God that such a man has been raised up, qualified, and preserved for a work so onerous, upon which so much of the repute of a Church must depend. Long may he find himself able to render such priceless service!

May the affliction of the Editor be, not only for his own profiting, but for the benefit of his hearers and friends! In the black-letter lore of suffering he is often called to read, and no literature is more instructive to the soul. "If this be not blessed to me, what can do me good?"—so the tried one cried out. Let all the sons and daughters of sorrow know assuredly that the bitters in their portion are weighed and measured by covenant love; and not a drop of wormwood will be wasted if there be grace given to receive it with believing resignation.

Very amusing is a report which went abroad concerning Mr. Spurgeon's being thrown off from a four-horse coach. This is a dull generation which will not allow a metaphor, but must read all things literally. The prosaic and detailed narrative to which we allude all arose out of the preacher's saying concerning himself, "My coach went over suddenly, and all the horses were down." This was a simple simile, and it never entered his head that it could be taken literally. The season of the year was not suitable for coach-riding, and unhappily it is a pastime in which a London minister is at any season very rarely privileged to indulge. In this case we see the birth and growth of a story; in many other instances there remains a mystery. The world is so fond of fiction that anything will suffice as material to be hammered into a tale. *Moral.*—Believe not one-half that you hear.

The friend who wrote asking to have Mr. Fullerton's *Finger-mark in my Bible* reprinted, is now informed that he can get it of Messrs. Passmore and Alabaster at twelve for a shilling, post-free. It is very tastefully got-up. Our readers know how likely it is to be useful. We are sorry to say that very few of the things which we have printed by request have been purchased in numbers sufficient to pay the publishers. Let not this be another case of having to pay for obliging one's friends. It ought not to be. If our readers desire to spread little books which will help souls into the light, here is one for them.

We take this opportunity of asking our readers to be our helpers in the matter of the circulation of *The Sword and the Trowel* itself. New periodicals invade the territory of the older ones, and only by generously enthusiastic aid can we maintain our strength. If we are judged to be faithful to the truth, let our friends be faithful to us, and kindly help us to speak to a wider constituency. Let not this request fall on deaf ears, or be forgotten. We ask this aid with much earnestness. We purpose next month beginning a series of papers suggesting texts for preachers.

The general message from home on the day of preaching at the Tabernacle by Mr. John Robertson, of Edinburgh, was hearty to enthusiasm. Sermons over an hour long "seemed too short." "The common people, such as myself and family, heard him gladly," writes one who is no mean judge. Of course, some were startled. Accustomed to a preacher so singularly proper (?), they might well be alarmed at a bold metaphor!

We wish for our friend a life of growing usefulness and firm adherence to the grand old faith, and our prayer almost prompts the prophecy that it will be so. We have no greater joy than to see one and another raised up of the Lord to be valiant for the truth.

Up to the hour of writing, all things have gone well at home, to our sincere content. Each service has been full of power. Bless the Lord!

It is commendable for ministers to rebuke vice in public men, and indeed in any men; but it will go ill with congregations if their thoughts on the Lord's-day are called away from considering eternal matters to enter the arena of political debate. There is a time for every purpose under heaven, and this should be remembered. Faithfulness to the law of the Lord demands like treatment for all offending in a like manner, and in this respect certain pulpit exhorters have not failed; but they have not been equal in their ways towards the varieties of sin, for avowed lying has been passed over, and yet this sin in the ancient church involved nothing less than death. Those who think themselves called upon to exercise a public censorship of the great ones of the earth had better adjust their balances. Still, they have well spoken.

We do not see that other good causes will suffer because General Booth has received so much. They will suffer sadly if he does not use the money wisely; but we believe that, when people are generous enough to give to one thing, they do not grow close-fisted towards another. If it rains on the Salvation Army plot, it is all the more likely to rain on Dr. Barnardo's, or Archibald Brown's. This last brother makes no noise, but does a steady, real work for the poor. He ought to have his thousands; for he has been doing while others have been preparing schemes. We shall send our £50 to him. Since writing this, we learn that Mr. Cuff's work is in need; perhaps some friend will be prompt to supply the lack. We hope so.

We receive Report of BIBLE AND COLPORTAGE SOCIETY FOR IRELAND: a right noble institution, but not adequately supported. It has a General Board, and three District Committees. The Board numbers 50 members, 26 vice-presidents, and seven officers; and the three Committees make up 153, with 19 officers. This splendid machinery evolves and arranges 21 colporteurs! So large a company would seem quite able to sit upon any object put under them, and squash it flat. If one-tenth or one hundredth part of these patrons and committeemen would lay this work of the Lord to heart, they would soon double the number of colporteurs, or know the reason why. Here are 255 gentlemen engaged upon a work which ought to be a great one, and between them it becomes a very little one. In all brotherly love, we would provoke our friends a little, and we would also ask help for them from the friends of Ireland. Good is being done, quite as much as one could expect with so tremendous a Committee; but the sinews of war are wanting, and we hope they will be forthcoming. Ireland is breaking loose from the priests, and needs the Bible and the Gospel.

A brother minister sends us a list of "Sermons to Ploughmen" that he has preached. Some of his titles may suggest subjects to pastors or local preachers in agricultural districts, so we append a few specimens:—"The Dismissed Ploughman" (Cain). "A Cattleman's Dream" (Amos's vision of figs). "A Farmer's Love" (Jacob loved Rachel). "The Winnowing of the World" (Christ with his fan). "A Field Sown and Reaped the same day" (Fields already white). Others in the list are noteworthy, though adapted to other people as well as ploughmen:—"The Housebreakers" (Four carriers of the paralytic). "Specimens of Satan's Grammar" (Eden). "The Gentleman's Model Letter-writer" (The Epistle to Philemon).

On *Monday evening, November* 24, at the Tabernacle prayer-meeting, Pastor J. A. Spurgeon invited the friends to seek special blessing on the forthcoming services at the Crown Baths, and in the lecture-hall, and also on those to be conducted by Messrs. Fullerton and Smith. Brethren Beecliff and Ward supplicated for the speedy and perfect restoration of the absent Pastor, and also for the coming services, as also did Brethren Sedcole and Stocks. Pastor J. A. S. gave a suitable address on the certainty of the fulfilment of the promises in the matter of gospel preaching; especially pointing out that the blessing might not come just when, and how, and where it was looked for; but it would effect all it was sent for. He instanced the case of our Saviour's ministry as set forth in Luke iv. 16—21, which was *now*, and had been from our Lord's time, a fulfilling, though it seemed not so to the many who lived in Christ's day. The great matter was (v. 18) to have the anointing of the Holy Spirit that the gospel should be preached. The chairman having to leave the meeting, Mr. W. Olney took his place, and gave an address on the same lines, illustrating the subject by interesting instances of the power of the Lord being present to heal at and after services at Haddon Hall within the past few days. Brethren W. Olney, Allison, Cockrell, Morris, and J. T. Dunn prayed. The latter read several requests for prayer, and two requests for thanksgiving for answers received. Mr. Olney thanked the church for the constant prayer offered on his behalf, and suggested that we should spend a few minutes in silent prayer, and that Deacon Payne should then bring the requests to the mercy-seat.

On *Monday evening, December* 1, the attendance at the Tabernacle prayer-meeting was affected by the wintry weather that prevailed. Rev. W. Stott, who had preached in the lecture-hall on the previous day, presided. Many petitions were presented for the restoration of the absent Pastor, whose recovery of health and strength was reported to be very slow. Being the first Monday in the month, the meeting was largely of a missionary character. Mr. Barrell, the students' missionary secretary, gave an excellent address on the progress of Christian missions during the past fifty years, and referred to the many students of the College who either had gone, or hoped to go, to the foreign field. Mr. Stott told a remarkable story of the conversion of an infidel. Special prayer was presented that Mrs. Spurgeon might be sustained during her husband's absence and illness.

COLLEGE.—Mr. N. T. Jones-Miller has removed from East Dereham, to Carlton Chapel, Southampton.

Mr. C. E. L. Good reports his safe arrival at Port Stanley, *Falkland Islands*, after a pleasant voyage, which appears to have been greatly beneficial to his health. He finds that the work has suffered very little, if at all, since Mr. Harris left, as Consul Lazar has so ably ministered to the pastorless church. The chapel was not erected when he arrived, for the only available workmen were needed by the Falkland Islands Company. It is probable that, by this time, the building is up and opened. Do any of our friends wish to help in paying for it? It will be as much as the little church can do if it supports its pastor: and it will be very grateful for help in repaying the proportion of the cost of the chapel, which was so generously advanced by a friend on the spot, who saw the urgent need of a house of prayer in the far-distant isle of the sea.

Yet another of our College comrades has been called to his rest and reward. *Pastor J. S. Adams* only left us at the beginning of 1890, to settle at Whitchurch, Salop. After labouring with great earnestness for a few months, he was obliged to resign his pastorate, and go to St. Leonards, where he fell asleep in Christ, on November 22, at the early age of twenty-seven. Brethren, let us work while it is day; the night cometh, when no man can work!

The following letter will be read with interest by our College brethren:—

"Adelaide, S. Australia,
"October 16th, 1890.

"To the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon,

"Dear and honoured President,—We take advantage of our meeting, in connection with the annual gatherings of the South Australian Baptist Association, to send you a few lines of hearty and affectionate greeting. Though we are so far distant from you, we feel an undiminished interest in the work of God at the Tabernacle, College, and Orphanage; we rejoice in your joy, and when sorrow comes to you, we sorrow with you. It is our earnest and united prayer that health of body may be continued to you, and that the rich and increasing blessing of the Master may rest upon you and upon your work.

"We are glad to assure you that, by the grace of the Lord Jesus Christ, we all remain loyal to the truths he has revealed, and count it our highest honour and our richest privilege to be used of him in the conversion of sinners, and the edification of his people. We are yearning to know more of the grace of Christ in our hearts, and of his power in our lives and in our service. Some of us can speak of gracious blessing on our work for Christ, and we give all the glory to him whose power has been thus manifested.

"We shall be glad if you will convey to the brethren of the Conference the assurance of our warm esteem for them. We wish also to send to Mrs. Spurgeon a message of sincere sympathy and Christian love. We still cherish very happy recollections of her many kindnesses, and of her deep interest in the College and the College men. We pray for her, that she may be sustained by the divine grace, and refreshed by the divine blessing.

Wishing for you every blessing from the loving Father's hand,

"We are, dear President,
"Yours in the Master's service,
"SAMUEL FAIREY, Parkside, S.A.
"EDWARD VAUGHAN, Minlaton, S.A.
"A. J. CLARKE, Sydney.
"WILLIAM E. RICE, N. Adelaide.
"FREDK. J. STEWARD, Stockport, S.A."

EVANGELISTS. — *Messrs. Fullerton and Smith* had a most successful mission at New Court Chapel, Tollington Park, from which it is reported that there will be great results. The pastor, Mr. Pierce, and his deacons and friends, worked most heartily with the Evangelists.

The next mission was at Enfield, of which *Pastor G. W. White* writes:—

"My dear Mr. Spurgeon,—I thought you would be gratified to receive a brief account of the visit of our brethren, Fullerton and Smith, to Enfield. The mission, which was in every sense a united one, commenced on Saturday, November 22nd, and closed on Sunday, 30th, the services being conducted in the Riding House, Enfield Court, which was really placed at the disposal of the Mission Committee by Colonel Somerset, a liberal-minded churchman. You may remember that, some twenty-three years ago, you preached in that building.

"Prior to the mission, a week of united prayer was held, and the meetings were more largely attended than any gatherings for prayer in Enfield within my recollection. A most earnest spirit prevailed, and the uppermost desire, expressed by Congrega-

tionalists, Wesleyans, Primitive Methodists, Brethren, and Baptists, was for a large ingathering of souls to Christ.

"These meetings were a splendid preparation for the services. By the time the Evangelists arrived, the hearts of God's people were all aglow, and full of confident expectation; and from the very first service the power of the Lord was present to save.

"Although the weather was anything but favourable, the building was thronged every night, and the people listened, spell-bound, to both the songs and the addresses. There was a wonderful fascination about Mr. Smith's singing, and his tender, persuasive utterances touched many a heart. There was also something about the man himself that attracted one; when telling the story of divine love, his face seemed radiant with a light from heaven. As a preacher to children, I have never heard his equal. He arrested their attention at once, and kept it from beginning to end. He came down to their level, and talked as with a child's heart and a child's tongue.

"Upon Mr. Fullerton, also, the Spirit of God undoubtedly rested. His addresses were those of a man desperately in earnest, who knows well how to deal with religious difficulties, and all vain excuses, and who has learned the blessed art of presenting gospel truth in such a way that it is almost impossible for his hearers to remain indifferent to it. His meetings for 'an hour with the Bible' were also most helpful, especially to Christians, and his special address to men only is not likely to be soon forgotten. His points were ably argued, and thrillingly illustrated; and many a strong man trembled beneath the power of the Word."

Our brethren afterwards went to Grafton Square Baptist Chapel, Clapham, and Penge Tabernacle; and then came their great mission at the Tabernacle, of which we must give details next month. It was thought advisible to commence at the Kennington Baths from December 27th to 31st, moving on to the Tabernacle for the Watch-night and New Year's services, and continuing in the renovated building until January 11th. May the Lord give even greater blessing than on their previous visits!

At the end of January, the Evangelists are to spend a week at Regent's Park Baptist Chapel, and in February they go to Falmouth and Ilfracombe.

Mr. Edwin Strange, writing concerning *Mr. Burnham's* mission at Perry Green and Caddington, says:—"The services at Perry were very much enjoyed; the interest increased each evening. One cannot speak too highly of Mr. Burnham's work; he is quiet, earnest, simple, yet with great power. His week at Perry was most blessed than he thinks; for, since he left, five have fully decided for Christ." Mr. Burnham next visited Carlton Chapel, Southampton; and Leafield, Oxfordshire; and in each place the Lord blessed his work. He has since been at Great Yarmouth, and this month he is to be at Kilmington and Reading.

Mr. Harmer had successful services at most of the places where he held missions in connection with the North-West Kent Association, and he has since been at Ipswich with the Baptists and Methodists. He is now at Thornton Heath.

ORPHANAGE.—This month's magazine has to be finished so early that we cannot publish a report of the Christmas festivities, or tell how generous our friends have been this year; but we shall hope to give full particulars next month.

Our poetical friend, Mr. Robert Morgan, of Clapton, has sent us the following verses, which are much too good to be lost:—

GOD BLESS THE ORPHANS!

"God bless our orphan boys,
Fill their young hearts with joys,
Their acts control:
Lead them to seek thy face,
Give them thy saving grace,
And may thy love embrace
Each precious soul!

"The girls do not pass by,
Heed thou their feeble cry,
Looking above:
When they are sad at heart,
Feeling some bitter smart,
Assure them of their part
In thy great love!

"Yes, bless both girls and boys,
Give each the best of joys,
To know thy Word:
In these, their childhood years,
Free them from anxious cares,
And let them know no fears
But fearing God!

"When childhood's days are gone,
And they shall have to earn
Their daily bread;
Thy care do not withdraw,
Watch o'er them more and more,
Guide, guard, for evermore
Give daily bread!

"O thou, the orphans' Friend,
To thee we still commend
The orphans' home:
Still pour down from above,
Grace, wisdom, strength, and love,
Which each and all may prove,
Till thou shalt come!"

COLPORTAGE.—There is nothing of a startling character to report, but the records of the work show a steady, earnest, and enlarged amount of effort put forth by the colporteurs, ninety-six of whom are regularly employed, and devote their whole time to carrying out the important design of the Association. Without publishing the details of each case, below will be found notes of a few results which call for much thankful-

ness and further efforts to extend the work. These are selected from a mass of the agents' reports.

(1) At a young people's prayer-meeting, started by a colporteur, a young man related that the colporteur had been instrumental in reclaiming him from a state of darkness and backsliding.

(2) A young woman, who had been a regular reader of bad novels, was led to discontinue the pernicious practice by reading some of the penny stories.

(3) A gentleman, who for a long time had been anxious about spiritual things, was induced to purchase *Around the Wicket Gate*, and it was made a blessing to him.

(4) An effort made to extend the circulation of the President's weekly sermons has also been successful. One colporteur writes that they have proved a great blessing to many who have had them, especially to some who, through ill-health and age, had been unable to get to a place of worship.

(5) Another colporteur has gone to preach at a village for twenty years, and the people are delighted that he brings them good magazines and books. He visits twenty-one villages and towns, and could make it thirty if he had time to go to them.

(6) Many people state that they would never be visited by any Christian but for the colporteur's call. One agent rejoices that, for sixteen years, he has worked his district, and that manifest blessing is resting upon his regular preaching at two village chapels.

These are only samples of the kind of work accomplished—the afflicted are visited, the careless are addressed, the advantages of good reading are pointed out, and, above all, the salvation of souls is earnestly and constantly made the aim of the men. The good seed is scattered broadcast to the value of £800 to £900 per month. May we not expect great things from a widespread agency like this, which regularly reaches even the most remote country districts? The prayers and practical assistance of all friends of the Word of God and good literature are earnestly desired.

Enquiries and contributions should be sent to the secretary, W. Corden Jones, Temple Street, St. George's Road, Southwark, London, S.E.

Personal Notes.—A friend writes to us concerning a native medical evangelist in *India*, who has been passing through great trials. He says: "They are over, but even while they lasted he was not without comfort and sustaining grace. After mentioning certain passages of Scripture, he says: 'One exceedingly blessed and comforting word I found in *Spurgeon's Birthday-book*. It is this: "When the Lord intends to lift his servants into a higher stage of spiritual life, he frequently sends them a severe trial."' It will be gratifying to you to know that, though the Lord detains you in London, he uses you to help perplexed souls in distant lands."

Another letter from *India* comes to us by way of *New Zealand*. One of our brethren there received it from a Zenana missionary, to whom it was addressed by an educated Indian gentleman:—"Your *John Ploughman's Pictures* is a book which ought to be in the library of every man who wishes to improve himself—morally, spiritually, and secularly alike. It can be a companion for life, and you have, by its loan to me, kindled in me a strong desire to have a copy of it *at any cost*; and as I lay before you an account of my failure to get a copy from the most likely place known to me, may I ask you the favour of procuring me yourself one copy of that most precious book? I like the book so much that I have made it my regular study, and I often feel inclined to mark out the interesting expressions by pencil."

Yet another letter comes from *India*, from the lady who is so well known in England as A. L. O. E. Miss Tucker writes:—"You have had so many testimonies to the blessing on your works, that it may seem presumptuous in an old Church of England missionary to take up even two minutes of your time; and yet my little note may reach you at some period when you feel weary or unwell, even 'following Christ in the dark,' and be a refreshment. A very choice servant of God, a converted Wahabee (the fiercest of Mahomedan sects), has just left me. He asked me to help him with his English, and our reading-book is one of your sermons, on the sinfulness of the doctrine of salvation by works. The English, being so idiomatical, was extremely difficult to my pupil. I had, at first, to explain almost every expression; but the grasp of the doctrine, by a former Mahomedan, is delightful. . . . . I had a valued volume of your sermons, which I split into six parts, having each part bound, that six may benefit at once.

"I must add a P.S., to communicate the curious fact that a fine young Sikh convert has commenced reading to me every day *another* of your sermons, also that when I asked a dear young companion to-day what book she would like me to read to her, she proposed 'Spurgeon,' so I am actually having parts of three different sermons of yours every day, an almost unique thing, I should think. The different nationalities make it the more curious."

A Congregational minister writes to tell us of a centenarian, "who still retains his faculties in a remarkable way, and is a great reader of the newspapers, and Mr. Spurgeon's sermons. . . . It appears that only in the latest years of his life has he come to rejoice in the knowledge of the gospel of grace, and this through the reading of your sermons, which, he says, are beautiful."

A Presbyterian minister sends us the following cheering letter:—"My dear Mr. Spurgeon,—Being somewhat pressed for time last week, I did not prepare a sermon for my evening service, expecting to do so in the interval between the morning and evening meetings; but it turned out that I had to go to both my Sabbath-schools, so that I had only about an hour at my disposal. During that time I read over two of your sermons on Mark xv. 21, and simply retold whatever I remembered of them in the pulpit, with the result that this morning I received the following note:—

'Dear Sir,—Through the preaching of the Word by you on Sabbath evening, I have accepted Christ as my Saviour; and, God helping me, I will bear the cross to the end. May God bless you in health and strength, and enable you to carry on your good work, and I pray that he will give you many souls for your hire! Please pray that I may be kept faithful.

'Sincerely yours,
'_____,'

"I simply write you because I consider that the credit of the human instrumentality in this case is due to you; and, fancying that a man in your position receives many letters likely to discourage and annoy you, I thought that the intimation that your sermons, even in the mouth of another, had been owned by the Master, would be interesting; and, considering that there was an audience of considerably over nine hundred, there is no knowing how much unknown good may have been accomplished."

Pastors' College, Metropolitan Tabernacle.

Statement of Receipts from November 15th to December 12th, 1890.

	£	s.	d.
Collection at Zion Chapel, Chatham, per Pastor T. Hancocks	5	0	0
Mr. R. J. Beecliff	0	2	6
Pastor Harry Wood	0	10	0
Mr. H. Lakeman	0	10	6
Mr. J. Barrie	1	0	0
Mrs. C. Robertson	1	0	0
Mrs. H. Dalgliesh	5	0	0
H. B.	0	2	6
C. M.	0	2	6
Mr. P. Cameron	2	10	0
Per Mrs. James Withers:—			
Messrs. Heelas and Co.	1	1	0
Mr. P. Davies	0	10	0
	1	11	0
Mr. and Mrs. Sutcliffe	1	0	0
J. H. L.	0	5	0
The Misses Heap	1	0	0
Part legacy of the late Mr. Armstrong, Warrambeen	50	0	0
Mrs. Armstrong	20	0	0
Mr. McDonald, per Mrs. Armstrong	2	0	0
Mr. Alexander Martin	15	0	0
Mr. Thos. R——	10	0	0
The Misses Bashall	2	10	0
D. E. G., Wilts.	0	5	0
Dr. W. McGill	1	1	0
Miss Adderley	2	10	0
A friend, Edinburgh	25	0	0
Mr. John Short	5	0	0
Weekly Offerings at Met. Tab.:—			
Nov. 16	27	1	0
„ 23	26	0	0
„ 30	10	4	0
Dec. 7	10	0	0
	73	5	0
	£226	5	0

Stockwell Orphanage.

Statement of Receipts from November 15th to December 12th, 1890.

	£	s.	d.
Mr. W. Woolidge	0	10	0
Mrs. Fraser	0	4	0
Mr. C. Ibberson	0	2	6
Collected by Miss C. Jesson:—			
Mr. W. Stanyon	0	5	0
Miss Eames	0	5	0
The Misses Bennett	0	5	0
Miss Raynes	0	2	6
	0	17	6
From a friend	1	0	0
Mrs. Pester	0	5	0
Mr. E. K. Stace (instead of legacy)	105	0	0
A friend, Edinburgh	1	0	0
Mr. Ernest A. Ryall	0	2	6
Mr. Thomas Davies	5	0	0
P. O., Derby	0	2	6
Miss R. Cordrey and friends	0	4	0
Mr. W. Edwards	0	10	0
Mr. F. J. Ackland	3	3	0
Mrs. R. Davies	2	0	0
Miss M. A. Butterworth	5	0	0
The L. C. M. Band of Hope, Tyncham Hall, Battersea, per Mr. Holmes	0	10	0
P. O., Walworth	0	12	6
Mrs. Thomas's children	0	15	0
Mr. R. Sherringham	0	5	0
Mr. James Leiper	1	0	0
Mrs. Poate	1	0	0
Mrs. Veale	2	2	0
Mr. Wm. Costley	2	0	0
Executors of the late Mr. Joshua Jones	89	9	6
Mrs. M. Smith	1	0	0
Mr. R. Lewis	1	0	0
Mr. Thos. Underhill	1	1	0
"Haven of peace"	5	0	0
Miss A. E. McLain	0	2	6
Mr. R. Finlayson	1	0	0
Collected by Mr. D. Hawkins	2	3	4
Mrs. Arnold	0	7	0
Mr. J. E. Stephens	0	5	0
Mrs. E. B. Thorne	0	10	0
Proceeds of Harvest thanksgiving services at Baptist Chapel, Corton, per Mr. Barnes	0	12	6
Mr. C. Evison	0	2	3
Mr. J. Brown	0	5	0
Miss Green	1	0	0

	£	s.	d.
Mrs. E. Sparrow	0	10	0
Mrs. Mackenzie	1	0	0
Mrs. Harris	0	5	0
Collected by Miss A. Thatcher :—			
Mrs. Dobbs (Christmas)	1	0	0
Mr. T. Mannington	0	5	0
Mrs. T. Mannington	0	5	0
Mrs. Mannington (Isfield)	0	5	0
Mrs. Chas. Mannington	0	2	6
Mrs. Porter	0	2	6
Miss Caffyn	0	2	6
Mr. and Mrs. Caffyn	0	5	0
"Bonny"	0	3	0
Mrs. John Guy	0	2	0
Miss A. Thatcher	0	2	6
Mrs. Faulconer	0	2	6
	2	17	6
Mr. S. Ormrod	0	10	0
Mrs. Gardiner	1	0	0
Mr. Lawrence Shepherd	0	10	0
Collected by Miss Topsy Oliver	0	1	0
Mr. J. Bowman	0	1	10
Captain Jas. Ewing	1	1	0
Frank Willard Fearn, Oakland, California	7	0	0
Mrs. Garroway	5	0	0
J. H. M.	0	2	6
Mrs. Mitchell	0	1	0
F. G. B., Chelmsford	0	2	6
Mr. S. H. Dauncey	0	2	6
Collected by Mrs. Nelson	2	13	6
Young Women's Bible-class at the Orphanage, per Mrs. J. Stiff	1	0	0
T. G.	50	0	0
Mr. H. C. Jenkins	0	5	0
Mr. E. K. Stace	0	10	0
Sixpence per week	1	6	0
Mr. A. Davis, and workpeople employed at Messrs. Hitchcock and Williams'	3	0	0
Miss Parkyns, per Pastor T. W. Medhurst, Cardiff	1	6	0
Mr. H. C. Bridgman	0	3	0
Mrs. Brazil	1	0	0
Miss Ellis	0	10	0
Mr. R. T. Bull	0	10	6
Mrs. Barrat	1	1	0
Miss E. Wild	0	10	0
In memory of Eliza Hooley	2	2	0
Mr. G. Gibb and friends	0	9	0
P. M. H.	0	2	0
Mr. D. Campbell	0	10	0
W., Manchester	2	0	0
Mrs. Davie	0	5	0
Mrs. J. L. Blake	0	5	0
Mrs. R. Best, per Mr. G. C. Heard	0	10	0
Miss Pearce	1	1	0
Miss E. Pearce	1	1	0
Miss Greenlees	0	5	0
Mrs. George Cowan	1	0	0
Mr. Jno. F. H.	1	0	0
Collected by Mr. J. Shaw	0	16	6
M. N. W., Berbice	2	10	0
Mrs. Wilkinson	5	0	0
Mr. Henry Tribe	10	10	0
Endymion	0	10	0
W. W. Carluke	1	0	0
Mrs. Miller	0	5	0
Mrs. Kilborn	0	5	0
Readers of "The Christian Herald"	31	14	1
Miss A. Pratt	1	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Parkinson	1	0	0
J. J., Harrogate	2	0	0
Young Men's Bible-class, Talbot Tabernacle, Bayswater, per Mr. Cursons	1	6	0
Mr. Wm. Reid	0	5	0
Mrs. M. G. Whitfield	1	0	0
Mrs. Sharman	1	0	0
Mrs. Arnold	3	0	0
Miss Maude M. Hodges	0	8	0
Mrs. Bagster	1	1	0
Annual collection of the Westbourne Grove Chapel Young Women's Bible Class, per Miss E. R. Perry	1	0	0
Mr. W. J. Woolidge	0	10	0
Nurse Baker	0	5	0
J. B. C.	1	10	0
Mr. W. Anderson	0	15	0
Mr. E. West	2	2	0
Mr. S. Slodden	0	2	6
Stamps from Berwick	1	0	0
Mrs. Baines	2	0	0
Mr. W. J. Evelyn	20	0	0
Mrs. A. Thompson	0	5	0
Mr. W. Dunn	1	5	0
Mr. George Bickerson	1	0	0
Mrs. A. Ferguson	0	3	0
Mrs. R. A. Snell	1	0	0
Mrs. Sheppee	0	10	0
Mrs. Downs	5	0	0
Mr. S. Cornborough	4	0	0
Mrs. Hickisson	0	10	0
B. G., Norwich	1	0	0
Mrs. S., Deptford	1	0	0
Mr. James Bristow	2	2	0
Mr. Thos. P. Potts	1	0	0
Mr. T. Bush	0	2	6
Mr. T. A. Flitton	1	0	0
Mr. C. E. Smith	10	0	0
Rev. R. Colman	1	1	0
Donation from a friend	21	0	0
Mrs. Colthup	0	10	0
Mrs. Speed	0	5	0
Pastor Harry Wood	0	10	0
Mrs. C. Robertson	1	10	0
Collected by Miss Lily Armstrong	16	0	0
Per Mrs. James Withers :—			
Mr. W. I. Palmer	4	4	0
Mr. W. Mooro	2	2	0
Messrs. Heelas and Co.	1	1	0
Mr. E. P. Collier	1	1	0
Mrs. S. J. Collier	1	0	0
Mr. P. Davies	1	0	0
Mr. James Boorne	1	0	0
Mr. E. Harvey	0	10	6
Mr. C. R. Stevens	0	10	6
Mrs. Hammond	0	10	0
Mrs. Hampton	0	10	0
Mrs. Ravenscroft	0	10	0
Mrs. Collier	0	5	0
Mrs. Wilson	0	5	0
Mr. T. Wells	0	5	0
Mrs. J. Davies	0	2	6
	14	16	6
Mr. and Mrs. Sutcliffe	1	0	0
The Misses Heap	3	0	0
Given to Mr. Spurgeon at Menton :			
Dr. Bennet	2	2	0
Mrs. Jones, per Dr. Bennet	1	0	0
Lieut.-Col. and Mrs. Lassalle	0	16	0
Rev. Henry Lings	25	0	0
	28	18	0
Mr. Thos. R——	15	0	0
D. E. G., Wilts	0	7	0
Dr. W. McGill	2	2	0
A friend, Edinburgh	20	0	0
Miss Lizzie Baxter	0	0	6
Mrs. Fryer	1	0	0
Mrs. Ferguson	1	0	0
Mrs. Janet Scott	2	0	0
Mr. William Tennant	0	5	0
Miss Blake	0	2	6
Mr. J. R. Smith	1	1	0
Rev. Sidney R. Young	0	5	0
Mr. W. MacDowell	0	2	6
Mrs. L. M. Brown	1	0	0
Mr. James Lunn	0	10	0
Mrs. Chillingworth	0	5	0
Mr. C. J. Walmsley	1	0	0
Mr. G. Nowell	5	0	0
Mr. J. Campbell	0	3	0

	£	s.	d.
Llandrindod friends, per Miss Harding	1	0	0
Mrs. G. E. Chapman	0	5	0
Miss Bush	0	10	0
Mrs. Fordham	1	0	0
Mr. G. Gray...	1	1	0
Mr. W. J. Smith	1	1	0
Mrs. Mannington	1	1	0
Mr. W. Wilcocks, per Mrs. J. A. Spurgeon	1	1	0
Sandwich, per Bankers	2	2	0
Meetings by Mr. Charlesworth and the Orphanage Choir:—			
Risca	16	8	0
Belle Isle Mission	7	14	0
Shanklin	10	5	6
Gosport, per Mr. Ogg:—			
Nett proceeds of Entertainment 7 7 8½			
Collecting-boxes 8 18 9½			
Colonel Mumby 2 0 0			
Mr. E. Lapthorn 1 0 0			
	19	6	6
John Street, Edgware Road 5 4 6			
Sale of programmes ... 0 12 3			
	5	16	9
Bromley, sale of programmes	0	9	0
West Cowes	14	7	3
Brynmawr:—			
Nett proceeds of entertainment 45 8 5			
Mr. J. Bundred 0 5 0			
Mr. J. Jones 0 4 0			
Mr. J. Lewis 0 10 0			
Mr. Connop 0 5 0			
Mr. Morgans 0 5 0			
Mr. J. Ambrey 0 1 0			
Miss Hemmings 0 5 0			
A friend 0 5 0			
Mr. D. A. Davies 1 0 0			
Mr. W. M. Taylor... ... 0 10 0			
Mr. J. J. Lyddon 0 10 0			
Mr. Davies 0 2 6			
Mr. Panniers 0 2 6			
Mrs. Judd 0 2 6			
Mrs. Williams 0 1 0			
Mr. T. Jenkins 1 0 0			
	50	16	11
Lackland Hall, Chelsea, per Mr. H. Veitch	10	0	0
Christmas Festival Fund:—			
Mrs. Shearman	2	0	0
Miss Jessie A. Riddell	0	5	0
Mr. J. Goodchild	1	0	0
Mrs. Virtue	0	5	0
Mr. G. D. Forbes	0	2	6
Mr. W. Manillan	1	0	0
Eskdale Shepherd	0	10	0
E. P., Brixton	0	4	0
H. E. S.	1	1	0
Mrs. E. Allmey	0	2	6
Miss E. Clover	0	5	0
In memoriam, E.	1	0	0
Mrs. Warmington...	1	1	0
Mr. James Wilson...	0	5	0
Mr. H. Proctor	1	0	0
Mr. J. Wood	0	10	0
Emma	0	10	0
Mrs. Keevil	0	10	0
Mrs. B. Fox...	0	5	0
Mrs. Joslin	0	10	0
Stamps from Chipping Sodbury ...	0	1	0
Mrs. Holmes...	5	0	0
A. P.	0	2	0
Miss E. Sydenham...	1	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Saunders (a new shilling each for the orphan girls) ...	12	10	0
	£770	3	11

List of Presents, per Mr. Charlesworth, from November 15th to December 12th, 1890.—PROVISIONS:—1 sack Flour, Mrs. T. Collins; 20 lbs. Tea, Messrs. Armstrong & Co.; a box of Raisins and Currants, Mrs. Reynolds; 1 New Zealand Sheep, Mr. A Scale Haslam; 224 lbs. Rice, Mr. J. L. Potier; 2 hampers Bread, Mr. N. Read; 6 Ducks, 8 Geese, Mr. K. Jumper; 1 side Pork, Mr. W. J. Graham; 208 lbs. Mutton, Mr. Samuel Barrow; 15 lbs. Sausages, Mr. E. Sparrow; 1 cwt. Potatoes, Mr. J. Walton; 14 lbs. Butter, Mr. G. Scandrett; 2 boxes Raisins, Mr. T. Wray; 2 cases of Eureka Aërated Pastry Flour, Mr. W. A. Combs; 28 lbs. Baking Powder, Messrs. Freeman and Hildyard; 6 Stilton Cheese, Mr. J. T. Crosher; 1 cwt. Corn Flour, Messrs. Brown and Polson.

BOYS' CLOTHING:—A quantity of Hose, Cuffs, Collars, Caps, Ties, Gloves, and 2 Suits, Mr. T. A. Smith; 1 Boy's Suit, S. W.; 9 Articles, Mrs. H. Muir; 12 pairs Knitted Socks, Mrs. Kine; 1 Wool Wrap, 1 Coat, Mrs. Allen; 5 Shirts, Mrs. Kemp; 6 pairs Knitted Socks, Mrs. Vatcher.

GIRLS' CLOTHING:—22 Articles, Miss Clayton; 114 Articles, The Ladies' Working Meeting, Metropolitan Tabernacle, per Miss Higgs; 12 Articles, Mrs. Bartholomew; 5 Articles, from a friend at St. John's Wood; 1 pair Stockings and a few lengths Ribbon, &c., Mrs. A. L. Davies; 4 Handkerchiefs, 12 Wraps, Miss C. Mello; 6 Articles, Miss M. A. Harris; 6 Articles, Miss Wood; 8 Articles, Mrs. Walton; 22 Articles, Mrs. Kemp; 109 Articles, Miss S. Hughes; 43 Articles, Miss E. Harper; 230 Girls' and Boys' Articles, The Young Ladies' Working Party, Reading, per Mrs. James Withers.

GENERAL.—15 yards Red Flannel, Miss Burton; 9 Books, a quantity of Sweets, 2 Text Cards, Miss S. Hughes; a quantity of Nibs, &c., Messrs. Warren, Hall, and Lovitt; 1 cwt. Blacking, Messrs. Carr and Son; 74 Bows, 3 Aprons, 3 Dolls, Miss S. E. Knight; 12 yards Flannelette, 6 Towels, The Misses Milner; 1 Quilt, Miss E. Leeder; a case of Books, &c., Mr. E. Newman; 6 Articles, Mrs. Mizen; 5 Picture Frames, Mr. James Wilson; 14 Scrap Books, 7 yards Flannel, 6½ yards Galatea, 2½ yards Flax, Miss E. Harper.

Colportage Association.

Statement of Receipts from November 15th to December 12th, 1890.

Subscriptions and Donations for Districts:—	£	s.	d.
Kent and Sussex Baptist Association, for Arundel and Sittingbourne ...	12	10	0
Sellindge District, per Mr. Thos. R——	10	0	0
Aylesbury District, per Mr. Thomas Gurney	12	18	0
Metropolitan Tabernacle Sunday-school District	10	0	0
Rendham District	7	10	0
Mrs. White, for Tewkesbury	2	10	0
Great Yarmouth Town Mission ...	7	10	0
Ross District, per Mr. Thomas Blake...	10	0	0
Repton and Burton-on-Trent, per E. S.	20	0	0
M. A. H., for Orpington	5	0	0
Mr. Thos. R——, for Bower Chalk ...	5	0	0
	£102	18	0

Subscriptions and Donations to the General Fund:—

	£	s.	d.
Mr. Thos. R——	5	0	0
A thankoffering for special favours ...	2	0	0
D. E. G., Wilts	0	5	0
Annual Subscriptions:—			
Mr. F. W. N. Lloyd	10	0	0
Mr. F. Fishwick	2	2	0
Pastor J. A. Spurgeon	0	10	6
Mr. J. Buswell	1	1	0
Mr. J. Hall	1	1	0
Mr. J. J. Cook	1	1	0
Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton... ...	2	2	0
Mr. Woollard	1	1	0
	£26	3	6

Society of Evangelists.

Statement of Receipts from November 15th to December 12th, 1890.

	£	s.	d.
Thankoffering for Mr. Burnham's services at Leafield	1	2	0
Thankoffering for Mr. Harmer's services at Tenterden	1	2	10
Mr. J. Barrie	0	10	0
Thankoffering for Mr. Burnham's services at Caddington and Perry Green	2	6	4
Thankoffering for Messrs. Fullerton and Smith's services at St. John's Presbyterian Church, Forest Hill ...	30	0	0
Mr. P. Cameron	0	13	0
Part legacy of the late Mr. Armstrong, Warrambeen	25	0	0
Mr. Alexander Martin	10	0	0
Mr. Thos. R——	5	0	0
The Misses Bashall	2	10	0
D. E. G., Wilts	0	3	0
	£78	7	2

Surrey Gardens Memorial Schools.

Statement of Receipts from November 15th to December 12th, 1890.

	£	s.	d.
Mr. W. J. Toller	0	10	0
C. B. H.	0	2	6
Mrs. Becher	0	5	0
Mrs. Peacock	1	0	0
Rev. Dr. Beath	1	0	0
Mr. W. Turnbull	10	0	0
Miss E. Grant and two sermon-readers	0	15	0
Mr. G. Turnbull	1	0	0
Mr. Jas Laurie	1	10	0
Two widows, Wick	2	0	0
A reader of the sermons, Cosham ...	0	2	0
M. R., P. O., Nice	0	5	0
A. E. H.	0	10	0
A sermon-reader, Blackburn	0	3	0
Mr. G. Lorimer	5	0	0
From an old lady seventy-five years of age, but still able to read the sermons	0	5	0
Mrs. Lees	0	10	0
A sincere friend	1	0	0
Aberdeenshire farmer	0	10	0
Postal orders from Amblestone, Haverfordwest	1	0	0
Mr. R. Cardell	1	0	0
Mrs. Edwards	0	5	0
Mr. E. Muil	2	0	0
Collected by Miss J. Brown	0	4	0
Mrs. C. Dales	0	5	0
Mr. W. J. Scott	0	5	0
Mrs. H. Dalgliesh...	1	0	0
From Hawkhurst	1	0	0
S. H.	0	10	0
Idonea Thomas	1	0	0
Mr. W. J. Warren	0	10	0
Miss Pafford	0	2	6
H. B.	0	2	6
C. M.	0	2	6
A reader of the sermons, which are sent on to India	1	0	0
A coachman, Hereford	0	2	0
Mr. A. MacRae	0	10	0
Mrs. Gardner and friends	8	7	6
Mr. Jas. Wilson	0	6	0
Mr. W. E. Rowe, per Mr. J. P. Duggat	0	4	6
Mr. Alright, per Mr. S. R. Pearce ...	1	0	0
Mr. A. Stewart	0	2	0
A friend, Kemnay...	0	1	6
Part legacy of the late Mr. Armstrong, Warrambeen	25	0	0
Given to Mr. Spurgeon at Menton:			
Rev. W. L. and Mrs. Lang .. 5 0 0			
Miss E. Constance Kemp ... 2 0 0			
	7	0	0
Stamps from Forres, N.B.	1	0	0
Miss Limbert	0	1	0
A thankoffering for special favours ...	1	0	0
Mrs. Hinton	1	1	0
Pastor H. Rylands Brown	1	0	0
	£83	9	6

For General Use in the Lord's Work.

Statement of Receipts from November 15th to December 12th, 1890.

	£	s.	d.
Mr. W. McClintock	0	10	0
Matthew xxv. 40	0	2	6
Mr. D. Anderson	0	10	0
M. A. H.	5	0	0
	£6	2	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.

FEBRUARY, 1891.

The Witness and his Position.

BY C. H. SPURGEON.

TO bear witness to the truth is the duty of the servant of the Lord. "Truth is mighty, and it will prevail;" but it needs earnest advocacy, or otherwise its voice may for a season be hushed by the clamours of error. The immediate work of each lover of the gospel of God is to maintain it, at all costs, against all opponents. He cannot do this unless he is inwardly persuaded that what he has received into his heart is, in very deed, the eternal verity of the Most High. About this he must have no question; for how shall he speak with power to others if he is in doubt himself?

This conviction, at the outset, lays him open to charges of egotism, dogmatism, bigotry, intolerance, and other dreadful things. Yet it is clear to any candid mind that, if a man is not assured that what he believes is true, he ought not to believe it, and at bottom he does not even now believe it. The faith which has brought life and comfort to a man's soul, and has been confirmed to him by long years of experience, is not a matter about which he can have an equal amount of doubt and confidence. If any person be, in reference to great doctrines of religion, in a state of equilibrium, so as to be easily turned one way or the other, he can hardly be called a believer at all, and he will derive little comfort or strength from his faith—if, indeed, he has any faith at all. Of what use can he be to his country, or to his age, if he has no convictions worth defending, no principles worth suffering for? To be fully persuaded in one's own mind is certainly necessary for a confessor, or a leader; yet this fixity of faith is called dogmatism! The one quality which is most needed in this age is also that which this

generation derides. Martyrs and heroes of all sorts are men who, having made up their minds, stand by their conclusions; yet this condition of thought is nicknamed bigotry! That which is admired in Luther, and glorified in Cromwell, is tabooed if it be seen in a plain Christian of the present times, whose dispute is with a deceitful unbelief, which masks itself as "modern thought," and puts on the stage dress of "charity."

The servant of the Lord Jesus must therefore cheerfully endure the necessary obloquy; and though he may in his heart be yielding and loving, he must be content to be rated as obstinate, uncharitable, and devoid of the fraternal spirit. He may have candidly weighed each novel opinion, and have decided against it with great deliberation; but he will be reported to be blindly conservative. He may feel great delight in allowing all possible liberty of thought to others; but on their part, if he does not think with them, he is judged to be ignorant and senile. This may gall him for a while, but he will find that the sore soon heals. It is a part of his obedience to his Lord that he should bear willingly that which duty involves. A messenger from a great king is not allowed to forego an errand because the missive which he carries will bring him personally no honour. Why should he expect honour? What would be the worth of such honour as the enemies of God can render?

In bearing his protest, the witness must remember that, in proportion to the necessity for it, will be the unlikeliness of its being received. When an evil is in the bud, and it is pointed out, the unpolluted conscience of the community is awakened, and the mischief is immediately dealt with; but when the fault is widely spread, and its existence has become a customary thing, the protester is voted a disturber of the peace, and an accuser of the brethren. The evil is no longer considered evil by those who have grown familiar with it. An error may be regarded as wrong for the individual's own self, but for the sake of peace he refuses to see its danger or fault in others, much less to reprove it, or separate from others on account of it. The man of sound doctrine, who is also of supple backbone, is at first shocked when error is avowed in his presence; but on recovering himself, he feels it to be a point of honour to bear it in silence. The next step is to see a good deal in the new dogma from the other person's point of view; and further on, the easy-going mind becomes convinced that one must not be too rigid in one's own opinion upon religious matters. On the heels of this, there frequently comes a pricking of conscience when an unlooked-for protester points out the growing mischief; and to conceal this inward weakness there is added anger against the unwelcome intruder. Who is this Jeremiah with his wailing—this obstinate Micaiah, who will prophesy nothing but evil to the Ahabs of the hour, just at the time when they are willing to be allied with Judah? Out of this annoyance very naturally grows a warm sympathy with the person who at first broached the error. By this process, the supposed friends of truth change sides, and the real supporters of it act as if they had become its enemies. Some of the best become cats'-paws for the worst, and those who should be vessels fit for the Master's use are handled by the enemy of souls as tools to build up a false peace.

This tends to make intercourse difficult, and friendship precarious; for the Vale of Siddim is full of slime-pits, and one dreads the influence of familiarity with the abettors and patrons of errorists. What can be more grievous to the earnest believer than this condition of things? It seems to him that "chaos and old night" have returned again. Friends and foes have joined hands, and he himself finds his endeavours hindered, not so much by those whose error he assails, as by good men who lend their influence to protect them.

What then? Should the witness for the Lord, who has fallen upon times of apostasy, speak no more in the name of the Lord? Or should he forego his own special witness, and deal in pleasing generalities? Far from it. Here is the trial of his fidelity. Let him patiently wait, and see whether time, which is the friend of truth, will not bring about a change. It may be that God will call forth champions from among the despoilers of his Word, or he may open the eyes of those decoyed into an unholy alliance, and make them regretfully remember the truths which aforetime they professed to hold. It may even happen that, in the hour of its triumph, error may commit suicide by going too far for even this much-enduring age. The mask may incautiously be lifted, and under the silver veil the leprous forehead may be seen, and then good men will start back amazed, and their dream will be over once for all.

At any rate, as evil advances, the necessity for the rejected protest will be more pressing than ever, and the witness will feel that woe is unto him if he does not continue and repeat his protest. The fewer his supporters, the more imperative is his personal loyalty to duty. He may cry, "Woe is me, my mother, that thou hast borne me a man of strife and a man of contention to the whole earth!" But he cannot refrain from obedience to the divine call, though he should be left alone.

But he will not be left alone. Thousands are with the good old cause—the cause of gospel truth, of the inspired Book, and the divine Sacrifice. Good men and true are to the front here and there; and many equally true are only hidden, because as yet they distrust their own ability to serve the cause efficiently. A host of peace-loving ones are bearing and forbearing in hope, but are sorely wounded, because hitherto they have been bitterly disappointed. They could not think that matters were so bad: surely their ministers could not mean that which they seemed to say. Could it be possible that they left out certain truths because they rejected them? From these patient ones, whose eyes are being opened, prevailing prayers ascend without ceasing, and every witnessing man, who is decided and uncompromising, has their love and sympathy—no mean inheritance. Such as these are in all denominations, and are far more numerous than the adversary dreams. In due time they will show their strength, and then the thin crust of dominant falsehood will be broken up by the uprising of the living fires from within. Quietly but effectively the boasted reign of "another gospel" will be brought to a close, and the return to the old faith will not only be joyous for the time, but prophetic of better times for the future. Once let the churches see the evil of heaping to themselves teachers who adulterate the gospel, and they will be long before they venture on such folly again.

If this be not the case, it is possible that "The New Era" and "The Church of the Future" will be upon us with a vengeance. When men leave off believing in Christ and his apostles, they begin believing in men who set up to be "Christs" themselves. Fanaticism follows close upon the heels of unbelief. We shall see new Popes when once the wise men have cast down the old Protestantism. Are the Nonconformist churches really preparing for the projected change of churches into clubs, in which atheists are to find themselves at home? We shall not yet believe it.

But if the testimony of any Christian in his own community, or upon the age, should utterly fail—if the only result should be his own loss—what then? He is only responsible for his own personal fidelity, and not for the success of his efforts. God is glorified when his gospel is maintained; and this in itself is reward enough to one in whom reverence for the Lord maintains its place, and who does not bow the knee before "the enthusiasm of humanity." It is in no man's power to compel the heart and judgment of another: he may proclaim and persuade; but it remains with his hearers to reject or receive his testimony. If many accept the truth, he may unfeignedly rejoice; but he may not boast as though he had gained a victory for himself. If none give heed to him, he must mourn; but he will not fall into depression, as though he would be censured of his Master. "The day shall declare it." He may await the coming of his Lord for the sure judgment. Only let him, in his own soul, make sure that no personal ambition, animosity, or whim, is his actuating motive; that what he labours to defend is vital, fundamental truth, and that what he denounces in practice is dishonouring to Christ; and he may with equanimity await the day when all hearts shall be revealed. Before that time he may hear the shouts of victory among the errorists, and the wailing of those who think their friend to be censorious and following a mistaken course; but he may safely say with the Psalmist, "I, as a deaf man, heard not," since he can calmly add, "In thee, O Lord, do I hope: thou wilt hear, O Lord my God!"

There are Flowers yet.

WE cut the following from a newspaper:—"It is said of some gardeners that, from their attention being too strongly fixed on the task of keeping the beds from weeds, they lose all sense of the beauty of flowers, and never see anything but weeds in a garden. So, often, in order rightly to examine abuses in things beneficial, the merits of these beneficial things must be kept clearly in view."

A very necessary caution this, just now. Never let us forget the countless flowers of loveliest hue which peep up from among the tangled weeds, nor those rows of healthy plants, all full of beauty, which reward us for the use of the hoe. Our Lord may still come into his garden, and solace himself there. The flowers have not been choked by the thorns. We will take comfort in the good as much as we grieve over the evil. Our appreciation of truth and holiness, and our power to detect them, should increase rather than diminish while we keep a sharp look-out upon error and worldliness.—C. H. S.

Our Medical Missionary in Morocco.

DR. CHURCHER writes to us from Tangier, and we think the letter so important that we give it an early place in our best type. Oh, that friends would help us to do more for the North Africa Mission! They will, if they think over this letter.

"Dear Pastor,—Our travelling experiences here differ much from journeys taken at home. Here, as we have no main roads, and consequently no conveyances, the horse, mule, and camel replace the tram, 'bus, and railway; then, too, the country is so sparsely populated that the traveller jogs along for hours, sometimes even for days, meeting very few passengers upon the road, though the landscape may be dotted with circular villages of 'black but comely' tents, or the sides and tops of the hills may be adorned with permanent villages of huts, apparently thus placed in order to secure protection, or to escape the malaria of the lower lands.



DR. CHURCHER IN MOORISH COSTUME.

"It took me twenty-one days to do a distance which an express train in England would accomplish comfortably in as many hours.

"The principal towns which I passed through were, first, *El Kasar*. This is one of the dirtiest towns on the earth. It is situated in a plain, at a crossing of caravan routes, and is, no doubt, of considerable antiquity. Though really unhealthy, yet, as the traveller approaches it, he is charmed with its appearance; the towers of many mosques, and the pure white roofs of the town buildings generally, peep out from a deep circle of surrounding gardens, beautiful with every variety of verdure, from the solemn shade of the olive to the bright tint of the pomegranate, and the gold and green of the orange groves. Yet, like Mohammedanism, the beauty is all outside; and as you get near to either, the illusion is soon dispelled. In entering the town, the path passes between huge dust-heaps, and over a stream of black sewage-mud, which emits a fœtid smell, while these odours are varied by that coming from the bodies

of dead animals thrown out, and left unburied, to fester in the sun, or be torn by wandering dogs. Many of the houses are in ruins, and the streets dirty. With such surroundings, it is not wonderful that the people are unhealthy; and it is a saying among them, that if a man is not suffering from ophthalmia he is not a true citizen of El Kasar.

"*Yet here are some* 30,000 *souls, within a week of London, without one ray of gospel light*—no missionary, no doctor, no witness for Christ in all the place, nor has there been for many centuries.

"But we must pass on now; for our mules are hired, and stopping means extra expense. Four days more, and we have reached the northern capital of the empire—*Fez*. This 'city of cities,' as the natives think her, is mostly built on the sides of a valley, in a basin-like hollow. The houses are lofty, and crowded together; and, in a very confined space, *between* 100,000 *and* 200,000 *people are living without God, and almost without the gospel*. Three brave ladies of the North Africa Mission are residing here, witnessing for Jesus, and healing the sick. In this we rejoice, and will rejoice; but oh, the ignorance, the oppression, the sin and the slavery, make the heart turn sick to think of them; and this ray of gospel light seems only sufficient to reveal and accentuate the utter darkness in which the whole place is immersed!

"A ride of rather more than one day brought me to another city—*Mechenez, containing between* 60,000 *and* 100,000 *souls*. Here I stayed a couple of nights, to see what opening there was for missionaries. I was probably the only European in all the place while I was there, and now again it is left *without a solitary soul to speak a word for Jesus among all those thousands*. The day I was there I went about, and made friends with the people. Among other places I visited was one of the prisons, in which many hundreds of men are confined, often on the most trivial pretext. The prisoners are herded together in a crowd, without any sanitation or conveniences of life, and almost without food. I looked through the iron grating at the little crowd of upturned faces which struggled to get nearest to it, and was particularly arrested by one oft-repeated cry, which seemed half-wail half-shriek, as it called on some name to come and release the speaker. I found it was a prisoner whose reason had given way; and all day long he stands there crying out to one who hears him not, for deliverance which probably will never come. Sad picture this; but sadder still to think of all the nation in the prison of sin crying to dead Mohammed to deliver them.

"On my return journey, I spent the Sunday at a place called *Habbassée;* and here I had a good time. From early morning till late at night, my tent was hardly ever free from visitors; and several were very interesting cases spiritually.

"It is told of one of the Moorish Sultans that he had a black slave whom he loved, and from time to time this slave was advanced to positions of honour and wealth. One day the Sultan was paying him a visit, and said to him, 'Now, show me all your wealth.' The other bowed, and said, 'Sire, if you will allow your servant to conduct you to that other door, in a few minutes I will show you everything.' The Sultan went, and when he entered, found the favoured servant dressed in beggar's garb—one dirty, tattered garment—and busy sweeping up the stable refuse. The Sultan stood astonished. 'Sire,' said the other,

'I am thy slave. *I* have nothing. All I have is through thy favour; all I am and have is thine alone.'

"If we realized our true standing before the Lord, I think the towns I have mentioned would soon have witnesses for Jesus.

"Believe me, dear Pastor,

"Yours respectfully and affectionately,

"T. GILLARD CHURCHER."

"The Work of an Evangelist."

BY THOMAS SPURGEON.

No. V.—NELSON, RICHMOND, WANGANUI.

SPECIAL interest attaches to our "cause" at Nelson, in that it is the eldest of all the New Zealand Baptist sisterhood. As far back as 1850, when the colony itself was still in swaddling bands, some Baptists of the back-bone sort wrote to their friends in England intimating their desire to form a church, and to have a minister. In response to this announcement, the Rev. Dolamore, of Bedale, Yorkshire, set sail for the Antipodes; and after a safe arrival, became "passing rich" (?) on fifty pounds a year. This was all that the church of a dozen members was able to promise him. Of these twelve disciples, some have fallen asleep; but five continue unto this present, though only two remain in membership. Said one of these old identities to me, as we stood chatting in the street, "Do you see yonder tree? Well, that is about the spot where the first Baptist gathering was held forty years ago. The cottage has been demolished, and the tree has been planted since, as if to mark the spot." And as she spake these words, she looked towards the tree with grateful pride, as to the birthplace of the denomination (in the colony), to which she has been loyal all these years. But there was yet another interesting reminiscence to be told of. "Do you see that school-building?" she added. "Yes." "In that place was offered one of the first (if not the very first) public prayers in Australasia for your father. I received," she continued, "very early news of his first appearance as a preacher, and I was so impressed with the conviction that he was a God-sent man, that there and then I asked the friends to pray for him; and I have been praying ever since." Who can say how much the Lord's mighty ones owe to the prayers of the Lord's "hidden ones"? Long may this good soul live to continue her loving intercessions!

But to return to the church's history. For a while, meetings were held in a borrowed school-room; but within a year the foundation-stone of a sanctuary was laid. In due course the chapel was completed; and the friends have, at different stages, re-roofed it, added class-rooms, modernized its front, and erected alongside a very comfortable minister's residence. No less than eight pastors have come and gone since 1851, and there have been some long intervals wherein the flock was without a shepherd. The Rev. T. Bray is number nine. He has only fifty-four members to work with; but this is twelve more than when he began.

This handful is rallying round its leader, and means to "attempt great things for God." The erection of a new church is on the *tapis;* for, despite all the alterations and amendments that have been effected, the old building is certainly not all that could be desired. Its roof is low and heavy, its pews are square and high and straight-backed, and cumbered with old-fashioned doors; while, worst of all, its floor is worm-eaten and insecure; indeed, rumour has it that some persons of weight have gone through it (not over the baptistery, let us hope). What wonder, then, that some are looking forward to a more comfortable edifice, though others cling to the "dear old place" with great affection, and feel quite sure it could be made to do for years to come! While prudence would say, "Build or re-build according to your funds," it must be confessed that so lovely a place as Nelson ought, in the fitness of things, to have a Baptist church of more pleasing aspect. The town lies embosomed amidst verdant hills, and is remarkable for its well-kept gardens and prolific orchards. This sheltered nook enjoys a climate of the mildest sort. A more charming place of residence can hardly be imagined. It is, perhaps, the healthiest place in all the colony, though one or two others run it pretty closely. If home physicians would send their patients to Nelson, or Napier, and not indiscriminately "*to New Zealand*," as though New Zealand were a town instead of being a colony of two islands some one thousand two hundred miles long, there would be far more lives prolonged.

Nelson's balmy climate makes its denizens somewhat slow and sleepy. Indeed, "Sleepy Hollow" is Nelson's nickname. Folk do not hurry in Nelson. If you see anyone persistently running, you may be pretty sure he is a visitor. Why should they hurry? The rush and bustle of the huge centres are happily unknown; and probably business is all the surer for being a little slower. The Nelsonians are to be envied! To be out of the "hurly-burly" all the year round ought to be conducive to longevity and peace of mind.

The danger, however, is lest the soft, seductive air, should affect religious workers, too. Yet I found that our friends, the Salvationists, were as lively there as anywhere; and I learned with great joy of the enthusiastic meetings held by two evangelists who almost immediately preceded me. But whether this activity is in all the churches, and is constantly maintained, this deponent sayeth not. There is a story told of a good man who publicly prayed, "O Lord, thou knowest that we all need enervating!" Fortunately, the Lord knew that he meant "*energizing*." This petition was not offered in Nelson; but its church-members might, I doubt not, make it theirs without asking amiss. Where is the church, however earnest and active, that could not stand more "energizing"?

Our own meetings were, thank God, the reverse of sleepy! Praying and singing were of the lively order, and the gospel proved itself the power of God unto salvation. The great strike, which had hindered my arrival, interfered somewhat with the work, and the rain-clouds seemed to conspire against large attendances; but the Lord spake to many hearts. The labour question was superseded by the most important query, "What must I do to be saved?" and some who had praised the Lord with lip alone began to serve him in their lives.

We found certain Campbellites in the town, and two of them felt impelled to write long screeds to the Evangelist, pointing out the unscripturalness (?) of his teaching. One even ventured to threaten that he would publicly protest; but, presumably, his courtesy restrained him at the critical moment. Strange it is that some will not see that baptism is a profession of faith, and not a saving ordinance. Whereas we believe and teach that believers should be baptized, we can never teach (let Campbellites write and protest as they may) that baptism is essential to salvation. How can we, while it is written, "By grace are ye saved through faith"? From Nelson we removed to

RICHMOND.

Another home name! But here there was no winding, shining Father Thames; no deer-stocked Park; no "Star and Garter," with its sumptuous refreshments; no confectioners, with their "Maids of Honour." Still, this Richmond has charms of its own. Some eight miles from Nelson, the surroundings of the township are of the loveliest. The sea is quite handy on the right, and noble hills adorn the left. Fertility and tranquillity reign supreme; and to these must be added the extreme cordiality of the people. The little Baptist church is almost of an age with its Nelson sister. For many years it has been pastorless, being "supplied" from the neighbouring town, and by Spurgeon's sermons. The original building is now a school-room, attached to the new erection, and separated only by large folding-doors. We had to throw the two into one, and were glad to have almost as large a congregation behind the pulpit as before it. We had only four nights at Richmond, from Thursday to Sunday; but the interest was high from the first, and much blessing attended the proclamation of the truth. Indeed, no place we have visited has given results proportionately greater. Verily, the villages seem most worth visiting. It is cause for rejoicing that the New Zealand Baptist Union has sent us to the smaller places and the weaker churches first. Shortly after the Richmond mission, we set out for

WANGANUL

In order to reach this field we had first to take shipping to Wellington. We had fortunately escaped two trips across the Straits by the providence recorded in my last paper, but there was no escape from the often stormy passage this time. And, alas for us! our craft was of the miniature order. But the Lord was merciful to us. Skirting the coast of the South Island the sea was beautifully calm; running through the French Pass by moonlight was delightfully interesting; and even the crossing of the Straits during the night was "not half bad." Thus the 100 miles of sea were passed quite pleasantly, and the trip belied all our faithless fears. Are not our troubles often far worse to our imagination than they really prove to be? Four o'clock in the morning found us at Wellington, New Zealand's capital city. We had to wait a day for a train, for the strike had disorganized the traffic. But the day following saw us boarding the Manawatu Company's train at 6.30 in the morning, and an hour later found us discussing breakfast in the dining-car. Nine hours' travelling brought us to our destination,

and we started work that night. The Baptist cause at Wanganui is one of the most recent ventures of our "body." Many Baptists had been working with Wesleyans and Presbyterians till the opportunity arrived to meet and work together.

Some few years ago they had a pastor, but lately they have managed to conduct the services themselves. They have thus been enabled to save up for the erection of a house of prayer, having already purchased a parcel of ground. We were obliged to hold our mission in the theatre. An earnest band of believers met for prayer before each service, and great were our expectations. Yet night after night the results were very meagre; visible results, I mean.

Nevertheless, some of the fruit fell at the shaking of the tree, and perhaps more of it was helped in ripening for an autumn yet to be revealed. Certain it is that not a few grateful good-byes were spoken to the Evangelist when all was over, and many regrets expressed that the week's mission could not be "elasticized" into a fortnight's. But dates were fixed for other places. So away we went.

Kind reader, please pray for the Evangelist, and for his work.

"God so Nigh."

Deut. iv. 7.

O LORD, how fair thy mercies shine!
Not they who see thy face on high
Possess a truer bliss than mine:
My sin forgiven, and "God *so* nigh."

So nigh that nought can come between
Thyself and faith's uplifted eye;
And ever, as thy form is seen,
My heart sings softly, "God *so* nigh."

To move me from my confidence
In vain the powers of darkness try;
Thine outspread wing is my defence,
And I am safe with "God *so* nigh."

And if at night my slumber seems
Shut out from thine all-seeing eye,
The morning breaks, and from my dreams
I wake to find my "God *so* nigh."

Thy presence cheers me while I tread
The path of life; and, when I die,
The softest pillow for my head
Shall be thy promise, "God *so* nigh."

And when, from sin and death set free,
I rise to take my place on high,
The dearest joy of heaven will be
To have for ever, "God *so* nigh."

Sidcup. E. A. TYDEMAN.

Friendly Aid for a Brother Preacher.

BY C. H. SPURGEON.

WHEN we are tired, the mind will not fix upon a subject. If it could but find a fitting bough, it would soon build a nest; but there is the difficulty. The vessel lies becalmed, and there is no stirring. Just a start, and by the help of God's good Spirit we are on our way. Tugged out from the stagnant waters within the harbour, the wind fills the sails, and we come to the desired haven of readiness for preaching. Having often been helped in such an hour of distress, my endeavour shall be, in these pages, to relieve others.

Let us begin at GENESIS. *Chapter i., & ii.* 1-3, *is one paragraph.*

An excellent evangelist of my acquaintance preached a very useful sermon from "*In the beginning God—.*" I do not know how he handled it; but if I were forced to take it, I should say—yes, the Lord was in the beginning, alone—1. Before anything was created. 2. In creation. 3. In revelation. 4. In the whole economy of grace. 5. In individual salvation. And, consequently, in our theology, in our faith, in our aim, in our consultation, in everything, it behoves us to begin with God.

Upon *the whole of the first verse,* my dear friend, Mr. Fullerton, sent me the following notes, which are too good to be lost :—

"*In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth.*" The history of eons in a line.

"Through faith we understand that the worlds were framed by the Word of God, so that things which are seen were not made of things which do appear"—were not evolved, in fact, but "created." Thus God reveals himself :—"for the invisible things of him from the creation of the world are clearly seen, being understood by the things that are made, even his eternal power and Godhead." This is the text of sermons in the world to come : we shall want to hear—1. More of *God.* 2. Something of "*The Beginning.*" 3. The History of *the Creation.* 4. The Glory of *the Heaven,* and—5. Of *the earth,* ere its wreck—before *tohu* and *bohu.*

Feeling myself unwell and weary, I asked this laborious brother to write if anything struck him. I could not have hoped to receive so much as he has sent. I shall avail myself of it.

Might not *verse* 2, "*And the earth was without form, and void; and darkness was upon the face of the deep*"—well describe our chaotic, wasted, empty, darkened nature? Does not the second clause, "*And the Spirit of God moved upon the face of the waters,*" show our only hope of a new creation? Note the margin of R. V. "The Spirit of God was brooding upon." It is the presence of the Holy Spirit which brings life, order, growth, action, &c.; even as the brooding of a bird. "How often would I have gathered thy children together, as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings!"

Verse 3.—"*And God said, Let there be light: and there was light.*" The giving of light is the first work for the fashioning of the old creation, and the new creation. Its necessity—no life without light.

Its origin is from God, by his Word. The will of God omnipotent, immediate in act, perfect in accomplishment. No means—sun not yet placed as lord of day. No agency—no angel-voice. No latent light to be developed—"darkness was upon the face of the deep."

If you have John Bunyan's first chapters of Genesis, read them discreetly, and they will suggest much to you. So also will Hall's "Contemplations," if you contemplate yourself.

Take *verses* 3 *and* 4 in connection with *verses* 14 *to* 16, which I will not print here, for I hope you are reading with your Bible open before you. Here was light without the sun, and that for three days. The sun seems not to be the source of light, but merely the light-bearer; and there was a scattered light before the sun was set to rule the day, or the moon the night. In the old Mosaic economy, before Christ came, there was light—partial, hazy, but life-sustaining, and God saw that it was good. Before a man fully knows the Lord Jesus as the Sun of righteousness, there may be a measure of light given him—good in its kind; but sufficient only for the lowest form of life. The new creation is but commenced, and it must be carried further, beneath the rule of the Sun of righteousness. Long for the sun, that the living creature that moveth may appear: yet even the least light is good, and is of God's sending.

Verses 4 *and* 5. I. Recognition—"*God saw the light.*" II. Approval—"*that it was good.*" III. Separation—"*and God divided the light from the darkness.*" IV. Distinction—"*and God called the light Day, and the darkness he called Night.*" I have handled this in No. 1,252 of my sermons; perhaps you will not disdain taking seed from my basket.

Mr. Fullerton gives me a capital hint on the last line of *verse* 5. Do you not think so?

"*And there was evening and there was morning, one day.*" (R. V.) God's days begin and do not end with evening. The path of the just shines more and more unto the perfect day. We never reach our zenith. "Thine age shall be clearer than the noonday; thou shalt shine forth, thou shalt be as the morning." (Job xi. 17.) The evening here: the morning there. "The morning cometh." The day breaks, and shadows flee away. Brief night of death intervenes, but many stars are then seen.

It strikes me that those four words at the end of *verses* 7, 9, 11, 15, &c., "*and it was so*," ought to suggest a cheering topic. God's Word will stand, his purpose will be accomplished, his promise will be fulfilled, even his threatenings will not fall to the ground. Men will read the Book, and as they check its prophecies by the world's history, they will say, "and it was so."

It is no purpose of mine to make a Homiletical Commentary, but merely to give a suggestion here and there.

Verses 10, 12, 18, 21, 25.—"*God saw that it was good,*" is a very fruitful word if you note that it applied to the Lord's work, to various forms of it, and that it gathered emphasis after man was fashioned in the divine image; for then in its perfection everything "*was very good,*" *verse* 31. What the Lord does is good, and towards us—very good.

Verse 9.—The order of God is like to like—the waters in one place, the light in one sun, the creatures under one dominion. This should forewarn us of the final placing of characters, who will be gathered to their like; it should invite us to gather with our brethren, urge us to quit all contrary company, and cheer us with the prospect of the final assembling of the faithful.

Verse 16.—"*And God made two great lights; . . . he made the stars also.*" All our light-bearers are from God. Despise not even the stars. We may not cavil at the leaders of his church to whom God gives his greatest light, nor will they quarrel among themselves if they be truly enlightened of the Lord. They are "made" and "set"; to give light, to rule, and to discriminate, and God sees that it is good. Order is his rule in his kingdom, whether it be in his church below or above.

Verse 16.—"*He made the stars also.*" This can be profitably used; and we need not give an outline upon it. Little lights are from the Lord.

Verse 26.—The glory of man at creation. "And God said, Let us make man in our image, after our likeness: and let them have dominion over the fish of the sea, and over the fowl of the air, and over the cattle, and over all the earth, and over every creeping thing that creepeth upon the earth." Man in his perfection was—I. The subject of a divine conference. II. The image of his Maker. III. The ruler of Creation. How this was lost in Adam, and found in Christ.

Chapter ii., verses 2 *and* 3. I. Sabbath antiquity. II. Sabbath commemoration. III. Sabbath rest. IV. Sabbath holiness: "*sanctified it.*" V. Sabbath blessing: "*God blessed the seventh day.*" The Christian Sabbath commemorates the finished work of redemption, and those only enjoy it who rest from their own works in Christ; to them it is hallowed and blest.

Upon the whole passage, *Genesis i., ii.* 1-3, Mr. Fullerton says:—"This is God's page. The name of God occurs thirty-five times, and we have the divine acts set forth in a way which is instructive as to the new creation of grace."

We give in our own order his notes. 1. *God created* and *made*—from the initiation to the fashioning it is all of God. 2. *God said.* "The worlds were made by the Word of God." 3. *God divided.* Grace discriminates, and soon makes us discriminate. 4. *God called.* "What manner of love that we should be called!" 5. *God set.* We are appointed to service. 6. *God said that it was good.* He sees, he approves, he acknowledges. 7. *God blessed.* In order to the increase he desired. 8. *God finished.* He rests not till his work is done.

Chapter ii. 1. He is the Author and Finisher of faith, and all else in the new creation. Foreseeing its completion, he rests in his love, and rejoices over his redeemed with singing.

Lessons from the whole narrative of God's Creation for our guidance. I. Begin despite difficulty and absence of helpers. II. Do your work by degrees. III. Rise to higher things as you proceed, and keep due order. IV. Do only what you can declare to be good. V. Persevere till you have completed it.

Drunken with New Wine.

THIS was the thing that was affirmed of the disciples on the day of Pentecost, when, in point of fact, they were only filled with the divine Spirit, and spake with other tongues as the Spirit gave them utterance. The affirmation was false as applied to them; but is literally true of not a few who are called disciples in the times in which we live. They have been drinking *new* wine, but not pure wine; and, indeed, it can hardly be denominated wine at all; for it is not extracted from such grapes as purpled aforetime on the sunny slopes of old Judæa, but more resembles the thing called Hashish, the deadly extract of India hemp, or the poisonous juice of the poppy. In any event, it has a decidedly foreign flavour, sometimes Oriental, and sometimes Germanic, and is always intoxicating in a high degree.

And as to a certain kind of costly wine that is made in Italy, the name of Lachrymæ Christi, or "tears of Christ," is impiously given, so to this imported intoxicant the most high-sounding appellations are applied. There are many brands of it—all imported, all patronized by the best society, and all have the merit of "making drunk come." One variety is dubbed "The Light of Asia"; another, "The New Theology"; another, "Evolution"; another, "The Higher Criticism"; another "Christian Science"; and so on *ad infinitum* and *ad nauseam*. It is beginning to be supposed that a Christian teacher is hardly thoroughly furnished unto all good works unless he is furnished with the most of these; and we know of Christian ministers that keep them all on tap, and deal them out for the delectation of their friends. They delight in producing their varied stores; for they are nothing, if not "liberal." Befuddled themselves with the potations they have taken, like all men in such condition, they take exceeding satisfaction in seeing others reduced to the same condition. And presently, by a not unnatural delusion, they arrive at the conclusion that all men are in the same condition.

The writer of this article very vividly remembers how, in his early boyhood, he one day essayed to smoke. No mildly-flavoured smoke would fill the measure of his ambition; and so he found a pipe, an old negro woman's "corn-cob pipe," with a kind of death-rattle in its throat, and he filled it with some black tobacco, such as the Dutch delight in, and he fired it, and smoked it; but not long. He thoughtfully and sadly laid it down, and looked round upon a strangely-altered world. It was no longer the staid and sober and solid world that it used to be; but was unsteady and giddy, and reeled and staggered like a drunken man. He well remembers how the very foundations seemed giving way, and how the earth rose up, and smote his youthful forehead, and how, as he lay prostrate on the ground, he clutched the grass, and desperately held on, fearing that when the earth careened again he would slide off into space, and be irrecoverably lost.

In point of fact, as he discovered later, there was nothing the matter with the world at all: the trouble was all with one poor little head that had been foolishly imbibing the poisonous nicotine. The application of this illustration is not difficult to the thoughtful observer of the

habits and antics of the so-called "advanced thinkers" of our time. They have been drinking some sort of new wine, and breathing some sort of poisoned air, and they have lost their heads, and it seems to them as if all things are as badly unbalanced as themselves. The very temple of God's eternal truth seems tottering to its final fall, and they warn simple-hearted believers to "stand from under" if they do not wish to be involved in the dread catastrophe.

But let not believers be disquieted for a moment. The foundation of God standeth sure; the mountains are round about Jerusalem. There is nothing the matter with the church of Jesus Christ, against which not even the gates of hell shall ever prevail. There is nothing the matter with the old gospel, but with the addled heads of men.

That is a profoundly significant thing that is said of Abraham: "He *staggered* not at the promise of God," and therefore he is distinguished as "the father of the faithful." And in this regard, above all others, he is commended to us for our imitation. Let us study to be like him.

And while we cannot but pity the poor inebriates who, because of excessive indulgence in draughts of the new philosophy, or new theology, have lost their balance, let us not go staggering after them; and being solemnly persuaded that there are things that cannot be shaken, "let us hold fast the profession of our faith without wavering."—*The Baptist Teacher, U. S. A.*

A Welsh Apostle.

AMONG the many Welshmen who projected their shadow across the Principality at the commencement of this century was Thomas Rees Davies. He was neither the first nor the last of that name.

We spoke of his *shadow*, but it was rather a *lustre* that he cast, for he shone with no uncertain light; and that light was the light of the cross. Welsh preachers have generally made much of Gethsemane and Calvary, as they have also of Bethlehem. They were nothing without the cross. And the same is quite true of every preacher, anywhere, and at any time. Without the cross he is nothing; and his learning, and training, and eloquence, so far as spiritual and saving good are concerned, "are a work of nought." Joseph Hart was right when he penned the very suggestive and expressive lines, a century and a half ago, under the text Deuteronomy xiii. 1:—

"No prophet, no dreamer of dreams,
No master of plausible speech,
To live like an angel who seems,
Or like an apostle to preach;
No tempter, without or within,
No spirit, though ever so bright,
That comes crying out against sin,
And looks like an angel of light;

"Though reason, though fitness he urge,
Or plead with the words of a friend,
Or wonders of argument forge,
Or deep revelations pretend;
Should meet with a moment's regard,
But rather be boldly withstood—
If anything, easy or hard,
He teach, save the Lamb and his blood."

That race of Welsh preachers—Baptist, Methodist (Calvinistic and Wesleyan), and Independent alike—gave forth a clear utterance on that subject. Theirs was no uncertain sound.

T. R. Davies had the courage to take the charge of a church in North Wales, about 1811, whose membership embraced thirty-five persons, scattered throughout about a dozen parishes. But he was, like his great compeer, his not much more popular brother, Christmas Evans, an evangelist as well as a pastor. His labours were so abundant that it is said that during many years he seldom slept two nights following in the same bed. His diary records the fact that he preached 13,145 times; and it is stated that there is scarcely a river, brook, or tarn—from Conway to Llansanan, from Llanwrst to Newbridge, from the sea at Llandudno to the Berwyn Mountains—in whose waters he had not baptized.

The number of preachings above stated averages rather more than five per week for forty-seven years. Some men knock up by preaching two, and some even fix the limits of a preacher's possible powers of production at one sermon per week; and no doubt, in some cases, that one is not worth much.

But we said *preachings*, not *sermons*. The two words are not always identical.

T. R. Davies had a plan of preaching the same sermon over and over again. And this was needful, when sometimes he preached fifteen times in a single week. But he did it habitually, all through his ministry, and contended for the practice openly and strongly. He has been known to preach the same sermon twenty times in the same place, and to the same people. And not only would he do so with great zest and enthusiasm, as if the theme were quite new, but, what is more remarkable, the people would drink down the old wine as if it were new, though the bottle had been broached so frequently. He had been giving the people one of his old discourses one day at a certain place, when a young preacher said to him:

"Well, we have had an old sermon again to-day."

"What then, my boy? And had you a new one?"

"Certainly."

"But I wouldn't take a dozen sermons like yours for this one of mine."

"Nor I," joined in a gruff old deacon.

"But haven't you heard this sermon before?" inquired the young preacher.

"Oh, yes; and I should like to hear it again. But as for yours, I never heard it before, and certainly have no wish to hear it again."

T. R. Davies continued the habit. He used to say that it was foolish to lay aside a good plough because people had seen it at work. His

reasoning was plausible, and the method suited him and his times; but he would be a very bold man, and not over wise, who would try it now, especially in England.

But there are two things to be observed in relation to the sermons of T. R. Davies. They were sententious. With him it was not a mole-hill of thought beneath a mountain of words. He put his thoughts in few, forcible, well-chosen words; and his words told. He did not beat the air. And then his sermons were short. He was master of his subject, of his words, and of himself. He was not nervously excited if someone coughed or sneezed, or responded with "Amen" or "Hallelujah." He had a rather humorous way of checking coughing. "Cough away, my friends," he would say; "it will not disturb me in the least. It will rather help me; for while you are coughing I shall make sure you are awake."

On one occasion, after two lengthened sermons, he rose and said: "Some good brethren find it difficult to condense their sermons into an hour. My difficulty is to make them half-an-hour long, and fill them with something worth saying."

There was a force, a proverb-like brevity and pungency in some of his utterances, which read as though they had been coined in some old Puritan mint. These weighty words would sparkle like the stars as he used them in his discourses, and they would stick in the memory like burs. We give a few of them:

"If we would be angry without sinning, let us be angry with nothing but sin."

"I don't know which to wonder at most—the shameless conduct of men towards the Son of God, or his patience under the treatment."

"The way through the Red Sea was safe enough for Israel, but not for Pharaoh; he had no business to go that way; it was a private road that Jehovah had opened up for his own family."

"Let the oldest believer remember that Satan is older."

"It is no wonder that the devil tries hard to get back his old subjects: nothing concerns him more than to have his character fully known."

"Christ is the Bishop, not of tithes, but of souls."

"The love between God and his people is so intense, that it is not surprising that, when the devil tried to get between Job and God, he burnt his fingers."

"Sin is an arrow pointed against heaven; but the mark being too high, it comes down upon the head of the sinner."

"Many have a brother's face, but Christ has a brother's heart."

"Moses, though learned, was slow of speech; it was well that it was so, or perhaps he would have talked too much to have found time for the writing of the law. But Aaron had the gift of speech, and it does not appear that he had any other."

"Pharaoh fought ten battles with God, and gained not one."

"Pharaoh commanded that Moses should be drowned; in after days Pharaoh was paid back in his own coin."

"Judas is much blamed for betraying Christ once for three pounds; many in our day betray him a hundred times for threepence."

"He who quenches the Spirit, puts out the only light that can light up the shadow of death. It is impossible to cleave to Christ and forsake his people."

"There are only three passages in the Bible which declare what God is, although there are thousands which speak about him. 'God is a Spirit'; 'God is light'; 'God is love.'"

"Ignorance is the devil's college. Christ fought against Satan, and against sin; Christians fight against sin, rather than Satan."

"'I am no further from God than I was before,' says the backslider. Have done with your lying; you had left God before you left his people."

"This world's joys are like water-springs, which dry up in summer, when they are most needed."

"Perhaps we serve God best when we are least satisfied with our service."

"I have a dread of dying without full possession of my faculties; but the vessel is not less safe when the passengers are asleep. The Christian's heart is the best thing he has, although he is always complaining of it. We may fall in with God's plans; God cannot fall in with ours."

"If you choose God, you may be quite certain that God has chosen you."

"If you have no pleasure in your religion, make haste to change it."

Mr. Davies was called home while on one of his preaching tours in South Wales. He and Christmas Evans were brothers indeed; and, singular to say, he was taken ill in the same house. "I am very ill," he said, "let me die in the same bed where Christmas Evans died." That could not be; but they were buried in the same grave. May we all end well, as they did, and go whither they have gone! Meanwhile, may Jesus be our constant theme—in ministry, in conversation, in thought and meditation, and blessed anticipation! And let us sing on, from day to day, as Joseph Hart does in the closing verses of the hymn quoted above:—

"This God is the God we adore,
Our faithful, unchangeable Friend,
Whose love is as large as his power,
And neither knows measure nor end.
'Tis Jesus, the First and the Last,
Whose Spirit shall guide us safe home;
We'll praise him for all that is past,
And trust him for all that's to come."

Blotting out.

"BLOT OUT" is a divine word for pardon. We have all seen one discharge an account, when it was paid, by simply crossing it out with his pen. That does not remove it from the page. Look, however, at the Eastern merchant as he sits in his booth at the bazaar. His account has been written on a waxen tablet, with a sharp-pointed stylus. When it is settled, he simply reverses his pencil, sweeps the waxen surface smooth with the broad end of the stylus, and there is nothing left. The word which denotes that soft, swift motion is the one which has been chosen to express the entireness of the Lord's forgiving, that of one who, for his own sake, will no more remember our sin (Isaiah xliii. 25).—*Dr. Laidlaw.*

Drives at Menton.

No. V.—The Boulevard Victoria.

BY C. H. SPURGEON.

WE are to have a short ride this time, and we ought to be very glad that we can take it, for the Boulevard was only opened in 1887, after having been talked of for many a long day. It is a very special addition to the walks and rides of Menton, and it has greatly increased the sites suitable for building new villas. The road is still in the making at the time we write, 1889—that is to say, it is formed and opened, but sundry matters, such as side-paths, remain to be completed.

We drive from *Hôtel Beau Rivage* in the direction of Italy, and are scarcely started before our eyes rest upon an inscription upon the wall of a villa, which, being turned into English, reads as follows:—"The sun, the soft and salubrious climate, and the water of the sea combined constitute the chief remedies created by the good God: thanks to the glory of the supreme Benefactor, who has deigned thus to favour us!" To this is added, "First villa built at Menton for accommodating strangers, by J. Franciosy, 1855."

Very good, M. Franciosy! How greatly has your little town increased and improved since you took in your first guest! Truly it is a real sanatorium for the sick, and a place of delight to those who have health enough to enjoy it. You did well to ascribe praise unto God.

The *Custom-house*, next to the *Grand Hôtel*, used to be a very busy spot: a place of torment to poor importers crossing the border, and often a place of delay to travellers because the way was blocked by carts, and cattle, and carriages, and all sorts of contrivances, undergoing search by the custom-house officers. There is very little doing here now. France vexes Italy, and Italy envies France, after the same fashion as Ephraim and Judah of old. Hence an ugly tariff, which is injurious to both nations, and stops the trade which would have been beneficial to thousands. Still, if a cart should come by, you will be amused by the way in which the officers thrust their long rapiers into the bales of goods, or trusses of hay. What unpacking, lugging down of baskets, weighing, chattering, paper-signing, and waiting! This once done, the collectors of the customs of the Republic return to a never-ending, but healthful, game of bowls.

Observe on the left the mud river which is carried down from the mountain by a slanting bridge over the railway. It does not look much like a torrent now; but, after great rains on the hills, there pours down a stream of, may I call it, mud-lava, which consists of the soft soil of the hill, and the stones in it? Sometimes it flows across this road, and I have seen the carts taking it away. Let us hope it will not rain sufficiently while we are here to repeat the phenomenon. We shall cross this torrent bed when we get up on the new Boulevard.

A few yards hence, look back, and remark an olive growing on the terrace above the wall, and leaning over towards the road. Is there not a very pretty view of Menton just under it? We are soon at the level crossing; and if a train has left either the Menton or Vintimille station,

you may have the pleasure of considering your ways for a time which will be more or less protracted : we have heard traditions of waitings for ten minutes, and even a quarter-of-an-hour. Frequently the traffic on either side accumulates till it crosses the iron way in a grand procession. A station here would be a great benefit to this quarter, but the authorities demand a contribution of a great many thousand francs from the hotel-keepers and others before they will listen to the request. This they will probably get.

We ascend between high walls, and with a sharp turn to the left we come upon the new road. This road runs around the back of the gigantic arm-chair which forms the East Bay. To this bay the words of the late Dr. Robertson, of Irvine, are peculiarly appropriate : it is "walled all round on three sides—west, north, and east—by a double range of mountains, through which no valley cuts a passage for the wind, thus effectually screening it, in God's good providence, from all western mistrals, northern glacials, and eastern Euroclydons." Many persons think this bay too warm—"relaxing," they call it. But we come out on purpose to be warm ; and if we looked for a bracing air, we certainly should not travel to the South of France.

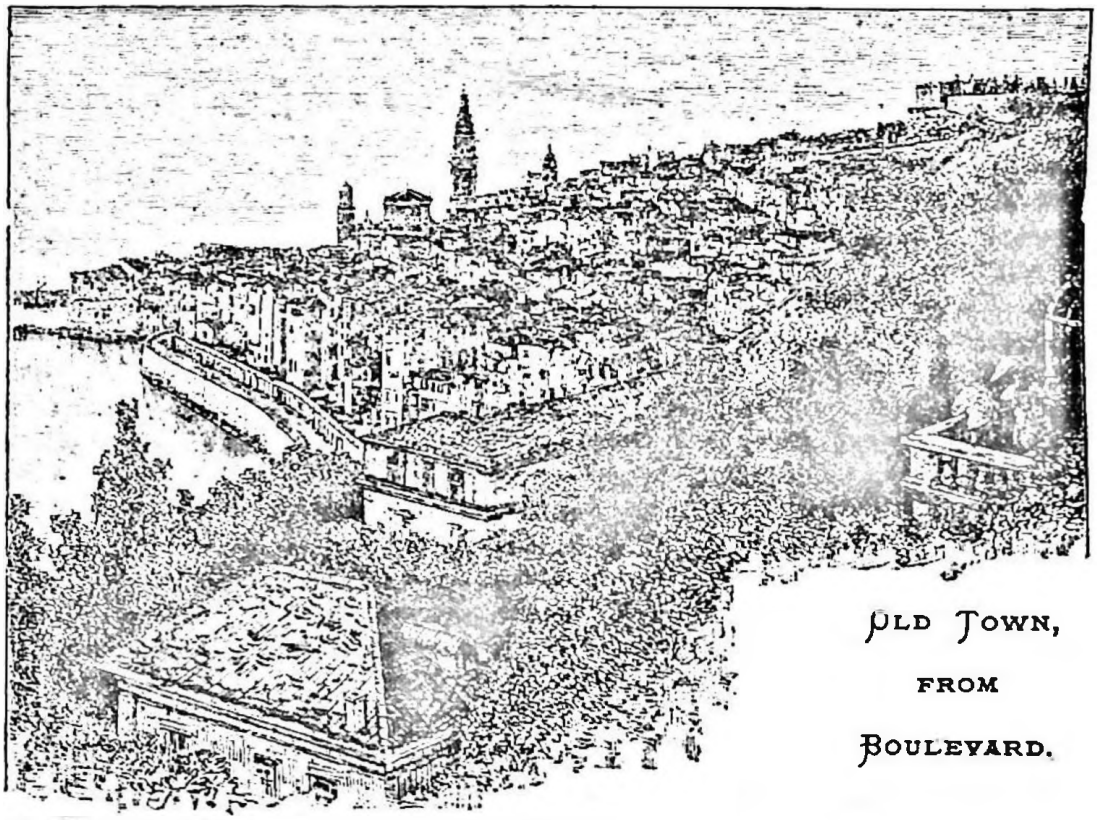
That little house on the left has an instructive inscription—PARVA DOMUS, MAGNA QUIES : small house, great quiet. This is no doubt true, in a sense; for when one has a small establishment, and little expenditure, he has more ease of mind than when he fears that he is outrunning the constable, and undermining his estate by taking from the foundation to raise the walls dangerously high. But so far as a small house literally is concerned, save us from it ; for the rattle of the piano, the cry of the baby, the beating of the butter, and even the chatter of the maids is heard all over the building, and there is no help for it. If I felt bound to apologize for the smallness of a house, I should use the Latin motto above ; but in these days no apology need be offered for a small house. According to the present popular sentiment upon social questions, the boot is on the other leg ; the large house folks are those who are called upon to show cause and reason for earning and saving so much money, or for being sons of fathers who dared to be thrifty and successful. They ought to have spent all, or to have worked less, and then they would have lived in apartments in a slum in London, like other worthy people.

The names of other villas in this region show what the owners think of the position : *Villa del Sole*, *The Pearl of the Boulevard*, *Villas Monte Bello*, *Bel Air*, &c. Assuredly the view is charming in the highest degree. Before Mr. Kennedy erected that fine villa with a tower, there stood, hard by the spot, a house painted green, which was for a long time unoccupied, and I was wont to ascend by its trellis-covered pathway, and sit down in the garden in the sun. To read or to hear another read, hour after hour, with intervals for chatting or gazing at the scene, is a way of resting which cannot be surpassed.

The drive or walk along this Boulevard gives us an opportunity of noticing everything in the East Bay as seen from above : a bird's-eye view, in fact. *The Châlet des Rosiers*, where the Queen stayed, is more within observation from this point than from any other. It is a tasteful villa in the Swiss style. The esteemed owner, Mr. Henfrey, was

one of the kindest and most unassuming of men ; and when he turned out of his comfortable abode to accommodate her Majesty, just as he had done on a former occasion at Baveno, he spoke of it as if he derived no sort of importance from the event. This happened in 1882, and in that year the little town reached a very high degree of prosperity, which we fear may not again fall to its lot till the memory of the earthquake has a little more fully faded from the public mind. The grounds of the *Châlet des Rosiers* are exceedingly pleasant, and in the house, Mr. Henfrey showed me several precious tokens of the royal regard. You see the *Châlet* as you stand looking down from a great embankment, which blocks up what was formerly a mule-path from the seashore, near the *Chapel of St. Jacques*.

Very close to the *Villa Eden*, near a rough wooden shanty, you will



OLD TOWN, FROM BOULEVARD.

From Harper's Magazine.—Copyright, 1883, by Harper & Brothers.

see where the road was continued in the form of *the Cypress Walk*. (This is a great region for the cypress.) How often, on a Sabbath afternoon, have I rested here, and many a page have I written in the olive-gardens, both above and below this walk! With a waterproof rug spread on the ground, on a choice corner of a terrace, where we could see the harbour, I have listened to a reader, and then have turned my friend into a shorthand writer, and dictated to him as quickly as I could speak. By this process came forth to the world the little book entitled, "The Clue of the Maze." I mention this only to encourage other invalids to use this spot for the purpose of quiet repose. I know not whether the proprietors of the olive-gardens are as tolerant towards visitors as they formerly were : they never questioned me.

If you like a rustic bit, follow this walk, and drop down into the bed of the stream which flows through the valley of the Garavan. Do not do this when it is very wet, or you will stick in the mud ; nor after it has long been dry, and the sewage of the houses has accumulated, for then it will not be fragrant. You will find ferns and maiden-hair, and enjoy the rough tumble, if you are of the same mind as I was in years gone by. Where you could get to if you went upward instead of downward, I cannot tell. Go and see.

In *the English Guide*, published in 1882, we are told that the French Republican armies crossed the Var, and took possession of Monaco and Menton, and then the torrent of the Garavan became the boundary between France and Savoy. When any of the inhabitants of Menton became objectionable to the furies, who rioted during the Reign of Terror, they quitted the town, and lived in this valley, occasionally visiting their homes and their families by night. If they were unfortunate enough to be caught in the act, imprisonment or death awaited them. "O Liberty ! what crimes have been perpetrated in thy name ! "

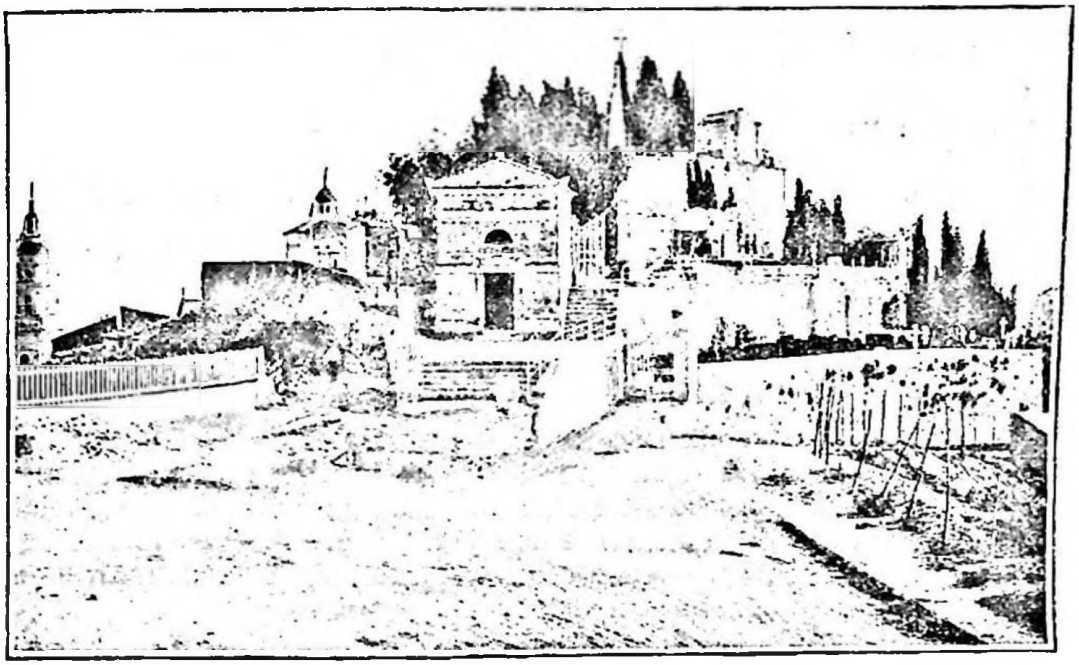
Further on along the Boulevard, which turns and twists frequently and pleasantly, we look down upon *Helvetia*, which is most benevolently turned to account as a home for young ladies—governesses, &c., who are ill, but possibly may be able to pursue their calling if they are spared the rigours of the winter in England. For about £1 a week they are lodged and boarded here. The house was originally built by a Protestant gentleman, who placed a Bible in the foundation. As the railway company made a tunnel directly under the house, they were compelled to buy it of the proprietor ; and when, in their turn, they sold it, the friends who desired to found a benevolent institution were able to purchase it at all the easier rate because of the tunnel. Some of the ladies have told me that they grow gradually used to the roar of the trains beneath the house, but that, after all, there are very singular noises in the tunnel at times, which amuse the imagination, if they do not comfort the heart at the dead of night.

It required considerable skill to bring the road along these steeps. Look down, when at the back of the *Hôtel Belle Vue*, and the *Italie*, and other places, and see what depth of wall it required. But the view !—the view ! Backward, forward, and to the sea ! Turn which way you will, and note the countless points of detail which go to make up a whole so striking.

The port, with its new wall, and its few little ships, looks very toy-like from this elevation. It may well detain your attention for a while.

Here we are right over *the Old Town*. What little furrows or burrows the streets appear ! The people must be able to shake hands out of the windows from both sides. What a terror they must have been in when that church-steeple rocked to and fro in the earthquake ! Nobody could tell on whose house the lofty tower would fall, and assuredly, had it come down, the fragments would have crashed through those tile roofs like a shower of shells from some tremendous fortification. The houses from this point look old and dowdy, and strike the observer as a strange conglomeration of abodes ; but they shelter a quiet and respectable people, who far excel in their morals the masses

who are herded together in London slums, and have not the responsibilities of those in the cities of England by whom the gospel is so persistently refused.



Where formerly a prince had his castle, death has now his stronghold, in the form of the *Cemetery* of the town. We suppose those omnipresent Lascaris must have had something to do with the *Château;* but even they must yield to all-devouring death. We will not on this occasion enter the cemetery, but complete our tour of the Boulevard by a rapid descent into *The Menton Valley.* As the fine road through this valley does not really enter Menton, but only dribbles into it down a narrow pass, like a set of steps, we do not wonder that many visitors are here for weeks before they can find their way into the valley, or up the Boulevard. If a good road is worth making, it would seem to follow that there should be a good way of getting into it: but the wise men of Menton think not so. They bring to our sad memory the many preachers who extol salvation, but fail to show that way of entering upon it which in the Holy Scripture is set forth so plainly—the way of simple faith in the Lord Jesus and his most glorious sacrifice.

Somehow, we are down in the main street of Menton, and we have occupied so brief a season in the trip that we have time to go to the end of the *Promenade du Midi*, along by the sea, which sparkles in the sun, and then to return to the street, traverse the *Quai Buonaparte*, and arrive at our hotel again in time to assist in the ceremonial which is here known as *déjeuner.* If we plain English people were at home, we should call it dinner; but superior persons name it "lunch": by any name it will come to the same thing.

"Thankoffering for Merryleg's Recovery."

AND who was "Merryleg"? The answer to that question takes me to a quiet, little, scattered village on the eastern border of Gloucestershire. Preparation and prayer preceded the advent of the evangelist for special services, and the simple-hearted peasant-folk were on the tiptoe of expectation. To *expect* a blessing is a long way towards securing it: "according to thy faith, be it unto thee." So these expectant hearts discovered. Despite the sparse and scattered population, a goodly number gathered, evening after evening, and soon it was evident that God was at work in the midst of them.

Among the many who showed their kindly interest in the mission was a farmer of the place. I found him in a somewhat anxious mood over his favourite horse, which had met with an accident that threatened to seriously lessen its value, if not altogether to close its career of usefulness. Persuaded that he was accustomed to take

"EVERYTHING TO GOD IN PRAYER,"

I felt encouraged to assure him that, with rest, and the use of means, "Merryleg" would yet be all right, and soon in harness again. He who receives blessing in *answer* to prayer is not likely to forget the source; and hence this acknowledgment, a fortnight later, with cash enclosure, and the significant note:

"THANKOFFERING FOR MERRYLEG'S RECOVERY."

Are we not too apt to "limit the Holy One," and only go to him with *some* of our troubles? How much less of care and anxiety would be crowded into our daily life if we practised the apostolic injunction, "Be careful for *nothing*; but in *everything* by prayer and supplication with thanksgiving let your requests be made known unto God"!

There is nothing that concerns our well-being here, or hereafter, but also concerns our heavenly Father; and just as our children come to us with their little troubles, which are great to them, so is it our privilege to go to our Father, and tell him all that is in our heart, and he will graciously condescend to listen to the cry of his children. We should do well to *cultivate the habit* of constantly talking in our hearts with God over anything and everything that exercises our thoughts.

"You look weary and only half-rested," said one Christian to another at the Sunday morning early prayer-meeting. "That is just my case," said the sister addressed; "I was so anxious to be present at this meeting, I scarcely fell asleep, fearing I should oversleep the time; *you* appear rested and refreshed; how did *you* manage to sleep without fear of being too late?" Mark the answer! "I thought of David's words, 'He that keepeth Israel shall neither slumber nor sleep;' and I said to myself, 'Is it so? then there is *no need* for *me* also to lie awake to watch for the morning;' and as I closed my eyes, I just asked my Lord to give me refreshing sleep to fit me for the coming day's work, and then to waken me at 6.30, that I might not be late at the prayer-meeting. I slept soundly, and on waking looked at my watch—it was just half-past six."

"What a privilege to carry
Everything to God in prayer!"

JOHN BURNHAM.

The Settle-Bed; a Story of Irish Heroism.

THE atrocities which have been perpetrated in the name of religion cloud the page of history. The annals of England, Scotland, Wales, and, not least, Ireland, record cases which might well make charity blush and mercy weep. We shall not refer to them here otherwise than to illustrate, on the one hand, the cruelty of persecution for religion; and, on the other, the heroism of devoted love.

What is known as the Rebellion of 1798, reached its climax and its overthrow in a fearfully bloody conflict on Vinegar Hill, an eminence surrounded by lovely scenery, in the county of Wexford. It is one of many spots made memorable by the rising of the weak against the strong, just causes of complaint against rulers and landlords, who had too little mercy, and none too much justice, being often mingled with bitter hatred against a faith they had been taught to regard with extreme aversion.

Frightful deeds were sometimes perpetrated in the case of persons who had become obnoxious on account of their evangelical faith, though in no way responsible for the wrongs and injustice complained of. Such was the case of one who was shot in cold blood, for no other reason than his being a Protestant.

A large party of the rebel forces visited the town of ——, for purposes of plunder and revenge. Entering the house of Stephen J——, they carried him off a prisoner to Vinegar Hill. His wife was the mother of thirteen children, nine of whom were living, while another addition to the family was anticipated. Fearing fatal results, the poor woman left her children, and followed the riotous mob to the top of the hill, where the insurgents were assembled. Presently she heard a volley fired. Proceeding to the place, she saw a large ring of men; and, breaking through them to the centre, she saw her husband lying on the ground, bleeding, apparently lifeless. She threw herself upon the prostrate form. There was just enough of life left in him to speak the last farewell to his devoted partner. A brief space sufficed to indulge the agony of her grief; and then she begged the body of his murderers. She was refused, and threatened with a similar fate, unless she made the sign of the cross as a token that she abjured her Protestant faith. But no threats could prevail upon her to do that, and the persuasions and intimidations of several priests, who were present, were alike unavailing. Indeed, she declared she was prepared to surrender herself and her nine children to their hands, that they might die with him. Driven away with violence, she, nevertheless, lingered near until she saw them depart, when she returned to take another look at the dead body of her martyred husband. Then, hastening back to the town, she sought means to convey the corpse home. A neighbour lent her a cart, but by no means could she procure a horse; for the people were all afraid of, or in sympathy with the insurgent mob. She would not be hindered, however. Waiting until night-fall, she started with five children—three boys and two girls—and by dragging and pushing the cart, they at last reached the summit of the hill, whence they conveyed the martyred man to their home.

The Irish poor make a great point of a coffin for their dead; but no coffin could be procured for Stephen J——. No one dared to make one. But love has its resources, and they were not wanting in this case. The best piece of furniture in the house was a "settle-bed," a kind of sofa-bedstead, as we in England would say. So she took an axe, and chopped off the legs and other appendages, and placed the corpse of her husband on the chest, which had served the purpose of a clothes-press by day, and closed it over. Then, at midnight, with the aid of her children as before, she dragged the car and its precious burden to the Protestant burying-ground, where they dug a grave, deposited the body, and having watered it with their tears, they filled in the earth, and returned to their desolate habitation. Not one word of plaint, or prayer, or song, did they suffer themselves to utter, excepting in the ears of the Lord of Sabaoth, who is the avenger of the oppressed, and the rewarder of the wrong-doer.

To add to the sufferings of the heroic woman, she found her little house, on her return home, actually occupied by the rebels, who compelled her to cook their food, and wait upon them. More than forty years she lived in widowhood, to tell her tale of woe, and to wait for that reunion which no power on earth can sunder.

Some few years before her death, when one of her children was interred, under happier circumstances, in the grave of his father, the old settle-bed remained undecayed, though the body of the martyred man had gone to dust.

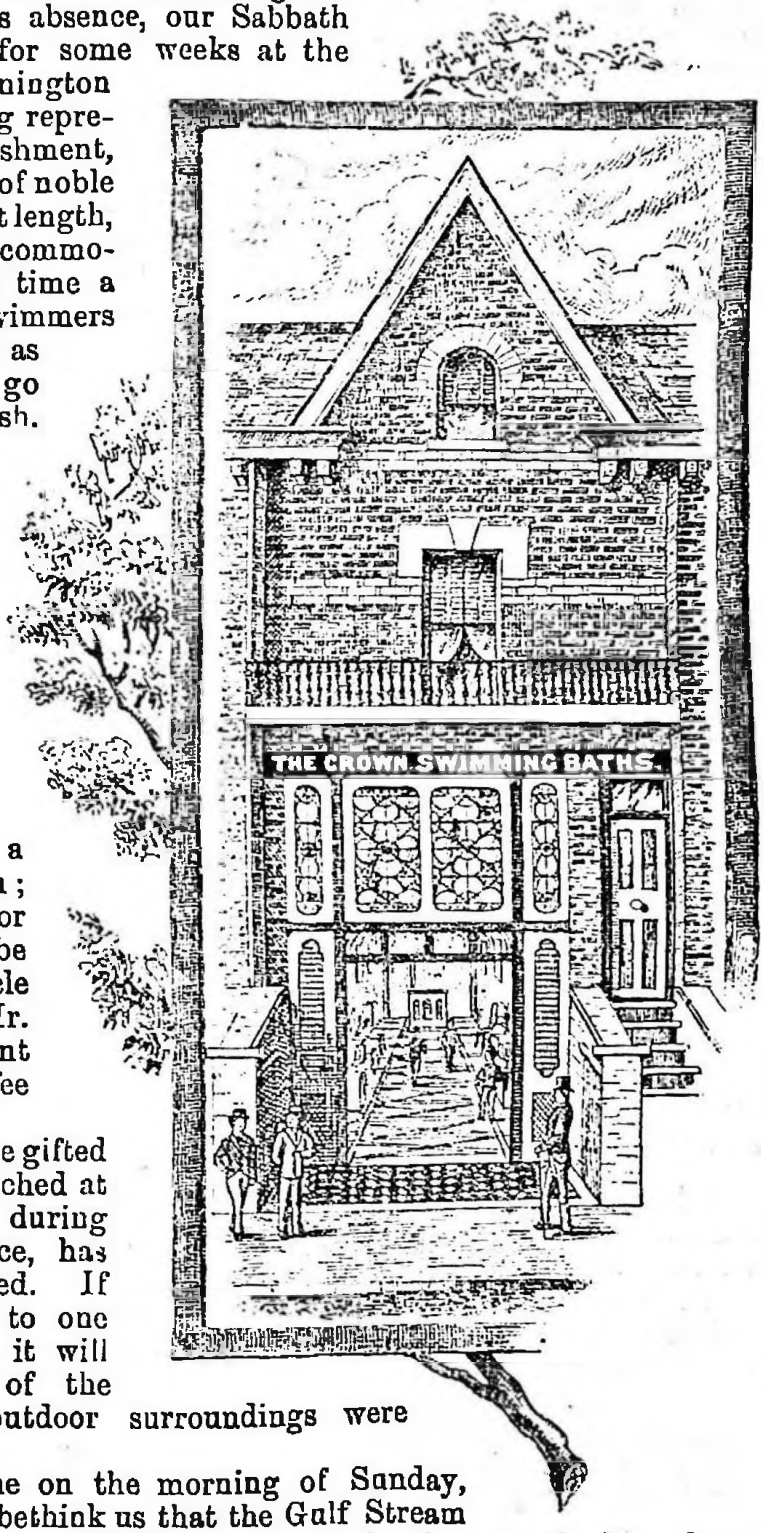
May God grant, and that speedily, that all strife, and especially all religious strife, may cease, and the gospel of Christ bring to all unfettered liberty, righteousness, peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost!

Children Pleasant to the Father.

A SON who has grieved his father may be straitened in his allowance, so that his diet becomes scant, and his raiment is poor; but his father has not deserted or disowned him, since still he has all that is absolutely needful, though nothing that is luxurious. So the Lord has not cast off his people, neither has he withdrawn from them the grace by which their salvation is secured, even when for their good he leaves them to mourn. A good son, however, would never be content while he is the evident object of his father's displeasure, but he would use every means to recover his position in his parent's regard; and so should we be very eager, not only to receive the necessaries which the divine Fatherhood will never withhold, but also to enjoy the delights of fellowship, and luxuries of love, which divine complacency will never refuse to obedient members of the family of faith. We should desire to be not only children, but "beloved children." Lord, make us so! Amen.—C. H. S.

The Services at the Crown Baths, Kennington.

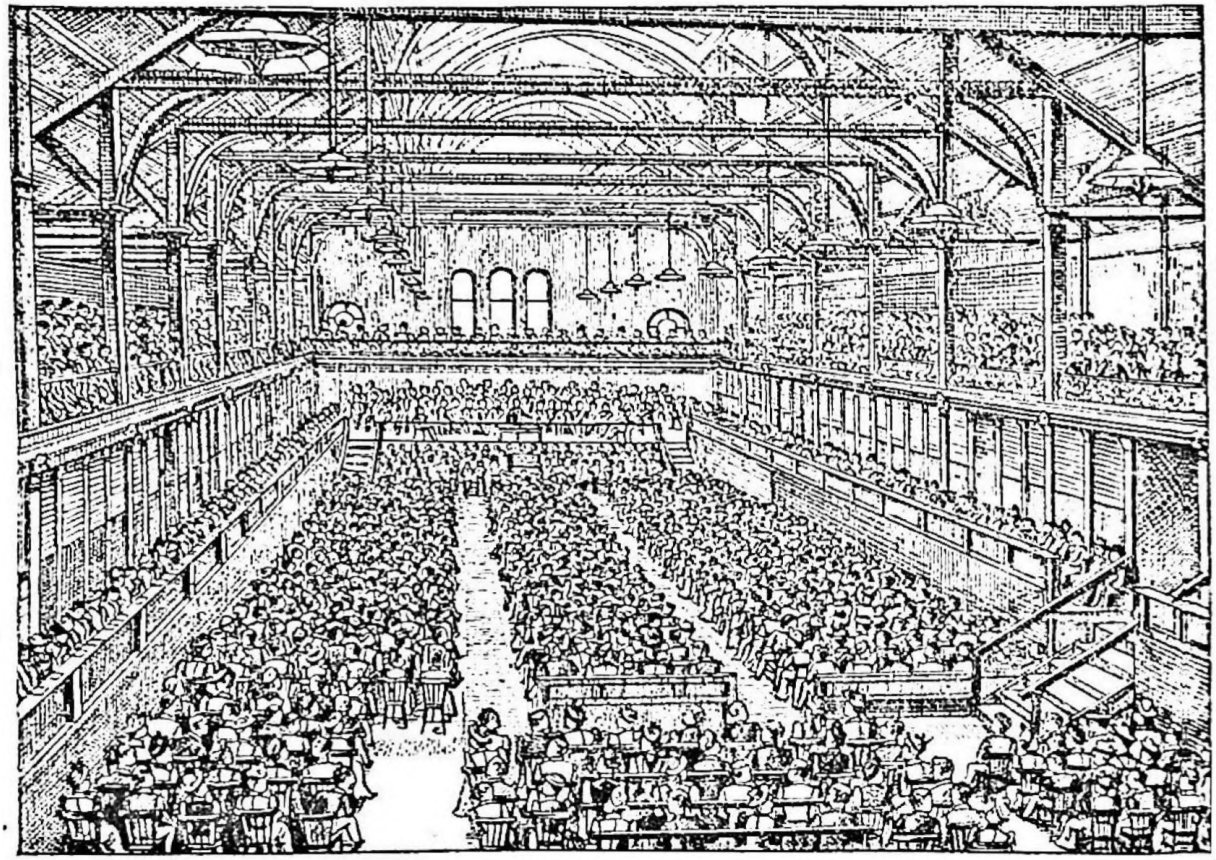
OUR readers are aware that, during the senior Pastor's absence, our Sabbath services were held for some weeks at the Crown Baths, Kennington Oval. The building represents a large establishment, the main bath being of noble construction, of great length, and capable of accommodating at the same time a large number of swimmers and divers, as well as those who merely go for a healthful wash. As an assembly-room in winter, when not used by bathers, the place may probably seat two thousand persons. Thus, although some distance from the Tabernacle, the Crown Baths make a convenient meeting-place for a large congregation; but it is necessary for another service to be held in the Tabernacle Lecture-hall. Mr. Higgs generously lent the Baths without fee or reward.



The ministry of the gifted men, who have preached at the Crown Baths during the Pastor's absence, has been greatly enjoyed. If we make reference to one particular Sabbath, it will be representative of the others; for the outdoor surroundings were similar all along.

As we leave home on the morning of Sunday, December 21st, we bethink us that the Gulf Stream has so frequently kept Old Winter in check, that people have been disposed to forget how far north our favoured isle is situated, and that

we are really liable, in any year, to a winter severe enough to freeze the Thames. During the last fortnight or so, we had unpleasant intimations that such a winter had come. A temporary thaw has, however, set in, and, going southward, we never saw London present a more forbidding aspect. The snow in road and pathway, half-melted and sloppy, most disagreeably tests the quality of your boots; while along the street-sides are heaps of thawing masses, more black than white, waiting to be cleared away. It is not everyone who can be out on such a morning, so that we have to think of a large part of each congregation as imprisoned in their homes. What would make up a congregation in itself, is the staff of a thousand men, who, notwithstanding that it is the Sabbath, are clearing the city streets.



When inside the Crown Baths, however, one may soon forget the discomfort without, the great room being well warmed, and comfortable. On such a morning we naturally find a diminished congregation.

The preacher is Pastor David Davies, of Brighton.

The address to the boys and girls present—"those who have been courageous enough to come out on such a morning"—is one to be remembered. The scene depicted at the close of Luke xxii. is enlarged upon in true Welsh style, graphic and telling. "And when they had kindled a fire in the midst of the hall, and were set down together, Peter sat down among them." The text presented Peter as warming himself on a wintry morning; and there was nothing wrong in that. The corridors of the hall were cold and draughty, so that the attendants lit a

fire; Peter was as cold as any of them. Still, if Peter had done his duty, he would not have been so cold. While they led Jesus to the high priest's house, he "followed afar off." Being afraid to walk as fast as his Lord, he caught a chill, and was cold; while John, in his right place, did not feel the cold at all. Courage failed him; he was one of those who boasted, and fell. Having strayed into the wrong company, he sat down, and tried to appear at home with them; but all could see he was not at home. Then came forward "the sharp, insolent, little maid," in answer to whom Peter first denied Christ, and then cursed, and then even *swore*. That was a lesson for all not to follow Christ at a distance. Those who were hoarding money, trying to win a name, or following the pleasures of sin, were trying to light little fires of their own; but they would not find that those would warm them apart from Christ.

The letter from the absent Pastor is read; and besides telling of some improvement in health, contrasts the weather of Menton with that of London. A friend had written from London that he needed all the grace he could get to keep his temper in the fogs that prevailed.

The preacher takes his text from 2 Kings iv. 1—7: "Now there cried a certain woman of the wives of the sons of the prophets unto Elisha," &c. The narrative relating to the widow and her oil was the more charming because of its homeliness. Considerable space in the Bible was occupied with stories relating to widows. The widow, who applied to the prophet, used few words; there was no waste of speech on the part of those who were in earnest. Many, when in trouble, felt that they must go to God; but they would also go to man as well. The prophet was one of the sort to go to in such a case; and next to going to God, the widow felt that she must go to Elisha. It was not known how she got into difficulty; but she inherited poverty. The harsh creditor came, as depicted in the text; human nature was to-day what it was of old: the love of gold drove out the humanities. What were the debtor's assets? "Not anything, save a pot of oil," or literally, an "anointing." Very well, then let her borrow vessels, "not a few." Then she was to return home, to "shut the door," and to pour out the oil into those vessels. What delicacy of feeling Elisha showed! There was to be a manifestation of God's power; and there must be no prying eyes of sight-seers. Some did not close their door, and suffered accordingly. He had heard things told on the platform, for example, which ought not to have been told save into the ear of God. Meanwhile, the widow's lads at home were waiting for their mother to return. She had been the round of her neighbours, borrowing pitchers of everyone; and now they needed to be alone. The lads helped their mother, and such lads enjoyed the blessing of God. If any present felt that they were empty pitchers, it was good to feel it; for all the greater would be the blessing that God would bestow.

The weekly offering for the College was greatly affected by the "seasonable weather." Perhaps readers of this account will think of this, and see that their own gifts make up this lack. G. H. P.

Christmas at the Stockwell Orphanage.

THE shadows of "coming events" are not all of a sombre hue: premonitions of Christmas at the Orphanage are not shadows at all, but very substantial realities. In response to the President's note, friends wrote cheery replies, promising all sorts of good things to keep up the traditions of Christmas at Stockwell. As the day approached, the visits of the carriers' vans commenced in earnest; and as the parcels were delivered, the feelings of the children, as they watched the arrivals, passed through the various phases of expectancy, curiosity, and surprise, and reached the climax of satisfaction and delight. To have witnessed the pleasure with which their gifts were hailed would have been deemed, by many, a reward ample enough for their voluntary sacrifice. Like mercy, a Christian's gift is "twice blessed"; and, as it is "more blessed to give than to receive," the donors must have had an overflowing cup, for the children's was full to the brim.

In decorating the various homes there is a wholesome rivalry, and each family has the satisfaction of believing the rest to have been beaten in the contest—an illusion they are allowed to cherish, for no adjudicator is called in to settle the moot points. The children are proud of their homes, as well they may be; and it is a pleasure to them to "set them off" for Christmas.

The Boys' Dining-hall, where the Christmas dinner is served, was transformed and beautified. "A baron or squire, or knight of the shire," would have pronounced the hall worthy, in every respect, for the entertainment of noble, and even royal, guests. Certainly, the Christmas guests and visitors at Stockwell were of this opinion, and all were agreed that the hall "looked beautiful." Before each child a box of figs was placed, a present from Mr. C. D. Harrod, and the wrappers were as varied as the colours of the rainbow; on each box was a new shilling, 250 being the gift of Mr. and Mrs. Saunders, and 250 the gift of Messrs. Alabaster, Passmore, and Sons; by the side of the boxes there were apples, given by Mr. and Mrs. Stiff; oranges, presented by Mr. Fisher, and other friends; Christmas cards, kindly supplied by Mr. Cooper; and cosaques, purchased for the occasion. It was a sight to make the eyes bright, and to gladden the heart.

When the children were seated, and carvers appointed, and visitors had taken their places on the platform to survey the scene, grace was sung with a heartiness not to be surpassed. Mr. W. Higgs, one of the trustees, then read the following letter from the absent President, the reading being interrupted by the successive cheers which were evoked:—

"Menton, December 20th, 1890.

"Dear Girls and Boys,—May you enjoy yourselves on Christmas-day! It is always a pleasure to me to walk round the houses, and see you, when I am in England; and now that I am in France, I seem to go round the Orphanage in my thoughts, and see the girls as they clap their hands, and hear the boys as they shout. How I should like to be with you on Christmas-day! but I could not cut up a big joint for you, for the little joints in my right hand will not get well.

"Continue to be as good as you have been, and go on to be a little better. Enjoy the good things, and be sure to bless God for sending them. Our Lord Jesus has provided for you, all these years, all that you need; blessed be his name! Love him, trust him, serve him, every one of you.

"Be sure to give the trustees and my brother three times three, for they do more for you than any of you will ever know.

"Then give hearty cheers for the kind people who send me the money to pay for everything. God bless them!

"You don't need me to stir you up to wish long life and happiness to Mr. Charlesworth, Mr. Ladds, and your teachers and matrons. To each one I send my Christian love.

"Boys and girls, may you be happy! In this life may you be gracious, and in the life to come glorious!

"Three cheers for the Stockwell Orphanage!

"Your loving friend,

"C. H. SPURGEON."

Mr. Charlesworth made a happy suggestion; it was, as our cheers could not reach the President, each child should think a kind thought, and cherish a loving wish, and then, bowing in silence, breathe the prayer that God would make dear Mr. Spurgeon as happy as we wished him to be. Silence was never more eloquent, and desire was never more intense.

At the given signal, joints of beef and vegetables were quickly placed upon the tables, and the carvers were kept well employed to meet the demands of their clients, by some of whom a second, and even a third, helping was regarded as "quite the thing, you know." "Leave room for the pudding," was quite a superfluous admonition, however, for the Christmas puddings, carried into the hall by the "old boys," were as eagerly greeted as though they were intended to furnish the solitary dish of the feast. Following the custom of other years, the children were allowed to indulge in a vigorous outburst of cheers, as they appropriated the cosaques, and donned the head-gear they contained. The cheering was a wholesome, if not a necessary preliminary to the pudding. For a few seconds, there was a brisk firing of crackers, reminding one of a fusillade at a military review. In about the same number of seconds it takes to record the fact, the scene was changed, and each child was arrayed in a head-gear, either graceful or grotesque, and altered almost beyond recognition. At intervals, figs, shillings, cards, and fruit were appropriated, and waved, at arms' length, to a chorus of hurrahs, which made the walls ring again. A telegram to the President was suggested by the trustees, read to the children, and duly despatched. It was as follows: "Your letter received with grateful enthusiasm. Children full of delight, very pretty sight. Each juvenile sinner enjoying his dinner. Loving Christmas greeting—Trustees and Charlesworth."

The dinner over, there was a suggestiveness in the announcement of "*silent* grace," and it was a touching sight as, with bowed heads, the children breathed their thanks to all kind friends, and to "the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ," whose lovingkindness makes Christmas, of all the seasons of the year, a time of joy and rejoicing.

The evening was spent in a very pleasant manner—all present were delighted with the unique entertainment furnished by Mr. and Mrs. Clarence. One item introduced by Mr. Charlesworth into the programme caused a good deal of fun: he described it as "the hamper trick." A huge hamper was placed upon the platform, and the lid thrown open. This had been sent by friends at Pontypridd, the contents having been collected by Rev. W. Parry and Mrs. W. Phillips. Mr. Charlesworth described his recent visit to Wales, and the kindness of our Welsh friends. He said the old rhyme, "Taffy was a Welshman," &c., must be revised, and suggested an impromptu—

Taffy is a Welshman,
Taffy is our friend;
Taffy thought a hamper
To the orphans he would send.

As item after item was brought out, and exhibited, from what seemed to be an inexhaustible hamper, the cheers were hearty and long, and Mr. Charlesworth expressed the hope that the echoes might linger among the Welsh hills. (For contents of hamper see list of presents.)

The day closed with prayer and praise; and as the children retired to their respective homes, wishes were exchanged all round for

A HAPPY NEW YEAR.

Heart Papers; or, Words for Many Hearts.

BY PASTOR C. E. STONE, WANDSWORTH.

I. Slowness of Heart.

"O fools (foolish men, R.V.), and slow of heart to believe."—Luke xxiv. 25.

WE have heard of slow brains; brains dull and dense, sluggish in comprehending. We have heard of slow men; men who are lazy, and take a week to do a day's work. We have heard of slow preachers, who seem to put a full stop after every word. Slow hymns, and slow meetings, are also familiar; but there is something strange about the phrase, "*slow of heart.*" It seems so contrary to one's idea of the centre of emotions, turbulent passions, and hot impulses. Yet the dull brain has a companion in the dull heart; and it would be a difficult task to decide which most frequently begets the other.

The apostles are pointed out by Christ as examples of this heart condition. Some of them were hasty in spirit, wanting once to call down fire upon the Samaritans. Others were hasty in speech, both to Christ, to women, and to children. One was hasty in impulses: "Let us also go that we may die with him," said Thomas. Some were hasty in judgment, thinking it wise to build their tabernacles on a mountain's brow. They were hasty in their conclusions, forbidding one to cast out devils because they concluded he was not one of their Master's disciples. But though only two are mentioned in this narrative, yet, from the conduct of the others, it is evident that at this time they were all alike—"slow of heart."

Jesus declares that they were slow in

HEART FAITH.

They were dull in understanding and believing the prophets. The highest minds find a difficulty in comprehending them; and their lack of comprehension—the lack of unlettered men—might easily have been forgiven. But it was failure to understand them *about Christ*, with Christ for a living illustration. What had happened to Jesus had broken their faith; whereas, if they had rightly interpreted the prophets, it would have confirmed their belief. Christ had spoken in no uncertain phrases, but declared plainly he was going to death. Yet, failing to grasp this truth, here they are, on the road, appealing to a stranger's sympathy for two hearts, which were the victims of imposture and disappointment. They were "slow of heart"; because they were slow to give up their own dreams of Christ's monarchy; because they were reluctant to admit the possibility of such an end for *their* Messiah. The truth could find no entrance while the temporal ideas were in possession. It was almost crucifixion for them to believe *he* would be crucified. They *knew* what he had said, and had tried to persuade him from it, but they did not like to surrender their own expectations and *believe him.*

Is it not a strange thing that we are so "slow" to believe? What years passed before we believed! The impressions we had were powerful, and moving. The facts were historical and convincing. The inner consciousness of Christ's reality was vivid. The warnings outnumbered those of Sodom or Gomorrah. The invitations and the meltings of our spirits operated powerfully, and sometimes brought us to the dividing line. Yet we did not believe! There is a slowness of heart to be commended. Those quick to hear, to weep, and to confess, are often quick to wither. But should ours be the slowness to which miracles and sermons, mastered devils and conquered tempests, fulfilled prophecies and honest testimony, appeal for years in vain? Some pride themselves upon their over-prudence, and tell you that, when once they have made up their minds, they will be "*out-and-outers.*" These may find themselves one day where their fate has been

decided before they finished this mysterious process of "making up their minds." Have you noticed the word following the exclamation, "*ought?*" The word of duty, of common-sense, of law! Can we not say, "After the facts you possess, after the warnings received, after the convictions enjoyed, after the years of consideration, *ought* ye not to believe"? He was not "slow" to call: ought we to be slow in obeying? He was not "slow" to save: ought we to be in believing? He said, "Follow me," "and *straightway* they forsook their nets, and followed him."

Jesus only reproaches them for *one* thing. This was like him. When does he upbraid for *all* our sins? He does not recall every little thing, and fling it in our faces when he comes to us. He comes like the prodigal's Father, with kisses, not with grumbles. But, this is not to say they were *slow* only in this matter of faith. If we read closely, we shall find that they were slow also in

HEART LOYALTY.

When men's arguments are destroyed, they still cling with the "heart" to their faith. A woman's heart still loves the brute, though none knows so well what a brute he is. Something of this heart loyalty might have been expected here. A Stranger enquires about the reason of their sadness. What an opportunity to uplift Jesus, to defend him against all the world! We might have imagined them saying, "Yes, sir; they have killed him, but not our faith in him. They may say he was an impostor; but we know he was not. Let men think what they like, we still love him, and believe he will come again, as he said." But there is nothing of this spirit here. Instead, they say, "We trusted," as if they were fools for believing in him. "We trusted," as though they were broken down with shame at the disappointment. No defence of the dead and absent Christ. No endeavour to enlist the Stranger on their side. One's heart almost fails here when remembering it is to these fearsome, timid, lukewarm men, the crusade of Christ against a world is committed. Loyal, when thousands are attracted to his ministry! Loyal, when the "common people hear him gladly"! Loyal, when devils tremble, and storms obey, and crowds cry, "Hosanna"! But when Christ is apparently hidden; when he does not what they thought he ought; then they have only the cry of a broken faith, "We trusted: we *thought* it *had been* he."

When we are sad, we become disloyal. Thoughts crowd upon us. The past is a mistake; the present is a Gethsemane; the future, dark as Hades. So we feel, and so we talk. Should anyone, then, say, "What think ye of Christ?" we should have no answer. Loyalty has a habit of disappearing and appearing, according to circumstances. But not the true feeling. The night that shuts the scentless convolvulus opens the fragrant flower of the common tobacco-plant. Loyalty appears when trouble comes. "Ought" we ever to be disloyal? Job on a dunghill trusts. John in Patmos can see visions. *Christ on the cross* can say, "Father." "Ought" we not, after all the years of miracle and faithfulness, providence and mercy, to let the strangers know that we bear our trouble, without a trouble about Christ? Slow to speak for him, one can understand. Slow to confess him at first—even that is explainable. Slow in following him—even that has reason in it; for we must walk before we can run or mount on eagles' wings. But slow in loyalty! To let the first-comer see our distrust in him! There may be only a feeble faith where there is a good deal of loyalty; better faith like a grain of mustard seed for size, if it only be accompanied by a loyalty large as one's heart, and tenacious as death.

See, too, how slow they were in—

HEART PERCEPTION.

This Traveller met them, and they did not know him. They journeyed with him, yet did not recognize him. They discussed the same old things

with him, and yet it never occurred to them that this was Jesus. It seems almost impossible. He was recognizable, or they would not have discovered who he was afterwards. It was only a little thing, then, which led to the recognition. The wonder was that some significant trifle did not unveil him before. They had been with him so much that their blindness to his identity now is scarcely credible. It only shows how far their faith had gone. The tone of his voice, the glance of his eyes, the swing of his figure and set of his shoulders, all these, one imagines, would have betrayed him at the first. Yet they walk beside him, as they had done so often before, listening to his eloquent talk—listening while he made the old problems plain, and flung the light of an infinite mind upon the dark sayings of the dead seers; and though their hearts catch fire, as they afterwards confess, still to them he is but as "a wayfaring man and a stranger." Dull! dull! slow hearts! what openings they missed! Opportunities of questioning, of confirmations of faith, of sweet renewal of old fellowships! A few days ago, and they would have known him in the dark, recognized him amid a crowd! But there had been a vital change since then. "Their eyes were holden." But why? The old faith had gone. Power of vision had waned with waning faith. Faith knows Christ in any disguise. If they had seen something familiar about him, they would have said, "He is like him, but it is not he;" because they did not *believe* he was alive. Heart perceptions are slow, except faith is present to quicken their sensitiveness. The flower knows when the sun is up, and opens his jewelled cup. No loud tongues, tramp of angelic feet, chorus of heavenly voices, are needed to proclaim a Saviour's advent to a trusting heart. While others are crying, "Where is the promise of his coming?" it hears his footfall, feels his shadow lengthen across the heart, and detects his sighs in the air.

Is there never a time when our hearts are "slow"? "I cannot see Christ in this trouble—I can see the devil!" we say. Jesus in this tempest, Jesus in this sickness, Jesus in this death! We deny it, and are sad because he has suddenly become a dead Christ to us. Oh, let us stop our murmurous tongues! Because we cannot see, is it right to say he is not there? Stop! While talking about our trouble, we may be talking about Christ. While complaining to the stranger, we may be grumbling *to* Christ. Stop! A few miles further on, some small thing will take place; the revelation will break in splendour of light in rush as of sweet music; we shall *see* him, and say, "O fools, and slow of heart to *perceive!*"

Were they not slow, too, in—

HEART TESTIMONY?

What had Christ done for these men? Called them from a lowly trade, placed them in the inner circle, taught them the deep things of his Word, clothed them with power, loved them, borne with them, and thought for them, with the tender thoughtfulness of a woman, multiplied a thousandfold. How they will praise Christ, we think, when the opportunity comes! Yet, what is it they say? "A Prophet mighty in deed and word before God and all the people." They give him *his place*, according to their estimate, and that is all. Was this not slow, cold talk for such men? If they had flamed forth, and mingled their fiery words with tears, and said, "He was so good, so brave, so gentle, so true, so noble, so Godlike, so divine, so lovely, such an incarnation of heaven," it would not have surprised us as this cold statement does. Their Friend and Saviour, their Teacher and Guide, to whom they owed three years of heaven and all they had of character, they can only say "He is a Prophet." The fact of it was, they were so full of sadness, that they thought more of it than of Christ. Their sorrow just now was everything—the dead Christ—the absent Lord was almost nothing.

Is it our sadness and trouble which silence the lips of praise? The finest creations of music are in the minor key. You will find the most melodious

wind marching through the bending tree-tops is that which has a sound of rain in it. The very sorrow may sweeten the strain. It is not the thick, red lip of health, but the white, thin lip of pain, which sings most sweetly. Yet, when trouble overtakes us, can we only find it in us to say coldly, "Yes, I suppose he is true. I think he is good"?

It is a pity our sadness should lead us to depict a sad Christ to the stranger; to talk of him in such tones to the ear which never heard him. Suppose it had been a pagan to whom this lamentation was made. Would he have forsaken the gods of music, love, and wine, to embrace the faith and the Christ they portrayed? The storm-wind smites music out of the dead and naked bough. Trouble should not silence, but provoke praise. What, if we can find nothing in the present for which to thank him, "ought" we not to praise him for what he has been all these years—to let the stranger know that if *we* are in a sad plight, we have still a good Master; that we are sure the black skies will be pierced with the red arrows of the dawn; and if not, that the very stars in our night will spell out through the dark some merciful lesson? We should never speak so well of Christ as when he has apparently disappointed our fondest hopes. He is a poor man who cannot speak well of his friend in that friend's adversity. Slow in service, slow in will, slow in self-mastery! These are sad enough. But slow in *love*, slow to testify his goodness! Jesus always speaks well of his disciples. In spite of these failings, he calls them "friends." Do you notice how well he speaks of them to the Father in John xvii.? "They have kept thy Word;" "They have received the words which thou gavest me;" "They are not of the world." And this when Jesus was *most sad!* It is hard, indeed, if we cannot, in the midst of trouble, speak in warmest terms of him who speaks so well of his "unprofitable servants."

Notices of Books.

Zionward: Help on the Way to the Better Land. By Rev. GEORGE EVERARD, M.A. Partridge.

THIS is full of simple gospel testimony, well put. The following passage is not more bold than true, and it shows the outspokenness of the writer. It is a clergyman of the Church of England who writes after this fashion:—

"Boldly to resist the errors that are abroad, and manfully to stand up for old truths, is a matter most urgent at the present day. Hezekiah gives us a noble example: men took the brazen serpent, and made an idol of it, and worshipped it; but Hezekiah broke the idol in pieces, and called it Nehushtan—a piece of brass; and God blessed him in whatsoever he did. Men are acting in the same way with the Lord's Supper as they did with the brazen serpent; the serpent was an emblem of Christ crucified—*a great sacrament*, Chrysostom calls it; but men perverted it, and then it became a cause of offence to God's people. Even so is it now: men are turning the Lord's Supper from the purpose for which our Lord ordained it; they teach persistently the gross delusion of a change in the material elements of bread and wine; they change it from a sacrament into a sacrifice; they change the Lord's table into an altar; they worship Christ as present on the altar, instead of present at God's right hand; they thus bring an idol into the house of the Lord. I verily believe, and I would say it as before God, that if our Lord were present on earth again, and went into many a church where his sacrament is thus perverted, he would be ready to take up the elements of his own appointing, and dash them on the ground, as Hezekiah acted with the brazen serpent, and say, '*A piece of bread—a piece of bread!* Don't worship that! Worship him whom the Father loveth, him appointed to be the One Mediator at the right hand of the Majesty on high.'"

Holiday Studies of Wordsworth, by Rivers, Woods, and Alps. By Rev. F. A. MALLESON, M.A. Cassell and Co.

A COLLECTION of vivacious papers by the vicar of Broughton-in-Furness, whom we all know by his "Life of Christ." He is a great walker, and evidently knows the Lake district well, and has also traversed Yorkshire and the Alps. One half envies the good man his power to climb; but this gives place to gratitude for his observant eye, and pleasant style of writing. It is well that the articles were not carried down the obscure torrent of periodicals, but were preserved for the open stream of abiding literature. We are best pleased with the instructiveness of the pages; for the author is so rich in knowledge, that he scatters information quite incidentally, and hardly seems to be aware that he is doing it. Collectors of topographical books should not omit this volume.

We quote a passage about the Bible on the Continent, which is full of sadness to our mind:—

"It appears to me as if it were in England only that the Bible is really acknowledged as being both at the foundation of worship and in its superstructure; though unquestionably its indirect and insensible influence is everywhere manifest among 'all people who profess and call themselves Christians.' At Lugano I wanted to purchase an Italian Testament; but not a single Bible or New Testament could I find in any bookseller's shop in the capital of the Tessin, though at last I met with a single copy at an obscure stationer's. At Meran, in the Tyrol, the servants, young women of fair education, did not even know the outside of a Bible, never having seen one. Yet they loved their little devotional books and hymns which they showed me. In Protestant Switzerland, in the National Church, the Bible is very little used in the churches; though in the *Eglise libre*, where there is far more spiritual life, a better state of things exists. Usually the service commences with the solemn reading of the Ten Commandments, by the schoolmaster, followed by our Lord's summary of them, after which, the sacred Book, being no longer wanted, except to read the text from, is solemnly laid aside. I need hardly add, that the matter of the sermon gains very little support or illustration from the words of Scripture. I report these personal observations not in a boastful spirit of vain censoriousness, but with a very deep regret that Swiss Protestantism owns so little in common with primitive and apostolic Christianity."

Wine and Oil from Immanuel's Land: being a series of Palestine narratives, illustrative of the Gospel of the Grace of God, suggested by the author's travels in the Holy Land. By JAMES ORMISTON. Simpkin, Marshall, and Co.

A TRAVELLER in the East should be observant, and ready at once to perceive illustrations of his Bible in all around him; this is the most we may usually expect. But in the case of Mr. Ormiston, we have an observer with an eye anointed with the heavenly eye-salve, and a mind stored with knowledge of the Word obtained in the school of experience. It is as though John Owen or William Romaine had gone to Palestine, and then written down his thoughts. We have fellowship of a rare kind through such writing as this. Mr. Ormiston is not ashamed of the old-fashioned sound of the words "sovereign grace," and has no hesitation when he speaks of electing love and redeeming blood. Why have so many grown weary of the richest and dearest of all the truths revealed by the Holy Ghost? To our inmost heart there is a charm about the doctrines of grace, and the spirit which they breed, which excels all the pretended wisdom of the modern word-spinners, and all that enthusiasm for humanity which they do not *practically* display. The bold avowal of the doctrines is the charm of this book. Our author at Nazareth, or Gethsemane, is all there; and there in harmony with the grand transactions of the covenant of grace, of which the traces lie before him. It is a comely, comforting, and edifying volume, and we heartily commend it.

Signa Christi: Evidences of Christianity set forth in the Person and Work of Christ. By JAMES AITCHISON. Cassell & Co.

WE may not be able to subscribe to every sentence of this work, but it is boldly on the side of faith, as against destructive criticism. The life of our Lord is the grand citadel of Christianity, and the assaults thereon have been audacious, ferocious, and obstinate; indeed, one marvels what more of malicious falsehood could have been said. Our author does more than vindicate his Lord from aspersion; he sets forth clearly how certain are the facts of his life, and how substantial are the proofs of the gospel which flow therefrom. That Senior Bible-class which enjoyed these lectures was highly favoured, and ought to produce ministers and workers of no common sort. Other members of Bible-classes will do well to study that which has been printed at the request of the Falkirk young men. It is a sign of a healthy reaction against the infidelity commonly dignified with the title of "modern thought," that a leading publishing firm puts such a work upon the market. It meets a crying want.

Divine Escort and Divine Guidance. By Rev. CHARLES A. FOX. Partridge.

TWOPENCE is a misleading price for such wealth of teaching. When we had read it, we felt that no amount of money could represent its value. Mr. Fox is only too full. He expounds texts and suggests themes at a rate so lavish that we know not to whom to compare him. He should be made a preacher to preachers. Last year's booklet was a gem, and this also is a choice jewel. We would say to every public teacher of the Word of God—lose no time in studying this tract, which contains more than many an octavo.

The New Apologetic; or, the Down-grade in Criticism, Theology, and Science. By Professor ROBERT WATTS, D.D., LL.D. Edinburgh: T. and T. Clark.

THIS is a book after our own heart. It is as able as it is sound, and as Scriptural as it is logical. Dr. Watts meets the modern men with crushing argument, and exposes their sophistries mercilessly. But these gentlemen are not moved by reasoning if based upon the Scriptures; neither does it seem as if the present race of professing Christians cared much about it either. Still, with the bare hope that candour may yet be discovered in workable quantities among the dupes of "the Down-grade," it would be very wise to introduce such a masterly work as this wherever an opportunity occurs. It is so clear, so cogent, that if the reader has not put out the eyes of his understanding he must pause in the pursuit of the new speculations. Right ideas of inspiration are defended, and the atonement is vindicated, while the whole of what is still known as "orthodoxy" is maintained. With the following extract upon the Calvinistic system we are also fully agreed: it is no more than the system of sovereign grace deserves:—

"What astronomy is to the progress of our knowledge of God's works in the starry firmament, such is our grand old Calvinistic theology to the study of his works as they shine forth in the firmament of revelation. There is not a single doctrine of the analogy of faith that does not shine out with greater splendour when, in accordance with that system, it is set in its own doctrinal constellation, and traced to its fountain-head in the sovereign grace of our covenant God. It is the only system of theology that can be called scientific, as it is the only system which humbles man and exalts God. As its essential elements are divinely set in their systematic relations in the sacred Scriptures, it must ever be regarded as the touchstone of all theological speculations, and the guide of all genuine theological progress. Both science and criticism must submit their results to the arbitrament of the analogy of the faith."

The Foundations of the Bible: Studies in Old Testament Criticism. By Canon GIRDLESTONE. Eyre & Spottiswoode.

AN invaluable work. Young men would be better able to cope with unbelieving critics if they had at their fingers' ends the facts herein set forth. The book is instructive, argumenta-

tive, and confirmatory. It is, perhaps, too much for a common Bible-class, but the exact thing for educated and enquiring young people: it is even worthy to become a text-book in a theological seminary. At the same time, any Christian person who has been at all teased by the wild assertions of the "destructive" school will be helped, by reading this, to keep off their worrying attacks. Never were oppositions of Holy Scripture more sophistical than the present ones, and never were they more completely without basis, without claim to consideration, without any force but that which malice lends to them. After reading certain of these theories, our amazement has blazed into indignation. Fortified by such a work as this, our youth will be the less likely to regard the maunderings of men who would be nobodies if they had not foreheads sufficiently brazen to cast slurs upon the infallible Word.

Moses and the Prophets; their Unshaken Testimony as against the "Higher Criticism" based on Naturalism. By REV. GAVIN CARLYLE, M.A. Elliot Stock.

THIS warning is well and wisely given. For criticism to begin with the assumption that neither revelation, nor prophecy, nor miracle could be possible, is for a judge to begin with condemning the accused, and then to go on with the evidence. It is not reasoning, but fooling. Mr. Carlyle exposes sophisters without mercy, and with great earnestness maintains the doctrine of the plenary inspiration of the Old and New Testaments. Shallow and pretentious are the modern schools; and, though they have prevailed for a season, their domination will be a brief one. We rejoice in having openly separated from this conspiracy to undermine the Word; and still more in seeing others bear their protest against the felonious attempt secretly to rob us of revelation under the pretence of defining "inspiration." The perverters of truth will not have everything their own way. Good men and true are still to be found among scholars, and they speak with power. The following extract may give an idea of the run of the book:—

"DANGER TO THE CHURCHES."

"There is nothing so dead as the worship of our Reformed Churches where it is not instinct with spiritual life and reality—nothing so living where it is. But how can it be instinct with life and reality when the preachers are in doubt as to the truth, or otherwise, of the documents from which they derive their message? It is, therefore, quite certain that if these ideas of the Old Testament, founded on a criticism which has for its basis an infidel philosophy, become general among ministers of the Churches, those Churches will rapidly decay, and Christianity itself will be looked upon as a mere human device. This is no mere imagination, for it is startling to find the number of people, in all the Churches, who, through doubting the truth and reality of the Scriptures, have lost faith in Christianity as a revelation of God, and in Christ as the Son of God, who became man, who suffered and died, the Just for the unjust, and who rose from the dead, and ascended on high. There is prevalent, through the spread of such false and mistaken ideas of the Bible, a latent Socinianism and often atheism, which classes Jesus with Buddha or Mohammed, and considers Christianity as a mere human religion, having no truth or certainty as to the future and eternal world. This mistrust of the Scriptures becomes in a Church like a dry-rot in a building—gradually eating away all the material till there is nothing left but crumbling dust. It is, therefore, of essential importance, if our British and American Protestant Churches are to retain that life and activity which have given them such vast influence for good in the world, that this destructive criticism should be searched into, and its sources made apparent. It is a matter of life and death to the Christian faith, that our well-founded belief in the Scriptures as the Word of God be retained. Thus only can preachers speak with certainty; and it is only when they can speak with certainty of living realities, of which they have no doubt, that they can touch the hearts and consciences of others. If the trumpet give an uncertain sound, who

will prepare himself for the battle? If the preachers speak of mere speculation, whose heart will be moved and whose soul will be touched? Christianity is all hopeful, because it speaks of facts and of truths which are as real as any events in daily life. If it does not do so, it is dead."

The Bright and Morning Star, and other Sermons. By Rev. HENRY WILKES, D.D. R. D. Dickinson.

THE late Dr. Wilkes was formerly Principal of a Congregational College in British North America. This selection of twenty-four sermons from his remains furnishes a memorial volume, to which his son-in-law, Dr. Monro Gibson, supplies a short but suitable preface. These circumstances make the volume noteworthy; but beyond this, the intrinsic merits of these pulpit exercises will secure attention, and their posthumous issue will enhance the interest felt in them by a numerous circle of his friends.

True Stories, New and Old, for Young and Old. By JOSEPH SPIERS, Founder of the Children's Special Service Mission. Creechurch Buildings, Leadenhall Street.

VERY excellent. We hope Mr. Spiers will see his first fifty thousand fly like swallows. You can have one sent you, free by post, for a shilling, or a dozen for nine and threepence. We should like every one of our Orphanage children to have a copy, and it could be done for £14 10s. Mr. Spiers is Master of all the Arts by which children can be interested, impressed, and led to the Saviour. We cannot help quoting two out of his many stories:—

"A little friend of mine once said that she was saving a thousand pounds! 'And how much have you got towards it, dear?' 'Oh, I have got a HALFPENNY!' was the innocent reply. But those who vainly hope to pay off the great debt they owe to God, by what they call their *good works*, will never have so much as a halfpenny towards it, if they live for ninety years; or, if they do, it will be *a bad one!*"

"A boy went home from a meeting one evening, and told his little sister that he had got a NEW HEART. 'Have you?' she innocently replied, 'then please show it to me!' And that is just what all Christians have to do, to show in their changed life and conduct that they have got a new heart."

Our Mothers. By GRACE HABERSHON. Tenth Thousand. Partridge & Co.

JUST what was wanted. This should be read to poor mothers, at their Mothers' meetings; and it may as fitly be read by well-to-do mothers in their own homes. The dear lady who wrote this booklet is now with God; but in these pages she still speaks, and her words are wise and weighty. The price is fourpence, and therefore the work is within the reach of all.

Talks with Men, Women, and Children. By Rev. DAVID DAVIES. (Second Series.) Alexander and Shepheard.

OUR friend, David Davies, here gives us a second volume of his sermons to his congregation, and his sermonettes to the children. Hove is happy in having a preacher who can publish his sermons weekly for two years; and all the world is the richer for the fact. Some of these discourses are given more *in extenso;* and this is well, for it removes our former complaint that the preacher had no sooner begun than he left off. Mr. Davies always preaches along the old lines; but he exhibits great freshness of treatment and application. He is a good preacher; but he cannot help it; for he is a Welshman by nature, and an old-fashioned believer by grace.

The Battle of the Standpoints. The Old Testament and the Higher Criticism. By ALFRED CAVE, B.A., D.D. Eyre and Spottiswoode.

SINCE presumptuous critics pile up theories which are meant to be forts of attack upon the Word of the Lord, it is well that learned men should demolish them. We rejoice that Dr. Cave does his work so efficiently, and with so much heartiness. The bulk of our people need not wish to know the dreams and dotings of the Higher Criticism, which are little else than "profane and vain babblings"; but to those who have taken in unawares a little of the German poison, here is a valuable antidote. May it work a speedy cure!

Little Kathleen; or, Sunny Memories of a Child-worker. By ANNIE R. BUTLER. Morgan and Scott.

"OF such is the kingdom of heaven." Those who knew Kathleen Amy Webber may well have "sunny memories" of her. Born in Harley House, Bow; converted at Lausanne, under the ministry of Mr. Arrowsmith, of the Children's Special Service Mission; and accompanying her parents in their mission-work on the Continent; this "child-worker" met many earnest servants of the Lord. Her own form of service was the Children's Auxiliary of the Medical Missionary Association, which ought to receive many recruits, and much help from the publication of this pleasing little memoir. The book itself would make a useful gift to a thoughtful child.

Living Sermons; or, Marvels of Gospel Power. By MRS. G. S. REANEY. Nisbet & Co.

THESE are indeed marvellous stories. We supposed them to be only "founded on fact" till we read the preface, and found them certified to be facts connected with Mrs. Reaney's single and married life. We have poked fun at her way of marrying her characters to clergymen, and we hope she will be able in future to find some of her heroines good husbands outside the pale; but we have never undervalued her work, or her writings. These "living sermons" are certainly very remarkable; and if read at a mothers' meeting, will secure rapt attention. Don't read the chapter about the wife's broom-sticking her husband. It is all very well; but much too likely to be misunderstood. Husband beaters! Well, they would be better than wife beaters.

On the Bank's Threshold: or, the Young Banker. A Popular Outline of Banking, Illustrated by Anecdote. By W. HAIG MILLER. Partridge and Co.

A REMARKABLE book even for the general reader; but absolutely essential for everyone connected with banking. Sage advice in most attractive form. No one who once begins this book can help reading to the end, even though he should never have signed a cheque in his life. Every head of a bank should see that his subordinates read it: it may save him from loss, and them from ruin. Mr. Haig Miller has fascinated us before by his *Culture of Pleasure*, and his pen has lost none of its witchery. May he write again!

A Historical Account of the Ancient Culdees of Iona, and of their Settlements in Scotland, England, and Ireland. By JOHN JAMIESON, D.D. Simpkin, Marshall, & Co.

A DEEPLY-LEARNED book; but although this is called the "Popular Edition," we cannot hope that it will be popularly read, for it is as heavy as it is weighty. To us, indeed, everything which concerns Iona, Columba, and the Culdees is full of interest, and we do not object to a little of even the driest dust of mouldy parchment; but the many in England, at least, will not read historical works unless they are daintily prepared for them—we say *in England*, because it may be that our Scotch brethren will be more diligent students of their own history. This work is, we doubt not, a standard authority upon its own subject, and it has been so for the last eighty years. All this time it has been an expensive quarto, and this edition will place it within the reach of many who have regarded it as an object of desire far beyond the stretch of their purses. Every public library in our islands should possess a copy.

From *the Drummond Tract Depôt, Stirling*, we receive specimens of tracts and booklets, which we can very safely commend. Persons who do their duty in the matter of disseminating gospel truth may feel safe with this Depôt; but, even in this case, we would have no one depart from the rule to read everything himself before he gives it away. There are degrees in point, pith, and clearness of tracts; and the sower should choose always the very best seed, which he has himself tasted. Unless a tract is "bread for the eater," it is not fit "seed for the sower."

The Stirling Tract enterprise is a wonderful institution, for which we may all unite in praising God.

The Strand Magazine. Edited by GEORGE NEWNES. Burleigh Street.

THIS is a marvellous magazine for sixpence, and must beat others out of the field. Mr. Newnes, who has made such a success of *Tit-Bits*, knows how to do the same with this; or we should have thought that the more copies sold the more money would be lost. The January number contains, among others, four portraits of C. H. S. at different ages. It is not a religious organ, but a profusely-illustrated monthly of remarkable interest.

All the World, Christmas, 1890. 101, Queen Victoria Street, E.C.

SALVATION Army literature has so improved that it is in no respect like the rough stuff with which it began. The Army's periodicals are conducted with vigour, and illustrated with great skill. We wish there was not so much bragging. A lower key would be more sweet, and more effectual. We trust we are not called upon to believe all that is written in this Christmas number. It is very telling; but we do not believe that a burglar went to a lady's bedroom for eight consecutive nights, to steal her earrings, and at last took them out of her ears while she slept. We can allow a great deal to pass as the license of imaginative writers, but this—well—it is a Salvation Army statement, *and Salvationists may believe it!* Apart from the occasional use of the long-bow, *All the World* is a striking magazine.

Lyrics from the Hills. By CHARLES ARMSTRONG FOX. Elliot Stock.

IN this volume, a man with his eyes open leads us through Cumberland and Surrey, and causes the mountains and the hills to break forth before us into singing. To our mind, Mr. Fox would be a better, or, at least, more popular poet, if he did not pack away so much meaning in a brief space: we get our hand too full when we put it into his amphora, and we cannot get it out again; it may be our own fault, but we cannot avoid it. As to poetic descriptions, there are enough here to set up a dozen versifiers; we feel we are too dull to appreciate these works of genius as they deserve to be, for the poetry comes in such overwhelming abundance that we cannot take it all in. We thank our author for his ode to "A Modern Confessor," wherein he says to Spurgeon—

"Thine is a rugged, manly, royal soul;"

and we are grateful for his delicious musings among our beloved Surrey hills and villages. The volume deserves a place among the immortals of poetry.

Portraits and Autographs: an Album for the People. Mowbray House, Norfolk Street, Strand.

TRULY a marvellous collection of portraits and autographs for one-and-sixpence. Mr. Stead edits editors, and reviews reviews; and in this case he both takes off the heads of his friends, and hands to us their hands. The Album is worth keeping as one of the curiosities of the season, even if it had no other worth. What a medley of men and women! The collection would have been the better had several of them been left out; but we suppose it is meant to be a portrait gallery of Mr. Stead's "Church of the Future." We are not so very proud of being included in it.

"Fritz" of Prussia, Germany's Second Emperor. By LUCY TAYLOR. Nelson.

THIS is bound to be one of the most popular works of the season: it deserves that position. "Fritz" has here found a biographer who is absorbed in admiration of her theme. There might be faults in others in the Franco-German war, but her hero was all that can be thought of that was great, and good, and generous, and glorious. The story is charmingly told, and beautifully illustrated with portraits. One cannot take it up without learning much of modern history, and much of a character which was one of the noblest among men of our age. German monarchs have been kings in fact as well as in name.

The Mother's Friend for 1890. Hodder and Stoughton.

WHEN we say that Mrs. G. S. Reaney conducts this magazine, we cannot give a better guarantee for its excellence; she evidently feels that nations come from nurseries, and that in the cradle the man is formed. She is in earnest, and has great gifts. The annual volume is fine money's worth for one-and-sixpence.

Charlie to the Rescue. A Tale of the Sea and the Rockies. By R. M. BALLANTYNE. Nisbet and Co.

YE boys, here is a feast for you! A carnival of wonders! What with bush-rangers and Red Indians, fast-trotting horses and infallible shots, caverns and outlaws who hunt the deer—we are overdone with all that boys dream about. We cannot say that we have quite a clear idea of what it is all about: it is such a panorama of all that is adventurous and perilous. Still, there is the gospel in the book. Clear and unmistakable shines out the way of salvation; and for this we can wink at all the rest—which, indeed, is like the big drum and tambourine of the Salvationist—a thing to be put up with, as much as possible, for the sake of bringing the heavenly message to ears which else might not hear it. A fine big New-Year's gift for Master Samuel Well-Behave. It will cost his father five shillings.

Monica's Story; or, The Rightful Heir. By EDITH C. KENYON. G. Cauldwell.

THE earlier chapters are devoted to the discussion, by Monica and her brother, of those mental and spiritual questionings which are begotten of the doubt-breeding religious literature of the day. As the story proceeds, the plot becomes more intricate than is usual with our author, and has necessitated the creation of "coincidences" and "providences" sufficiently remarkable and numerous to satisfy the most exacting novel-reader. Nevertheless, the teaching is all on the side of truth and righteousness.

Footprints. Nature seen on its Human Side. By SARAH TYTLER. T. Fisher Unwin.

THIS is rich reading; for the allusions, connected stories, and apposite quotations are so many. We can only say, as we read, "Delightful! Delightful!" This is natural history raised from a laborious science into a glorious festival of thought. Every chapter is a mosaic of jewels, delicious to the eye. We do not wonder that the book is in the fourth edition; it ought to reach a fiftieth. We give our readers an extract from a chapter wherein our authoress is dealing with our common flowers:—

"The lip of the snap-dragon is supposed to resemble the jaw of the legendary and heraldic monster. The likeness is doubtless increased by a sprinkling of yellow pollen like sulphur round the flower's mouth. But the picture is all dumb-show. Snap-dragon does not spit fire, or swallow up the beholder.

"The carnation, which derives its name from its flesh tint, has other names, native and foreign. One of these, the pink, has originated the old work to pink or scallop, and the phrase 'pink of perfection.' It was the favourite flower of a perfect English gentleman, Colonel John Hutchinson.

"Mignonette, though it is now called *réséda* by the French, is said to have been named by Napoleon's soldiers, who first saw it in their disastrous campaign in Egypt. Inhaling its delicious fragrance, they cried out in ecstasy, 'mignonette!' ('little darling!')

"As there are a few plants which are said to grow only in the wake of the white man, so the musk grows best, and reaches its fairest proportions, not in the garden or in its native haunts, but in the windows of the cottages of poor people, where it is not only often a sweetener of foul and stagnant air, but a power to refresh and to cheer weary hearts, and, not seldom, sick and prostrated workers. A good authority says:—'Though common musk is to be found in every garden, its proper home seems to be the cottage window; and assuredly the cottagers appear to know best how to grow it, if we may judge by the buxom specimens that we meet with in exhibitions of window-flowers.'

"The starry jessamine carries us back to the mediæval times and the story of Jasmin, the troubadour, who doubtless sang his songs with clear voice and free beneath his lady's window, like the rest, but who was fain to carry the honour of his paternity very far back, even to Jesse—'the stem of Jesse'—of which he boasted that his cognomen was a branch; and there is good reason to believe that, in very ancient times, the jasmine or jessamine was held for a symbol."

Besom Yard: a Story of Trial, Temptation, and Deliverance. By THOMAS PEET, M.A. Sunday School Union.

WHO that is ignorant of their uses will attach any value to rags? But the paper-maker does not count them worthless; for he will soon convert them into "cream-laid ivory note." This good and helpful story shows us that God can not only bring good out of evil, but that he can also transform evil into good.

Annie's "Yes"; the Saving of Him. By FLORENCE E. BURCH. Sunday School Union.

WE do not admire "Annie." She was a long time saying "Yes," certainly; but the delaying "No" was very half-hearted, and she would have found herself in a very difficult situation had not the looked-for reformation taken place. "Be ye not unequally yoked with unbelievers," should make the question of marriage with the unconverted a simple one; and to allow the wooing while refusing to be won, was, to say the least of it, very unwise.

The Fortunes of Ruby, Pearl, and Diamond. By FRANCES ARMSTRONG. *Dolly's Adventures.* By YVONNE. *Exiled.* By CATHERINE MACSORLEY. *We Four Children.* By M. A. HOYER. *Under the Walnut Tree.* By FRANCES ARMSTRONG. *Little King I.* By LOUISA E. DOBRÉE. John Hogg.

HALF-A-DOZEN children's books, very fairly-written, and neatly got-up. The morals of the stories are not too prominent. Children like them.

Ben's Boyhood. By Mrs. C. E. BOWEN. *Cousin Bessie.* By Mrs. C. L. BALFOUR. *Rosa; or, The Two Castles.* ELIZA BRADBURN. Partridge.

THREE of Partridge's ninepenny series. Amazingly cheap, and assuredly good.

A Young Oxford Maid in the days of the King and the Parliament. By SARAH TYTLER. Religious Tract Society.

THERE were many women with sore hearts in the troubled days of the Great Civil War. Yet it was possible to serve God and one's fellows even then; and here we have the story of one who managed to do so, in spite of the fact that an honoured father and a much-loved brother were ranged on opposite sides. Miss Tytler tries to be impartial; but her estimate of "King Charles the Martyr" is a very gentle one, while the portrait of honest Oliver is given us "wart and all."

Heedless Hetty. By ANNETTE LYSTER. *Sandy Jim; or, The Message of a Rose.* By HENRIETTA S. STREATFEILD. Religious Tract Society.

TWO of the monthly stories of the Tract Society. Very good, as tales go: in fact, far better than the general run of such things; for these have the gospel in them. Only one shilling for a very pretty book.

Honour, not Honours. By Mrs. AUSTIN DOBSON. Religious Tract Society.

THIS story will be appreciated by boys whose surroundings are those of wealth and refinement. Some of the situations are sufficiently mysterious and sensational; but the "one thing needful" is kept before the youthful reader, and, therefore, it has our good word.

Harold's Friends; or, The New Rector of Greythorpe. By C. A. BURNABY. Religious Tract Society.

IF we must have stories, let us have them like this. There are exciting incidents, and a love match, of course; but above all, the tale tells "the old, old story" in remarkably clear language on several occasions. The young squire and the new rector are, as usual, the heroes of the story. What would the poor tale-writers do if there were no parsons and squires? They might have to manufacture heroes out of Baptist ministers and shopkeepers!

Marion's Repentance. By Mrs. J. FERRY. Sunday School Union.

A STORY for the little ones, by one who evidently understands child-nature and children's difficulties.

Miss Kennedy and her Brother. By FRIBA. Charles H. Kelly.

THE story is dull and tedious; but it contains statements of gospel truth which are remarkably clear and good, and for this reason we cannot condemn it.

Notes.



Our portrait for this month represents a friend who is no longer with us here below, but who is seldom long out of our mind. Mr. William Higgs, Sen., was the builder of the Tabernacle, and he so built it that, to those who have tested it all these years, it has seemed as if no stone could have been shifted with advantage. He built conscientiously, for the love of God and his church, and our gratitude never ceases. He was soon after elected deacon, and in that capacity he served the cause admirably, and was specially the friend of the Pastor in all his schemes for chapel-building, purchase of sites, and everything of a business kind involved in the missions of the College and the church. He was an honest, outspoken brother, with a vein of humour in him, which made his speech quaint and proverbial. His faith was simple and practical; and he as naturally expected the preaching of the gospel to be used for the winning of souls as he expected a harvest from the sowing of seed. He had great joy in his family, who are with us in the Lord. May they all be preserved in the way of their father! To the immeasurable loss of the pastors, the church, the Orphanage, and benevolent work at large, he was called away to higher service, bearing a brave testimony, amid great pain, to the faithfulness of God. One great consolation to us is the fact that *Mr. William Higgs*, his son, so heartily and efficiently fills his place.

It had been our intention to follow upon the portraits of other Tabernacle deacons who are yet alive with that of Mr. B. W. Carr; but while these "Notes" are being sent to press, we receive the sad tidings of his decease. The weather tried him greatly, and at last the cold seems to have caused bronchitis to end in his death. He was the friend of William Olney at our first coming to London; and during all the years since, he has been our loyal, loving, hearty friend and comrade. In literary ability he surpassed all his brethren, and frequently aided us by reviews in this magazine. In all else he was a ready helper. A man of remarkable mental gifts, wide reading, meditative mind, and firm faith, he was not so much the practical worker as some of less ability: but he filled a niche which no one else could so well have occupied, and we shall miss him more than we can tell. In theological knowledge few ministers could surpass him, and he took an intense delight in "the deep things of God." Our sympathy for his beloved widow and family is intense. We ask the prayers of God's people for a blessing upon them. Here is a cloud for us in our season of rest; but he who has sent it means by it to convey a benediction to the church, and to us who are the officers of it. His will be done.

Among others who have passed away from the ranks of the church at the Tabernacle, one of the most notable is Mrs. Evans, the friend of poor ministers, and the leader of our Society which has sent out parcels of clothing for them and their families. The work will go on, but all the workers will miss her quickening presence. Her husband, long since gone home, was one of our first elders; and she leaves two sons who are in the Baptist ministry. Mr. G. D. Evans, of Bristol, is in our College Conference, and he writes us saying:—"My dear mother passed away in perfect peace at eight o'clock p.m., January 6. Her old winter enemy conquered at last. No more pain now." In spirit her pastor lays a wreath upon her grave, and pronounces on earth the prelude of the "Well done" which will be awarded by her precious Lord "in that day."

In writing these lines, our heart would tremble at the thought of the departure of such friends, did we not rest in the living God, whose everlasting purposes secure a succession of saintly men and women who will carry on his work below.

I feel bound, from reading later numbers of *Great Thoughts*, to withdraw my commendation of that periodical. My admiration of its high literary character, in former volumes, will not allow me to remain its favourable reviewer now.

It is a great disadvantage to a monthly magazine that it cannot at once take up an important matter. We write soon after the month begins, but must wait for weeks, till our paragraphs are apt to grow stale. However, we could have wished that the matter we now write had never been needed at all. As reported in *Great Thoughts*, Mr. Stead poses as a leader of "The Church of the Future," and also as the friend of General Booth. He claims to have had "straight tips from

God" !!! In consequence of divine intimations, he says, "My ideal church will include atheists; it will run a theatre, and it will be the proprietor of a public-house. Why should the Church not include atheists? Surely the Church *below* ought to be as broad as the Church above! Atheists will be *there*, we may be sure; for, as the Catholics say, they will be saved by invincible ignorance. Of all men of whom I have known, J. S. Mill most nearly approximated to the life of Christ. All the Church-members of the future must be *Christs*. That was revealed to me in Holloway Jail. If an atheist came to me, and said, 'I don't believe in God, or creeds, but your Church does good works, and I want to work with it,' of course I would employ him. That man is a real Christian."

Amazed as we were at this, we were not prepared to read the following in the same periodical:—

"Up to the time of going to press, we have received the following replies to Mr. Stead's description of 'The Church of the Future'; others will be published in our next issue.

"Rev. J. Clifford, M.A., D.D.,
"Ex-President of the Baptist Union.

"Dear Sir,—In reply to your enquiry, permit me to say that Mr. Stead is an old friend of mine, and I have been familiar with his thoughts about the Church of the Future for some time. I am completely sympathetic with the spirit and aim out of which his theory grows, and see in them and it a return to the Christianity of Christ Jesus. To some details I object; but I doubt not, we are being led by the Divine Spirit who rules the ages in that world-redeeming and world-regenerating direction. "Yours sincerely,

"J. Clifford.

"P.S.—A brilliant light is cast upon this subject by the masterly lectures of the late Dr. Hatch, on 'The Influence of Greek Ideas and Usages upon the Christian Church.'"

We do not profess to measure the exact distance to which the Baptist Union Doctor goes; but we quite agree with another Doctor—namely, Dr. Thain Davidson—when he writes of Mr. Stead's scheme. "His whole conception of 'The Church of the Future' is so grotesque, and so defiant of Biblical teaching, as to suggest a ponderous joke rather than a sublime conviction; but, at the same time, it is fitted to work amongst a certain class incalculable harm. The *ex cathedrâ* tone and outrageous egotism of the style impose upon a certain class of minds, too ready to be unsettled, and yet unable to detect the sophistry.

"No, no, Mr. Stead! the heterogeneous conglomeration you propose, and in which your prophetic eye sees 'The Church of the Future,' is nothing better than a social and religious chaos, from which the good Lord deliver us!"

The day may come, sooner than has been thought, when the conspiracy to undermine our holy faith, against which we have borne our utmost testimony, will discover itself by its own acts and words. Then the dupes of its pretences to represent enlightened Christianity will become conscious of their delusion. By that time they will know that they have aided deadly error into power. Those who fancy that something innocent, or even praiseworthy, may be contained within the terms "Modern Thought" and "Christian Socialism" must be only too willing to be led by the nose. To us, it is clear that the maximum of error and of mischief will be found to lie concealed within the objects of the confederacy which uses these as its passwords. The signs are plain enough; and if men will continue to shut their eyes to them, they will have only themselves to blame.

It was our fixed intention to return on January 27, and to preach in the Tabernacle on February 1; but many letters of protest against venturing home as yet have arrived from persons whose judgment has great weight with us, and from friends in different parts of England who seem specially anxious for our welfare. Our own beloved wife, whom we long to see, most tenderly persuades us to rest, and get strong; our dear brother and co-pastor judges that it will be economy to make recovery sure; and, lastly, the deacons unite in a telegram advising prolonged rest. Only a very obstinate man could refuse such kindly exhortation; and so our return will be a week later, if the Lord will. Meanwhile, ammunition is being prepared against the opening of the campaign, and this is most needful; for the haste of daily work allows little time for mental storage when once our service is in full swing.

To our beloved church we owe deep gratitude for their kindly interest in their Pastor, expressed in a note requesting him to stay till the weather improves.

An unknown friend has this year, as aforetime, sent a gift to C. H. S., towards personal expenses while resting. We are deeply grateful, and value beyond all price the thoughtfulness which thus contributes to our regaining health and strength. May the Lord reward this secret giver according to his promise! We have no other way of expressing gratitude for such singular care.

With great thankfulness we mention that our beloved brother, Rev. W. Stott, late of Abbey Road Chapel, St. John's Wood, has felt it to be of the Lord that he should help us in our work at the Tabernacle, for twelve months at least. We have no strength to do more, and yet much more could be done with advantage in such a church. Frequently an after-meeting might follow a service, and an earnest brother like Mr. Stott would conduct it when we could not.

No William Olney remains to volunteer; and others are all occupied at their posts. We have many invaluable helpers, but we have need of another minister to lead. We trust it is of the Lord that this experienced friend has preached for a month among our people, and has commended himself to so many. The senior Pastor hopes to *preach* none the less frequently, but he wishes more and more to be allowed to spend what strength he has in ministering in word and doctrine, and to be eased in other matters. Anyone who knows what has to be done by the President of so many institutions, of growing magnitude, will see the need of the assistance which has been obtained. By the aid of two friends, and with the hearty consent of the church and its officers, this most hopeful arrangement has been made; and we pray that the blessing of our Lord may rest upon it. We have had too little aid; and we do not wish to be like the king who attempted to do too much, *and did it*. May the new arrangement be baptized by prayer into the divine blessing!

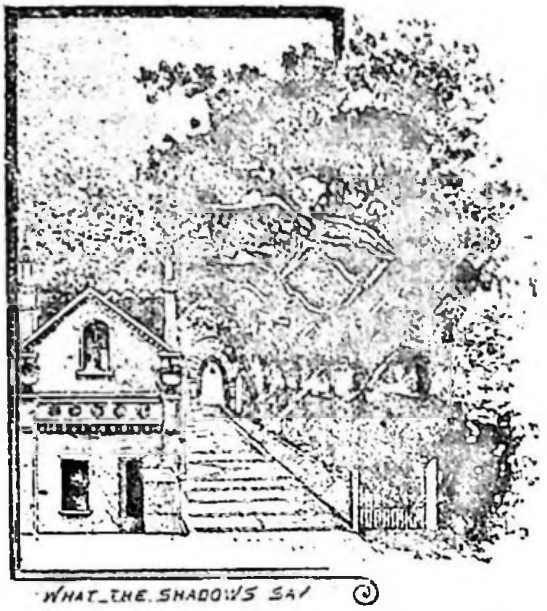
We are unable to give details of our TABERNACLE PRAYER-MEETINGS, as we can when we are at home; but we have been pleased to hear that they have been well sustained during our absence, notwithstanding the terrible weather. The officers of the church have bravely stuck to their posts. They have been greatly assisted by Mr. Stott and the second William Olney, and well supported by a band of praying brethren and sisters.

Thinking that friends up from the country, or living in London, would like to know when our prayer-meetings are held, we have had the following list of them prepared. Visitors are always welcome at all our gatherings for prayer.

On *Lord's-days*, meetings are held in the Ladies' Baptizing-room, at 7 and 10 a.m., and in the School-room at 8 p.m. On the second Sabbath in the month, the Young Christians' Association meets for prayer in the College at 8 p.m. Every *Monday evening*, at 7, the great prayer-meeting of the week is held in the Tabernacle; and on the Mondays following the second Sabbath, mothers meet for prayer, at 6, in the Ladies' Baptizing-room. Every *Thursday evening*, at 6, the Pastor's prayer-meeting is held in the Lecture-hall, in preparation for the service in the Tabernacle at 7. The Tract Society Workers meet at 8.30 in the Tract-room, the Tabernacle Evangelists and Sunday-school Teachers meet in different rooms in the College, at the same hour. On *Friday evenings*, at 8, Mr. Bartlett's class meets in the Ladies'-room, and the United Bible-classes in the basement of the Tabernacle. On *Saturday evenings*, at 7.30, the closing prayer-meeting of the week is held in the Lecture-hall.

If we value any one form of meeting above another, next to the Breaking of Bread we esteem the Meeting for Prayer and Praise. So long as the prayer-meetings are sustained, nothing will go greatly amiss; but if we slacken in the matter of united intercession, nothing can long be really right.

We sent out to our subscribers a very beautiful little booklet upon the Stockwell Orphanage. It has been received with a hearty welcome, and has led friends to send in very generous amounts for the orphans. This really artistic affair will be sent from the publishers to anyone sending threepence in stamps. We printed several thousands for this purpose, and our friends will be helping the Orphanage if they will buy them, and show them to their friends. We give one of the sixteen drawings. Note what the shadows write on the roadway.



On page 9 is a picture of the Fountain on the Boys' side, and we there express a



hope that someone would give the like for the Girls' domain. A loving friend, who has ever been our generous helper, writes that he will bear the expense of it. Thank you, beloved brother, and let God be praised!

COLLEGE.—Mr. F. D. Tranter has completed his course with us, and settled at Kelso, N.B.; Mr. G. Marshall has become pastor at Banbridge, county Down, Ireland; and Mr. C. Deal, at Millom, Cumberland, where our earnest Brother Tait has had to resign through ill-health.

Mr. F. J. Aust has removed from Cradley Heath, to Bewdley; and Mr. A. J. Clarke, from Wooloomooloo, New South Wales, to Launceston, Tasmania.

Re Conference:—As soon as possible after his return, the President will meet the London brethren to make arrangements for this year's Conference; but it may be helpful if we announce at once that the gathering will take place in *the week commencing April* 20, that is, *the week preceding the Baptist Missionary Sunday.*

PASTORS' COLLEGE MISSIONARY ASSOCIATION.—Mr. Patrick writes from Tangier:—"Our Café caretaker has had to return to England on account of his health. It was necessary that his wife should accompany him. I have filled up their places, for the time being, and hope the work may not suffer through their absence.

"All the alterations at the Café are completed, and the place is now much healthier, and more attractive. We have had several well-attended and interesting meetings; but during the last week very heavy rain has fallen, and the streets are in such a terribly dirty condition, that it is difficult to get a large attendance. However, praise the Lord, we can have big blessings in small meetings!

"I have decided to commence an English Service, with the New Year, for each Sunday morning, as there are quite a number of English folks living here. I talked the matter over with Mr. Glenny, when he was here, and he tells me that he has long desired such a service to be started. Our Missionaries will do their best to assist me in this Service. Our only expense will be with hymn-books, which will cost about 50/- or £3.

"Last week we had a most encouraging meeting in our Cottage, the rooms being crammed.

"I intend giving *Sermons in Candles* in English (D.V.) very shortly, and later in Spanish."

We have sent to our brethren in Spain the amounts contributed towards their support by Mr. Dunn's Bible-class and other friends, and have received very grateful acknowledgments from them. We are sorry, however, to learn that both Mr. Blamire and Mr. Wigstone are unwell. These earnest workers for the Lord need our constant prayers on their behalf, and they deserve all the aid that can be sent to them in their truly apostolic labours in priest-ridden Spain.

EVANGELISTS.—Pastor J. W. Bond sends us the following cheering report of *Messrs. Fullerton and Smith's* services at Penge Tabernacle:—"Dear Mr. Spurgeon,—In the most wintry weather, we have been favoured with a second visit from your well-known evangelists. It was, indeed, a time of rich blessing to us all. All the services were well-attended, though so near Christmas, and in such Arctic weather. The meeting for men was a time never to be forgotten; both our brethren were mightily helped of the Lord; and, best of all, many souls were saved. We thank God for their services; and now they are gone, we feel that we have had a week of real harvest in the depth of winter."

The Arctic weather, of which Mr. Bond speaks, affected the attendance at our brethren's mission at the Crown Baths and the Tabernacle; but all who have written have given good accounts of the services, and spoken in the highest terms of the labours of the evangelists. The Watch-night gathering was a remarkable one, and the first Sabbath in the Tabernacle, after the cleaning, was a time of great rejoicing. Mr. Fullerton's morning sermon on 2 Chron. xxix. 15—17, must have been exceedingly profitable; and Mr. Smith's address to the children, in the afternoon, upon "Doors," was one that they will long remember. At night, Mr. Fullerton was very solemn and impressive upon Romans i. 16; and the day was appropriately closed with the great communion-service, at which Pastor J. A. Spurgeon presided. The mission is still in progress while we are making up these "Notes," so that we must leave fuller details until next month.

During the latter part of January, Messrs. Fullerton and Smith were engaged at Regent's Park; this month they are to be at Falmouth and Ilfracombe.

During January, *Mr. Burnham* has been at Kilmington, Devonshire; and Reading. This month he is to go to Tring. Pastor R. Bastable writes concerning the services at Kilmington:—"The people have been very much pleased and profited by our brother's preaching and singing. His constant endeavour was simply to win souls and glorify the Master; he has left behind many tokens of the Lord's blessing."

Mr. Harmer had to return from Ipswich sooner than he anticipated, in consequence of an epidemic among the people; and he was thus enabled to devote all the more time to his mission at Beulah Chapel, Thornton Heath. The wintry weather that prevailed did not materially reduce the congregations, and many who came professed to yield themselves to the Lord. It

is too early to give full particulars of the work, but the reports already received are exceedingly cheering.

Mr. Carter writes that he has very encouraging news about his "Pioneer Work" at Waterloo, New Brighton, Douglas, Christchurch, and Farnworth. He is also commencing work at Matlock Bridge, and Withington (Manchester). This "Pioneer Work" is most important; and if the churches gathered abide firm in the faith, it will be much to the glory of God; but in these days who can tell? However, if a sound basis be laid, the pioneer's duty is fulfilled: and we must look up to the Lord to give his Holy Spirit to make the upbuilding enduring. Mr. Carter deserves all possible local help.

PERSONAL NOTES.—The Rev. Thomas Champness, in his book entitled *The Young Preacher's Guide*, says:—"If any of our readers wish to see how the newspaper can be used to teach morals, or illustrate the gospel plan of salvation, we call their attention to one of Mr. Spurgeon's shilling books, *The Bible and the Newspaper*. In the preface to this charming volume, the great preacher says—'We have read the newspaper, during the last three months, that we might find illustrations of the teaching of our heavenly Father's Word, and we think we have not read in vain.'"

A donor to the Surrey Gardens Memorial Fund writes:—"It is a very poor expression of my gratitude for the support and comfort I have received through the reading of your weekly sermons for the past twenty years. I should like to take this opportunity of thanking you specially for your *Morning by Morning*. I have reached the 'three-score years and ten,' and for more than twenty years I have read it, I believe, daily; and I think never without finding in it something to meet the day's special need."

Another donor says:—"I had the happiness of giving *Around the Wicket Gate* to my dear housemaid, who was under deep conviction of sin. The Holy Spirit used it to set her at a happy liberty, and she now rejoices in God her Saviour."

Pastor Harry Wood sends us the following cheering news from *Tasmania*:—

"A few days ago, I was taking tea with a Wesleyan Missionary from Fiji, and he told me that he translated a number of sermons of the greatest preachers into Fiji, and told the natives what he had done, and then read them to them. He said that Wesley's and Mr. Spurgeon's were the most appreciated among them, and that Mr. Spurgeon's sermon was the direct means of the conversion of six of the natives. Praise God! I know this will make you happy.

"Last week I was right away in the bush, and was speaking to a farmer's wife about a letter I had just received from your good son Thomas. She said, 'Do you know Mr. Spurgeon? The old gentleman, I mean.' 'Yes,' I said, 'that I do.' 'Well,' she said, 'it was through reading one of his sermons, in this house, that I was brought to Christ.' How much the Lord has blessed you, the great day alone will reveal."

An *Australian* friend, desiring an interview, writes:—"I have a sort of claim to that privilege, as a printed sermon of yours, read on shipboard, while being tossed in the Southern Ocean, led me to the light. Moreover, thirty years ago, a sister of mine sent in a request to you, at a prayer-meeting, asking prayer for a young man about to emigrate to Australia. That young man was myself, and I have to record that the petition was answered."

Another case of answered prayer is recorded by the wife of one of our College brethren, as follows:—"The first time I came up to London, after I was married, and brought my little baby with me to the Tabernacle, he disturbed the service by crying; but you prayed 'for the little one whose voice we heard just now.' You did not know who the little one was, but I stayed to shake hands with you, and you said, 'Was that the little one that cried?' I said 'Yes.' You said, 'Well, he got the benefit of a prayer.' That was twenty-one years ago, last February."

The mother then describes a fatal accident which happened last March to a man who was working with her son, and that afterwards her boy wrote to tell her that he had found that—

"None but Jesus
Can do helpless sinners good."

A friend writes to Mrs. Spurgeon:—"Some time since we had a good Christian nurse in our home, for whom we cherish a great love. She told me that she was once in a family, where the father, a retired Indian official, was quite a godless man. She was grieved at his indifference to all those matters so important to her. At that time she took in one of the illustrated papers, which published sermons from time to time. One Sunday morning she saw that this paper had one of Mr. Spurgeon's sermons in it. She saw her opportunity, and used it. Calling one of the children, she sent the paper in to the father, with the message that she thought there was something there which would interest him. He took the paper, and *read the sermon*. From that day, dear Madam, there was a change; and from being utterly indifferent to the claims of the Saviour, he has become his true disciple."

Pastors' College, Metropolitan Tabernacle.

Statement of Receipts from December 13th, 1890, to January 12th, 1891.

	£	s.	d.
Part collection at Acton Baptist Chapel, per Pastor W. A. Davis ...	1	1	0
Collection at Peckham Park Road Chapel, per Pastor H. O. Mackey ...	4	1	1
Contribution from Dalston Junction Baptist Chapel	10	10	0
Mrs. Tidswell	0	5	0
Mr. H. Gudath and friends, Senekal, S. Africa, readers of the sermons ...	10	0	0
Mr. Jno. Marsh	1	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Way...	2	2	0
Mr. R. P. Dayton	1	0	0
Mr. J. Mortimer	0	5	0
Mrs. Pherson	1	0	0
Mrs. Elgee	0	10	6
Mr. R. Purser	0	10	0
Mr. Isaiah Young	1	0	0
Mr. E. Marsh	5	0	0
Mr. Robt. Morgan...	1	1	0
Mr. and Mrs. Bloom	2	0	0
Mr. Wm. Bates	5	0	0
Mr. Jno. Rossiter	2	2	0
Rev. J. A. Clark, Congo	1	0	0
Mr. W. Rainbow	0	7	6
Mrs. Cross	0	5	0
Mrs. E. Hayes	1	0	0
Mr. E. Goff	0	10	0
Mr. G. Hacksley	0	5	0
Mr. Donald McKercher	1	0	0
Postal orders from Stromness	0	10	0
Mr. W. Moir	1	0	0
Mr. Jno. Brewer	5	5	0
Dear Grannie	1	0	0
From the estate of the late Rev. Thos. King, Semley	7	0	5
A friend	3	3	0
Mrs. Yates	0	10	6
Mr. William Casson	1	0	0
A friend, per the late Mr. B. W. Carr	20	0	0
Mr. Edward Harris	2	2	0
Mr. and Mrs. W. Blott	10	0	0
Hall Lane Church, Liverpool, per Pastor M. M. Thomson	2	2	0
Mr. C. W. Roberts...	5	0	0
Weekly Offerings at Met. Tab. :—			
Dec. 14, 1890	10	0	0
„ 21 „	11	0	0
„ 28 „	36	0	0
Jan. 4, 1891	20	0	3
„ 11 „	6	13	5
		83	13	8
	£195	1	8

Pastors' College Missionary Association.

Statement of Receipts from December 13th, 1890, to January 12th, 1891.

	£	s.	d.
Rev. W. L. and Mrs. Lang	5	5	0

Stockwell Orphanage.

Statement of Receipts from December 13th, 1890, to January 12th, 1891.

	£	s.	d.
Mr. Wadland	1	0	0
Collected by Miss A. Burcher	0	5	9
Mr. C. Barker	1	0	0
Mr. J. E. Adams	1	0	0
Mr. E. W. Price	0	5	0
Scotch note from Rothesay	1	0	0
Mrs. Mills	2	2	0
Three friends, per R. S. A.	0	10	0
Mr. D. Thomas	1	0	0
Mrs. E. J. Walker...	0	10	0
Miss Fort	1	1	0
Mr. J. Wickham	1	0	0
Mr. W. Furse	1	1	0
H. M....	0	5	0
Mrs. Buckland	0	5	0
Mrs. Stewart	0	12	0
Mrs. Mitchell	2	0	0
Messrs. Wills and Packham	3	0	0
Mr. A. C. Barker...	1	0	0
Mr. J. Woodward...	5	0	0
Mrs. Mizen	0	15	0
Mr. S. Cole	0	10	0
Mr. F. Adams	1	1	0
W. and S. Willis	1	1	6
Mrs. Nias	0	2	6
Mr. W. I. Palmer	0	10	0
Masters Allan and Percy White ...	1	0	0
Mr. Henry R. Parker	1	1	0
Miss E. Jones	0	10	0
Mr. G. Clark	0	6	0
Mr. E. Longmore	0	10	0
Mr. W. Thomas	0	5	0
"For the late Mrs. Milligan"	2	0	0
Mr. E. Reynolds	0	2	6
Orphan girls' collecting-card—Amy Carr	0	5	3
Mr. G. Smith	0	5	0
Mr. J. C. Latham	0	10	6
Miss Duncan	0	5	0
Mrs. and Miss Sharpington	1	1	0
Mr. G. F. Jobbins	5	0	0
Mr. J. Dickinson	0	5	0
Mr. T. A. Kelly	0	10	0
Mrs. Bailey...	2	2	0
S. and N.	10	0	0
Mrs. Barefoot	0	3	6
Mr. E. J. Upward	1	0	0
Messrs. Straker Brothers	2	2	0
Mrs. Rennard	1	0	0
Mrs. Johnston	1	0	0
Mrs. Allmey	0	1	0
Mr. W. Hillier	0	12	6
Mr. W. S. Carver	1	1	0
Mr. F. Patterson	1	0	0
Miss Frances King	0	5	0
Mrs. Mathewson	1	0	0
Mrs. and the Misses Lowe	2	0	0
Mr. W. Jones	0	10	0
Mr. T. W. Munday	1	5	0
Mr. J. Marshall	0	5	0
Mrs. Gibbon	0	10	0
Mr. T. Furrow	1	0	0
Rev. W. Parry	0	5	0
Mr. Jno. Cook	2	0	0
Collected by Master W. J. Gale ...	0	8	0
Mrs. Hassell	1	1	0
Young Women's Bible-class, Lancaster, per Mr. J. Brash	0	5	0
Mr. and Mrs. Scruby	1	0	0
Mrs. Mattick	0	5	0
Mrs. Brain	1	0	0
Alderman Stephenson	1	1	0

	£	s.	d.
Mr. W. A. Forbes...	2	0	0
Mrs. Ellwood	2	0	0
J. C. S.	1	10	0
Mr. J. S. Mack	1	0	0
Mrs. S. J. Johnson	0	5	0
Mr. W. Newton	0	5	0
Mrs. Taylor...	0	3	0
Miss E. Hudson	0	4	0
Mr. R. B. Dale	0	5	0
A constant reader of the sermons ...	0	5	0
Mrs. Bates...	0	10	0
Miss E. Bolsford	0	5	0
Mr. H. Greenwood Brown	2	2	0
P. O., Hampstead...	0	2	6
Mr. and Mrs. R. Lievesley and family	1	0	0
Mr. J. Wilson	1	0	0
Miss R. Smith	2	13	0
Dr. Macduff	2	2	0
Mr. C. Weller	1	1	0
Mr. A. E. Morgan...	1	5	0
Miss E. Pearce	1	0	0
Mr. E. Nagle	1	1	0
Mr. Jno. Harris	1	1	0
Miss I. England	0	4	0
Mrs. Sleddie	0	12	6
Miss A. Copland	3	0	0
Mr. James Smith	1	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Medway	3	0	0
Mrs. Jones	0	5	0
Young lady tract-distributors, Willingham, per Mrs. T. Frohock	0	14	0
Mr. Geo. Wight	1	0	0
B. H....	0	10	0
"In loving memory of an only sister"	2	0	0
"For Jesus' lambs"	0	5	0
Mr. W. Graham	1	0	0
Miss B. Baker	0	5	0
Mr. C. Buchel	2	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Le Fevre	0	10	0
Mr. T. B. Smith	0	5	0
Miss E. Millar	0	5	0
Mr. E. Berdoe	0	10	0
Mr. F. T. Gosling	0	10	0
Mrs. Harrison	0	10	0
Mrs. C. J. Whittuck Rabbits	5	5	0
Mrs. Spindler	5	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Eldridge	1	0	0
The Misses Cunnington	2	2	0
Miss C. Ferguson	0	10	0
Mr. C. Ibberson	0	2	6
Mr. R. Burgess	0	10	0
Mr. S. Lucas	0	5	0
Mr. W. Smith	0	2	6
Mr. Geo. W. Camps	0	2	6
Mr. J. Shaw...	1	0	0
Stamps from Pitcairnfield	0	2	6
Mr. J. Cuthbert Axtens	1	1	0
Mrs. Goosey...	1	10	0
Pastor W. Luke Crathern	0	5	0
Mrs. A. White	0	5	0
Mr. H. Orchard	2	10	0
Mrs. Thorndike	0	5	0
Mr. A. Edmeade	1	1	0
Mrs. Gardiner	0	5	0
Mrs. E. S. Porter	0	5	0
Mr. Cockle	0	5	0
Mr. A. Hobbs	3	0	0
B. P....	1	0	0
Miss Eyles	0	10	6
C. A. M.	10	0	0
Collected by Mrs. R. N. Long	2	2	0
Collected by Miss M. Sharp	0	8	6
Orphan-boys' collecting card—C. J. Elder	0	8	2
Mr. G. Redman	1	0	0
Collected by Lilly Morley	0	8	0
Mrs. Hutchinson	1	0	0
H. D....	0	10	0
Mrs. Bridge...	0	7	6
Mr. Samuel Welman	0	10	0
Mrs. Reid	0	5	0
The Misses A. and E. Spch	0	5	0
Mr. H. Osmond	7	0	0
Miss Tuckerman	0	5	0
Mr. H. Hill	1	1	0
Mrs. Morley	1	0	0
Rev. Charles Miller	0	10	0
Mr. H. B. Corns	1	0	0
Collected by Mrs. Tullis	1	12	0
Mrs. Cooper and friend	0	6	0
Mrs. Reeves...	0	10	0
Mrs. Winsor's box	0	15	0
Mrs. Rogers...	0	10	0
Mrs. Holloway	1	0	0
Miss Burdon, per Mrs. Spencer ...	1	0	0
Mrs. Bell	0	5	0
Mrs. A. Bramshaw, and Mrs. Clark, per Rev. T. Newlands	0	6	0
Mr. G. Russell	2	0	0
Mr. Egerton Burnett	2	2	0
Mr. Barnaby, per Pastor George Wainwright	0	10	6
Mr. J. Hodges	1	0	0
Mrs. Martin...	0	5	0
Miss Moore	1	0	0
Mr. G. D. Shepherd	0	10	0
Mr. Jas. Baxter	1	0	0
Miss A. Hughes	0	10	0
Mr. W. Miugins	1	0	0
Mr. R. Jones	0	2	6
Mrs. Yerbury	0	7	6
Mrs. A. Broom	0	4	0
Mrs. Hudson	1	0	0
Mrs. Barnes	0	12	0
Mr. Samuel Hampton	2	2	0
Mrs. Clout	0	2	6
Mrs. Alexander	0	2	6
Mrs. Friend	0	1	0
Mr. G. W. Irons	2	10	0
Miss Murray Gartshone	0	5	0
A friend, per Miss M. G....	0	2	6
Mr. Spencer Elson	2	10	0
Mr. Jno. Clark	0	10	0
Mrs. Ironside	1	0	0
W. E. A., Torquay	1	0	0
Mrs. Rogers	0	5	0
Mr. James Rogers...	0	5	0
Mr. John Malcolm	0	10	0
Mrs. Gould	1	0	0
Mr. H. Thomas	1	1	0
Mr. G. S. Stowe	10	0	0
Mr. W. Mann	0	2	6
Mrs. Saunders	0	10	0
Rev. J. R. Wood	0	5	0
Mr. and Mrs. Gregory	2	10	0
Mrs. Shurmer	0	7	0
Collected by Miss J. Bennett	0	5	0
Mrs. E. S. Johnson	2	2	0
Mr. W. Mathewson	70	0	0
Mr. J. Mee	0	2	6
Mrs. Clement	0	10	0
Mr. John Lewis	2	2	0
Mr. Keith	1	0	0
Mrs. Clarke...	0	5	0
Collected by Mrs. W. Appleton ...	1	3	6
Mr. A. Hobson	1	1	0
Miss Pratt	0	5	0
"Savings of a little boy suddenly called home"	2	10	0
Mrs. Irwin	0	5	0
Mr. F. Duffell	0	5	0
Mr. W. J. Harman	1	0	0
Mr. A. Pitts...	0	5	0
Workpeople employed at Messrs. Southall Brothers and Barclay's, per Mr. J. B. Millard	2	7	0
Mrs. Alston...	1	0	0
Mrs. Drayson	0	2	6
Mr. W. Mitchell	0	10	0
Mr. George Enders	0	8	0
Mr. W. T. Phillips	0	6	6
Mr. Jno. Weir	1	0	0

	£	s.	d.
Mr. P. T. Adams	1	0	0
Mrs. E. Clover	0	15	0
Mr. E. Garrett	0	3	6
Mr. E. Lees	5	0	0
Mr. Jas. Bazeley	0	10	6
Mr. T. W. Denno	0	5	0
Mrs. Jas. Dunlop	2	0	0
S. E. G.	1	0	0
Mr. Lucas Collins	0	5	6
Mrs. P. Wooltorton	1	0	0
Mr. and Mr. Holdsworth	0	10	0
Collected by the children of Baptist Tabernacle Sunday-school, Sittingbourne, per Mr. G. Mallett	1	8	6
Collected by Mrs. W. T. Clark	0	7	6
Mr. H. P. West	1	0	0
Mr. T. E. Turk	5	0	0
Mr. Geo. Baker	0	10	0
Postal order from Stratford	0	1	0
Mr. W. Manning	1	0	0
Mr. David Elvin	1	1	0
Mr. Wm. Mackie	0	2	0
E. Y. A., Durban	0	2	0
Mrs. Doerter	0	10	6
Mr. Geo. Tingey	1	0	0
Mr. G. W. Rabbich	1	0	0
Mr. W. C. Greenop	1	1	0
Mrs. J. Wood	1	0	0
E. Y. B. C.	0	10	0
Mrs. Greensmith	1	0	0
Mr. Jno. Storey	1	10	0
Mrs. Higham	5	0	0
Jane	10	0	0
Mr. H. H. Dove	0	10	0
Mr. Jno. Hardy	0	5	0
Mrs. Forbes	5	0	0
Mr. W. Smith	0	10	0
Mr. A. Sutherland	1	10	0
Mrs. Goodman	1	0	0
Mr. P. Lamont	0	10	0
Mr. W. D. King	3	0	0
Mrs. Edwards	2	0	0
Mr. H. T. Trevanion	2	0	0
Mrs. Swift	1	0	0
Mr. Struthers	2	0	0
Mr. E. Davis	1	0	0
Mr. R. Beattie	0	10	0
Mrs. Davies	0	5	0
Mr. J. F. Pearmino	0	10	0
Miss Ethel Miles	0	10	0
Mr. James Smith	1	0	0
W. A.	0	5	0
Mrs. Cox	0	5	0
Mrs. P. Fleming	0	10	0
Miss S. Green	0	0	6
Mr. T. Robinson	2	10	0
Messrs. J. Leeson and Sons	1	10	0
Mrs. Jenkins	1	1	0
Miss Sizmur	0	5	0
Mrs. C. May	0	10	0
Collected by Miss E. M. Elford	1	0	0
"In memory of dear parents"	1	0	0
Mauchline Free Church Sabbath-school, per Mr. D. McKie	0	7	6
Collected by Miss Amelia E. Edgerton:—	N.		
Mr. Alfred Butterworth, J.P.	0 10 0		
James Prockter	0 5 0		
Robert Orme	0 5 0		
Daniel Orme	0 5 0		
Mr. Hinton	0 5 0		
Mr. James Shepley	0 2 6		
Robert Newton	0 2 6		
T. S. Hague	0 2 6		
W. Cunliffe	0 2 6		
Mr. Whalley	0 2 6		
Miss S. Williams	0 1 0		
	2	3	6
Douceur	0	2	0
Collected by Miss M. Stirling	0	2	6

	£	s.	d.
Mr. Casburn	0	10	0
Mr. John Anderson	5	0	0
Mr. J. Binstead and friends	0	14	0
Miss E. M. Perkins	1	0	0
Mrs. E. L. Smith	0	10	0
Mr. E. Ridgway	5	0	0
Friends, per Mrs. Blant	2	15	0
Mr. James Alp	2	2	0
A friend	5	0	0
Half Christmas Thanksgiving Offering, Wythall Heath Baptist Chapel, per Rev. J. S. May	0	12	6
Mrs. J. A. Spurgeon, West Croydon	3	3	0
Mrs. Morrison, per Pastor A. G. Haste	0	5	0
S. and M. P., per Pastor A. G. Haste	0	2	6
Collected by Miss Edwards	0	11	0
Mrs. Pleasant, per Mrs. Monk	0	10	0
Mr. H. Stevenson	0	10	6
Mr. Thos. Edwards	0	10	6
Miss Harper and friends	1	10	0
Miss Grace Amery	0	10	6
Mrs. Thos. Poulter	1	1	0
Miss Agnes Sutton	0	5	0
Miss Mackenzie	1	3	0
Sabbath-school children of Abergavenny, per Miss F. Good	0	10	0
Mrs. Ludlow	0	10	0
Mr. and Mrs. Baker	0	10	0
Mr. S. H. Perriam	0	10	0
Devonshire Square Baptist Sunday-school, per Mr. A. J. Shepherd	2	0	0
A sermon-reader, Bristol	1	0	0
G. M. F., Hoddesdon	0	2	6
Mr. A. A. Stephens	1	0	0
Mr. J. Crocker	3	15	0
Mr. H. Farrow	0	5	0
Mansfield Street Sunday-school, per Mr. E. Johnson	2	0	0
The Misses Salmond	2	0	0
Mr. E. Martell	3	0	0
Masters S. and A. Bisset	0	5	0
Mr. F. J. Aldridge	1	5	0
Mr. John Pearce	5	0	0
"Kemoay"	0	2	6
Mr. and Mrs. Potts	0	5	0
A friend, Market Bosworth	0	5	0
Nemo	1	0	0
M. A. M.	0	5	0
Mr. W. A. Macfie	1	1	0
Mr. T. Fleetwood	0	10	0
Mr. T. W. Powell	1	0	0
Mrs. Greenwood	0	5	0
Miss Tolson, per Mrs. Greenwood	0	5	0
Master C. W. Rabbits	0	10	0
Mr. W. Heywood	0	7	0
Mrs. Callam	0	5	0
Mr. Stephen Sharp	0	10	0
The Misses Keylock	0	2	6
Miss Taylor and friends	0	15	0
Mrs. Bell	0	10	0
The Countess of Seafield	2	2	0
Mrs. W. Piper	1	0	0
Miss E. Macnicoll	1	0	0
Mr. Robt. M. George	0	10	0
Mrs. Barnes and family	1	0	0
Teachers and scholars of West Brompton Railway Mission, per Mr. J. W. Gooding	1	1	0
Mr. James Slater	1	1	0
Collected by Mrs. McSkimming	1	8	0
Collected by Mr. Thos. Ackland	0	5	0
Mr. W. Moir	1	0	0
Mrs. C. Watts	2	0	0
"Rad"	0	5	0
A friend, Aberdeen, per Dr. Barnardo (who also gratefully acknowledges receipt of £9)	6	0	0
Miss E. Baker	0	5	0
Collected by Miss Kate Sivers	0	5	9
Collected by Alex. M. Arthur	1	1	0
Mr. Bull	1	0	0

	£	s.	d.
Half contents of Helen, Sybil, Margie, Jean, Berta, and Willma's box ...	0	10	9
Mr. W. Mallett, a thankoffering for profitable fowls	0	10	0
H. J. J.	0	5	0
Mr. E. Adam	1	0	0
Mr. W. Briggs	1	0	0
"Tuakau," per Pastor Thos. Spurgeon	10	0	0
Mr. J. T. Ford	1	1	0
Mr. John Brewer	5	5	0
Mrs. F. Bateman	0	5	0
Mrs. Moss	0	10	0
Dividend on £5,000 Debenture bonds, Cory Brothers and Co., Limited ...	121	17	6
Mrs. Davis	5	0	0
Miss Hagger	1	0	0
Collected by Mrs. Mott	1	0	6
Mr. J. Grose	2	2	0
Miss Grose	1	0	0
Miss H. A. Grose	0	10	6
Mrs. M. Nunn	0	2	0
Mrs. A. Leechman...	3	0	0
Mr. F. H. Butler	0	10	0
Mr. W. Chudley	1	1	0
Miss Nellie Clark	0	5	0
Mr. A. J. Whitmer	1	0	0
P. F. P., Weston-super-Mare	0	5	0
Mrs. Brazil (erratum in "Sword and Trowel" January: £1 for £1 1s) ...	0	1	0
"Mater," Sutton, Surrey	1	1	0
Collected by Mr. H. Willis	1	14	0
Collected by Mr. W. B. Mortimer ...	0	10	0
Miss E. S. White	0	10	0
Miss Arden, per Dr. Gervis	10	0	0
Miss H.	0	2	6
Mrs. Halstead	0	5	0
Mrs. E. Milroy	2	0	0
Miss J. Bunn	0	2	6
Miss Jarman	1	0	0
Mr. J. Baskervill	0	5	0
Sunday-school collection at Swanage, per Mr. T. R. Steer	0	13	0
Niton Baptist Sunday-school, per Mr. J. Palmer...	1	2	6
Mr. Thos. Butcher	1	1	0
Mr. Jno. Carter	0	2	6
Miss M. E. Jenkins	0	2	6
Collected by Mrs. Roberts	0	7	6
Kimbolton Sunday-school, per Pastor T. G. Gathercole...	0	9	0
Mr. J. W. Hunkin...	1	1	0
Collected by Mr. J. Beecroft	0	3	6
Mrs. Holbrook	0	10	0
Miss E. Edser	0	1	6
Part proceeds of Christmas-tree, Ecton, per Pastor Jno. Field	6	6	0
Mr. Chas. Martin	0	7	6
Mr. Jno. Cameron...	0	5	0
Mr. Alex. Cowan	5	0	0
Collected at Semley, per Pastor Jno. Stanley	0	1	6
Mr. G. E. Robotham	1	0	0
Collected by Mrs. Robotham	0	10	0
Mrs. Urania Berry...	0	5	0
Mr. A. Davis	0	5	0
Lewisham High Road Sunday-school, per Mr. S. E. Pope	1	1	0
Mrs. Gregory	0	10	0
Mrs. M. Farquharson	0	5	0
C. B. A., Colchester	1	0	0
Miss S. Holcombe...	0	2	6
Mrs. J. Hunt	0	5	0
M. P., Lesbury	0	10	0
Mr. J. Trotman	1	0	0
Mr. Jno. O'Gram	0	10	0
Mr. J. E. Gaunt	5	0	0
A working-man ('bacca money), per Mr. J. E. Gaunt	0	2	6
Mr. J. G. Godwin	0	17	0
Mrs. Mansell	0	3	0
Miss Richards	1	0	0
Miss Best	0	5	0
Mr. W. Draper	1	0	0
E. and E. M.	0	7	0
Postal order from Sutton, Surrey ...	0	10	0
Mr. D. Rees...	0	10	0
Mr. J. B. Elgar	1	0	0
Mr. J. South	1	2	0
Mrs. Scott	0	12	6
Collected by Miss A. H. Rust	0	15	0
Collected by Miss Jones	1	2	0
Mr. B. C. Forder	0	17	0
Mrs. Fisher...	0	5	0
Mrs. Charles	0	5	0
Mrs. Hewat...	2	0	0
Dora Hewat...	0	5	0
Nellie Hewat	0	5	0
Mr. H. Gifford	0	10	0
"Suds"	0	10	0
Mr. W. Squibb	0	6	6
Mr. J. Miller	0	5	0
Mrs. Thorne	0	2	6
Collected by Mrs. Clews	2	12	0
Mr. A. C. Johnston	0	5	0
Mrs. Williams	0	5	0
Collected by Mr. E. J. Beaumont ...	0	3	6
Miss Blake	0	10	6
Mr. J. Aldington	0	10	0
Mr. W. H. Pollard	1	1	0
Mrs. Rees	0	2	6
Mrs. Gulliver	0	10	0
Mrs. Reed	0	10	0
Mrs. Lamb	0	5	0
Mrs. Munro...	0	10	0
Mrs. Forsyth	0	10	0
Mr. Alexander Mitchell, jun.	0	10	0
Mr. G. F. White...	10	0	0
Mr. J. Newcombe	0	5	0
Mrs. Steer	0	10	0
Mr. Drummond Grant	1	0	0
Mrs. McClure	0	10	0
Mr. E. P. Morris	1	0	0
Mr. G. Strickland...	0	10	0
Master L. V. Palmer	0	12	6
Mr. W. A. Weightman	3	0	0
Mr. R. Dawson	0	10	0
Mr. W. J. Scott	0	5	0
Collected by Mrs. Cardell	1	16	6
Mr. Chas. Allport	0	10	6
Mr. and Mrs. Archer	1	10	0
Mr. A. J. Robbins	2	0	0
Collected by Miss L. Wilson	0	5	0
Pastor J. H. and Mrs. Barnard ...	1	0	0
Miss Annie Pritchard	0	5	0
Woodford Sunday-school, per Mr. W. French	0	8	10
Mr. J. Sims and daughter	1	5	0
Mr. W. T. Flew	0	5	0
Collected by Miss E. L. Riddle... ...	0	3	6
Executors of the late Miss Ann Hill ...	30	0	0
Mr. T. T. Marks	2	2	0
Mr. J. Pearce	1	0	0
Dr. J. Shaw...	1	1	0
Mr. T. Merry	0	10	0
Mr. J. Spence	0	3	0
Mrs. Davies...	0	5	0
Miss E. Kilborn	0	5	0
Miss I. D. Houston	0	5	0
Mr. Thos. Weir	1	0	0
Willie and Eddie Carter	1	0	0
Dr. Wilson, per Miss Farley	3	3	0
Mr. A. More	0	10	0
Mr. H. Jackson	2	0	0
Mrs. Slatter...	0	5	0
Postal order from Dunmow	0	5	0
Mr. J. Hassall, sen.	1	0	0
Mr. W. Penkaman	0	8	0
Collected by Miss Potts	0	11	0
Collected by Miss A. Lewis	0	10	0
Mr. Wm. Baddon...	3	0	0
Mrs. Cook	1	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Wale	2	0	0

	£	s.	d.
Mr. and Mrs. Perrett	2	2	0
Mrs. L. C. Layton	0	5	0
Miss Bruce, per Rev. Andrew T. Hogg	1	0	0
A thankoffering from three	0	5	0
Mr. John Pugh	3	3	0
Mr. Arthur Briscoe	5	0	0
Contribution from Dalston Junction Baptist Chapel	5	5	0
Miss E. A. Kelland	0	10	0
Mr. W. Phillips	1	1	0
Mrs. Hall	1	0	0
Mr. A. S. Barrett	1	0	0
A. W., Belfast	0	10	0
Mrs. M. Dacre	0	10	0
Mr. W. McEwing	2	0	0
Mr. W. T. Martin	0	6	0
Collected by Miss C. Nutt	0	6	8
Collected by Mrs. Cooper (No. 6 Girls' House, Stockwell Orphanage) ...	1	0	8
Young Women's Bible-class at the Orphanage, per Mrs. J. Stiff	0	10	0
Mrs. C. B. Cave	1	0	0
Mr. H. B. Frearson	2	10	0
Mrs. H. B. Frearson	2	10	0
Miss Frearson	0	5	0
Mrs. Bonsema	1	10	0
Captain Howard Sprigg	2	0	0
Mrs. Lees	0	5	0
C. G. C.	0	2	6
Mrs. Clements	1	1	0
Mrs. Lewis	0	5	0
Miss E. A. Dunstan	1	0	0
Mr. J. Woodward	0	8	0
A well-wisher, West Brompton	0	1	6
Mr. Geo. Mitchell	1	0	0
Mrs. E. W. Davis	0	10	0
G. and S. L.	1	0	0
Mr. W. Lewis's family box	1	14	0
Miss B. Davies	0	2	0
JNO., Newcastle-on-Tyne	0	5	0
Miss Agnes Duckett, and members of Bible-class—one third of amount given in lieu of Christmas cards ...	0	10	0
Mr. A. G. Jeynes	10	0	0
Mr. Wm. Elliot	15	0	0
Mrs. Mitchell	1	0	0
Mr. Edwin Smith	2	2	0
Mrs. Bridekin	0	5	0
Miss Rosa Thomas	0	10	0
Mrs. Kelly	0	2	0
Collected by Mr. Geo. Spooner	0	5	0
Mrs. Lord	0	2	6
Mr. Wm. Smith	0	10	0
Mrs. Gregory	0	2	6
Mr. A. Gregory	0	3	6
Mrs. Imlach	1	0	0
Mrs. Tarlton	0	5	0
Mrs. Cheeseman	0	2	0
Mrs. E. Upton	5	5	0
Collection at the Putton Baptist Sunday-school, per Mr. J. S. Fowler ...	0	6	1
Mrs. Anderson	1	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Gordon	0	10	0
Baptist Sunday-school, Long Preston, per Miss Brennand	0	10	0
Per Rev. E. Spurrier, Colchester :—			
G. C. 1 0 0			
Mr. E. Blaxill 0 10 0			
Collected by Mrs. Arnold 2 10 0			
Collected at 36, High Street 1 0 1			
Collected by N. and E. Spurrier 0 10 0			
	5	10	1
Miss M. E. White	1	10	0
Postal Order from Wisbech	0	2	6
M. E. J., Downham	0	5	0
M. B. C.	0	5	0
Mrs. Everest	0	10	0
Stamps from a friend	0	1	0
Collected by Mrs. Perry	0	10	0

	£	s.	d.
Miss Bell Dunn, per J. T. D.	0	2	6
Thank God and take courage	0	5	0
Collected by Miss Hunter	1	7	6
Dumbarton High Street United Presbyterian Church Mission Sabbath-school, per Mr. C. M. Stevenson ...	0	10	0
Children of Sabbath-school, First Free Church, Blairgowrie, per Mr. Lake Falconer	1	0	0
Mr. R. Little	1	0	0
Mr. J. Boyd	0	5	0
Mr. Alex. McCay	2	2	0
Collected by Miss Wilmot	0	7	10
M. and W. S., Glasgow	0	10	0
Mr. W. Jenkins	0	2	6
Miss A. Webster	0	5	0
Mrs. G. Halsey	0	10	0
Mr. and Mrs. Weekes	0	10	0
Mr. and Mrs. Brown	0	5	0
Messrs. George M. Hammer and Co. ...	3	3	0
Miss M. E. Burn	0	5	0
Mrs. M. A. Crowhurst	2	0	0
Mr. J. Brown	1	0	2
Mr. James McKillop	5	0	0
Mr. John Barnes	0	10	0
Mr. J. Jones	1	2	0
Mr. H. G. Start	3	3	0
Collected by Miss A. Bird	1	7	0
Mr. Thomas Bollard	0	7	0
Collected by Miss Payne, from friends at the Downs' Chapel, Clapton ...	7	13	0
Mr. E. K. Stace	0	10	0
Admiral Aldrich, per bankers	0	10	0
Mr. John Begg	1	0	0
Mr. R. Giles (in lieu of Christmas cards)	0	5	0
Mr. J. C. Eaton	0	5	0
"Fines in a business house"	0	17	0
Mr. W. Sexton	0	2	6
Mr. W. J. Lewis	2	2	0
Mrs. M. A. Eaton	0	5	0
Mr. A. J. Foxwell	0	10	0
M. E. H.	0	5	0
Mrs. Day, per Miss Charlesworth ...	0	5	0
Mr. R. Pope Froste	2	0	0
L. G. S.	0	5	0
Miss E. Weston	0	2	6
Miss M. J. Bush	0	2	6
Otley Baptist Sunday-school, per Rev. P. B. Woodgate :—			
Miss L. Dunnett 1 10 0			
Girls 0 16 8			
Boys 0 14 6			
	3	1	2
Miss F. M. E. Goodchild	1	0	0
Hamilton Baptist Church Mission-box, per Rev. J. R. Chrystal	0	18	0
Collected by Mrs. W. Jones	1	15	0
Mr. D. Herbert Lloyd	3	0	0
Miss Janet Chalmers	0	4	0
Miss Janet G. Nichol	0	6	6
Miss Alison	0	5	0
Mr. William Mackie	0	5	0
A friend, Helston	0	10	0
Mr. J. Gilmour	1	0	0
Mr. D. Macintyre	0	10	0
Mrs. Inglis	1	0	0
Mr. Inglis	0	4	0
Miss Inglis	1	0	0
F. G. B., Chelmsford	0	2	6
Mrs. Franklin	0	10	0
Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Fox (for the support of three orphans for one year) ...	50	0	0
Mr. J. Hallam	0	2	6
Mr. J. Spilman	0	10	0
Mr. W. Rudd	0	10	0
Mr. J. C. Lanco	0	10	0
Postal order from Stoke Newington ...	0	2	0
Mr. and Mrs. Alder, per Mrs. J. A. Spurgeon	1	1	0
Collected by Mrs. Webb	0	15	6
Collected by Mrs. Court	0	5	8

	£	s.	d.
Collected by Miss Phillips	0	11	0
Mrs. Haward	1	1	0
A constant reader of the sermons, Bridport	0	5	0
Mrs. Quilty	1	0	0
Four little girls, per J. G., West Calder	0	10	0
Mr. J. Wilson	1	0	0
Mr. W. Ronald	1	10	0
Mr. F. Kirkpatrick	0	5	0
A. P.	0	1	0
E. H.	0	1	0
Mrs. S. Rowe	1	0	0
Mrs. Beer	0	3	0
Mr. Jas. Owers	0	10	6
Miss E. Dalton	0	5	0
Bromley Men's Friendly Bible-class, per Mr. F. W. N. Lloyd	5	0	0
Collected by Miss Zurhorst	5	0	0
Mr. R. Greenwood	1	0	0
Mr. Wm. Manton, junr.	1	0	0
A lover of little children	2	10	0
Mrs. J. W. Williams	1	0	0
Mr. Jno. Martin	2	0	0
Miss Etta Burleigh	0	5	0
From the boys, Dewbridge, Bearsden	1	0	0
W. H. H., Shrewsbury	0	5	0
Mr. E. Oatley	0	2	6
A. S., Aberdeen	0	2	0
Mr. R. A. James	2	2	0
Mr. F. Jackson	3	0	0
Mr. Geo. Gavin	0	10	0
Mrs. Tidswell	0	5	0
Seventy	1	0	0
E. B.	5	0	0
Given to Mr. Spurgeon at Menton :—			
Rev. J. E. Somerville, B.D. 5 0 0			
Baron Prisse 1 0 0			
The Baroness Katho von Hahn 2 7 6			
The Misses Wright ... 2 0 0			
Rev. W. L. and Mrs. Lang 2 2 0			
Brother R., per Mrs. Lang 0 10 0			
Miss Harris 5 0 0			
Mrs. Thos. S. Foster ... 20 0 0			
	37	19	6
Mr. J. Mortimer	0	15	0
Adelphos	5	0	0
From Rugby (S.A.)	0	10	0
Mrs. Elgee	0	10	6
Mr. R. Purser	1	0	0
Mrs. McKenzie	0	10	0
Mr. E. Marsh	10	0	0
Mr. Robt. Morgan	2	2	0
Mr. and Mrs. Bloom	2	0	0
Mrs. Cross	0	5	0
Mrs. E. Hayes	2	0	0
Mr. E. Goff	0	10	0
Mr. and Mrs. Downing	3	3	0
Mr. Donald McKercher	5	0	0
Dear Grannie	1	0	0
E. and R. Ward	0	10	0
From the estate of the late Rev. Thos. King, Semley	7	0	5
Mrs. E. Mitchell	0	10	0
Mrs. Yates	0	10	6
Mr. Wm. Casson	1	0	0
A friend, per the late Mr. B. W. Carr	20	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. W. Blott	10	0	0
Hall Lane Church, Liverpool, per Pastor M. M. Thomson	2	2	0
Mr. C. W. Roberts	5	0	0
Church of England	5	0	0
Per Mrs. James Withers :—			
Mr. Thos. Huntley ... 4 0 0			
Mr. J. O. Cooper 2 0 0			
Miss Mackrell's box, St. Mary, Woodlands ... 0 15 0			
	6	15	0
Orphan Boys' collecting cards, per list	53	19	5
Orphan Girls' collecting cards, per list	41	12	10

	£	s.	d.
Sandwich, per bankers	2	2	0
Baptist Sunday-school, Lossiemouth, per Mr. M. Smith	1	0	0
Miss Florence Bousfield	15	0	0
Per F. R. T. :—			
Mrs. Adrian 0 5 0			
Mr. S. Pewtress 0 5 0			
Mr. G. Dix 0 5 0			
A. A. T. 1 15 0			
Mr. and Mrs. H. Brown ... 0 10 0			
Mr. and Mrs. Probin ... 0 10 0			
In memoriam, E. P. ... 0 5 0			
Mrs. R. Taylor 0 5 0			
F. R. T. 0 5 0			
In remembrance, J. R. T. 0 5 0			
	4	10	0
Mrs. Bagster	2	2	0
From a country minister	0	3	0
Mrs. East	1	0	0
Mrs. Spooner	1	1	0
Mr. S. Cornborough	2	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Norman	6	0	0
Mrs. H. W. Thompson	0	2	6
Mrs. Cooper and friend	0	5	0
Mr. Geo. Unwin	1	0	0
South West London Band of Hope Union, per Miss S. R. Carr	2	2	0
Mr. J. Dodwell	0	5	0
Old Boys' Subscriptions :—			
Weatherby, J. H. 0 2 6			
Cheek, D. H. 0 5 0			
Clark, M. E. 1 0 0			
Steed, S. L. 0 5 0			
Marendez, F. 0 5 0			
Bivand, C. N. 0 5 0			
Sewell, W. 1 0 0			
Spanswick, Geo. 1 1 0			
Deane, W. 0 5 0			
Green, S. T. 0 5 0			
Pearce, J. 0 5 0			
Willis, W. C. 0 2 6			
Britton, G. C. 0 2 6			
Amey, H. J. 0 10 6			
Latimer, Pastor R. S. ... 1 0 0			
Anderson, A. W. 0 5 0			
Sorrell, F. S. 0 2 6			
Read, F. W. 0 2 6			
"Ding dong Bell" ... 1 1 0			
Mackenzie, W. T. 0 10 0			
Osborn, D. E. 0 5 0			
Baxter, H. E. 0 2 0			
Buckley, A. 1 0 0			
May, H. J. 0 1 6			
Golding, H. 0 2 0			
Ellis, G. 0 10 0			
	10	15	6
Meetings by Mr. Charlesworth and the Orphanage Choir :—			
Ventnor	8	1	0
Soldiers' Institute, Portsmouth, per Miss Robinson :—			
Collection at entertainment by Orphanage Choir ... 1 15 4			
Sale of programmes ... 0 10 1			
Miss Robinson 6 15 0			
Miss Robinson (Sub.) ... 5 0 0			
Sunday evening collections 1890 ... ... 22 0 0			
	36	0	5
Sandown	10	15	8
Newport, I. W.	12	0	0
Lewes	14	4	6
Ryde, I. W., per Pastors J. Smale and E. B. Pearson :—			
Entertainment and sale of programmes 20 3 9			
Prof. Simonds 5 5 0			
Mr. J. Holt Skinner ... 1 0 0			
Friend, per V. J. C. ... 2 0 0			
	28	8	9

	£	s.	d.
Loughboro' Works, per Mr. H. F. Higgs	3	3	0
Penge, per Mr. W. Conolly:—			
Collection 1 15 3			
Sale of programmes ... 0 6 0			
Mr. G. Merralls 0 10 0			
Mr. W. Morrison 0 10 0			
Mr. Trounson 0 2 6			
Mr. Ferguson 0 1 0			
Mr. W. Conolly 2 2 0			
	5	6	9
Eastbourne :—			
Collections after sermons by Mr. Charlesworth :—			
Congregational Church .. 5 6 9			
Baptist Church 3 2 5			
Presbyterian Church ... 8 18 0			
The Mayor 0 10 0			
General Rose 0 10 0			
Mr. Brown 0 10 0			
Mr. Zuppinger 0 10 0			
Rev. Canon Whelpton ... 1 0 0			
Nett proceeds of meetings and sale of programmes 16 11 6			
	36	18	8
Sale of programmes :—			
Ealing 0 3 3			
Gunnersbury 0 4 7			
Lambeth Baths 0 8 0			
Auckland Hall, Norwood 0 17 10			
	1	13	8
Haddon Hall, per Mr. W. Olney ...	2	2	0
Sale of programmes, Haddon Hall ...	0	5	6
Christmas Festival Fund :—			
Mr. G. Cox	0	10	0
Mrs. Bowyer	0	2	6
Mr. and Mrs. Ruddick	0	3	0
Mrs. Pearce	0	5	0
Mr. John F. Linn	0	2	6
Mr. and Mrs. Woodcock...	0	5	0
Mrs. Donaldson	0	2	6
Mattie Seaton	0	10	0
Postal order from Bridgwater	0	2	6
Miss May Dutton	0	2	6
Miss Ware	0	2	6
Mrs. Joseph Toller	0	10	0
Miss Searle	0	1	0
Mrs. E. Cousens	1	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Smith	0	5	0
Miss E. Smith	0	2	6
Master J. Smith	0	2	6
Mrs. Smith	0	1	0
A. C., Hayes, Kent	0	2	6
Mr. C. F. Alldis	0	5	0
Mr. J. Wilson	0	5	0
Mr. E. R. S. Porter	0	5	0
"First-fruits"	0	2	6
W. G.	0	10	0
Miss E. Newing	0	10	0
Miss R. Smith	0	10	0
Miss Lennard	0	10	0
Mrs. Wilshere	0	5	0
Miss B. Merritt	0	1	0
Mrs. Williamson	0	2	6
Mr. J. Billing and family	0	3	0
Mrs. Belough	0	1	0
Mrs. C. Dales	0	2	6
Mrs. E. Workman...	0	10	0
Mr. F. J. Hurst	0	2	6
Mr. Jas. Fear	0	5	0
Mrs. Slade	0	10	0
Mrs. Martin...	0	2	0
Miss A. Hackett	0	2	6
Mr. and Mrs. Stocker	5	0	0
The Misses Stocker	2	0	0
Mrs. Macnassey	1	0	0
Mrs. Wicks	0	1	6
K. M.	0	5	0
Mr. and Mrs. Crane	0	10	0
Mr. W. Johnson	0	2	0
Two plum puddings from Woodchurch	0	5	0

	£	s.	d.
Postal order from Hayle...	0	2	6
Postal order from Portsmouth	0	5	0
Mrs. Dodwell	0	10	0
Mr. Arthur Ross	1	0	0
Mrs. A. Butler	0	2	6
Mrs. Lane	2	0	0
Mrs. Ely	0	10	0
Mrs. Goslin	0	1	0
Mrs. Stevenson	0	2	6
Mrs. Barlow	1	0	0
Mrs. L. Marshall	0	1	0
Mrs. Pugh	0	2	6
Mr. J. Robinson	0	2	6
C. F.	0	2	6
Mrs. Brake	1	0	0
Mrs. Daniel...	0	10	0
Miss Beddome	0	2	6
Mr. S. Harvey	0	5	0
Mr. C. P. Clover	0	10	0
Friends from the country, per S. M. ...	0	10	0
Mr. John R. Houlgate	0	10	0
Mrs. Watson	0	2	6
Mr. T. H. Howell	2	2	0
Mr. and Mrs. Bell	3	0	0
Mrs. W. Appleton...	1	1	0
Mrs. W. Vinson	0	10	0
Miss Warren	0	2	0
Mr. R. E. Sears	0	5	0
Mrs. Hewkley	1	0	0
J. C., Paisley	0	2	6
Mrs. Roberts	0	2	6
Mrs. Chancellor	1	0	0
Mr. D. Macpherson	0	5	0
Miss Jackson	0	10	0
Messrs. McCammon and Sprott ...	0	5	0
Miss L. Davey and friends	0	6	0
Mr. and Mrs. Holland	0	2	6
Mr. E. Marshall	0	4	0
Mr. W. Church, junr.	0	5	0
Mr. Hartswell	0	2	0
Mrs. Deane	0	5	0
Mrs. N. Sparrow	0	10	0
Mrs. Robinson	0	4	0
Mrs. Dolling	0	5	0
Mr. A. J. Wingate	0	5	0
Mrs. Shaw...	0	5	0
Mrs. Oldfield	0	10	6
Mr. T. Birch	0	2	6
Mrs. Birkinshaw	0	5	0
Mr. Geo. Lawrence and friends ...	12	12	0
Mrs. Offer and friends	0	3	6
Mrs. Parker...	0	10	0
Mr. Williamson	1	1	0
Mr. Geo. P. Millar	0	5	0
A plum from an old coal miner, Dalkeith	0	10	0
Bessie...	0	5	0
Mrs. B. Tice	0	5	0
Mattie Tice	0	2	0
Lottie Tice	0	2	0
Bennie Tice...	0	1	0
Mr. Frank Dodwell	0	5	0
Mr. S. Jones	0	10	0
Mr. C. Rowland	0	5	0
Mr. John Briggs	0	5	0
Yate	0	2	6
Mrs. M. Ballard	0	5	0
Messrs. Hine Bros.	1	1	0
Mrs. E. Grounds	0	2	0
Mr. W. J. Norton	1	0	0
Mrs. Bulk	0	10	0
Mr. C. J. Curtis	0	10	0
Mrs. A. Ives	0	2	6
Mr. J. Webb	0	5	0
Mrs. Jaques...	0	10	0
H. M. F.	0	1	6
Mr. E. Evans	0	5	0
Mrs. Critch	0	2	0
Mrs. Walker	0	2	6
W. and F. L.	0	5	0
Mrs. Taylor...	0	10	0
Mr. E. Davis	0	10	0

	£	s.	d.
Mrs. S. J. Smith	0	5	0
Mrs. Hertzell and Mrs. Mallison ...	0	2	0
Mr. J. Taylor	0	5	0
Mr. A. Watson	0	10	0
Upper Clapton friends, per B.	1	18	6
Miss M. A. Deacon	0	5	0
Mrs. Jones	0	2	6
Miss Love	0	10	0
Miss E. Camps	0	5	0
Mr. F. Finch	0	2	6
Mr. Wallis Green	0	5	0
Mrs. Underwood	0	2	6
A. W., Peckham	0	5	0
Anon., per Messrs. Passmore & Alabaster	0	5	0
Messrs. Henry Head and Co.	1	1	0
Mrs. A. Watts	0	2	6
Mr. J. Sharp	0	1	0
Mrs. Cowan	0	5	0
Mr. B. Lodge	0	5	0
Mr. and Mrs. Kay...	0	5	0
Mrs. Harrison	0	10	0
Mr. and Mrs. Whitaker	0	4	6
Mrs. Sutcliffe	0	5	0
Mr. Geo. Blake	0	5	0
Miss Joscelyne	0	2	0
Mrs. Evans	0	5	0
Mr. J. B. Near	0	2	0
Mrs. Monk	0	15	0
Mr. and Mrs. Harris	0	2	6
Mr. W. Davies	0	2	6
E. F.	0	5	0
Mr. Martin D. King	1	0	0
Mrs. Broackes	0	10	6
Mr. J. H. Rice	0	5	0
The Misses Gribbon	0	5	0
May Jones	0	2	6
Stanley Jones	0	2	6
Elsie Jones	0	1	0
Mrs. Brame	0	5	0
Mr. Jas. Hooker	0	5	0
Mr. S. H. Dauncey	0	5	0
E. R. Y.	0	5	0
Mr. and Mrs. Lang	0	5	0
Mrs. Boyle	0	5	0
Mrs. Fakeley	0	5	0
Mrs. John Fisher	0	5	0
Mr. A. Fleetwood Shrapnel	0	10	6
With Christian love	0	1	0
Mrs. Budd	0	10	0
From an orphan, Berkhampstead ...	0	2	6
Mrs. Ellis	0	4	5
M. F., Kilmarnock	0	5	0
Mr. Harper's children	0	5	6
Mrs. Filer	0	2	6
Mrs. Gardner	0	4	0
Rev. W. Dorey	0	2	6
Mr. M. Davey	0	1	6
Mrs. Powell...	0	2	6
Mr. W. D. Garrood	0	1	0
Dora, Isabel, and Grace	0	10	0
Mr. E. J. Reed, per Mrs. J. A. Spurgeon	2	2	0
Mrs. E. W. Carr	0	1	0
Mrs. Bevan	0	2	0
Mr. J. H. Padgett...	0	10	0
Mrs. Dodwell	0	1	0
Miss J. Allan	0	2	6
Miss K. Bailey's Sunday school-class	0	6	0
Miss H. Penny	0	1	0
Master F. Penny	0	1	0
Mr W. Penkaman...	0	2	6
Mrs. Shipway	0	2	6
Annual Christmas breakfast table collection from friends at Hampstead	1	1	0
Messrs. Alabaster, Passmore, and Sons, a new shilling for each orphan boy...	12	10	0
Collected by Mrs. Ashe	1	19	0
Miss E. Farmer	0	2	6
	£1563	18	4

Orphan Boys' Collecting Cards:—Abbit, H., £1 1s; Abbott, H., 6s; Bull, L. O., 3s 9d; Bowen, W., 4s 6d; Bird, A. C., 5s; Brend, A., 3s 6d; Beadle, J., 1s 4d; Barson, E. J., 3s 3d; Burkett, E., 5s; Bryett, C., £1 2s 6d; Broom, B., 8s 3d; Bristow, G., 3s 10d; Boggis, A. H., 12s; Barrett, F., 7s; Baldwin, R., £1; Baker, J., 13s; Burrows, G., 5s; Barnard, D., 5s; Burgoyne, W., 9s; Cambridge, H., 4s; Cargill, L., £1 1s; Copping, H., 5d; Clayden, W., 5s 6d; Constable, F., 4s; Cook, J., 1s 6d; Cooper, C., 3s; Cooper, A. M., 8s 9d; Day, H., 5s 1d; Davies, J., 1s; Darling, A. E., 5s 6d; Drew, C., 2s; Earthrowl, A., 2s; Edwards, G., 2s; Flogdell, J., 8s 3d; Fyfield, F., 3s; Greenough, G., 8s; Goddard, C. J., 7s 3d; Green, A., 6s; Gant, F., 4s 1d; Gearing, F., 2s 9d; Goatley, C. L., 1s 6d; Golding, D., 6s; Gammon, A., 6s; Greener, J., 5s; Hurt, S., 7s 6d; Hutchison, H., 10s; Hills, E., 3s 6d; Hyland, A., 7s; Hadlow, E. J., 3s 6d; Henderson, P., 12s 6d; Head, C., £1 1s; Hilder, J. C., 4s; Hale, H., £1 1s; Henderson, G., 11s; Hadley, F., 4s; Heywood, L., 6s 3d; Jennings, R., 10s; Jansen, W., 2s 6d; Jeacock, A., 12s 3d; Jones, D., 3s 10d; Knappett, C. E., 3s 6d; King, H., 5s; Kent, J., 3s 3d; Long, H., 6s; Legge, W., 15s; Lucy, F., 7s 3d; Love, A., 7s; Langridge, J., 9s; Lenderyou, A. V., 5s; Llewellyn, H., 7s 6d; Legg, W., 11d; Mansell, E., 10s; Mitchell, B., £1 1s; Michael, E., 6s 8d; May, F., 2s; Manktelow, P. J., 5s; Marks, A. T., 4s 6d; Mulholland, T., £1 3s; Moore, H., 2s; Mann, H. G., 3s; Mimpress, E., £1 1s; Morgan, R., 17s; Morley, C., 7s 6d; Norton, R., 7s 6d; Nichols, J., 9s 4d; Ounsted, A., 3s 6d; Owers, F. C., 2s 9d; Pretty, W., 1s 6d; Perrall, J., 5s 6d; Pinder, S., 2s; Peverall, W., 9s; Payne, O. J., 4s; Pegg, G. W., 2s 6d; Platt, A., 17s; Paskell, H., 1s; Pitney, F., 13s; Rogers, W., 14s; Romang, A. M., 2s; Rastall, F., 11s 7d; Rhodes, J. A., 7s; Smith, R. A., 6s; Suttle, R. J., £1 1s; Sheard, J., £1 1s; Sones, J., £1 1s; Smoothy, G., 12s; Spicer, F., 6s 1d; Stringle, W., 1s 3d; Sharp, W., 2s; Strike, A., 2s; Sheppard, H., 5s; Surtees, J., £1 1s; Sanders, W., £1 1s; Schofield, J. P., 3s 6d; Thomas, James, £1 1s; Taylor, G., £1 1s; Tanner, J., 5s 6d; Tanner, James, 8s; Townrow, H., 8s 7d; Tant, J., 3s 8d; Tier, C., 9s; Virtue, C. F., 5s; Warner, G., 1s; Ward, R., 14s; Worker, S., 9s 6d; Williams, C., 6s 9d; Wallis, H., 3s 8d; Walker, C., 4s; Woolfenden, H., 13s; Wincott, J. S., 1s 1d; Webb, E., £1 1s; Williams, J., 3s 6d; Wells, S. A., 3s; Wheeler, E., £1 5s; Warren, W., 8s 7d; Wellard, L., 7s 2d; White, P., 6s—Total, £53 19s 5d.

Orphan Girls' Collecting Cards:—Attfield, B., 16s; Arnold, S., 1s; Arthur, P., 5s 3d; Ball, M., 5s 2d; Boorman, V., 2s 6d; Bond, E., 8s; Beddoe, M., 6s 3d; Butcher, L., 6s; Bull, L., 4s 3d; Brander, J., 2s 6d; Brown, R., 5s; Bulow, E., 3s; Beck, M., 2s 6d; Briggs, M., £1 1s; Bullock, L., 4s 6d; Coplestone, G., £1 1s; Cordwell, H., 6s; Cable, F., 2s 6d; Church, M., 7s 6d; Cartwright, B., 4s.; Clarke, L., 1s 6d; Court, A., £1 1s; Coppendale, E., 11s; Dew, E., £1 2s; Dickerson, E., 15s 6d; Donoghue, E., 2s 6d; Dear, A., 2s 6d; Dolling, M., £1 1s; Day, M., £1 1s; Evenden, B., 14s; Epps, F., 10s 6d; Ellis, E., 12s 6d; Freathy, E., 3s; Fitt, M., 2s; Gurteen, E., 12s; Gregory, M., 10s 9d; Gray, G., 5s 5d; Grimes, E., 3s; Gurney, B., 3s; Hoy, M. E., 6s 2d; Hoffman, M., 5s; Holden, A., 5s 6d; Holman, E., 7s 6d; Hall, B., 2s 2d; Hillier, R., 5s; Hoidge, A., 15s 5d; Harris, E., 2s 7d; Heath, E., 7s 2d; Hobbs, M., 3s 6d; Hicks, M., 6s; Hollins, L., 1s 2d; Ingle, F., 5s 6d; Jaques, K., 2s 1d; Jones, B., 5s; Johnson, A., 1s 6d; James, F., 5s; Langdon, E., 14s; Lagdon, K., £1 2s 3d; Long, M., 4s; Lockyer, M., 4s; McKinley, F., 2s; Marks, C., 10s; Morgan, M., 11s; Miles, M., 9s; Maynard, M., 4s 6d; Myhill, C. B., £1 1s; Martin, A., 5s; Moore, J., 1s 1d; Mitchell, E., 5s; Mash, L., 8s; Moulder, R., 7s 6d; Meader, R. B., 5s; Moles, E., 2s; Palmer, B., 7s 10d; Page, L., £1 1s; Price, E., 5s; Piffen, W., 10s 6d; Parsons, J., 2s 2d; Papworth, E., £1 1s; Parker, H., 10s; Perry, R., 3s; Richards, L., 2s; Rowbotham, G., £1 1s; Swannell, J., 2s; Selby, E., £1 1s; Sayers, A., 7s 1d; Sidders, L., 2s 6d; Smith, A., £1 1s 5d; Steer, M., 5s; Seymour, I., 2s 7d; Shorter, E., 4s 6d; Smith, N., 1s 8d; Turney,

H., 7s; Turner, L., 9s; Townsend, B., 10s; Tiley, R., 1s; Taylor, D., 3s; Villars, C., 3s; Valler C., 3s 6d; Willmore, E., 1s; Westwood, F., 8s; Willison, D., 3s; Warburton, H., £1 0s 8d; Witham, P., 10s 9d; Woolfit, A., 3s; Wilkins, E., £1 1s; Woodcock, I., 8s.—Total, £41 12s 10d.

List of Presents, per Mr. Charlesworth, from December 13th, 1890, to January 12th, 1891.—Provisions:—1 barrel Potatoes, Mr. and Mrs. Cocks; a box containing a quantity of Groceries, Mr. A. Tilly; a quantity Bread, Mr. Nelson Read; 2 dozen dried Ox Tongues, The Australian Meat Company; 3 boxes, Valencias; 42 lbs. Sugar, 56 lbs. Currants, 7 lbs. Lemon peel, 7 lbs. Orange peel, 1 lb. Spice, Mr. J. T. Daintree; 6 Cakes, The Misses McNab; 2 cases Oranges, 1 sack Chestnuts, 1 load Firewood, Mr F. Fisher; 1 case Oranges, Mr. G. Hoar, per Mr. F. Fisher; 350 Oranges, Mr. Newman; 3 tins Coffee Milk, 3 tins Cocoa Milk, 3 packets Tea, 4 tins Sardines, Mrs. Butler, 3 casks broken Biscuits, Messrs. Huntley and Palmer; a box containing, Cake, Raisins, Currants, Peel, Oranges, Sweets, &c., Friends, per Miss A. Jackaman; 1 barrel Apples, Mr. James Stiff; 2 jars Honey, Mr. Robert Daintree; 1 large Cake, Miss Morris; 4 barrels Apples, Messrs. E. and S. Fowler; 1 cwt. Sweets, Mr. James Pascall; 1 large case Currants, ½ chest Tea, Mr. Henry Lafone; 4 cwt. Jam, 2 cwt. Sweets, Messrs. Chivers and Sons; 1 case Oranges, Mr. J. Cooper; 500 boxes Figs, Mr. C. D. Harrod; 1 sack Flour, Mr. W. Medcalf, 1 sack Flour, Mr. J. Goddard; 2 sacks Flour, Mr. J. G. Gatwood; 42 lbs. Beef, Mr. Thomas Round; 15 bushels Brussels Sprouts, Mr. W. Vinson: 2 sacks Potatoes, Mr. H. Watts; 1 New Zealand Sheep, Mr. A. Seale Haslam; 6 Geese, Mr. W. Paxman; 1 sack Flour, Mr. J. Lawman; 23 stones Brisket of Beef, Mr. S. Rayner; 120 Cocoanut Cakes, Messrs. Peek, Frean, & Co.; 20 lbs. Tea, Messrs. Armstrong & Co.; 1 case Oranges, Mr. W. Taylor; a quantity brown and white Bread, Mr. Horsley; 2 sacks Flour, Mr. Campbell; 4 legs Pork, Miss Hulbert; 1 large Pig, about 3 cwt., Mr. W. J. Graham; 3 Fowls, 3 Cakes, Mr. and Mrs. Barrah; 2 Fowls, Mr. Rees, per Mrs. Barrah; a large hamper of Provisions, Friends at Pontypridd, per Rev. W. Parry and Mrs. W. Phillips. List of goods in the hamper:—Quarter of Lamb, Mrs. T. Evans; Shoulder of Mutton, Mr. D. R. Evans; piece of Beef, Mrs. and Dr. Leckie; 1 Cake, Mrs. W. Jones Powell; 1 parcel of Groceries, Mrs. Davis; 2 Cakes Mrs. Phillips; 2 Cakes, Mrs. Hopkin Morgan; Oranges, Rev. E. E. Probert; Apples and Figs, Miss Annie Davies; 1 Cake, Mrs. Jones; 1 Cake, Mrs. T. Rowland; 1 Cake, Mrs. Dawkins; 1 Cake, Mrs. G. Evans; 1 box of Crackers, Miss Thomas; 1 Cake, Mrs. Davies; 1 Pudding, Mrs. D. Rowland; 1 Pudding, Mrs. W. Jones; 1 Pudding, Miss Parry; 4 Tins Biscuits, Mrs. D. W. Thomas; Oranges, Mrs. A. Rodd; 1 Turkey, Mrs. W. Merchant; 1 Fowl, Rev. W. Parry; 1 Duck, Mrs. W. Seaton; 1 Goose, Mr. J. Crockett; 1 Duck, Rev. G. G. Bull; 1 Turkey, Mrs. W. Phillips; Oranges, Mrs. D. McGregor; assortment of Nuts, Mrs. G. R. Williams; Sweets, Mrs. E. Griffiths; 1 Cake, Mrs. Llewelyn; Oranges, and the Hamper, Mr. E. Fennell; Apples and Walnuts, Mrs. Dr. Lewis; Oranges and Nuts, Miss Edith Bazley; Apples, Mrs. W. Jones; Apples, Mr. J. E. Crockett; box of Sweets, Miss Jones; 1 Pudding, Mrs. W. Harris; 1 Cake, Miss Nora Phillips.

Boys' Clothing:—48 yards Double Width Cloth, Mr. B. E. Knight; 13 pairs Socks, The Misses M. and C. Sherwood; 1 pair Gloves, 20 Wraps, Mr. James; 1 gross Boot Laces, Mrs. Butler; 12 pairs Knitted Socks, Mrs. Dexter; 10 pairs Knitted Socks, Mrs. S. Barlow; 7 pairs Knitted Socks, Miss Morris; 1 pair Knitted Socks, Mrs. McDowell; 1 pair Knitted Socks, Miss M. Cairns; 2 Shirts, Friends at Gosport, per Mrs. E. Bartholomew; 4 Knitted Scarves, Mrs. J. White; 25 Flannel Shirts, Miss Steedman; 30 Shirts, 11 Ties, Mrs. Thompson; 3 pieces Cotton Shirting, Mrs. Cousins; 5 Articles, S. H. L.; 5 Articles, Miss McKenzie; 46 Articles (Boys and Girls), The Misses S. T. and E. Ellison; 5 Flannel Shirts, Mrs. E. Wain; a quantity Bows, A Widow's Mite, Ryde; a quantity Bows, Ties, Cuffs, &c., Mrs. E. Carter; 58 Wool Scarves, Messrs. W. J. Heath and Co.; 3 pairs Socks, Miss Matthews; 6 pairs Cuffs, Miss Hettie Owen; 1 Jacket, 1 Shirt, a few Collars, Mrs. Wilmshurst; 3 pairs Socks, 1 Shirt, 12 Collars, Miss J. Dickson.

Girls' Clothing:—3 Garments, 18 pairs Cuffs, Mrs. Mannington; 10 Articles, Mrs. Cook; 12 Articles, Mr. Kidner; 15 Garments, A Cottage Working Party, per Miss Curtis; 3 Articles, Anon.; 6 pairs Stockings, 6 Comforters, 6 Fichus, Mrs. Crosby; 6 pairs Stockings, 14 Articles, Mrs. E. Reid and friends; 12 Woollen Petticoats, 1 piece Calico, 6 Comforters, Miss Torr; 10 pairs Knitted Stockings, Mrs. Gregory; 128 Articles, Miss Chandler's Young Women's Bible-class, Baptist Chapel, West Croydon; 23 Articles, a few friends at Gosport, per Mrs. E. Bartholomew; 22 yards Dress Material, 30 Articles, Mrs. W. Corbyn; 4 Skirts, Miss A. Holmes; 7 Scarves, for No. 5 Girls, Miss Edwards; 17 yards Dress Material, 9 Petticoats, 8 Garments, Mrs. Thompson; 3 pairs Cuffs, Miss Hettie Owen; 9 Articles, Mrs. E. Angus; 43 Garments, for No. 1 Girls, Mrs. Salter; 11 Articles, Mrs. Brierley; 25 Articles, Mrs. T. Philpot; 6 pairs Knitted Stockings, Mrs. Casburn; 40 Pinafores, Mrs. Fisk; 30 pairs Boots, R. S. T.; 66 Articles, Baptist Chapel Working Party, Fleet, per Mrs. Aylett; 9 Articles, Mrs. Crassweller; 1 piece Calico, 1 pair Stockings, Miss M. A. Hardy; 7 Articles, Mrs. S. Yaules; a parcel of Remnants, &c., Mrs. M. Clews; 8 Crotchet Skirts, Mrs. H. Verrall; 4 Articles, Mr. C. Smith; 25 Articles, Miss Mears; 35 Articles, The Ladies' Working Meeting, Metropolitan Tabernacle, per Miss Higgs; 26 Articles, The Cheam Baptist Working Society, per Mrs. E. Cox; 8 Ulsters, Messrs. W. J. Heath and Co.; 6 Pinafores, Miss Bagshaw; 3 "Hug-me-tights," Miss Matthews; 16 Articles, Miss Poole; 69 Articles, The Thread and Needle Society, Southsea, per Miss Giles; 5 pairs Knitted Stockings, Mrs. Cunningham; 6 Trimmed Hats, 6 pairs Stockings, 1 Flannel Petticoat, 2 Dark Petticoats, 1 Tam-o'-Shanter, 1 Wax Doll, 1 Ribbon Sash, Mr. J. E. Leuty.

General.—A few Christmas Cards, Mr. James; 1325 Spring Bulbs, Mr. H. Veitch; 1 box Fancy Articles, Miss C. Thomson; a quantity Books, Magazines, Texts, Cards, &c., The Committee of the Religious Tract Society; 3 volumes "The Boy's Own Paper," The Masters H. and N. King; 13 volumes, Mr. E. A. Petherick; 18 Chinese Lanterns, 2 dozen Night Lights, Mr. Jno. Cooper; 15 Articles, Miss Descroix; 1 Hearth Rug, Mrs. J. White; a quantity Balloons, broken Toys, Christmas and New Year Cards, "The Bon Marché," Brixton; 12 Balls and 8 Bags for Christmas Tree, Miss Hettie Owen; 45 Presents for No. 1 Girls, Mrs. Salter; a few Cards, Mrs. Mitchell; 1 vol. each "Sunday at Home," "Leisure Hour," "Boy's Own Paper," "Girl's Own Paper," "Friendly Greetings," "Cottager and Artisan," "Tract Magazine," "Child's Companion," Rev. J. Van Rijn; a few Articles, A Dorset Friend; a quantity Christmas and New Year Cards, Mrs. Patterson; 1 Night Dress Bag, 1 Comb Bag, Miss A. King; a quantity Christmas Cards, 1 Scrap Book, Mrs. E. Botting; a quantity Christmas Cards, Mr. J. Cooper; a quantity Christmas Cards, Miss Spice; a quantity Magazines, Masters A. and P. Keevil; 1 load Firewood, Messrs. Keen and Sons; a quantity Toys, Mr. Henry Howes; 1 year's "Band of Hope Review," and "British Workman," Mr. J. B. Mead; a few Magazines, Miss F. Chapman; a quantity Magazines, The Drummond Tract and Book Depôt; 2 Scrap Books, Miss Poole; a box containing Cake, Sweets, Fruit, and a few Garments for No. 5 Girls, Mrs. S. Helmore; a parcel containing a few Garments and Toys, from children of Lichfield, Miss L. Richardson.

Colportage Association.

Statement of Receipts from December 13th, 1890, to January 12th, 1891.

Subscriptions and Donations for Districts:—

	£	s.	d.
Bethnal Green District:—			
Mr. W. R. Fox 5 0 0			
Mr. C. E. Fox 5 0 0			
	10	0	0
Home Counties Baptist Association ...	30	0	0
Orpington District, per Mr. W. Vinson	5	0	0
Disley District, per Rev. C. S. Macalpino	10	0	0
Calne District, per Mr. Wilkins ...	7	10	0
Western Baptist Association, for Chard and Tintinhull	20	0	0
Mrs. Dodson, for Littledale	20	0	0
Bromley Congregational Church, for West Wickham	10	0	0
Newbury District	10	0	0
Horsforth, per Mr. W. H. Bilborough...	6	5	0
Wilts and East Somerset Association...	25	0	0
Chesterton District	10	0	0
Stratford-on-Avon District	7	10	0
Southern Baptist Association	50	0	0
Norfolk Baptist Association, for Neatishead and Buxton	20	0	0
Kent and Sussex Baptist Association...	27	10	0
Denmead District	7	10	0
Essex Congregational Union, for Pitsea	10	0	0
Suffolk Congregational Union	42	10	0
Freemantle, Southampton	10	0	0
Mrs. Keevil, for Melksham	10	0	0
South Devon Congregational Union ...	10	0	0
Thornbury, per Mrs. Taylor	5	0	0
Abercarn District	10	0	0
Wolverhampton District...	10	0	0
Great Totham District	8	0	0
Eastchurch, Sheppey, I.H.	40	0	0
Oxfordshire Association, Stow & Aston	10	0	0
Corton and Bushton, per Mr. Thomas Harris	10	0	0
Okehampton District	10	0	0
	£161	15	0

Subscriptions and Donations to the General Fund:—

	£	s.	d.
Mr. W. R. Fox	5	0	0
Mr. C. E. Fox	5	0	0
F. M. C.	0	10	0
Annual Subscriptions:—			
Messrs. Cassell and Co., Limited ...	2	2	0
Mr. E. Brayne	0	10	6
Mr. J. Passmore, jun.	1	1	0
Mr. S. R. Pearce	1	1	0
Part of a sailor's tithe	100	0	0
"Seventy"	1	0	0
Adelphos	5	0	0
From Rugby (S. A.)	0	5	0
Mrs. Cave	1	0	0
Mr. E. Marsh	2	0	0
H. A. B., Dorchester	1	0	0
Reader of "The Sword and the Trowel," Ayrshire	0	7	6
Mrs. E. Hayes	1	0	0
Mrs. Woolland	0	10	0
Mr. William Casson	0	10	0
Rev. W. L. and Mrs. Lang	1	1	0
Mr. C. W. Roberts...	5	0	0
Church of England	2	10	0
	£136	8	0

Society of Evangelists.

Statement of Receipts from December 13th, 1890, to January 12th, 1891.

	£	s.	d.
Thankoffering for Mr. Burnham's services at North Mission, Great Yarmouth	1	1	0
Thankoffering for Messrs. Fullerton and Smith's services at New Court Chapel, Tollington Park	21	8	7
Thankoffering for Messrs. Fullerton and Smith's services at Grafton Square Baptist Chapel, Clapham	2	2	0
The Misses Kirtley	5	0	0
Rev. M. G. Hart	1	1	0
From Rugby (S. A.)	0	5	0
Mrs. Elgee	0	10	6
A reader of the sermons, Glasgow ...	1	0	0
Mr. E. Marsh	5	0	0
Mr. John Thorn	0	5	0
Mr. and Mrs. Martin	1	0	0
Mr. P. Jacob	2	0	0
Mrs. Cross	0	5	0
Mrs. E. Hayes	1	0	0
Mr. Donald McKercher	1	0	0
Mr. William Casson	0	10	0
Rev. W. L. and Mrs. Lang	1	1	0
Church of England	2	10	0
	£46	19	1

Surrey Gardens Memorial Schools.

Statement of Receipts from December 13th, 1890, to January 12th, 1891.

	£	s.	d.
Mrs. E. J. Dafforno	1	1	0
Stamps from Glasgow	0	2	0
Mrs. Brownlie	0	4	0
Mrs. Parke	1	0	0
Miss Sizmur...	0	1	0
Mrs. H. M. Gray	1	0	0
Mrs. S. Hawkey	3	3	0
Mrs. W. J. Heath	1	1	0
A friend, per Mrs. Shearman	1	0	0
A constant reader of Mr. Spurgeon's sermons	0	1	0
Miss E. Oxenford	0	5	0
A friend, per the late Mr. B. W. Carr ...	10	0	0
Mrs. S. Dunn	0	10	6
	£19	8	6

For General Use in the Lord's Work.

Statement of Receipts from December 13th, 1890, to January 12th, 1891.

	£	s.	d.
Stamps from Ballater	0	3	0
Mr. Thomas Land...	0	5	0
Postal order, Edzell	0	7	6
	£0	15	6

PASTORS' COLLEGE.

Account for the Year 1890.

RECEIPTS.	£	s.	d.
To Weekly Offerings	1,312	2	2
„ Donations	3,096	9	6
„ Legacies	361	10	5
„ Collections by Students	577	13	7
„ Interest	73	9	3
„ Annual Meeting	86	5	4
	6,357	10	3
„ Balance in hand, 1st January, 1890	2,204	6	2
	£8,561	16	5

PAYMENTS.	£	s.	d.
By Salaries	1,750	8	0
„ Board, Lodging, and Medical Attendance...	2,624	15	5
„ Clothing	38	6	8
„ Lighting, Cleaning, and Warming	141	1	4
„ Books, Printing, Stationery, Bookbinding, Advertising, and Office expenses	250	16	5
„ Book-grants to Students	110	4	0
„ Preaching Stations—Home Missions and New Chapels ...	1,556	11	8
„ Annual Conference and Supper—Hire, Labour, and Decorations	366	17	11
„ Furniture and Fittings	159	1	5
	6,938	2	10
„ Balance in hand, 31st December, 1890	1,623	13	7
	£8,561	16	5

Examined and found correct, January 17th, 1891.

HARRY HIBBERT, *Secretary.*

WILLIAM OLNEY.
JAS. E. PASSMORE, } *Auditors.*

PASTORS' COLLEGE SOCIETY OF EVANGELISTS.

Account for the Year 1890.

RECEIPTS.	£	s.	d.	PAYMENTS.	£	s.	d.
To Donations	852	19	2	By Salaries of five Evangelists, and help to others	1,049	14	10
„ Contributions from Churches visited	345	17	6	„ Travelling Expenses, &c.	148	15	2
„ Legacies	35	0	0				
	1,233	16	8		1,198	10	0
„ Balance in hand, 1st January, 1890	69	16	11	„ Balance in hand, 31st December, 1890	105	3	7
	£1,303	13	7		£1,303	13	7

HARRY HIBBERT, *Secretary.*

Examined and found correct, January 17th, 1891. { WILLIAM OLNEY, JAS. E. PASSMORE, } *Auditors.*

LOAN BUILDING AND RESERVE FUND.

Account for the Year 1890.

RECEIPTS.	£	s.	d.	PAYMENTS.	£	s.	d.
To Balance in hand, January 1st, 1890	190	0	4	By Loans to Churches:—			
„ Repayments of Loans	1,272	10	0	Aylsham	60	0	0
„ Balance of proceeds of Billingborough Chapel	33	4	0	Guernsey	280	0	0
				Worthing	500	0	0
				East Hill, Wandsworth	400	0	0
					1,240	0	0
				Balance in hand, December 31st, 1890	255	14	4
	£1,495	14	4		£1,495	14	4

	£	s.	d.
Loans outstanding, December 31st, 1890 ...	4,862	10	0
Cash Balance in hand „ „ ...	255	14	4
	£5,118	4	4

THOS. H. OLNEY, *Treasurer.*

Examined and found correct, January 17th, 1891. { WILLIAM OLNEY, JAS. E. PASSMORE, } *Auditors.*

THE

SWORD AND THE TROWEL.

MARCH, 1891.

The Well-beloved.

A COMMUNION ADDRESS AT MENTON. BY C. H. SPURGEON.

"Yea, he is altogether lovely."—Solomon's Song v. 16.

THE soul that is familiar with the Lord worships him in the outer court of nature, wherein it admires his *works,* and is charmed by every thought of what HE must be who made them all. When that soul enters the nearer circle of inspiration, and reads the wonderful *words* of God, it is still more enraptured, and its admiration is heightened. In revelation, we see the same all-glorious Lord as in creation, but the vision is more clear, and the consequent love is more intense.

The Word is an inner court to the Creation; but there is yet an innermost sanctuary, and blessed are they who enter it, and have fellowship with the Lord HIMSELF. We come to Christ, and in coming to him we come to God; for Jesus says, "He that hath seen me hath seen the Father." When we know the Lord Jesus, we stand before the mercy-seat, where the glory of Jehovah shineth forth. I like to think of the text as belonging to those who are as priests unto God, and stand in the Holy of holies, while they say, "Yea, he is altogether lovely." His works are marvellous, his words are full of majesty, but he himself is altogether lovely.

Can we come into this inner circle? All do not enter here. Alas! many are far off from him, and are blind to his beauties. "He was despised and rejected of men," and he is so still. They do not see God in his works, but dream that these wonders were evolved, and not

created by the Great Primal Cause. As for his words, they seem to them as idle tales, or, at best, as inspired only in the same sense as the language of Shakespeare or Spenser. They see not the Lord in the stately aisles of Holy Scripture; and have no vision of *himself*. May he, who openeth the eyes of the blind, have pity on them!

Certain others are in a somewhat happier position, for they are enquirers after Christ. They are like the persons who, in the ninth verse of the chapter, asked, "What is thy Beloved more than another beloved, O thou fairest among women? What is thy Beloved more than another beloved, that thou dost so charge us?" They want to know who this Jesus is. But they have not seen him yet, and cannot join with the spouse in saying, "He is altogether lovely."

If we enter this sacred inner circle, we must become witnesses, as she does who speaks of Christ, "Yea, he is altogether lovely." She knows what he is, for she has seen him. The verses which precede the text are a description of every feature of the heavenly Bridegroom; all his members are there set forth with richness of Oriental imagery. The spouse speaks what she knows. Have we, also, seen the Lord? Are we his familiar acquaintances? If so, may the Lord help us to understand our text!

If we are to know the full joy of the text, we must come to our Lord as his intimates. He permits us this high honour, since, in this ordinance, he makes us his table companions. He says, "Henceforth I call you not servants; but I have called you friends." He calls upon us to eat bread with him; yea, to partake of himself, by eating his flesh and drinking his blood. Oh, that we may pass beyond the outward signs into the closest intimacy with *himself!* Perhaps, when you are at home, you will examine the spouse's description of her Lord. It is a wonderful piece of tapestry. She has wrought into its warp and woof all things charming, sweet, and precious. In him she sees all lovely colours—"My beloved is white and ruddy." In comparison with him all others fail, for he is "chief among ten thousand" chieftains. She cannot think of him as comparable to anything less valuable than "fine gold." She sees, soaring in the air, birds of divers wing; and these must aid her, whether it be the raven or the dove. The rivers of waters, and the beds of spices and myrrh-dropping lilies, must come into the picture, with sweet flowers and goodly cedars. All kinds of treasured things are in him; for he is like to gold rings set with the beryl, and bright ivory overlaid with sapphires, and pillars of marble set upon sockets of fine gold. She labours to describe his beauty and his excellency, and strains all comparisons to their utmost use, and somewhat more; and yet she is conscious of failure, and therefore sums up all with the pithy sentence, "Yea, he is altogether lovely."

If the Holy Spirit will help me, I should like to lift the veil, that we may, in sacred contemplation, look on our Beloved.

I. We would do so, first, WITH REVERENT EMOTIONS. In the words before us—"Yea, he is altogether lovely"—two emotions are displayed, namely, admiration and affection.

It is *admiration* which speaks of him as "altogether lovely" or beautiful. This admiration rises to the highest degree. The spouse would fain show that her Beloved is more than any other beloved;

therefore she cries, "He is altogether lovely." Surely no one else has reached that point. Many are lovely, but none save he is "altogether lovely." We see something that is lovely in one, and another point is lovely in another; but all loveliness meets in him. Our soul knows nothing which can rival him: he is the gathering up of all sorts of loveliness to make up one perfect loveliness. He is the climax of beauty; the crown of glory; the uttermost of excellence.

Our admiration of him, also, is unrestrained. The spouse dared to say, even in the presence of the daughters of Jerusalem, who were somewhat envious, "Yea, he is altogether lovely." They knew not, as yet, his perfections; they even asked, "What is thy Beloved more than another beloved?" But she was not to be blinded by their want of sympathy, neither did she withhold her testimony from fear of their criticism. To her he was "altogether lovely," and she could say no less. Our admiration of Christ is such that we would tell the kings of the earth that they have no majesty in his presence; and tell the wise men that he alone is wisdom; and tell the great and mighty that he is the blessed and only Potentate, King of kings, and Lord of lords.

Our admiration of our Lord is inexpressible. We can never tell all we know of our Lord; yet all our knowledge is little. All that we know is, that his love passeth knowledge, that his excellence baffles understanding, that his glory is unutterable. We can embrace him by our love, but we can scarcely touch him with our intellect, he is so high, so glorious. As to describing him, we cry, with Mr. Berridge—

"Then my tongue would fain express
All his love and loveliness;
But I lisp, and falter forth
Broken words, not half his worth.

"Vex'd, I try and try again,
Still my efforts all are vain:
Living tongues are dumb at best;
We must die to speak of Christ."

"He is altogether lovely." Do we not feel an inexpressible admiration for him? There is none like unto thee, O Son of God!

Still, our paramount emotion is not admiration, but *affection*. "He is altogether"—not beautiful, nor admirable—but "lovely." All his beauties are loving beauties towards us, and beauties which draw our hearts towards him in humble love. He charms us, not by a cold comeliness, but by a living loveliness, which wins our hearts. His is an approachable beauty, which not only overpowers us with its glory, but holds us captive by its power. We love him: we cannot do otherwise, for "he is altogether lovely." He has within himself an unquenchable flame of love, which sets our soul on fire. He is all love, and all the love in the world is less than his. Put together all the loves of husbands, wives, parents, children, brothers, sisters, and they only make a drop compared with his great deeps of love, unexplored and unexplorable. This love of his has a wonderful power to beget love in unlovely hearts, and to nourish it into a mighty force. It is a torrent which sweeps all before it when its founts break forth within the soul. It is a Gulf Stream in which all icebergs melt. When our heart is full

of love to Jesus, his loveliness becomes the passion of the soul, and sin and self are swept away. May we feel it now!

There he stands: we know him by the thorn-crown, and the wounds, and the visage more marred than that of any man! He suffered all this for us. O Son of man! O Son of God! With the spouse, we feel, in the inmost depths of our soul, that thou art "altogether lovely."

II. Now would I lift the veil again a second time, with deep solemnity, not so much to suggest emotions as to secure your intelligent assurance of the fact that "he is altogether lovely." We say this WITH ABSOLUTE CERTAINTY. The spouse places a "*Yea*" before her enthusiastic declaration, because she is sure of it. She sees her Beloved, and sees him to be altogether lovely. This is no fiction, no dream, no freak of imagination, no outburst of partiality. The highest love to Christ does not make us speak more than the truth; we are as reasonable when we are filled with love to him as ever we were in our lives; nay, never are we more reasonable than when we are carried clean away by a clear perception of his superlative excellence.

Let us meditate upon the proof of our assertion.

"He is altogether lovely" in *his person*. He is God. The glory of Godhead I must leave in lowly silence. Yet is our Jesus also man, more emphatically man than any one here present this afternoon, for we are English, American, French, German, Dutch, Russian; but Christ is *man*, the second Adam, the Head of the race: as truly as he is very God of very God, so is he man, of the substance of his mother. What a marvellous union! The miracle of miracles! In his incomparable personality he is altogether lovely; for in him we see how God comes down to man in condescension, and how man goes up to God in close relationship. There is no other such as he, in all respects, even in heaven itself: in his personality he must ever stand alone, in the eyes of both God and man, "altogether lovely."

As for *his character*, time would fail us to enter upon that vast subject; but the more we know of the character of our Lord, and the more we grow like him, the more lovely will it appear to us. In all aspects, it is lovely; in all its minutiæ and details, it is perfect; and as a whole, it is perfection's model. Take any one action of his, look into its mode, its spirit, its motive, and all else that can be revealed by a microscopic examination, and it is "altogether lovely." Consider his life, as a whole, in reference to God, to man, to his friends, to his foes, to those around him, and to the ages yet to be, and you shall find it absolutely perfect. More than that: there is such a thing as a cold perfection, with which one can find no fault, and yet it commands no love; but in Christ, our Well-beloved, every part of his character attracts. To a true heart, the life of Christ is as much an object of love as of reverence: "He is altogether lovely." We must *love* that which we see in him: admiration is not the word. When cold critics commend him, their praise is half an insult: what know these frozen hearts of our Beloved? As for a word against him, it wounds us to the soul. Even an omission of his praise is a torture to us. If we hear a sermon which has no Christ in it, we weary of it. If we read a book that contains a slighting syllable of him, we abhor it. He, himself, has become everything to us now, and only in the atmosphere of fervent love to him can we feel at home.

Passing from his character to *his sacrifice;* there especially "He is altogether lovely." You may have read "Rutherford's Letters"; I hope you have. How wondrously he writes, when he describes his Lord in garments red from his sweat of blood, and with hands bejewelled with his wounds! When we view his body taken down from the cross, all pale and deathly, and wrapped in the cerements of the grave, we see a strange beauty in him. He is to us never more lovely than when we read in our Beloved's white and red that his sacrifice is accomplished, and he has been obedient unto death for us. In him, as the sacrifice once offered, we see our pardon, our life, our heaven, our all. So lovely is Christ in his sacrifice, that he is for ever most pleasing to the great Judge of all—ay, so lovely to his Father, that he makes us also lovely to God the Father, and we are "accepted in the Beloved." His sacrifice has such merit and beauty in the sight of heaven, that in him God is well pleased, and guilty men become in him pleasant unto the Lord. Is not his sacrifice most sweet to us? Here our guilty conscience finds peace; here we see ourselves made comely in his comeliness. We cannot stand at Calvary, and see the Saviour die, and hear him cry, "It is finished," without feeling that "he is altogether lovely." Forgive me that I speak so coolly! I dare not enter on a theme which would pull up the sluices of my heart.

Remember what he was when he rose from the grave on the third day. Oh, to have seen him in the freshness of *his resurrection-beauty!* And what will he be in *his glory*, when he comes again the second time, and all his holy angels with him, when he shall sit upon the throne of his glory, and heaven and earth shall flee away before his face? To his people he will then be "altogether lovely." Angels will adore him, saints made perfect will fall on their faces before him; and we ourselves shall feel that, at last, our heaven is complete. We shall see him, and, being like him, we shall be satisfied.

Every feature of our Lord is lovely. You cannot think of anything that has to do with him which is unworthy of our praise. All over glorious is our Lord. The spouse speaks of his head, his locks, his eyes, his cheeks, his lips, his hands, his legs, his countenance, his mouth; and when she has mentioned them all, she sums up with reference to all by saying, "Yea, he is altogether lovely."

There is *nothing unlovely about him.* Certain persons would be beautiful were it not for a wound or a bruise, but our Beloved is all the more lovely for his wounds; the marring of his countenance has enhanced its charms. His scars are, for glory and for beauty, the jewels of our King. To us he is lovely even from that side which others dread: his very frown has comfort in it to his saints, since he only frowns on evil. Even his feet, which are "like unto fine brass, as if they burned in a furnace," are lovely to us for his sake; these are his poor saints, who are sorely tried, but are able to endure the fire. Everything of Christ, everything that partakes of Christ, everything that hath a flavour or savour of Christ, is lovely to us.

There is *nothing lacking about his loveliness.* Some would be very lovely were there a brightness in their eyes, or a colour in their countenances: but something is away. The absence of a tooth or of an eyebrow may spoil a countenance, but in Christ Jesus there is no omission

of excellence. Everything that should be in him is in him; everything that is conceivable in perfection is present to perfection in him.

In him is nothing excessive. Many a face has one feature in it which is overdone; but in our Lord's character everything is balanced and proportionate. You never find his kindness lessening his holiness, nor his holiness eclipsing his wisdom, nor his wisdom abating his courage, nor his courage injuring his meekness. Everything is in our Lord that should be there, and everything in due measure. Like rare spices, mixed after the manner of the apothecary, our Lord's whole person, and character, and sacrifice, are as incense sweet unto the Lord.

Neither is there anything in our Lord which is incongruous with the rest. In each one of us there is, at least, a little that is out of place. We could not be fully described without the use of a "but." If we could all look within, and see ourselves as God sees us, we should see a thousand matters which we now permit, which we should never allow again. But in the Well-beloved all is of a piece, all is lovely; and when the sum of the whole is added up, it comes to an absolute perfection of loveliness: "Yea, he is altogether lovely."

We are sure that the Lord Jesus must be himself exceedingly lovely, since *he gives loveliness to his people.* Many saints are lovely in their lives; one reads biographies of good men and women which make us wish to grow like them; yet all the loveliness of all the most holy among men has come from Jesus their Lord, and is a copy of his perfect beauty. Those who write well do so because he sets the copy.

What is stranger and more wonderful still, *our Lord Jesus makes sinners lovely.* In their natural state, men are deformed and hideous to the eye of God; and as they have no love to God, so he has no delight in them. He is weary of them, and is grieved that he made men upon the earth. The Lord is angry with the wicked every day. Yet, when our Lord Jesus comes in, and covers these sinful ones with his righteousness, and, at the same time, infuses into them his life, the Lord is well pleased with them for his Son's sake. Even in heaven, the infinite Jehovah sees nothing which pleases him like his Son. The Father from eternity loved his Only-begotten, and again and again he hath said of him, "This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased." What higher encomium can be passed upon him?

If we had time to think over this subject, we should say of our Lord that *he is lovely in every office.* He is the most admirable Priest, and King, and Prophet that ever yet exercised the office. He is a lovely Shepherd of a chosen flock, a lovely Friend, a lovely Husband, a lovely Brother: he is admirable in every position that he occupies for our sakes.

Our Lord's loveliness appears in every condition: in the manger, or in the temple; by the well, or on the sea; in the garden, or on the cross; in the tomb, or in the resurrection; in his first, or in his second coming. He is not as the herb, which flowers only at one season; or as the tree, which loses its leaves in winter; or as the moon, which waxes and wanes; or as the sea, which ebbs and flows. In every condition, and at every time, "he is altogether lovely."

He is lovely, whichever way we look at him. If we view him as in the past, entering into a covenant of peace on our behalf; or, in the present,

yielding himself to us as Intercessor, Representative, and Forerunner; or, in the future, coming, reigning, and glorifying his people; "he is altogether lovely." Behold him from heaven, view him from the gates of hell, regard him as he goes before, look up to him as he sits above; he is as beautiful from one point of view as from another; "yea, he is altogether lovely." Wherever we may be, he is the same in his perfection. How lovely he was to my eyes when I was sinking in despair! To see him suffering for my sin upon the tree, was as the opening of the gates of the morning to my darkened soul. How lovely he is to us when we are sick, and the hours of night seem lengthened into days! "He giveth songs in the night." How lovely has he been to us when the world has frowned, and friends have forsaken, and worldly goods have been scant! To see "the King in his beauty" is a sight sufficient, even if we never saw another ray of comfort. How blessed, when we lie dying, to hear him say, "I am the resurrection and the life"! Mark that word; he says not, "I will give you resurrection and life," but, "*I am* the resurrection and the life." Blessed are the eyes which can see that in Jesus which is really in him. When we think of seeing him as he is, and being like him, how heaven approaches us! We shall soon behold the beatific vision, of which he will be the centre and the sun. At the thought thereof our soul takes wing, and our imagination soars aloft, while our faith, with eagle eye, beholds the glory. As we think of that glad period, when we shall be with our Beloved for ever, we are ready to swoon away with delight. It is near, far nearer than we think.

III. The little time which we can give to this meditation has run out, and therefore I hasten to a close. I have bidden you look at our Lord as "altogether lovely" with reverent emotions, and with absolute certainty. Now, to conclude, think of him WITH PRACTICAL RESULTS. "He is altogether lovely." What shall we do for this chief among ten thousand?

First, *we will tell others of him*. For that cause was our text spoken. The daughters of Jerusalem asked the spouse, "What is thy Beloved more than another beloved?" Her answer is here: "He is altogether lovely." It is a great joy to praise our Lord to enquiring minds. We, who are preachers have a glorious time of it when we extol our Lord. If we had nothing to do but to preach Christ, and had no discipline to administer, no sin to battle with, no doubts to drive away, we should have a heavenly service. For my part, I wish I could be bound over to play only upon this one string. Paul did well when he turned ignoramus, and determined to know nothing among the Corinthians save Jesus Christ, and him crucified. As the harp of Anacreon would resound love alone, so would I have but one sole subject for my ministry —the love and loveliness of my Lord. Then to speak would be its own reward; and to study and prepare discourses would be only a phase of rest. Fain would I make my whole ministry to speak of Christ and his surpassing loveliness.

You that are not preachers cannot do better than speak much of Jesus, as opportunity offers. Make *him* the theme of conversation. People talk about ministers; but we beg you to talk of our Master. Our undecided neighbours are always talking of hypocrites and inconsistent professors; but we would say to them, "Never mind about

his followers: talk about the Master himself." His followers, by themselves considered, never were worth your words; but what a theme is this—"HE is altogether lovely"! Our Lord's people are far worthier than the world thinks them to be; for my part, I rejoice in the many gracious and beautiful characters with which I meet; but even if all the ill reports we hear were true, this would not detract from the loveliness of our Lord, who is infinitely beyond all praise.

The next practical result of viewing the loveliness of our blessed Lord is, that *we appropriate him to ourselves*, grasping him with our two hands of faith and love, and making the rest of the verse to be our own: "This is my Beloved, and this is my Friend, O daughters of Jerusalem!" Since he is so amiable, he must be "my Beloved"; my heart clings to him. Since he is so admirable, I rejoice that he is "my Friend"; my soul trusts in him. The heart that most appreciates Jesus is the most eager to appropriate him. He who beholds Jesus as "altogether lovely" will never rest till he is altogether sure that Jesus is altogether his own. I think I may also add that appreciation is in great measure the seal of appropriation, for the soul that values Christ most is the soul that hath most surely taken possession of Christ. Sometimes a heart prizes the Lord very highly, and tremblingly longs for him; but it is my conviction that the very fact of prizing him argues a measure of possession of him. Jesus never wins a heart to which he refuses his love. If thou lovest him, he loves thee: be sure of that. No soul ever cries, "Yea, he is altogether lovely," without sooner or later adding, "This is my Beloved, and this is my Friend."

Rest not, any one of you, till you know of a surety that Jesus is yours. Do not be content with a hope; struggle after the full assurance of faith. This is to be had, and you ought not to be content without it. It may be your lifelong song, "My Beloved is mine, and I am his." You need not pine in the shade: the sun is shining, "walk in the light." Away with the idea that we cannot know whether we are condemned or forgiven, in Christ or out of him! We may know, we must know; and as we appreciate our Lord we shall know. Either Jesus is ours, or he is not. If he is, let us rejoice in the priceless possession. If he is not ours, let us at once lay hold upon him by faith; for, the moment we trust him, he is ours. The enjoyment of religion lies in assurance: a mere hope is scant diet.

Once more, it is a fair fruit of our delight in our Lord that *our valuation of him becomes a bond of union between us and others*. The spouse cries, "This is my Beloved, and this is my Friend, O daughters of Jerusalem!" and they reply—"Whither is thy Beloved gone, O thou fairest among women? Whither is thy Beloved turned aside, that we may seek him with thee?" Thus, you see, they institute a companionship through the Well-beloved. Few of us, in this room, would ever have known each other, had it not been for our common admiration of the Lord Jesus. We should have gone on walking past each other by the sea to this day, and we should have missed much cheering fellowship. Our Lord has become our centre; we meet in him, and feel that in him we are partakers of one life. We seek our Well-beloved together, and around his table we find him together; and finding HIM, we have found one another, and the lost jewel of

Christian love glitters on every bosom. We have differing views on certain parts of divine truth; and I do not know that it is wrong for us to differ where the Holy Spirit has left truth without rigidly defining it. We are bound each one devoutly to use his judgment in the interpretation of the sacred Word. But we all agree in this one clear judgment: "Yea, he is altogether lovely." This is the point of union. Those who enthusiastically love the same person are on the way to loving each other. This is growingly our case; and it is the same with all spiritual people. Professors quarrel, but possessors are at one. We hear much discourse upon "the Unity of the Church" as a thing to be desired, and we may heartily agree with it; but it would be well also to remember that in the true Church of Christ real union already exists. Our Lord prayed for those whom the Father had given him, that they might be one, and the Father granted the prayer: the Lord's own people are one. In this room we have an example of how closely we are united in Christ. Some of you are more at home in this assembly, taken out of all churches, than you are in the churches to which you nominally belong. Our union in one body as Episcopalians, Baptists, Presbyterians, or Independents, is not the thing which our Lord prayed for; but our union *in himself*. *That* union we do at this moment enjoy; and therefore do we eat of one bread, and drink of one cup, and are baptized into one Spirit, at his feet who is to each one of us, and so to all of us, ALTOGETHER LOVELY.

Unkindness of Scepticism.

THE *Philadelphia Inquirer* tells this story of the late Washington McLean:—One terribly snowy, sleety day in Washington, he was sitting in the Riggs House reading-room, looking out upon the dreary scene on Pennsylvania Avenue. Presently, in came Colonel Bob Ingersoll, the great agnostic. As he entered the apartment, he held out his hand, saying: "Hello, Wash., how do you do?" Mr. McLean took his hand, and, as he did so, said: "Bob, I wish you could have been here a little while ago. I saw a scene out there that made me wish I was twenty years younger. A poor, old, crippled soldier was limping across the Avenue, when a young, lusty fellow ran by him, and, as he did so, kicked the crutch from him, and tumbled him down into the slush." "The villain," said Ingersoll, "he should have been sent to the penitentiary." "Do you really think so?" said McLean. "Why, certainly!" replied the colonel. "What else could I think?" "And yet, Bob," said McLean, "that is what you are doing every week in the year. Here are poor, old, infirm Christians, with nothing to aid or support them but their belief in religion, nothing to keep them out of the mire of despair but faith, and yet you go about kicking the crutch from under them worse than even this fictitious fellow did to this fictitious soldier."

Very true, with the one exception that our faith is a living thing, and can never be knocked away. Bless the Lord!

Sleepy Congregations.

BY THOMAS CHAMPNESS.

ARE you troubled with that kind of thing? If so, don't be too quick to blame the people; the fault may not be all their own. It sometimes happens that people have been kept awake when they should have been asleep, and so feel sleepy when they should be awake. Then, there are those who cannot keep awake whoever preaches. With these it is, if not a disease, an infirmity. We have seen a judge asleep on the bench, and think we have heard of a President of the Conference falling asleep in the chair! Do not be too quick to judge. We have had to listen to sermons before now, when, do as we would, we could not keep awake; and looking back at this distance, are inclined to think that it would have been wise to have slept, as there was nothing in the sermon worth remembering.

Sometimes the preacher's voice is responsible for the drowsiness of the people. He has no great variety of tone, and has got into the way of letting his voice fall towards the end of his sentences, which is a very sleep-making practice. People, as a rule, don't do it when they quarrel. The next time you are angry, and speak a bit of your mind, you notice, you will not drop your voice at the last word.

Then, there are preachers—and perhaps you are one—who never say a thing which has not been said before; and in this day of newspapers, the human mind resents the hearing again and again that which turns truths into truisms, and pathos into platitudes. We must preach the old gospel; but we are not compelled to be prosy.

The newspaper has made it an impossibility for dull preachers ever to be respected, even if they are tolerated; and we do not expect them to be tolerated very long. We know a minister who, we feel, is sure to be a drug in the market, and a burden to the Stationing Committee, who preaches in such a style that sleep is the only way to escape being bored. A friend of mine had no better way of spending part of a Sunday than attending the chapel where this brother was holding forth, and counted, being a bit of a wag, no less than 182 people who, at one time or another, slumbered peacefully during the service.

Now, you are a young man, and I want you, when you see the congregation look drowsy, to put the saddle on the right horse, and determine that you will not have it occur again. It need not, cannot, if you mean what you say when you preach. Be in earnest; feel the glorious responsibility of the service; for it is a glorious one. You are, if a real preacher, a manufacturer of a crown to be worn by yourself. The saved and sanctified hearers are to be the crowns of our rejoicing; but the preacher, who can drone so that his hearers forget their misery in slumber, deserves the fate of the slothful. There will be no sleepy congregations when that preacher occupies the pulpit who has no greater happiness than winning the souls of his hearers. On the other hand, we are sure the devil would like to encourage those so-called sound preachers, who can sleep in their beds after putting a congregation to sleep in their pews!—*From "The Young Preacher's Guide."*

"The Work of an Evangelist."

BY THOMAS SPURGEON.

No. VI.—Wellington and Napier.

HE who resides in Wellington, New Zealand, is a citizen of no mean city. Situate as it is at the southern extremity of the North Island, it occupies a singularly advantageous position, as regards the whole of New Zealand. Hence it has been selected as the seat of government, and is known as the Empire City. Beneath yonder fluttering flag resides the representative of royalty; there are the spires and gables of the Houses of Parliament—the Talking Shop, as some irreverently call it—and a little from the shore are the sloping masts of the larger half of New Zealand's navy—the s.s. "Hinemoa." The spacious harbour is Wellington's greatest pride. Of it the handbook truly says:—"Seen from Waterloo Quay on a bright calm day, when the water is smooth, and the gulls are floating in the air, or dipping into the water, the secure peacefulness and capacious roominess of this harbour are very striking. . . . To the right is Mount Victoria, with pleasant villas clustering near its foot, upon the shore of the bay; and the distant ranges descend and lock the harbour in an amphitheatre of dimpled hills, baked and browned with sun and weather. Beautiful as this harbour is now, how much more beautiful must it have been when those hills were feathered with foliage to the water's edge!" Immediately at the back of Wellington are high and rugged hills, which look as if they would fain push the city into the sea, but, so far from succeeding, they are themselves being scaled by suburban villas, while the once narrow flat at their base is being gradually extended by reclamation works. So the city grows seawards as well as hillwards, and by this time no less than 30,000 souls find residence within its bounds. The spires of churches of many a denomination had long been pointing heavenward ere the Baptists arranged to band together for Christian work and worship. In June, 1877, several of them, deeming that the appointed time had come, invited the late Rev. L. B. Brown (formerly of Hull), to preach in the Polytechnic Hall for a month. His weak health prevented him from continuing a work which gave bright promise of success. It fell, therefore, to the lot of the Rev. T. Harrington to form the Church, early in 1878, there being nineteen members.

The Rev. J. T. Hinton followed in about a twelvemonth, and remained for nearly six years. During this term the Baptist Church (building) was erected, and nearly one hundred members were received by baptism. To myself, the Wellington Church has special interest, in that it is the first I have visited, as an Evangelist, where the Pastor hails from the Metropolitan Tabernacle College. The name of H. H. Driver is still fragrant at Temple Street, Newington, though five years have passed since he occupied the foremost place in the front rank of the collegiates. Since March, 1885, Mr. Driver has ministered to the Baptists of Wellington, and is held in high esteem, not by his own flock merely, but by Christians of every name. He is essentially a student—a bookworm possibly—hence his sermons are said to smell a little too much of midnight oil, and do not catch the ear of the crowd, but his 170 members rejoice to be fed with meat so carefully prepared, and with

the finest of the wheat so skilfully ground and baked. Nor is he a Pastor only. As Hon. Sec. of our Missionary Society he is an invaluable member of the denomination. Has not the Pastors' College good reason to be proud of this colonial son? And he is proud of his *Alma Mater*, and sends an annual collection to its funds! It was a great joy to me to live for a while with Mr. Driver, and to work among his people. He is an old chum of mine. As Pastor of the Auckland Church, of which he was a member, I rejoiced exceedingly in his honourable course at College, and was glad to have him as my travelling companion when returning to New Zealand. We were fellow-members of the same Church in 1882, we were brothers in adversity in the same boat in 1885, we have been companions in arms, fighting for Jesus, in several happy campaigns since, and we are friends in Christ for ever. The Lord bless him as a student, as a shepherd, and as a secretary! Concerning the Mission, he officially reports: "The campaign opened on Sunday, October 12. The morning sermon was designed to benefit those who had already believed in Jesus, while the evening sermon was addressed especially to the unsaved. The Pastor presided at a meeting for prayer on Monday night, and half an hour before each service a number met to plead with God. The attendances were large on Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday, despite strong attractions elsewhere, and the Evangelist delivered his message of mercy with eloquence and earnestness. Wild storms raged on Friday and Saturday, and seriously thinned the numbers. On every evening some remained as enquirers. The last day of the feast was the greatest and the best. In the evening all available space was occupied, and many were unable to get in. A fervid appeal was made to the undecided to accept the great salvation instantly and joyfully. The mission closed while the tide of interest was at the flood, and all regretted that the Evangelist's stay had been so brief. The direct results of the mission were far less than we had hoped for. They would doubtless have been larger but for the many hindrances that beset us during this week of privilege. Mr. Spurgeon followed soon after Mr. Varley and Mrs. Baeyertz (a converted Jewess). The air was all astir with the excitement caused by the strike, and the coming elections. As if this were not enough, the Wild West Show must needs pitch its tent—('The largest spread of canvas ever hoisted in Australasia,' mind you!)—directly opposite the Church; then, to crown all, the rain fell in torrents, and although 'God's weather never hinders God's work,' it hindered many from attending the services." So says the recorder. Then follow sundry kind and complimentary remarks anent the Missioner, which may be taken as read. I need only add that it was my privilege to lecture, ere I left the city, on "The Apostle of Burmah," to an evidently interested audience. Like Pastor, like people! Mr. Driver has "a veritable passion for missions," and his flock, happily, has caught the blest contagion. Hence they were glad to hear of Dr. Judson, one of the noblest of missionaries, and of his equally noble wife. They crowded the place, listened with well-nigh breathless interest, and added a most acceptable sum to the funds of the Zenana Mission.

NAPIER.

Napier is, roughly speaking, 200 miles from the capital city, and

can be reached by rail and coach in a single day. The rail stretches out its hands from the two towns, and will clasp them, perhaps, ere this article appears in print. At present, the seventeen miles between Palmerston and Woodville have to be negotiated on a Cobb's coach. But they are the best miles of all the journey. The beauties of the Manawatu gorge have something more than a local fame. How a coach road was constructed on the face of such a precipice puzzles many a traveller; and still more surprised is he to see, on the other side of the swollen torrent that roars below, the outline of a railway track. There is the black mouth of a tunnel, and there are the concrete columns and iron girders that carry the rails over watercourses and clefts in the rock; and there is the landslip that has buried months of labour and a mint of money. I had been told that the gorge was spoiled by the railway works; but I confess that though, perhaps, they mar the native grandeur, they only increase the interest of the region. It is now remarkable both for natural magnificence and for engineering skill; and one admires each alternately.

Napier is a town of considerable importance, whence is shipped the produce of the large and rich province of Hawke's Bay. Its great want is a good harbour. If Wellington could but grant it a few of its 19,000 acres of land-locked sea, Napier's fame and fortune would be made. A breakwater is now being constructed, and if Neptune will deal gently with it during the formation stage, it may yet stretch out a strong and sheltering arm. But the billows thereabouts grow frolicsome at times, and play at football with ten-ton concrete blocks.

When putting my hand to the plough at Napier, I imagined that I was to work in virgin soil—at least, so far as Evangelists were concerned. But I was greatly mistaken, for though neither Mr. Varley nor Mrs. Baeyertz had been there, no less than four others had preceded me. I could only rejoice thereat, and over the good work each had done. The more the merrier, say I, if they be of the right stamp; and these were. Still, it is possible to have too much of even so good a thing as special services. But I was the more glad to see such large congregations every night, and gladder still to find that some who had run the gauntlet of the other missions decided for Christ at this. At which of them the work of grace began we cannot say. I had as coadjutors in this campaign a veteran warrior and a young ensign. Dear old Mr. Cornford, who was for many years pastor of the Auckland Baptist Church, and who is about to celebrate his Jubilee of Christian service, was the veteran; and Mr. John Jones, the first student trained by the Baptist Union of New Zealand, was the ensign. "We have been brave," said he who is putting off the harness. "We will be brave," said he who is just putting it on. The former has resigned the pastorate of the three-year-old Baptist Church in Napier, and the latter was about to supply the pulpit for a month, "with a view." The cause has scarcely made history yet. A few earnest hearts are banded together, a really beautiful little building has been erected, and a Sunday-school is well under weigh. Who can say whereunto this enterprise may grow? "For the earth bringeth forth fruit of herself: first the blade, then the ear, after that the full corn in the ear."

Ere I sailed from Napier for Auckland, to attend the annual meetings

of the New Zealand Baptist Union, it was my privilege to be present at a memorable meeting. The catholicity of its platform was worth recording and worth imitating.

It was on the evening of a day of prayer appointed by the Ministers' Association. A popular Presbyterian divine presided, and gave a forceful evangelistic address. The other speakers were, one a Wesleyan, and the other an Anglican. Those who led in prayer were the Bishop of the diocese, an archdeacon, a Methodist minister, and a Baptist Evangelist. Nor had these met merely because it was a special occasion. The fraternity was not feigned; there was no stiffness nor formality. They were of one heart and one mind, striving together for the faith of the gospel; and I learn that they are always so. Indeed, I had proofs of it. The bishop himself honoured me by listening to a lecture on "John Ploughman"; and when, one evening, I was unable to attend a preliminary prayer-meeting, the archdeacon conducted it quite willingly, and most acceptably. Praise the Lord for this! Napier cannot fail to feel the force of Christianity when the Church goes forward in solid phalanx, chanting (and, by its union, proving that it is not mere song)—

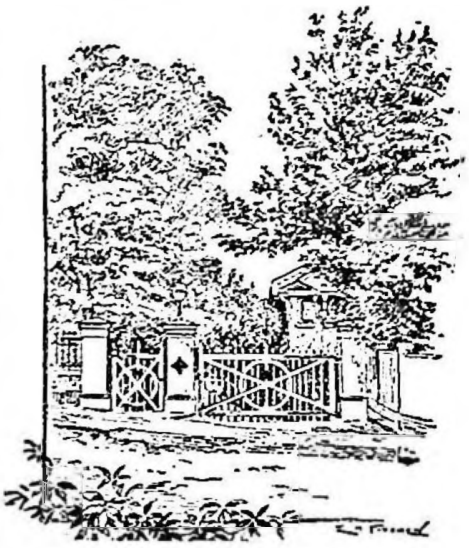
"We are not divided—
All one body we;
One in hope and doctrine,
One in charity."

The Prophet Jeremiah.

THE prophet Jeremiah lived in an evil age, on which, for its sins, awful judgments were impending. Was there any connection in the prophet's mind between himself and the evil in the midst of which he lived? Did he feel so perfect, so without a care, that he was only, as some would call it, "*sweet within*"? Let us hear his words. "Mine heart within me is broken . . . all my bones shake: I am like a drunken man . . . because of the words of his holiness" (Jeremiah xxiii. 9). Does not God describe our own age as "this present evil age" (Galatians i. 4, R. V., margin)? Has he not told us of the awful judgments impending—judgments vastly more dreadful than any in the time of Jeremiah? It is believers of the Jeremiah type that are more and more lacking in this day, in which all around are men "having no hope, and without God in the world." We are "bought with a price," and are not our own. Happy and blessed to be so in a world of strangers to life and to God! Could there be the levity of mind if the true evil were *felt*, and the *souls* of men were considered? He that would imagine that he has nothing to say to the sins of the age, let him take a look at Olivet, where the Lord himself *wept*, saying, "How often would I have gathered thy children together . . . and ye would not!" "If thou hadst known . . . the things which belong unto thy peace; but *now* they are hid from thine eyes." What we want, beloved children of God, is to see all with the eye of God, with the heart of Jesus, and with the compassionate feelings of a Jeremiah.—*From the late J. Denham Smith's "Loving Messages during Wailing Hours."*

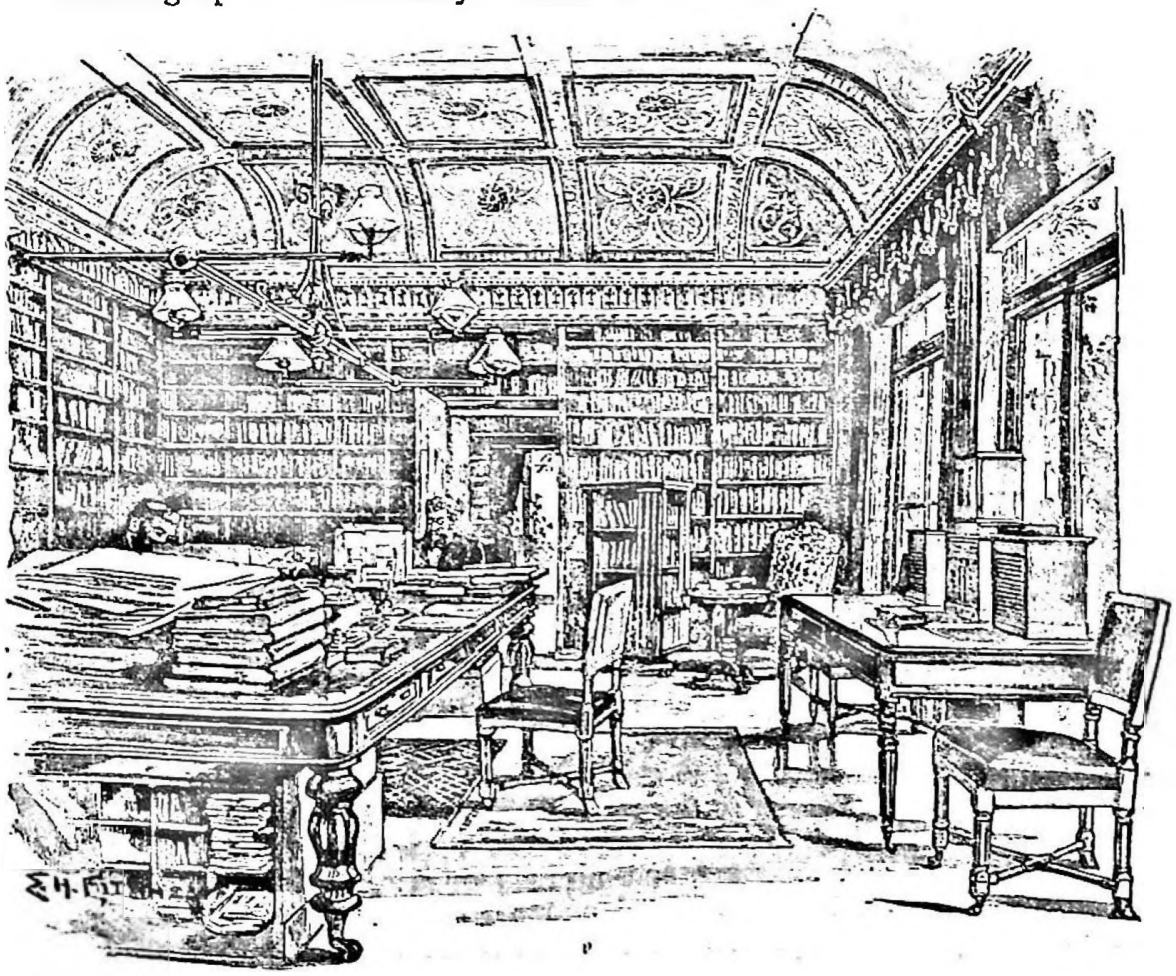
Go in Through the Unlocked Gate.

BY JOSEPH W. HARRALD.



THE sight of this little picture reminds me of an experience of mine that may be useful to others by way of illustration. For some years I had been in the habit, every morning, of passing through the small gate represented on the left hand; but one day, on trying to open it, I found that it was locked. What was I to do? I knew that I had the right to enter the gate, for the master of "Westwood" needed my presence in the study depicted below by *The Quiver* artist.

I had no wish to waste the time of my "Tirshatha," that is, "The Governor" (Nehemiah x. 1, margin) by going all round by the bottom of the grounds, and I had no desire to imitate the methods of a thief, by climbing up some other way. What was I to do?



There was no need for me to hesitate for a moment, for *by the side of the little gate was a much wider one*, and what was more important to me just then, *it was not fastened*. I had only to push it open, enter, and go where I was wanted. As I walked down the carriage-drive, I thought that the two gates afforded an illustration for sinners seeking salvation, and for Christian workers in a difficulty as to their sphere of service.

Many a poor soul, convinced of sin, and longing to enter the King's highway, finds the door of entrance closed and fastened; or, at least, so it appears to be. Difficulties as to the great and glorious doctrine of election seem to create an impassable barrier: what can the seeker do? O Lord, open the young man's eyes, that he may see his Lord and Saviour; and unstop his deaf ears, that he may hear him say, "I am the door; by me if any man enter in, he shall be saved." "Knock, and it shall be opened unto you"!

> "The door of thy mercy stands open all day,
> To the poor and the needy, who knock by the way;
> No sinner shall ever be empty sent back,
> Who comes seeking mercy for Jesus's sake."

In the poem, "The Man at the Gate," the author shows that even a child may enter, for one is made to say—

> "'I am only a little child, dear Lord,
> And my feet are stained already with sin;
> But they said you had sent the children word
> To come to the gate, and enter in.'
>
> "The Man at the gate looked up, and smiled,
> A heavenly smile, and fair to see;
> And he opened, and bent to the pleading child,
> 'I am willing with all my heart,' said he."

On that wide "Westwood" gate is painted the word PRIVATE, for it is not intended for the use of every tramp or traveller along the hill called Beulah. So, that other door is reserved for those who have the right to enter it. "Am I one of them?" Listen: "All that the Father giveth me shall come to me." "But I do not know whether I have been given to the Lord Jesus by his Father." Read on; do not stop in the middle of the verse: "and him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out." They who come are welcome, and they do well to come. If the first part of the verse seems like the little gate that I found locked, do not try to force your way through it, but *go through the unlocked gate*. Both gates open into the same road, and it makes no difference to you by which portal you enter, so long as you get into the right way.

Sometimes a Christian worker has an experience similar to mine when I found the gate locked. His usual door of usefulness is closed; what is he to do? Give up his work for the Lord? Certainly not. Opportunities of service are under the control of him "that openeth, and no man shutteth; and shutteth, and no man openeth." If he shuts one door, he will open another. Paul and his companions were forbidden by the Holy Ghost to preach the Word in Asia; and when they essayed

to go into Bithynia, the Spirit suffered them not. This was because the Lord had called them to preach the gospel to the men of Macedonia, where he had opened for them "a great and effectual door." "That insatiable worker for Christ," as John Calvin called the apostle of the Gentiles, often used such expressions as these—"A door was opened unto me of the Lord," "praying also for us, that God would open a door of utterance." We shall do well to imitate him, by entering the unlocked gate, and not waiting in sullenness or idleness outside the one that is fastened.

"Is Thine Heart Right?"

2 Kings x. 15.

COME, oh, come for a broken heart, Ps. li. 17.
Hardened and chilled by sin; Rom. ii. 5.
Jesus alone repentance gives, Acts v. 31.
Seek not that grace within! Heb. xii. 17.
He will the rock in pieces break, Jer. xxiii. 29.
He will the streams unbind; Ps. cxlvii. 18.
Ask, and it shall be given you, } Matt. vii. 7.
Seek, and you'll surely find. }

Come, oh, come for a snow-white heart, Ps. li. 7, 10.
Scarlet although its stains! Isa. i. 18.
Come to the "fountain filled with blood, Zech. xiii. 1.
Drawn from Immanuel's veins." John xix. 34.
What though your sins be crimson red, } Isa. i. 18.
Yet shall they be as wool; }
Jesus a "God of pardons" is, Neh. ix. 17 (margin).
Pardons both frank and full. Luke vii. 42.

Come, oh, come for a trusting heart, Ps. cxii. 7.
Doubting and restless saint! Isa. liv. 11.
Why is your soul cast down within? Ps. xlii. 5.
Why do you fear and faint? Jonah ii. 7.
Need you your daily burdens bear? Ps. lxviii. 19 (R.V.).
Surely *He* bore your grief; Isa. liii. 4.
"Lord, I believe," your heart should say, } Mark ix. 24.
"Help thou mine unbelief." }

Come, oh, come for a burning heart, Ps. xxxix. 3.
Lukewarm thy love, or cold! Rev. iii. 15, 16.
Jesus can make disciples' hearts } Luke xxiv. 32.
Glow as in days of old. }
Come to that Book which tells of him; John v. 39.
Is not his Word a fire? Jer. xxiii. 29.
Light your torch at his burning heart, Ps. xviii. 28.
His love must yours inspire. 1 John iv. 19 (R.V.)

THOMAS SPURGEON.

Dr. Jeter's Memory, and the Effect of using Manuscript in the Pulpit.

SOME men need to read their sermons, and have learned to do so with effect. In many cases, however, the necessity for crutches has grown out of the habit of using them, and might with advantage have been prevented by allowing the memory to run alone from the very first. Dr. Hatcher, in the biography of his friend Jeter, affords us an instance of how an able man contributed to his own disablement by using a written sermon when he might have done without it. Notes had better be brief; for the memory loves to be trusted, and will sweetly recompense the trust reposed in it.

Dr. Jeter's case is an extreme one, doubtless; but sometimes a truth may be all the better seen when a glaring instance is set before the mind. Young speakers should begin flying with their own wings, even if they incur an occasional fall. If they try the ballooning of copious notes, and passages which need reading, they will find the making of the gas a great trouble, and they may soar so high that the coming down may be fatal.

The volume,* from which we borrow, is a loving tribute to a friend. It is very candid, and hence instructive; but we are unable to share in the very high estimate of its hero which love has placed upon him. This, at the present moment, is not our point: we quote for the sake of advising young preachers.

"It was Dr. Jeter's custom to write his sermons, either in full or in part, and for many years he usually had his manuscript before him. That it was wise for him to write his sermons can hardly be questioned; but I think that it was a great mistake that he ever became accustomed to the use of notes in the pulpit. This remark is not born of prejudice on my part against sermon-reading, or other mechanical aids to the memory; though I must say, in simple truth, that my enthusiasm has never gone wild in favour of manuscript-preachers. Some men can handle a manuscript with tact, and can use it without losing that glowing passion which is the highest charm of an orator.

"But this was not the case with Dr. Jeter. When he used the manuscript, he used it, and made no attempt to disguise the fact from his audience. And when he used notes, he spread them out before the public eye, referring to them in a sober and self-respecting way. He did not imitate those preachers who attempt to use their manuscripts clandestinely, as if they were doing a dastardly thing, and were afraid they would be taken in the act.

"His way was far better, and yet it did not suit him to use a manuscript. It put a weight upon him. Being very tall and not quick-eyed, he often had to bend and scan the paper in order to find the place. He could not rattle smoothly along in the discussion of one part of his subject while searching among his notes for his next point.

"He usually paused, in the strain of his remarks, and gave himself

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* Life of J. B. Jeter, D.D. By Wm. E. Hatcher. Wharton and Co., Baltimore.

to the one point of finding what was next to be said. When confined to his manuscript, he was always enfeebled in his delivery. Elocutionists may read, but orators speak. Dr. Jeter was too much of an orator to prosper in the *rôle* of a declaimer. He never did his best, except when untrammelled by notes.

"I have said that the use of mechanical helps in the pulpit was a mistake in his case. It was worse than a mistake; it was a positive injury. His memory, in point of vigour and retentiveness, was extraordinary, and his mind moved upon a logical track. For men who are florid in style, fond of making poetic quotations, and without methodical arrangement in their sermons, a manuscript is a necessity. But Dr. Jeter's sermons were structures. They were closely concatenated lines of thought. They grew out of the text, and were put together with the skill of a master. His divisions were simple and orderly, each suggesting that which was to follow. Such sermons can be committed and recalled without difficulty. Almost any attentive and sympathetic auditor, after listening to Dr. Jeter, could easily reproduce the points of his sermon in their order. My conviction is very decided, therefore, that he ought never to have entangled himself with manuscripts or notes. This he came finally to realize, and in his later life he made a desperate effort to break from the bondage of his habit.

"But it was then too late. He refused to trust his memory in the days of its strength, and it never forgave him for the wrong. It grew fitful, coquettish and cranky. Spoiled by being unduly helped in its task, it became capricious and balky. At times, it would perform its duty with admirable fidelity, and then again it would refuse to budge. Such was the penalty which he had to pay for sinning against his memory. It is worth while for young preachers to bear in mind that a memory generously cultivated and firmly trusted, is capable of almost indefinite improvement and service.

"I believe that this is the explanation of those painful hitches which sometimes befell him in his attempts to preach. He may have had other mental crotchets; but his tricky memory was his weakest point. It rendered him uneasy, timid and self-conscious. He was like a king going into battle under the dread suspicion that his chief general was a traitor, and might turn against him at the critical moment.

"There were times when his memory got sulky in advance, so that it was impossible for him to call up an old sermon when he wished to use it. Here is a case in point:

"Dr. Jeter had a sermon he called his 'Eel-Sermon.' It was quite famous in its day. He was often solicited to repeat it. On some public occasion, at one of the large gatherings in the country, he was solicited to preach this sermon. He went out into the woods and walked to and fro for nearly an hour, attempting to recall the discussion and prepare himself properly to preach it. All his efforts were without avail. After wrestling with his topic for some time, he finally gave it up as hopeless that day. On his return, he was asked if he would preach that sermon. 'No! no!' he replied, '*the slippery thing* gets away from me. I must try something else.' He did try something else, and preached with his usual power. The slipperiness with which he charged his sermon ought to be put to the account of his memory. That was famous for its slips.

"It was pitiable to look at him when he fell a victim to the trickiness of his memory. It gave him a cowed and helpless mien, which was distressing to behold. He was preaching on 'Moses' Invitation to Hobab.' After giving the context, he approached the discussion; but he was evidently out of sorts. He moved heavily, and presently came to a dead halt. Slowly reaching his hand around into his coat pocket behind him, he drew out a little black book, and said in a deeply lugubrious tone, 'I find my memory is treacherous this morning, and I will have to use my notes.' He spread them before him, but the bad behaviour of his memory had thrown a pall over the entire household of his faculties. They would not work. He was utterly devoid of enlarging power. He crept timidly along the line of his notes, and, as they were brief, he speedily reached the end. When he took his seat, he looked as gloomy and crestfallen as if he had just been condemned to be shot. At his request I followed in an exhortation, and closed the meeting, feeling unusually solemn and tender. As I did not know what to say to him, I concluded to slip out of the pulpit in silence. As I was leaving, he caught me, and, drawing me back, said, 'My heart feels like a vacuum, and my head like a pumpkin.'

"It sometimes happened that his memory would trip him at the moment of his highest exhilaration, and when he was in the midst of his boldest flights. He was preaching one Sunday morning on 'The Dignity of the Christian Life.' At one point he compared the glory of the Christian with the distinctions of earth, and showed its superiority. He was in the preaching humour, and was towering in his passionate eloquence. Rising to the climax, and with his voice at the highest pitch, he exclaimed: 'I would rather be a Christian than to have the wealth of the Rothschilds; I would rather be a Christian than to be the President of these United States; I would rather be a Christian than to wear the crown of England; I would rather be a Christian (here he was very high) than to—than to be (here he began to shake and fall) rather be a Christian, I say—than—than to be—than, I say, to be *Julius Cæsar!*' Why he lugged in the tyrannical Julius at this point I never knew. He may have thought that he would meet the exigencies of the case, inasmuch as the imperial Cæsar is reputed to be useful in 'stopping a crack to keep the wind away.' I suspected that he brought in the bloodthirsty old Roman in a spirit of vexation, and as a curt way of expressing contempt for himself.

"In the winter of 1859 I went to Grace Street Church one Sunday night to hear him preach. His audience was not large, but he seemed to be in excellent trim for preaching. His text was, 'Strive to enter in at the strait gate: for many, I say unto you, shall seek to enter in, and shall not be able.' When he came to that part of the text about not being able to enter in, he showed that our entering in at the gate depended, among other things, upon the time we sought to enter. He said there was a time for entering, and if we allowed that to pass, we ought not to hope that we could afterwards enter. Then he began to illustrate. 'If you are sick,' said he, 'and the physician prescribes a remedy to be taken at a certain time, and you fail to take it until the time is past, you ought not to complain if it does not cure you. If you do not sow in seed-time, you must not expect to reap in harvest. Much

less, if in seed-time you sow your ground in weeds, ought you to hope to reap wheat when the harvest-day comes.

"'When I was a boy I read a story of Goodman Hodge, an unbalanced and shiftless swain. Goodman fallowed his fields, and made them ready for the seed. When the day for sowing came, he went forth and sowed his fields broadcast with—(here he was swinging his long arm around in imitation of the sower)—sowed his fields broadcast—(another pause, and still swinging his arm)—sowed his fields, I say broadcast with—(here he took in his arm, came to a dead halt, drew his hand over his face, and then, with a downcast look, slowly scratched his head). Well really, brethren, I have forgotten what it was—I know it well; for it grows very extensively here in Virginia, and has a large bloom; but, after all, it does not matter—it was a noxious weed. He sowed his ground with the seed of a noxious weed. (This seemed to right him up, and he started out anew.) When the time for harvest came, Goodman Hodge called in his servants, put his reapers in order, and went forth expecting to reap a harvest. But when he came in sight of his fields, instead of waving with the ripened wheat, they were all abloom with *thistles—ah, that's the vegetable; that's the vegetable!* He found his field filled with thistles. 'Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap.'"

Drives at Menton.

No. VI.—To Castellar.

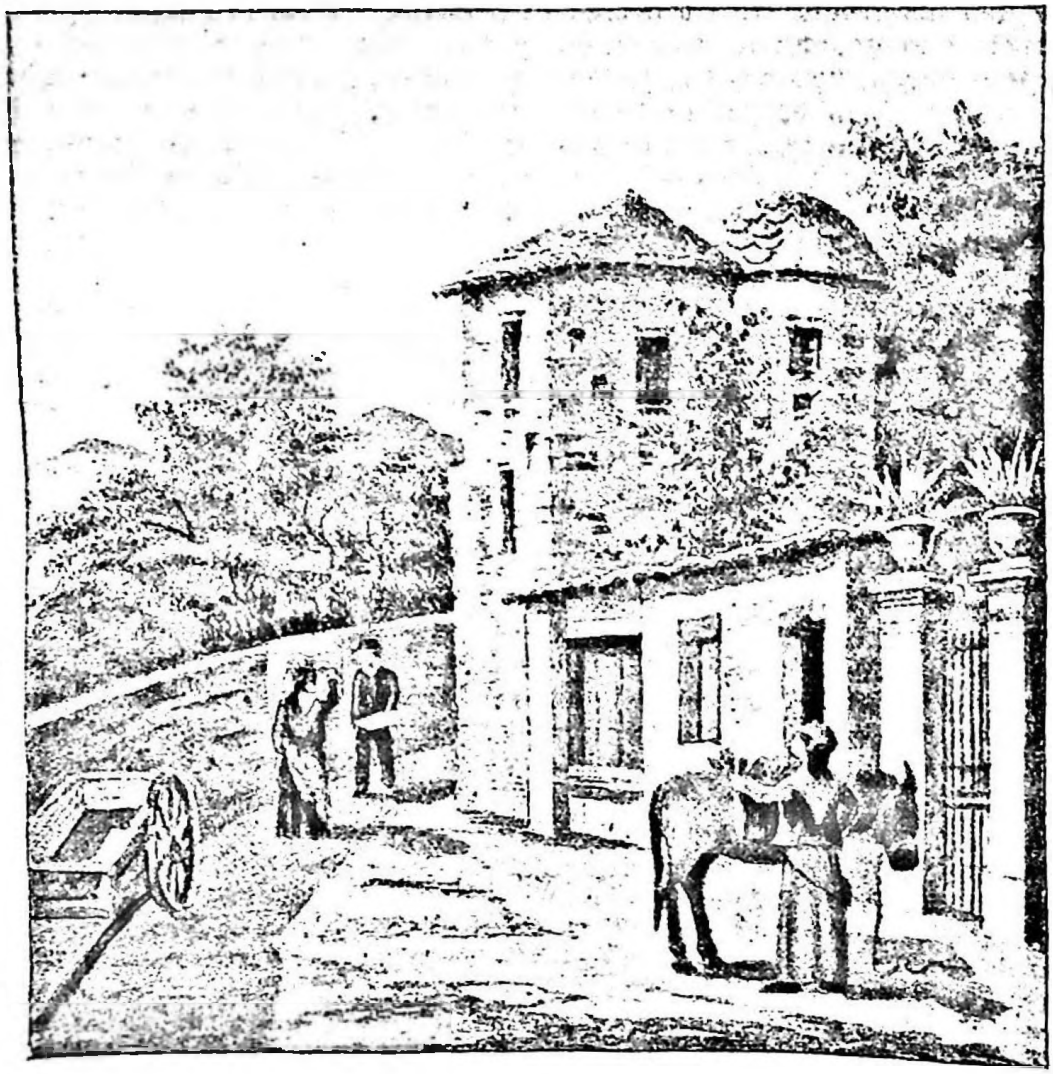
BY C. H. SPURGEON.

EVERYBODY must go to Castellar. The journey thither, through *The Menton Valley*, is a favourite drive with many, and the walk, or the donkey-ride, along the top of the ridge, is peculiarly popular. I have tried both ways; and if I had my youthful legs, I would prefer the walking; for the views are charming, the air is refreshing, and the song of the birds is exceedingly sweet; and all the more so, because we are assured that there are no little birds in France. One likes to find out that popular sayings of an ugly sort are not true. Take your lunch; climb up the steep road at the end of the *Rue du Castellar;* get on the more level road at the top of the ridge; take your midday meal among the olives, and try and think of anything on earth more pleasant than the whole business. You will certainly fail, and be glad to do so. Coming home one afternoon, and beginning to descend into the town, I caught my first view of *Corsica*—that island which bore Napoleon, and lies far off in the blue Mediterranean. What a fairy sight! Knowing nothing about it, I stood entranced; and while I marvelled, it vanished out of my sight.

Suppose we go to Castellar by road. I have known persons reside in the town for weeks without being aware of the existence of the road up the Menton valley; and that because the entrance to it is a narrow affair, which does not look as if it led into a fine broad roadway. You turn up by the old barracks, and go past *the Church of the Black Penitents.* All the churches suffered heavily at the earthquake; but service

was held here while the parish church was repaired, and then it took its turn in re-edification. Mark the image of the Virgin on the front of this erection, and the words, IN ME OMNIS SPES VITÆ! What! Do Romanists in England assure us that their church does not worship Mary, and yet is she declared to have in her all hope of life? Vain hope! How is the Blessed Mother dishonoured by such blasphemies! Let us get away.

Mark the quaint, half-ruined house, with a round tower! A picturesque bit. A kind friend has been so good as to sketch it for me. His painting is far better than our copy of it. Everything in Menton is full of colour, because of the clear shining of the sun, and when the colour is gone the glory has departed.



Those low wooden buildings along the right-hand side of the road are specimens of what are needed more numerously in a country in which earthquakes may be looked for every now and then. Before you reach the *Octroi*, you may see, high up among the mountains, the end

of the street of Castellar, embowered in olive-groves. It is only 1280 feet high, but it is a pleasant and easy drive.

Look down into the valley as you go along; you peep at the houses below through the foliage of the olive, like seeing a lady's face through a thin veil. What labour has been expended on the terraces and water-courses, and what constant work they require to keep them up! A few years would turn this fruitful land into barrenness. One can understand how the Holy Land, when fully cultivated, flowed with milk and honey; and when left to itself, became the barren country which it now appears to be. Take away the terrace-walls, and the aqueducts, and what would remain in this fertile region?

This valley once offered to me a singular proof of the clearness of the air, and of the ease with which sound travels to a distance in such climates. I was on the top of the ridge when I saw an old friend walking up this road. I shouted to him, and he heard me; at which I was not greatly surprised, for my voice was clear and powerful. But he answered me in an ordinary tone of voice, saying, "Where are you?" and I found that we were able to carry on a conversation without difficulty, with a great space between us. Like Jotham, on the top of Mount Gerizim, I might have delivered my parable to the men of Shechem in the valley, and yet have escaped their murderous hands.

On the hill on the left you can see how the natives are cutting down the olives to plant vines. Olive-oil does not pay—petroleum has cut it out for burning in lamps: the vine is far more profitable. Alas! the scenery will be ruined. The hills, shorn of their trees, will look bald and bare. May not mischief come in the matter of rain if this denuding of the hills becomes universal? Will the production of wine be any requital for spoiling the views?

The valley is amazingly beautiful; and we do not wonder that it has been pitched upon as the scene of the legend of Eve and the golden apples. We may as well tell it here. When the fallen pair were being driven out by the sworded cherub, the mother of our race ventured to stop a moment, and gather a lapful of oranges and lemons. They wandered far and wide. Mother Eve determined that she would never plant the golden fruit till she came to a place which reminded her of Eden; and this spot she found not till she looked back when going up this valley. Gazing on the fair scene, she told Adam that now she had found the spot. Hence these oranges and lemons! You don't believe it. No more do we. But we like the fancy of the tradition. Don't go quite so near the edge of the road, or you may so far verify the story as to experience a Fall in this Paradise.

This is a great place for violets, and other wild flowers; but as at times it is also a great place for children, they may not have left you many. Trap-door spiders used to abound here, and lycopodia in abundance. I am no naturalist, but I can tell a flower from a fern, and I can testify that in many a corner you can find both in profusion.

After going in a nearly straight line above the *Abbatoir*, and past the road to the quarries, the way begins to twist and turn like an eel. Small houses by the road on the left show cracks from top to bottom, made by the earthquake; but we suppose the natives find the openings good for ventilation, and therefore leave them as nature cleft them.

Several little chapels are passed; but as they are down among the olives and the oranges, the visitor scarcely perceives them; and if he did, he might be none the wiser, or more devout. But we are all the better for gazing, every now and then, upon the blue sea, and the great mountains, which, on our last visit, were gloriously white with newly-fallen snow.

We come across the old road. How rough and stony! It has been for ages the one way to the town, and it is by far the nearer way still. Some of our number take to it, and are soon far before us in the ascent. We wind about amid the olives, and mark their ever-varying forms. The oil of Castellar is "delicate and renowned," and great care is taken of the trees, some of which are shored up, and in one or two cases, where they grow out of the side of the hill, and are inclined to fall over, a piece of wall has been built under them. Near the top of the hill one usually sees sacks of manure, and bales of old rags: these last are the favourite food of the olive-roots. It is a wonder that they fetch oil out of the flinty rock, and quite as much so that they distil it out of filthy rags. Base things have their uses after all.

In ascending, we have passed over the crest of the ridge, and look down on another valley, namely, that of Carrei. What a view! Yonder is *Cap Martin*, and nearer is the hill of the *Annunciata*. Further on, we look down on *Monti*, and upward to *Castillon*, where we can see that new houses are building. We wonder if the old town is abandoned. It had an awful shaking, and many lives were lost. Perhaps the inhabitants will not be so over fond of that out-of-the way crag on which their homes were perched, as on the ridge of the roof of the world.

Here comes an old woman with a fagot of vine-branches to light her fire! Never shall I forget lying ill in Marseilles one cold and windy day. A fire was ordered, and, amid my pains, I turned to see the man kindle it. I was low in spirit, and I sank below zero as I saw him take a little bundle of vine-shoots, and set them ablaze. Then rushed upon my heavy heart the words of our Lord, "If a man abide not in me, he is cast forth as a branch, and is withered; and men gather them, and cast them into the fire, and they are burned." How agonizing was the prayer of my despondent spirit that I might never be a fruitless branch of the vine!

We have passed under the wall of Castellar, which is full of iron clamps to hold up the houses, and we are in the *Place de la Mairie*, which derives its name, no doubt, from the house which is used as the Mansion House and the school. Marbles are "in," and the children are hard at them. The great tree is standing in the centre, with a stone seat all round it; and there are people about who seem to have nothing to do, and to be doing it in earnest.

There are two narrow and somewhat dirty streets. The population is said to be about nine hundred. We came here one year when Castellar was in its war-paint. You would hardly think that such a collection of hovels could be in full blaze of political excitement. Yet so it was. The vote of Castellar was to save the Republic! Citizens were appealed to on both sides to rush to the poll, and carry out the principles of the glorious revolution. We were particularly edified by the fact that "the other side" had been guilty of ashameful trick. The

other side always does go off in that direction in England, and we are sorry to find the same thing happening in France. We have no idea which side was right, and which was wrong; but the one and only question would seem to be the one which is all-engrossing at home, namely, which set of maggots shall eat the national cheese.

Nothing much is to be seen here. Of course, the Lascaris had a palace here, and there are remains of it. We could not find anyone to let us in, and therefore we stayed outside. The place was once fortified in a fashion, and had gates and towers. Its church is a prominent object; but we saw in it nothing to note. The priest looked extremely poor and shabby; and well he may be under the starving *régime* of the present government! In the French villages the people themselves, as a rule, pay little or nothing towards their minister's support, and his condition is forlorn to the last degree. We are inclined to think that the parson of Castellar does what he believes to be his duty, and that he trains up the children in the way in which he wishes them to stick. Our reason for this belief lies in the following incident. Against our express warning and prophecy, a zealous brother gave the boys and girls a number of picture-books and leaflets. They crowded round him, and were clamorous for more. He thought he had found the key of Castellar; but, from former experience, I foresaw his disappointment. When they had exhausted his store, and we had returned to the carriages, the youngsters stood in rows on the wall above us, and, at a signal, all these pictorial and evangelical messengers were set on fire, and waved in the air; or where no match could be obtained, the innocent messengers of mercy were torn to pieces, and thrown into the air before the eyes of the heretics! The difference between the bland agreeableness of the children while they were getting the tracts, and their gleeful ferocity when they proceeded to destroy them, was most noteworthy. We are sorry that the priest should believe as he does; but as he believes that these publications are likely to injure the souls of his flock, we cannot blame him for guarding them against them. Some thirty years ago, when Augustus Hare walked to Castellar, he found the priest quite tipsy, roaring and shouting like a maniac. This, he tells us, was no unusual circumstance among the priests of the mountain-villages. There is evidently a change for the better. We are told that the red wine of Castellar is very choice; but the priest we saw did not look as if his gown would buy a bottle of it.

There is about time to get home for lunch if we start at once, and so we give the word, and soon reach Menton and our hotel.

Friendly Aid for a Brother Preacher.

BY C. H. SPURGEON.

No. 2.

DURING the past weeks I have been partly on the move and partly making up for arrears of work at home, and therefore I have scarcely found time to render help to a struggling brother preacher. Yet, as I find that the first instalment was valued, I must practise "redeeming the time," so as to give just a little handful of "seed for the sower." I fear it will hardly be such as can be called "the principal wheat"; but, at least, it may sow a little patch.

In the Scripture upon which we now open, *Gen. ii.* 4–25, we have the story of man before he fell. How short! How sweet!

Modern translators give another rendering to *verse* 5; but if we are prepared to stand to the Authorized Version, we shall find a good subject in *verses* 4 *and* 5. Here we learn—I. *The Universality of Almighty Power:* "The Lord God . . . made every plant of the field," &c. Vegetation is as much the work of God as the heavens and the earth. The least plant of grace is of divine creation. II. *The Lord's independence of usual means:* "The Lord God had not caused it to rain upon the earth." He can water his vineyard without the ordinary agencies. III. *The Lord's independence of man:* "There was not a man to till the ground." Yet the plants grew and bare fruit. IV. *The Lord's effectual working:* "There went up a mist from the earth, and watered the whole face of the ground." How readily can the Lord bedew souls with grace, though means and men be unavailable! We must neither neglect means nor rest in them. God worketh all things.

7. Man. I. The meanness of his material: "the dust of the ground." II. The greatness of his Maker: "the Lord God." III. The excellence of his life: "he breathed into his nostrils." IV. The limit of his nature. "The first man Adam was made a living soul," &c.

On *verse* 8, one might note: 1. The love of God which prepared a place for man. 2. The love which has on earth prepared a place for each of us. 3. The love which prepares a place above for all who are formed anew in Christ Jesus. The gracious foresight of God should be considered by us.

In reading *verse* 9, one sees the great symbols of the conditions and formative forces of human life. Here is—I. Providence: producing things pleasant and good. II. Grace: providing eternal life. III. Probation: testing fidelity and trying whether we choose the good or the evil. These are set forth by three sorts of trees.

In *verse* 12 we have mention of "good" gold. 1. There is gold which is not good. 2. What gold is good? 3. How can we make our gold good? 4. What land is that where the gold is best of all? "Pure gold, like unto transparent glass."

15. Man created to work. His work should co-operate with God: God planted the garden, and man kept it. Work is consistent with honour, happiness, and holiness; nay, is necessary thereto. For God's purpose we should live where he has placed us. Every position has its

duties. God alone can put us into Paradise. In the Paradise above there will doubtless be happy and holy occupation.

16, 17. I. A Permit which rendered abstinence easy. II. A Prohibition which tested man's disposition. III. A Penalty which involved every ill.

On *verse* 17 Mr. Fullerton has noted for me—*In the day thou eatest thereof thou shalt surely die.* It does not say "shall be killed." Sin is itself the seed of death.

Death physical. "Dust thou art, and unto dust return." iii. 19.

Death moral. "They knew that they were naked." iii. 7.

Death spiritual. "I was afraid . . . . I hid myself." iii. 10.

18. This verse would require very careful handling, if one should venture to preach upon it. I. Man in perfection needed society. II. Man in his present condition needs it. III. THE MAN would not rest till he found it. "This is a great mystery, but I speak concerning Christ and the Church."

18. I. God knew man's need before man knew it. II. God laid man's need to heart. III. God himself provided for that need. The text is a special illustration of a general principle in the ways of God.

19, 20. I. That man had large wisdom before the fall. II. That man called things by their right names before he fell. III. That man's large wisdom in scientific matters did not preserve him from falling. IV. That it could not help him up again.

For our own private thoughts, though not for the pulpit, we may meditate upon the *building* (so the Hebrew runs in *verse* 22) of the woman, that is, the church. She is taken from the side of Jesus, her Lord, through his deep sleep. She is now in process of building, and she is to be brought to her Bridegroom by the Great Creator in all the perfection of beauty. How dear she is to him out of whom she is taken! How wonderful the mystical union which is acknowledged, "bone of my bones, and flesh of my flesh." The church is not visible till fully fashioned; but she will be presented by God as a bride to her husband, a glorious church, not having spot, or wrinkle, or any such thing. We must beware of an irreverent familiarity while musing upon this sacred type, but we may learn much from it if the Holy Spirit restrains imaginative curiosity, and grants liberty to the humble understanding to look into the deep things of God.

Power of a Loving Hand.

IN working amongst the young, the hand may do a good deal. "I shall never forget him," said a gentleman of a Christian worker, now gone to his rest, "how he put his hand on my shoulder when I was a young man, and said he wanted me for the Lord." His kind manner went through my heart, and was the beginning of a new life to me.—*Dr. S. C. Morgan.*

Sowing the Seed.

SOME ten years ago I was travelling in a third-class railway carriage, when my attention was directed to some little children who were in the same compartment. Soon I was in conversation with them, and one observation led to another, until I put the question as to whether either of them loved the Saviour; and if not, why not? While in the midst of this conversation, I felt something very warm against my right ear, and, hurriedly turning round, I found it was a girl about sixteen years of age in the act of whispering in my ear. I asked her what she wished to say to me, when, with faltering lips, she said, "Sir, I have been listening to your conversation with those little children, and it has led me to feel my need of a Saviour."

Looking the girl full in the face, I could tell by her expression that she was deeply in earnest, and said, "Do you mean to tell me, as in the sight of God, you are really anxious to find Jesus as your Saviour?"

"Yes, sir; indeed I am."

If that be so, I will come over into the compartment where you are sitting (for she was sitting in the next compartment to where I was), and have further conversation with you. No sooner said, than I was clambering over the partition to take a seat by her side. With trembling lip she told me she knew herself to be a sinner, and felt the need of a Saviour. Pointing her to the Lamb of God which taketh away the sin of the world, I bid her trust him as her own Saviour then and there, with all her sin and guilt upon her, and not to wait till she was better, or till she had given up this or that sin.

"What?" she said, "will Jesus take me just as I am without waiting till I'm better?"

"Yes," was my reply, "for if you wait till you are better you will never come at all. It was sinners, not the righteous, Jesus came to call; and if you feel yourself to be a sinner Christ is just the Saviour for YOU."

"O sir, this seems too good to be true. May I come NOW, just where I am, and as I am?"

"Yes, just where you are in this railway carriage compartment. Let me tell the Lord you want him as your Saviour, and ask him to accept you now."

"Do, sir, do."

We both bent our heads in prayer; and if ever I prayed in my life, I did at that moment, that the Lord would reveal himself to that seeking sinner, and assure her, by only trusting him, that salvation was hers. When I opened my eyes and lifted my head, and looked into her face, I saw in a moment that by faith the dear girl had laid hold upon salvation. With rapturous joy she exclaimed, "Christ is mine, and I am his, and I trust him from this moment as my Saviour."

We again bent our heads in prayer to thank him for his redeeming love towards her. She in trembling accents then and there dedicated herself body, soul, and spirit to him who came to seek and to save that which was lost. That night (for it was late in the evening) there was joy in heaven among the angels as the glad news was announced, "Behold, she prayeth!"

Naturally, I was anxious to know what her home surroundings were, and found that she had no one at home that could help her on in the newly-found divine life, as neither of her parents was on the Lord's side; therefore, I determined to follow her up. By God's blessing, she rapidly grew in the knowledge of her Lord and Master Jesus Christ. After some months had passed, she began to feel that it was her duty and privilege to be obedient to her Lord's commands, and consequently sought baptism, as a believer, in accordance with that Scripture which saith, "He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved"; and also to commemorate her Lord's dying love in obedience to his injunction, "Do this in remembrance of me." To this end she applied to the church worshipping at the Metropolitan Tabernacle, and after seeing the elders and Pastor, and giving testimony before the church, was gladly welcomed into its fellowship, after being baptized in July, 1880. For more than nine years that dear girl, who is now a woman, has been a consistent disciple of Christ.

The mother, noticing what a change the grace of God had wrought in her daughter, began to think seriously about her own soul, and longed to have the same Saviour that her child had found as her own. This led her to my services, and eventually to hear my dear Pastor, C. H. Spurgeon, preach. It was not long before she, too, was rejoicing in a newly-found Saviour, and is at the present time, with her daughter, a member of the church.

The object of my writing this true narrative is that it may be an incentive to all God's children to sow the seed of the kingdom wherever they may be, or under whatever circumstances. Humanly speaking, that girl and her mother to-day would have been on the road to destruction had my conversation in that railway carriage been on politics, or the passing events of the day. Brother, sister in Christ, scatter the seed of the kingdom wherever you go, or wherever you be—in the workshop, behind the counter, by the wayside, in the tram-car, bus, railway carriage, the sea-side, the country lane; when taking an airing in the park, or wherever it may be; and it shall bring forth fruit to the honour and glory of God.

When I entered that railway carriage, I little thought that God had need of me as an instrument to bring a soul to himself; but so it was, and so it may be with *you*, if *you* seek the opportunity.

"Go, labour on, spend and be spent,
Thy joy to do thy Father's will;
It is the way the Master went,
Should not the servant tread it still?"

"Go, labour on, thy hands are weak,
Thy knees are faint, thy soul cast down;
Yet falter not—the joy is near,
Thy Saviour soon will call thee home."

Worldly Amusements.

BY A WORKER.

WORLDY amusements and pleasures choke the Word of God in the *heart*, although they do not appear to do so in the *head* and *lips* of many professors. There are even men calling themselves ministers of the gospel of the Lord Jesus Christ, who are to be found on the Saturday night engaged in foolish amusements, instead of being in their studies preparing for their holy calling on the Sabbath. Would it not be far better if such, who can stand upon the platform to recite some laughable or dramatic piece, gave up their holy calling, and came out honestly as actors on the stage? Imagine such a servant of God as Mr. Spurgeon amusing an audience on the Saturday night with the recital of "The Spanish Champion."* If he ever did such a thing, I am much afraid he would very soon cease to be a champion of the cross of Christ, and instead of having six thousand hearers on the Sabbath, to drink in the Word of eternal life, he would soon only have six hundred, or less; for I suspect ICHABOD would speedily be written on the walls of the Tabernacle. But what saith Christ concerning such, in his parable of the sower? "That which fell among thorns are they, which, when they have heard, go forth, and are choked with . . . the *pleasures* of this life, and bring no fruit to perfection."—Luke viii. 14.

What with smoking concerts, reciting and song-singing at mission-halls, with ministers as chairmen, and leading members of the church giving countenance to all this utter rubbish, we shall have the curse of God falling upon us, and the world holding us up to ridicule. Well may the world do so. I would rather be an out-and-out worldling than a half-and-half professing Christian; for such are of no use to God or to man. They that are neither hot nor cold, the Lord saith, he will spew out of his mouth.

In many cases these worldly amusements and pleasures lead those who engage in them to the rejection of God. The writer of these lines has had to smart for it in his own family. The downward spiritual life of a very near and dear relative commenced on the platform of a dissenting place of worship, where unprofitable amusements were indulged in. The relative spoken of has a beautiful voice, and is a clever reciter. The result was great applause, which fed the vanity and ambition of the girl. No party was considered complete in the circle in which she moved without her presence either among professing Christians or worldlings. The result was, that very soon the house of God became neglected, and the theatre took its place. It was not long before application was made to a stage-manager to join a company of actors and actresses. To-day that hopeful girl (now a woman) is of the world worldly, although once a professing Christian. Instead of the house of God, it is now the house of the devil, with all its degrading influences. I think I hear some say, as they read this, "It is an exceptional case." Not so; for, after having been engaged in the Lord's work for many years, I have met with a great many such, which have been heart-breaking to me. My views on the subject are very definite, for they are the result of great

* We give our correspondent's words, and cannot omit the allusion without destroying the sense.

sorrow of heart. I earnestly lift up my voice, in the name of God, against these innovations in Christ's Church. Oh, that men would hear the voice of God, in his Word, against all this wickedness : "They take the timbrel and harp, and rejoice at the sound of the organ. They spend their days in wealth (or as the margin hath it, IN MIRTH), and in a moment go down to the grave. Therefore they say unto God, Depart from us ; for we desire not he knowledge of thy ways."—Job xxi. 12-14.

Are the platforms of our chapels and churches to become the training ground for the boards of the theatre ? Verily they will, unless God, in his mercy, prevent. From one newspaper alone I have cut no less than nine notices of entertainments given in connection with Dissenting and Church of England places of worship. If our forefathers, who fought for the faith once delivered to the saints, could rise from their tombs, and read these, their hair would stand on end. What think you of such songs as "The Miller and the Maid," "The Bellringer," and "The Longshoreman," being immediately followed by "Calvary," and this for carnal amusement ? For my part, I call it gross blasphemy. It is an awful thing to cause mirth and merriment over such a subject, which was actually done, by loud applause. We need rather to hang our heads for very shame, when we remember it was our sins that caused the agony of the dying Saviour. When will the Church of Christ wake up to the fact that *no sacred words* should be used for carnal amusement, but solely for the worship of God ? I feel ashamed when I think of many members of Christian churches who are to be found at entertainments, but never at the prayer-meeting or week-evening services. The Sunday-morning service suffices many from one week's end to the other. The afternoons and evenings are often spent in the company of ungodly friends, although, to soothe conscience, sacred tunes may be played on the piano or harmonium, as an accompaniment to a few hymns.

Let me urge every child of God, once and for all, to renounce frivolous amusements, whatever garb they may be dressed in ; for they are sapping the vitality of the Church, and are hurtful to the spiritual growth of the soul. Follow the example of Moses, and you shall reap the reward. "By faith Moses, when he was come to years, refused to be called the son of Pharaoh's daughter ; choosing rather to suffer affliction with the people of God, than to enjoy the PLEASURES of sin for a season ; esteeming the reproach of Christ greater riches than the treasures in Egypt ; for he had respect unto the recompence of the reward."—Hebrews xi. 24-26.

One useless amusement leads to another, until we now hear of members of churches, at their birthday parties, and the like, introducing into their family circles dancing and card-playing. Can we be surprised, when such is the case, that the worldling says he sees no difference between the Christian and the world ? All God's children are commanded to come out from the world, and not to touch the unclean things thereof. Better by half be thoroughly Puritanic than slip-shod professors. God hates half-heartedness ; for his command is, "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind." If we obey this command, we shall find no room for time-wasting amusements, which bring dishonour on his holy name, and leanness of soul to those who engage in them.

We sent up a Signal.

WEARIED and worn, suffering from "brain-fag," from the strain of incessant service through the winter season, Brother C—— and I set sail from Old England on the 22nd of May, bent on availing ourselves of the advantages of enforced rest *en voyage*, and change of scenery and associations on the Continent. Five days later, we were nearing the north coast of Germany. A wild wind and a "choppy" sea kept us later than usual on deck. Driven by sheer weariness, I retired to my berth at two o'clock in the morning; but not for long. At five I was ruthlessly roused by my friend, "What meanest thou, O sleeper? Arise, call upon thy God." "What's the matter?" I inquired. "We have run aground, and can't move." Hurrying up to the captain's bridge, we found him the picture of anxiety. We were (in the wrong sense) "steadfast, unmovable"—of this there was little doubt. For three hours had the captain been trying to "go ahead," then "astern," but not an inch could he move the good ship; and with one thousand two hundred tons of cargo aboard, we were evidently getting more and more deeply embedded in the sandbank. We wanted *sixteen feet* of draught to float us, and had but *nine*. As well might we try to float a "heavy-laden" sinner into the kingdom of grace on the shallow doctrines so common to-day, as to steer our ship over this sandbank.

At length the captain bade "Jack" run up the signal for help. Friend C—— caught at the idea, and seizing me by the arm, said, "I think we will get to our cabin, and take the hint." There we retired, and "sent up the signal for help." Presently, addressing the steward, C—— asked, "Did you feel the vessel move?" "Not likely," he replied, "after sticking here three hours." Turning to the mate, C—— put the same question, with a similar result, "Not likely! What do you land-lubbers know about it?" Just then the vessel fairly lurched. "Did she move, mate?" "Yes," said he, with an astonished air; "but I can't understand it." By this time a tug from the coast was bearing down upon us, but reversed her course as our captain lowered his signal. When we again mounted his bridge, he was almost beside himself with joy to think we had slidden bodily off the bank, and were once more steaming into the Channel. "I am thankful we're off; but I can't understand it a little; it completely puzzles me." Said friend C——, "Shall we explain it, captain? We are firm believers in the efficacy of prayer; and seeing your trouble, we just now took your unintentional hint, and *sent up a signal for help.* Do you never resort to prayer in the midst of trouble, captain? God has said, 'Call upon me in the day of trouble; I will deliver thee, and thou shalt glorify me.'" Now, our worthy captain was a stanch churchman, and a stickler for church prayers, forms, and ceremonies; and what think you, courteous reader, was his reply? "Oh, yes, whenever I'm in trouble, I always go to the corner of the bridge, and, taking off my cap, say, 'Our Father'"!

This species of superstition is all too common to-day, even in this land of Bibles, and leaves us little room to smile at the Catholic counting her beads, or the Moslem's "vain repetition" of prayers.

How came we on the sandbank with an experienced captain on board? The answer to that question carries its own moral, which please "mark,

learn, and inwardly digest," namely, the danger of removing landmarks! Since the captain's previous visit to this coast, a new system of "buoyage" had been adopted by the German government, of which change he had not received notification, and hence had not corrected his chart to the "latest development of modern thought"; thus the very buoys that formerly directed him into the bed of the channel, now lured him on to the dangerous bank, and almost to destruction.

After our morning meal we sang, with a new and valued meaning—

"In the hollow of his hand,
In the hollow of his hand;
Oh, how safe are all who trust him,
In the hollow of his hand!"

And five hours later found us in the land of Luther.

J. BURNHAM.

Notices of Books.

(*The Church History Series.*) *The English Reformation of the Sixteenth Century.* By W. H. BECKETT. Religious Tract Society.

THIS is a valuable work, the product of wide reading among the recognized authorities of history. No period of the world's existence was more memorable. It was a time when the measures of meal felt the working of the leaven to a very high degree. For good and for evil this was a formative period: its struggles not only decided the condition of the people for the then present time, but for the ages to come. Mr. Beckett has a clear view of his subject, and he writes with a calm, impartial spirit. No one can understand modern history who has not first mastered the open facts and the secret causes of the Reformation struggle. If any reader of ours is in that condition, let him study this masterly volume, which will cost him three-and-sixpence, and repay him tenfold.

The Contemporary Pulpit. Vol. VIII. Swan Sonnenschein and Co.

HOMILETICAL periodicals differ greatly, and rise from the very watery, through the milk-and-water stage, to the pure cream. So far as ability goes, "The Contemporary Pulpit" ranks among the best. Its doctrinal proclivities are not very intrusively expressed, or we might gravely differ.

Aids to Public Prayer; or, Suggestive Themes of Prayer and Praise for those who seek to exercise the gift of Prayer to the Advantage of the Church. By AMBROSE D. SPONG. James Clarke.

A VERY little affair; but we think it may be helpful to some. Without the Spirit of God nothing will aid a man in public prayer; but the good Spirit may graciously use such hints as these for the correction of faults, and the supply of thoughts. Assuredly, there is great room for improvement in the public prayers of many preachers; but the only way to attain it is by the improvement of the preachers themselves. There would be less demand for a liturgy if the extempore prayers of ministers were more spiritual.

From the Beginning; or, Stories from Genesis for the Young. By Mrs. G. E. MORTON. Nelson and Sons.

From Egypt to Canaan. For the Young. Same author and publishers.

IT is somewhat singular that the Religious Tract Society should have been producing the same sort of books which we have here. Great minds often move in the same groove. These volumes are well written, and meet the understandings of young children. It is good to get the youthful mind saturated with Bible stories, and such books as these will greatly help to that end. Very excellent.

The Young Man's Parable. The Prodigal Son. A Story for to-day. By Rev. G. D. Evans, of Bristol. Simpkin and Marshall.

Mr. G. D. Evans, with earnest intent, uses the parable of the Prodigal Son as a warning and appeal to rising manhood. It is wonderful in how many ways this immortal history can be used, and used without doing the least violence to it; for it is so full, and so many-sided, that its teaching cannot be exhausted by all the methods of application which practical piety can devise. Mr. Evans' words are not abundantly Saxon; he uses a rather Latinized style; but his thought is good and eminently practical, and personal. He warns of dangers real and everywhere present to youth, and puts the matter plainly and chastely. He describes both the experience endured by the sinner, and the mercy granted to the penitent, in a very impressive manner; and, in closing, he gives reasons for the hope that is in him with candour and decision. We should not have expounded the parable just so; possibly no one else would: and herein lies an excellence of our friend the author—he has produced a work of his own, with much about it which is fresh and striking. May his prayer be granted, and his book be made useful to many a young man!

Reconciliation before Rest. Professor Drummond's "Pax Vobiscum," and "The Peace of Christ": a review. By Frank H. White. Price sixpence. Partridge.

Mr. White has handled this matter wisely. One of the subtlest writers of the age is under review, and our friend lays bare his dangerous teachings in a masterly manner, pointing out their serious omissions and their grievous errors. We hardly see enough in Professor Drummond's tractate to deserve so much notice as it has obtained; those who love laxity of doctrine extol him for their own purposes. But as it is the fashion to cry up his writings, it is the duty of the faithful servant of the Lord who believes them to be mischievous to expose their falseness by the light of Holy Scripture. This Mr. White has done with much fidelity, blended with courtesy.

The cant of the period decries controversy, and at the same time approves a system which is essentially controversial, and is assailing all the verities of revelation. It is time that we laid aside all pretence of charity towards that new teaching which is cruelty to souls, and treason to Christ. When will the silent ones among us be stung into protest? When will association with evil be seen to be in itself evil?

We wish we could send this antidote by Mr. White into every place into which the Professor's "Pax" has gone. Lovers of the truth should do their best to circulate this faithful pamphlet. It has appeared in *The Christian*, and every Christian should publish it abroad.

The Dawn of the English Reformation: its Friends and Foes. By Henry Worsley, M.A. Elliot Stock.

This is a very full and lucid account of the twilight of the English Reformation in the days of Harry the Eighth. Anne Bullen, and Cranmer and Wolsey, are full upon the canvas, while the trembling figures of the earliest reformers pass across the scene. The heroism of after days had hardly yet been granted to the men of light, and they recanted wofully; even the best of them, and those who in after years died gloriously, had not yet learned the way. We differ from our author in his estimate of the Prayer Book, and in some few other matters; but we are greatly interested in his well-told story. We cannot know too much of this era of the birth of English ecclesiastical liberty. The greater actors do not shine; but, to our mind, are covered with even greater shame than ever. Henry VIII. seems specially a tyrant, and those about him mostly vacillating creatures. The Providence of God is all the more to be had in honour since out of all this evil came the beginnings of a day of grace for our beloved land. This work should be added to every collection of religious histories.

Aphorisms, Maxims, and Short Sentences. By Rev. JAMES MILLIGAN, D.D. Edinburgh: Oliphant & Co.

COLLECTORS of aphorisms should add this to their treasures. Among the pithy sayings which are here arranged are some of surpassing excellence, such as—

"Some men are so engrossed in business, they have no time to live.

"We never live to God till we die to ourselves.

"Do what you can, and leave others to do what you cannot.

"Some men are always ready when it is too late.

"Marriage is not a lottery, but many would succeed better if it were."

It is not possible for proverbial expressions to seem equally good to each individual critic, because the point which strikes one person may seem very commonplace to another. Dr. Milligan keeps up a good average, and we are glad to place his *Aphorisms and Maxims* upon our shelves, although we shall not shelve them.

Gethsemane; or, Leaves of Healing from the Garden of Grief. By NEWMAN HALL, LL.B. Edinburgh: T and T. Clark.

THIS is not a book to be passed over with a hurried notice; we must read it carefully, and give it a fuller review. Still, that there may be no delay, we remark that this volume is a notable addition to those devout works which come to us as sweet fruits of the bitter tree of the cross. Our friend, Newman Hall, has had his taste of the cup of anguish, and he has also become exercised by the experience of years; and therefore he writes, with the pen of a ready writer, things which he has made touching the King. He is conspicuously evangelical in all his teachings, and therefore we might expect him to be pre-eminently so when his theme is the great sacrifice; and the expectation is more than fulfilled. We scarcely know how to praise a writer in the presence of "the bloody sweat." However well the mind may think, and the lips may speak, the subject is too deep, too sacred for expression. It may suffice to say that our beloved brother sips of his Master's cup, and enters, as far as mortal may, into his Saviour's agony. He has prepared a precious book, which will be read so long as there are hearts below to whom Christ is all. The charming original hymns, with which the work is enriched, will not be allowed to serve their present purpose alone; but they will, some of them, be surely taken up into the psalmody of the church. Mr. Hall's poetry, like his prose, is never designed to startle and dazzle; but it has the mild radiance of a pearl, such as nature itself has fashioned. Above all, while so many of his compeers have gone hither and thither after novelties wherewith to provoke sensations, Newman Hall has held to the gospel of all the ages, and has kept his constant circle around the cross of our great Substitute. Our warmest commendation attends these "leaves of healing."

The Biblical Illustrator. Genesis: Vols. I. and II. By Rev. JOSEPH S. EXELL, M.A. Nisbet and Co.

A VAST collection rather than a selection. Such a mass of useful matter can be bought nowhere else for the money. Every page is crowded; not half a line is left blank. Ministers with slender purses—and they are many—will here obtain the essence of all literature upon Genesis for three half-crowns; what can we say more? We hope authors whose writings are so freely used are all agreeable to be thus served up: that is their own look-out. For a preacher to have an outline of almost every notable sermon upon verses in the book before him must be a grand help to him.

La Conversion Chrétienne. Par J. B. CRÉTIN. Published by the Author, La Fère (Aisne), and at La Librairie Populaire Evangélique, 133, Rue St. Denis, Paris.

WRITTEN with a view to meet the Romanists, among whom the author labours. Baptist friends should purchase copies, and distribute them among French people who are seeking light.

An Almanack for the Year of our Lord 1891. By JOSEPH WHITAKER, F.S.A. 12, Warwick Lane, E.C.

WHITAKER needs no praise. It should be every man's companion. You may enquire within upon anything and everything. We do not see how it could be improved. It is as much a standard book for every-day life as the Concordance is for those who search the Scriptures. In its own line it has no competitors.

The Baptist Messenger, 1890. 61, Paternoster Row.

THE annual volume has a serious appearance. It is plain black without, and plain gospel within.

The Newspaper Readers' Index of Reference. E. Marlborough and Co.

THIS index will be useful to those who need to remember where to find articles in newspapers, and other periodicals. It might be utilized as a manuscript catalogue for a minister's library,

Blackie's Modern Cyclopedia of Universal Information. Edited by CHARLES ANNANDALE, M.A., LL.D. Vol. VIII. Blackie and Son.

THE concluding volume of one of the best, cheapest, and most portable works of reference of the present day. Men who cannot afford the great standard Cyclopedias may get on very well with this. In eight volumes, at 6s. each, it contains about 28,000 articles of condensed information upon almost everything in the universe. We know no greater bargain.

The Romance of Religious Begging, with Advice to Givers and Beggars. By Rev. CHARLES LEACH, D.D. R. D. Dickinson.

AMUSING, certainly; but does Dr. Leach consider it quite the thing to speak of "that gentleman who is said to be rather dusky in the face, and who is sometimes called Old Nick"? Assuredly, we feel no respect for the Prince of the power of the air; but we do not see the good taste, or the instructiveness, of such idle expressions. We would be the last to plead for prim propriety, but vulgarisms should have point to justify their use. We do not think this book is up to Mr. Leach's usual mark. It needlessly lays bare the foibles of certain well-known generous givers, who, with all their peculiarities, deserve the gratitude of many; and we do not think that it will answer any practical purpose sufficiently good to justify the pain which it will inflict.

Hazell's Annual for 1891. Cyclopædic Record of Men and Topics of the Day. Edited by E. G. PRICE, F.G.S. Hazell, Watson and Viney.

A NUTSHELL record of men and topics of the day. Very useful. Once used will be regarded as indispensable.

Mexico. ["The Story of the Nations" Series.] By SUSAN HALE. T. Fisher Unwin.

BEGINNING with the misty legends of races which preceded the Aztecs, our authoress conducts us down the centuries which passed happily under the rule of the predecessors of Montezuma. Then came the break up of everything by Cortes and his freebooters. The varying periods under Spanish viceroys at length gave way to independence with its revolutions. The names of Yturbide, Santa Anna, Juarez, and Maximilian succeed each other like dissolving views. Here, in a short space, you have a summary of Mexican history. It is hardly so well told as it might have been, but the volume rates as a fair average in a very valuable series.

The Story of our Light-houses and Light-ships. By W. H. DAVENPORT ADAMS. Nelsons.

HEREIN a fellow will find all that he needs to know concerning light-houses, and light-ships, buoys, and fog-signals, and the like. If he desires to read the adventures, tales, facts, and histories which gather around the guardians of the deep, he will find that Mr. Davenport Adams will supply all that his soul pines after. Few people will envy the position of a light-keeper; but all Christian people may well remember in their prayers the lone watchers of the deep, who must isolate themselves to save life. This book will be the standard popular work upon its own subject.

Not by Bread Alone. By the Author of "The Occupations of a Retired Life." Religious Tract Society.

WITH this utterance of Deity for a a title, we naturally demand in this story reverence for the inspired Word, and a knowledge of the mysteries of the kingdom of God. In this spirit, and with every qualification for the task, the author deals with the atheism, avowed or veiled, which underlies the scepticism and criticism of the day. He has much that is wise to say upon questions of ethics, which Bacon says "are a handmaid to divinity and religion." In fine, he is a Christian philosopher whose talk the common people will hear gladly. While "pure religion and undefiled" is beautifully illustrated in one of the characters, there is in the plot of the story a large amount of mystery, tragedy, and romance. We would welcome further writings by this author.

No Choice: a Story of the Unforeseen. By Rev. T. S. MILLINGTON. Religious Tract Society.

WE bracket this book with the preceding. Indeed, we have "no choice," for the same remarks will apply, with small modifications, to each. Mr. Millington deals with the proud scientist who would claim the title of philosopher; but would be "falsely so called." The words of Young are aptly quoted to describe the wealthy Mr. Newton-Earle of the story, who is a very Sadducee, and yet superstitious—"An undevout astronomer is mad." Natural and revealed theology are discussed by the leading spirits in the story, while the introduction of a chapter on "Match-making," supplies light on the subject of a mathematician's matrimonial calculations. The title prepares the reader to expect the unexpected, and it comes.

Everybody's Business; or, a Friend in Need. By ISMAY THORN. Blackie and Son.

A VERY interesting story: the drift of it may be guessed from this observation of the author:—"It is not the wickedness, but the *goodness* of the extreme poor that astonishes those who are brought in contact with them and their awful sufferings." If this is a fair specimen of "Blackie's Eighteen-penny Series," the books are good and cheap. The two illustrations show what a real artist can do with an unlovely subject.

The Two Harvests. By ANNIE RYLANDS. T. Woolmer.

THIS "sad, eventful story" of a London street Arab and his chum, a runaway parish apprentice, is somewhat after the preceding in method and moral, so we place it one grade lower.

That Boy Mick. By ANNIE FRANCES PERRAM. Methodist S. S. Union.

WITH a rale Irish bhoy, "born out av his native counthry," for a subject, and a real Irish lady—who else could give us the *patois?*—for his biographer, the story must be telling. Mike and his neighbours all belonged to the "submerged tenth," and the story tells how he and others of his class were rescued when perishing.

Arthur Egerton's Ordeal; or, God's Ways not our Ways. By EMMA LESLIE. Partridge and Co.

A VERY pathetic story of the trials of a drunkard's Christian wife, and of peculiar difficulties which beset her boy in his endeavours to lighten his mother's load of care. Ten full-page illustrations in a shilling book!

When his Years were Few. By EDITH CORNFORTH. Charles H. Kelly.

MISS CORNFORTH'S books are pure in tone and elevated in style, and contain plain Christian truth. We think this story is, in parts, somewhat unreal; but, then, truth is stranger than fiction.

Marked for Death: a Tale of St. Bartholomew. By Rev. JAMES J. ELLIS. G. Stoneman.

STORIES which embody the terrible results of persecution, and set forth the glorious endurance of faith, we always welcome. Since it seems that fiction there must be, we are glad that the dangerous instrument should be wielded by hands that we can trust. No unsound principle will be propounded in the pages of Mr. Ellis.

Light in Africa. By the Rev. JAMES MACDONALD. Hodder and Stoughton.

WE were reading this work with considerable complacency, when we came upon the following passage:—"But do not Mr. Spurgeon and others, who are authorities, maintain that missionaries could be sent out at ninety pounds a year each, to do the work now done by ordained men receiving four times that amount?" To which we answer that we do not remember ever having said so. It has not come in our way to know the salaries of missionaries in South Africa, nor to take the matter of their reduction into consideration. Certainly, Mr. Macdonald need not number us among his "detractors"; for to this hour we have said nothing bad or good upon the subject. We should the rather judge that, for such work as he describes, all the missionary's income would be required, and curtailment would be no economy. Why he drags in the name of Spurgeon we cannot tell. We by no means wish to see a missionary hampered in his efforts by lack of means to bear the expenses of extension. Still, if we had heard of men who could and would live on another scale, and would keep to evangelistic work, we know no reason why they should not have been employed as well as the pioneer missionary. Even if they did less of the teaching needful for civilizing and educating purposes, we should not have hesitated to recommend the employment of another class of brethren as well as of the energetic exploring agent. As a matter of fact, we know nothing about Griqualand, and have said nothing, and therefore cannot see why Mr. Macdonald should refer to us.

This book will interest all who would learn more of those South African nations which have come under British rule. The course pursued by the authorities with the subject tribes would seem to have been very remote from wisdom. Do our rulers know any better now? We fear not. We could have wished for more spiritual and religious matter in this volume; but the author, no doubt, thought that to set forth the evils to be dealt with on the dark continent might be his best contribution to Africa's enlightenment. The reader misses much which he naturally looks for in missionary literature, but he cannot read the notes of one who has so close a knowledge of African customs and crimes without feeling his sympathy drawn out towards all efforts for the spread of light amid a gloom so terrible.

What Cheer O? or, The Story of the Mission to Deep Sea Fishermen. By ALEXANDER GORDON. Nisbet.

WHEN such a book on such a work is to be had for a shilling, the one should never lack for readers, nor the other for helpers. Already this youngest of Evangelical Medical Missions has wrought marvels, spiritual, moral, and physical. Well may this be so, since, in the choice of missionaries, or occasional helpers in the services, the first qualification is, that they are known soul-winners. "What Cheer O?" Why, 256 pages of Good Cheer O, with 10 pretty pictures, and a lot of "stirring yarns," bound "ship-shape and Bristol fashion," for a shilling.

Golden Bells; or, Hymns for our Children. Children's Special Service Mission, Warwick Lane.

THERE are six hundred and twenty-eight hymns in this collection; and, for the most part, they have been well chosen and classified. We think the committee have attempted too much; for we are not sure of the wisdom of issuing so large a book for children. Surely, a penny book of words and a shilling book of music would have been adequate. Before the children can sing all the hymns, the three shilling book in paper covers will have tumbled to pieces. We are surprised to find that the book contains so large a proportion of hymns from "Songs and Solos": it is hardly fair to that publication. That "the harmonies have been revised by Livesey Canott, Esq., organist of St. James's, Holloway," does not commend the book to us; indeed, we reprobate the custom of altering the harmonies of well-known tunes at the caprice of a musical editor. If this book is to come into general use, a Sol-fa edition should be issued.

The Princesses of Penruth. By MARY H. DEBENHAM. Nisbet.

A PRETTY Cornish story, in a very pretty cover, "For a Good Girl."

Clerk or Carpenter? A Story for Boys. By HARRIET BOULTWOOD. Kelly.

NINEPENCE will be well invested if it leads some would-be clerk to drop the silly notion that it is "more genteel" to wield a pen than a jack-plane. The story is of a common but useful order.

Mischievous Monckton; or, Jest turned to Earnest. By EVELYN EVERETT GREEN. George Cauldwell.

MISS GREEN'S stories have a marked *spécialité;* they are for the children of the titled—the "hupper succles," as Jeames would call them. Their home is always a fine old mansion, with a never-omitted picture gallery. These favourites of fortune are, as a rule, very proper; their very names are "proper names," *never* common; and they are set as examples of kindliness and courtesy to their inferiors, though possibly the possession of a pony each may cause breaches of the tenth commandment among those who are expected to imitate them. The reviewer confesses that this line of things is not attractive to him. He is no leveller; but to him the inside of a baronial hall is not the beatific vision, nor are the dwellers in marble halls the angels of his heaven.

The Line of Beauty; or, The Pierpoints of Linwood. By EMMA MARSHALL. "Home Words" Office.

THE conjunction of such luminaries as Emma Marshall and "Home Words" is prophetic of good. There is a "line of beauty" running through the story, and also a vein of Christian truth. We judge that it will be most appreciated by our Church of England friends.

Mother's Chain; or, the Broken Link. By EMMA MARSHALL.

Dulcie's Delight. By JENNIE CHAPPELL. Partridge. One shilling.

AS pretty as can be for the money. *Mother's Chain* is not a child's book, but meant to help those young persons who are anxious to attain positions of usefulness and independence. There are many good points in this story, such as the exposure of the hollowness of "society" life, and of the affectation of "culture" by those who lack common-sense, and neglect near and present duty. *Dulcie's Delight* is for the elder sons and daughters. It has a message, too, for Christian heads of households.

A Marked Man. By E. A. B. D. Religious Tract Society.

THIS story of the desertion, capture, imprisonment, and conversion of a young hussar, and how he won the Victoria Cross, will promote the author of *Young Ishmael Conway* to the front rank as a writer of this kind of literature. From chapter to chapter the interest of the story grows; and, best of all, the gospel story is well told.

Crumbs from the Children's Table. By JESSIE M. E. SAXBY. George Cauldwell.

MISS SAXBY is a keen observer of the ways and moods of young people, and has noted that in some families the "birds in the little nests agree" to differ very much. As the good family doctor in the story puts it, "It is often painful to see how much the cement of mutual interests is wanting in the house." The design of the story is to supply the materials and directions for mixing and applying this very useful "stickfast."

Adventures in the Ice: a Comprehensive Summary of Arctic Exploration, Discovery, and Adventure. By JOHN TILLOTSON. John Hogg.

VERY heroic! Truly wonderful! What is there that brave men will not bear? But what is the good of it? Is it not very like murder to send men into Arctic regions where the risk of life is so great, and the suffering so terrible? Is it not time that this Quixotic business was dropped? Have not the Arctic regions come to us? Why need we go to them?

Meanwhile, this is a very attractive book, and both boys and men will get good by reading it. Put some coals on the fire before you begin; for the accounts of adventures among the ice are enough to freeze you to the marrow.

Notes.



Our beloved deacon, Mr. B. W. Carr, who has so recently passed away, will always be associated in our mind with Mr. W. Olney. When we first came to London, and took the pastorate of New Park Street Chapel, these were the two leading young men of the Church. Though they were not in office, they were felt to be so prominently useful, that they had for some time been invited to deacons' meetings. Right heartily they supported the young pastor. Mr. Carr preached while the preacher was on probation, and urged on the people to elect him by a sermon from, "There was come a man to seek the welfare of the children of Israel," Neh. ii. 10. Mr. Carr was usually the scribe of the church on all public occasions, drawing up records, or letters of sympathy, or any other document which needed careful wording. Beside this, he was constantly preaching, and at the same time sending suggestions to the Pastor, whose sermons he also revised for the press, whenever the author was too ill to attend to the work personally. At the first election of elders, in 1859, Mr. Carr was chosen as one of the twelve. Fired with zeal for the glory of God, Mr. Carr quitted the Stock Exchange in 1862 to become pastor of a Baptist Church in Newcastle. Into this endeavour he threw all his energies, but it is probable that the step was not so prudent as it was zealous. A business man, who had spent his best years amid London life, must have found a pastor's career an ordeal for himself and family. We were not sorry when, in 1872, he returned to business and to us, for we felt that once more his unremunerated services were a clear gain to the Church of God, while some one else might serve the Newcastle church, not with more consecration, but without being involved in so much self-denial.

In January, 1876, Mr. Carr became a deacon, and he discharged that office to his best ability to the last. To the pastor he continued to be a first-rate literary helper, frequently reviewing works which required close examination. In his younger days Mr. Carr had been fond of hearing Arthur Triggs, and he always retained a great liking for strong Calvinistic doctrine. He would have been at home among the higher Calvinists, if he had not been fully convinced of the responsibility of man, and the freeness of the Gospel offer. Concerning the Second Advent, he held very definite premillennial views, and delighted to talk of "the glorious appearing."

We pray that his sorrowing wife may be sustained, and that upon his numerous family the God of their father may smile.

Pastor G. D. Evans, of Bristol, sends us the following notes of the last hours of his beloved mother, our esteemed friend, Mrs. Esther Evans:—

"On Sunday, January 4, I was called to fulfil a preaching engagement at the Nottingham Tabernacle. Knowing my dear mother was very ill, I went round by London, that I might look once more upon the worn and suffering face, and clasp again the attenuated hand that had worked so hard in loving service for the Saviour. On Saturday we parted. I was convinced that, if the bitter weather lasted, it was impossible that the invalid could fight against it, but little thought the end of her journey was so near. Upon my return to Bristol, I found a postcard, telling me that she was better; but soon afterwards came a telegram, bidding me come at once, for there was no hope. My brother and I arrived at the old home at twelve o'clock, but our mother had already been four hours with Christ.

"There was something so beautiful about her last hours, and the story is told so simply by her youngest sister, Mrs. Pash, that I transcribe part of a letter, as a testimony to the supporting grace of the Redeemer:—'All through her illness, her sisters tell me that her quiet patience has been very marked, as also her frequent repetition of verses of Scripture and hymns. On December 18 I bade her good-bye before leaving home, and said, "I hope I shall find you better when I come back." Her reply was, "Well, if it's the Lord's will, I should like to do a little bit more work; but if not, it will be all right. I know whom I have believed." I said, "Yes, you've trusted him a good many years now." She replied, "Ah! if I haven't believed in my precious Saviour, then I never believed anything." On Tuesday, soon after tea, our dear sister asked to be turned round, with her face to us. I repeated, "Jesus, lover of my soul," and when I said, "Other refuge have I none," she replied, quite clearly, and with great emphasis, "No, and don't

want any other." My voice and memory failed me further on, and she prompted me, saying, "Thou, O Christ, art all I want," and these were her last words; for, when I had finished the hymn, and said a few words of "My Jesus, I love Thee," she had a slight fit of coughing, and we laid her back on her pillow. Then, realizing that she was on the brink of the river, we fell on our knees; and, as we besought the Lord himself to put his everlasting arms around her, she responded feebly, but not in words that we could catch, except one "Amen."'

"Through thirty years of widowhood my mother had been sustained by the everlasting covenant; and now she wears the everlasting crown in the home of the Everlasting Christ. Her works do follow her. She lived for others; Christ and his poor were her best friends. Many circles of Christian workers will miss her; but she was well trained for higher service in the presence of the King. She still sings—

'Thou, O Christ, art all I want.'

"May every reader of these lines join in the solemn declaration of the all-sufficiency of Jesus in life and death!"

Among the 74 members who have gone home this year from the Tabernacle Church were several notable workers, and among them, Mrs. Gooding, of West Brompton, wife of our brother, a City Missionary. She was brought to the Lord under our ministry in the Surrey Gardens, and she has proved her discipleship by her fruits. She was a grand help to her husband's mission, and was carried to the grave by Railway men, who mourned her loss.

We wonder what will be the next vagary of members of the Baptist Union. One of them, a pastor in the North, has glorified Mr. Bradlaugh; not as an industrious and able member of Parliament, but as "a man of true religion." This sort of "breadth" is by no means uncommon nowadays; but are the orthodox happy in association therewith? When a man has denied the existence of God, and spoken in the most violent manner against the faith, it is a denial of the testimony of the Word of God to hold him up to admiration. We hope there is enough grit in northern Baptists to make them feel that there is a limit to the amount of infidelity which they can absorb into their Association, although cases quite as glaring are allowed to pass elsewhere.

Monday evening, January 26, Elder J. T. Dunn, presided at the prayer-meeting, while the co-pastor was blessedly busy seeing candidates for church fellowship. After some time spent in earnest prayer and hearty praise, Mr. Glenny introduced missionary brethren and sisters about to leave for North Africa. Then came Mr. Venables, whose case is peculiarly interesting. He had spent six years in Egypt, as an engineer, He had thus acquired considerable knowledge of the people, and the Lord had led him and his wife to give themselves to the work of pointing Mahometans to the Christ of God. They go with their two children to live in Tripoli. Mr. Venables' brief address will not soon be forgotten. Then Mr. Van Tassel told of his efforts during the past four years to establish a work among "Arabia's desert rangers," the Bedouins. Mr. Glenny then introduced several sisters just leaving for Algeria, one of whom, Miss Wyatt, made a very forcible appeal to the Lord's people to consider their personal responsibility in reference to the heathen. Mr. W. Olney and Mr. Beecliff then offered prayer for these brethren and sisters, and Mr. Dunn gave them a parting word and the right hand of fellowship in the name of the church. Mr. Chamberlain sang the hymn beginning—

"Hark, the voice of Jesus crying,
Who will go and work to-day?"

Requests for prayer from several bereaved and sick friends were read, and prayer was offered by Pastor Pope, of Shepherd's Bush, Mr. Potter of Agra, and Mr. Olney, who gave a very soul-stirring account of a remarkable work of grace at Wellington Square Chapel, Hastings, on the previous evening.

On *Lord's-day morning, February* 8, after three months' absence from his pulpit, the senior Pastor had once more the joy of preaching to the great congregation in the Tabernacle. Every one seemed to be present and jubilant. A little army of deacons and elders filled the Vestry for prayer, and fervent were the petitions that the campaign then beginning might be full of glory to God. Mr. Stott called upon the great assembly to sing the doxology as an expression of joy, and it pealed out in thunder-tones. Oh, for a great blessing!

On *Monday Evening, February* 9, a large number of friends gathered for the prayer-meeting in the Tabernacle. C. H. S. presided, and in opening the meeting referred to his sermon on the previous morning, on "The Lord's Remembrancers," and asked all present to keep on reminding the Lord of his promises, quoting his own words to God himself, and pleading with him, saying, "Do as thou hast said." A comprehensive supplication was offered by Pastor J. A. Spurgeon, and then the senior Pastor said, that he found a general expectation of coming blessing; and this should encourage them to seek for the largest measure of it that was possible. The Lord says, "Open thy mouth wide, and I will fill it." Prayer was presented by Mr. W. Olney and Mr. Stott, and then the hymn—

"Look, ye saints, the sight is glorious!"

was sung to the old tune "Calcutta," a large

contingent from the Orphanage joining with the congregation in producing what the Pastor called, "a tumult of joyous sound." Two of the elders prayed, and then the Pastor said that he had never had an opportunity of personally thanking the friends who brought in the money for cleaning the Tabernacle, but he did so now with all his heart. It was an unhappy circumstance for him that he was ill before going away, and also for the first month while he was at Menton: but he hoped that he had returned in full health and strength, and that he had many months of happy work before him. It was a great joy to him that Mr. Stott had come amongst them as assistant-pastor, and he thought that now he might be relieved from attending many of the smaller meetings; for if he was able to preach at the regular services, and to prepare the sermons for the press, he would have as much to do as any man could accomplish. Let each one of them say—How can I help the servants of God in their work? Prayer for Mr. Stott was presented by the Pastor and Mr. Dunn; the Orphanage children sang "Come unto me"; Mr. Samuel Thompson, formerly deacon of Walworth Road Chapel, prayed; Mr. Harrald presented a large number of written requests for prayer; and the Pastor closed the meeting by asking all friends to pray earnestly at home. He also sought special prayer in reference to the serious injury wrought to the girls' houses in the Orphanage by the Electric Railway works. The engines cause a terrible vibration, which injures nerve and health, and prevents sleep. The matter is now before the court, to which we have been obliged to appeal for protection.

Monday evening, February 16. At the prayer-meeting Mr. Stott presided, the Pastor having taken a severe cold. Several prayers were offered for the work of the past day, and for the restoration of the absent Pastor. Mr. E. H. Barrell, of the College, who is going to take the oversight of a church at Byculla, near Bombay, expressed his gratitude to the Lord for the great blessing he had received from the College and the Church. He declared his loyal adherence to the "old gospel," and his determination to preach Christ and him crucified. Mr. Stott wished him God-speed in the name of the church. Mr. W. Olney commended this brother to God in prayer, and also all missionary work. Special prayer was offered by brethren Buswell and Keys for the restoration of our brother, Mr. Harrald, whose help is sorely missed by the senior Pastor.

On *Tuesday evening, February* 17, the Tabernacle Annual Church-meeting was held, preceded, as usual, by a tea-meeting, at which several hundreds were present. The senior Pastor presided, and at an early stage of the meeting, after loving allusions to Mr. Carr and others of the seventy-four who have died during the year, he proposed:—"That we record, with deep thankfulness to God, our loving memory of Mr. Wm. Olney, son., now with God; and we rejoice that he lives in his son, another William Olney, whom we now elect to the office of deacon in his father's place." This was seconded by the co-Pastor (J. A. S.), and carried with much enthusiasm. Mr. T. H. Olney read the accounts, which showed a balance in hand on every fund. He was heartily thanked for his past services, and unanimously re-elected as treasurer. Mr. Dunn presented the statistics:—Additions, by baptism, 288; by profession (previously baptized), 32; by transfer, 59. Decrease: by dismission to other churches, 137; by joining other churches without letters, 57; by resignation, 2; by emigration, 8; by removal for non-attendance, 117; for conduct inconsistent with profession, 8; by death, 74; making a net decrease of 24, the present number of members being 5,328. Mr. Dunn also reported that there are, connected with the Tabernacle, 23 mission-stations, with seating accommodation for 3,740 persons; and 27 Sunday-schools, with 592 teachers and 8,001 scholars. The College accounts were read, and a resolution adopted pledging the Church to continue its help to this institution. Resolutions were also passed welcoming Mr. Stott as assistant-pastor, and thanking Mr. Higgs for his invaluable services. It was a holy, happy meeting.

COLLEGE.—Mr. A. J. Payne has completed his College course, and settled at Peterhead. Mr. H. E. Barrell, who has worked with much success at St. Mary Cray during his College career, has sailed for India, in order to take charge of the Baptist church at Byculla, Bombay.

Mr. E. H. Ellis is leaving Devonshire Square Church, Stoke Newington, and sailing for Australia, having accepted the invitation from Albert Street, Melbourne.

Mr. G. W. Oldring, formerly of Burnley, has become pastor at Bildeston, Suffolk; Mr. W. Walker, late of Rotherhithe, has settled at Burgh, Lincolnshire; Mr. James Smith, of Romsey, has taken charge of the churches at Corsham and district; and Mr. E. White has gone to Enon Chapel, High Street, Woolwich. Mr. A. Lester has left Wollaston to become pastor at Borough Green, Kent. Mr. T. Philpot has just removed from the church at Burwell to that at Histon, near Cambridge.

Mr. A. G. Barley, formerly of Gosport, has been for six months at the Sailors' Mission, Trouville-sur-Mer, but he is now removing to Paris, to help Pasteur Saillens, who is one of the Associates of our Association.

Mr. T. Breewood has removed from Townsville to Sandgate, Queensland; Mr. H. F. Adams, formerly of Yarmouth, Nova

Scotia, has accepted the pastorate of the First Baptist Church, Halifax, N.S.; Mr. H. W. Childs has removed from Cincinnati to Urdana, Ohio, U.S.A.; Mr. W. G. Silke reports that he is pastor at Riceville, Iowa; and Mr. F. T. Snell, who laboured so earnestly in Guernsey, has become pastor at Augusta, Wisconsin. Mr. J. E. Moyle, late of Durham, Ontario, having recovered his health, has accepted the pastorate of the churches at Delta and Philipsville, Ontario.

On *Friday evening, February* 13, over one hundred of the London brethren connected with the College Association, met to make arrangements for the next Annual Conference. April 20 to 24 was confirmed as the date of the meetings. Monday gatherings to be held at Upton Chapel, Lambeth. The main theme for the consideration of the Conference to be "The Holy Spirit and the Church." *The day to be set apart for united prayer* this year is to be *Monday, June* 15. Five deaths and one resignation were reported; and names of brethren to be asked to speak or read papers were proposed. The remainder of the meeting was spent in conference on "The Holy Spirit in connection with our work."

ORPHANAGE. — In our review of Mr. Spiers' admirable little book, "True Stories," we mentioned that the cost of five hundred copies would be £14 10s., and expressed the hope that some one would present a copy to each boy and girl in our Orphanage. Before the review was published, Mr. Spiers wrote that, through the generosity of a few friends, he was able to give fifteen hundred copies to various orphanages, and that he had allotted five hundred to our institution. We are very grateful both to Mr. Spiers and the unknown donors.

Among the many hundreds of letters that came at Christmas time from various quarters, bringing contributions to the Orphanage, were many worthy of special mention. We give extracts from just a few that may be regarded as specimens of the rest.

"I regret very much that I could not send you more than 2s. 6d., as I have not much of this world's goods, and I have two little orphans to feed and clothe."

"In ———, we have a little band collecting for your family of orphans, and some of them are themselves fatherless."

"I am a widow, with eight children; but thanks be to my heavenly Father, I know and believe that he careth for me. I feel that I should like to send a trifle for the Orphanage. The gift is small, but love is all; more shouldst thou have if I had more."

"The enclosed is 10 per cent. of a legacy of £50 recently received by a churchman. He sends the £5 more cheerfully than he pays the government tax of like amount."

We mentioned last month that a generous friend had promised to give a drinking-fountain for the girls' side of the Orphanage. In the booklet, which we sent to our subscribers at Christmas, we suggested that a summer-house would be very acceptable. We have pleasure in announcing that another friend, who has often helped us liberally, will defray the cost of this luxury. May the Lord very graciously bless these friends of the fatherless, and all who help the widow and orphan!

The Tenth Annual Report of The Reading Working Party contains a note announcing that 409 garments have been sent to the Orphanage during the year. We send heartiest thanks to all the kind workers and givers, and especially to their energetic manager and secretary, Mrs. James Withers.

Collectors' Meeting.—The President hopes to meet the collectors at the Orphanage, on *Tuesday Evening, March* 3. We are sure to spend a happy evening. Tea at five o'clock. Boxes and books for collectors can be obtained of the Secretary, Stockwell Orphanage, Clapham Road, London, S.W.

EVANGELISTS.—Rev. F. B. Meyer, B.A., writes:—"*Messrs. Fullerton and Smith* have held a very successful eight days' mission at Regent's Park Chapel, which has resulted in 150 names being given in of those who have passed through the inquiry room. The services have been much appreciated. The capacious chapel was crowded on Sunday night to its utmost capacity. The workers in connection with the church have been much stirred up, and an impetus given to the whole organization."

During February our brethren have been at Falmouth and Ilfracombe. Pastor C. T. Johnson informs us that they had a grand beginning at Falmouth—"overflowing meetings with much blessing." This month the evangelists are at Folkestone.

Concerning *Mr. Burnham's* services at Silver Street, Reading, Mr. B. Venn writes:—"I cannot express the gratitude we feel for Mr. Burnham's visit. The various gatherings have been well attended, and full of power; the Sunday evening service will be long remembered by all—rough, strong men have been moved to tears, and we are still praying and watching for a harvest of souls as the result of our brother's visit, and the power of the Spirit upon the people."

We have also the following kind word from Pastor C. A. Davis:—"I was able to be present on three evenings, and can testify to the fitness and attractiveness of Mr. Burnham's way of conducting such services. He cannot but be a power for good amongst the churches."

During February Mr. Burnham has been at Tring and Altrincham; this month he goes to Oakham and Old Sodbury.

Mr. Harmer has been at Gravesend, and a friend writes:—"The meetings throughout were full of spiritual power. Several gave testimony of decision for Christ."

Mr. Harmer has since been to Winscombe,

Cheddar, and Shipston-on-Stour, and this month he is engaged at Stapleton Road Congregational Chapel, Bristol, and Catford Hill.

NORTH AFRICA MISSION.—*Mr. Patrick* writes from Tangier, February 10:—

"We have no special news to send. Our work is going steadily on, and we have the best of health, for both of which blessings we praise the Lord.

"I am praying daily that a brother may soon come out to help me. Some may say, 'By-and-by,' but I plead for one *now*. Doors are open *now*. Souls are dying *now*. I am preaching about nine times a week, besides other work; and my wife and Miss Brown are devoting all their time to visiting, doctoring, &c., among the Spaniards; but the work is hardly commenced. If I fall sick, the meetings must be closed, as I have no one to fall back upon. The people gladly hear the Gospel, and receive us into their homes right heartily.

"But, dear sir, there is the matter of money. When I opened this month's *Sword and Trowel*, and saw that the total of the month's subscriptions was £5 5s., it made me groan. Perhaps if we could send home thrilling accounts of hairbreadth escapes or extraordinary hardships, the money would roll in; but, praise God, we cannot. If the Church of God will not find money for missionary work without the roaring lions, poisoned arrows, &c., she is in a bad condition. We are seeking to preach the Gospel to dead souls, in season and out of season, by day and night, by word and deed. Money or no money, I still will pray for a helper; for if God sends the man, God will send the money."

Mr. Patrick is right; but we cannot do more for North Africa until friends furnish us with the means. We must leave it with the consciences of the Lord's stewards.

Pastors' College, Metropolitan Tabernacle.

Statement of Receipts from January 13th to February 14th, 1891.

	£	s.	d.
Mrs. R. Hunt, per J. T. D.	1	1	0
Mr. R. J. Beecliff	0	5	0
Adelphi	1	10	0
Mrs. Welch	0	5	0
Mrs. Raybould	2	2	0
Part collection at Cottage Green Chapel, per Pastor J. A. Brown ...	1	15	0
Half collection at Upton Chapel, per Pastor W. Williams	6	11	3
Pastor G. T. Gillingham	0	5	0
Pastor E. J. Farley	1	1	0
Collection at Bromley Road Baptist Chapel, per Pastor J. W. Davies ...	4	0	0
Pastor A. G. Haste	0	5	0
Pastor D. Taylor	0	10	0
Pastor H. D. Brown, M.A.	1	0	0
"Lizzie"	1	0	0
Mr. J. Wilson	1	17	9
Mrs. Mulligan	0	10	0
Two sermon-readers, Duns, N.B. ...	0	8	0
Mr. J. D. Robertshaw	0	10	0
Mrs. Rosetta Brown	2	1	1
Mrs. Wilson	5	0	0
"A little aye helps," Edinburgh ...	1	0	0
Christ Church, Aston, per Pastor G. Samuel	5	0	0
A friend, Clayhidon	0	10	0
Mr. W. Scott	5	0	0
Mrs. Fowler	0	4	0
Miss Bertha Hoering	0	10	0
Frau Grabner, per Miss B. Hoering ...	0	10	0
Victoria Church, Wandsworth Road, per Pastor E. Henderson	5	17	1
Prayer-meeting collection at Mansion House Mission, per Pastor G. W. Linnecar	0	12	6
Mr. H. Powell	0	5	0
Mr. Daniel Thomas	10	0	0
Mr. S. Edwards	5	0	0
An afflicted missionary in India ...	1	0	0
N. B.	25	0	0
Excelsior, V.	2	0	0
Mrs. C. Ware	0	2	6
Mr. W. Howard	1	1	0
Pastor's Bible-class, Carrickfergus, per Pastor A. G. Haste	0	10	6
Mr. J. Wilson	0	10	0
Miss H. Hall	1	0	0
E. K. N.	1	0	0
Pastor G. D. Hooper	1	1	0
Mr. P. Mackinnon	20	0	0
Fides	10	0	0
Baptist Church, Lymington, per Pastor Jno. Collins	1	4	6
Miss J. N. Dixon	0	10	0
Mrs. Walsham	0	10	0
Weekly Offerings at Met. Tab.:—			
Jan. 18 ... ... 20 0 3			
,, 25 ... ... 25 14 6			
Feb. 1 ... ... 25 14 6			
,, 8 ... ... 34 0 0			
	105	9	3
	£237	4	5

Pastors' College Missionary Association.

Statement of Receipts from January 13th to February 16th, 1891.

	£	s.	d.
Fides	10	0	0
Mr. Walter Mills	5	0	0
Stockwell Orphanage Sunday-school (for Dr. Churcher)	1	4	1
Mr. P. Mackinnon	10	0	0
	£26	4	1

Stockwell Orphanage.

Statement of Receipts from January 13th to February 16th, 1891.

	£	s.	d.
Mr. James Hughes	0	2	6
Mr. D. Miller	0	13	0
Mr. Jno. W. Kirwan	1	0	0
"Elsie Reksat"	5	0	0
Mr. J. Mottershead	0	5	0
Mrs. E. Salmon	0	2	6
Miss Mann	0	10	6
Mrs. Lake	0	10	0
Mrs. Lloyer	0	10	0
J. G., Dursley	0	5	0
H. E., Hounslow	0	2	6
Mrs. E. Gooding	0	7	6
Lisle	1	0	0
Collected at Townley-street Mission-hall, per Mr. R. H. Tomkins... ...	0	16	0
Miss Lizzie Baxter	0	1	0
H. and A., Gloucester	0	2	0
Rev. Dr. Beith	1	0	0
Little Melton Sunday-school, per Rev. T. R. Matthews	1	0	0
Collected by Miss Ellen Bailey	0	13	0
Collected by Mrs. Penning	0	5	0
S. W., New Barnet	0	10	0
Miss M. Hargreaves	0	5	0
Mr. M. Pask	1	0	0
The Misses Murray	4	0	0
Collected by Miss McArthur	1	5	0
A reader of "John Ploughman's Almanack," Soberton	0	2	0
Mr. J. S. Cumberland	1	0	0
Mr. B. Whitworth...	0	5	0
A. S.	0	1	6
Mr. H. Jones	0	5	0
Mrs. E. Shorter	0	2	0
Mr. C. Ibberson	0	2	6
Collected by Miss P. Pentelow	1	10	6
Mr. A. Jones	0	10	6
Mr. W. H. Clark	1	3	6
Mr. Isaac Vinall	1	1	0
A Folkestone working-man	2	2	0
Mr. F. J. Bulow	0	10	0
Mrs. Wood	0	2	6
A well-wisher	0	5	0
Mr. James Plumbridge	1	1	0
P. M. H.	0	2	0
Mrs. S. Thompson...	0	13	0
Mrs. Runcieman and friends	0	10	0
Mr. Levi Haigh	1	0	0
Mr. D. Macintyre	0	10	0
"In memory of Bertie"	0	5	0
Mr. George A. Hulbert	2	0	0
Mrs. C. W. Owen	0	2	6
Miss Sone, per Mr. J. Stiff	0	10	0
Mrs. J. Barrett	0	6	0
Mr. E. Joscelyne	2	2	0
Mr. and Mrs. Jones	0	5	0
Mr. Thomas Fordham	1	1	0
Mr. W. Markin	1	0	0
Mrs. Macartney	0	5	0
Mr. R. Fletcher	0	4	0
Mrs. Shaw	1	1	0
Mrs. E. Munton	0	2	0
Mr. F. Gaylor	0	11	0
An old Cambray friend	0	5	0
Miss E. L. Fisher	0	10	0
Martha	0	10	0
Maggie and J. A. McKay	0	2	0
Wellington-street Baptist Sunday-school, Luton, per Mr. A. Toyer	1	1	0
Zion Chapel Sunday-school, Eastry, per Mr. W. Clark	0	10	6
Mrs. Sellers	0	5	0
Mrs. Bateman Wilson	1	1	0
Mrs. E. Parsons	1	2	0
Mr. James Clark	31	10	0
Miss Farrer	0	10	0
Miss Gibbs	0	10	0
Mr. H. Denby	2	0	0

	£	s.	d.
Mr. D. Smith	1	0	0
Box at Tabernacle gates ... 1 14 2			
M., two postal orders ... 2 0 0			
	3	14	2
Collected by Mrs. E. Stevens	4	0	2
Collected at Watch-night service at Penge Tabernacle, per Pastor J. Wesley Bond	5	0	0
Collected by Mrs. Fenn	0	8	1
Collected by Mr. G. Tolley	1	3	0
Beauly Sabbath School children, per Mr. John Paterson	1	0	0
Collected by Mr. A. S. Barter	1	0	0
G.	0	10	0
Mr. J. Wiley	0	8	0
Mr. R. Mathieson	0	5	0
Mr. S. Halstaff Coles	0	10	0
Mr. F. J. Rumsey	0	10	0
Mrs. Hilder	0	5	0
Collected by Mrs. C. Adlem :—			
P. L. 1 0 0			
P. M. 0 10 0			
Church of England ... 0 5 0			
M. G. 0 1 0			
Friends 0 2 0			
Mrs. Adlem's family ... 0 6 0			
	2	4	0
Mrs. Robertson, per Mr. I. Gardiner...	0	2	0
Mr. A. Black	0	10	0
Mrs. M. A. Pilgrim	0	15	0
A sermon-reader, Lockerbie	0	12	0
Mr. Chas. Rogers	1	0	0
Mrs. S. Vowles and friend	0	12	6
Mr. G. Cooper	2	5	3
Miss M. Hay	0	5	0
Mr. Jno. Lewis	0	5	0
Miss L. Fidkin	0	5	0
Mrs. Pentelow	0	5	0
Mrs. Bull	0	5	0
Mr. S. Slodden	0	2	6
Lockerbie Mission Hall Sabbath School, per Mr. Jno. Laidlaw ...	0	10	0
Mr. J. Gifford	0	10	0
Widow Smith	0	2	6
Mr. W. Walker	1	1	0
Mr. J. Wiles	1	1	0
Mr. and Mrs. J. Pillman...	2	2	0
Mr. Thos. Fawkes...	2	2	0
Mr. T. F. Brook	20	0	0
Mrs. Cox	1	0	0
Collected by Miss J. Cornforth... ...	0	11	5
Mrs. Court	0	10	0
H. H. K.	1	0	0
H. H. K., collected in box on mantel-shelf	0	11	0
Mrs. H. Cording	0	2	0
Mrs. Hallett's children	0	11	0
Mr. Jno. Barrack, jun.	0	5	0
Mrs. Boys	0	5	0
Mr. Lawrence Shepherd	0	10	0
A friend, Kingsbridge	0	2	6
Mr. W. Macartney	0	5	0
L. R.	1	0	0
Collected by Mrs. R. C. Allen	0	6	0
Mr. E. L. Best	0	10	6
Loose Sunday-school, per Mr. J. Funnell	0	6	6
Mrs. Rees	0	5	0
Mrs. Warren	0	10	0
Sarah and Maggie, Farnboro'	0	10	0
An aged believer, per Mr. R. A. Powell	0	2	0
Mrs. Blyth	1	10	0
Mr. J. Bovey	0	5	0
Per F. R. T. :—			
Mr. H. Keen 0 5 0			
Mr. T. R. Johnson... ... 0 5 0			
	0	10	0
Mrs. Munro...	0	10	0

	£	s.	d.
Lochee Baptist Sunday-school, per Mr. Jno. Peebles	1	0	0
Mr. R. M. Scott's children	0	5	0
A sincere friend, Dunkeld	0	5	0
Miss Stirling	0	3	0
Miss E. Scates	0	5	0
Mrs. Jeggo	0	10	0
St. Ninian's Free Church Sabbath School, Leith, per Mr. O. Scott	0	10	0
Mrs. Ewins	0	5	0
Mr. George Turner	0	10	0
Mr. D. Peck	0	3	0
Lower Tooting Baptist Chapel, per Pastor G. Hunt Rumsey	0	15	0
Rev. J. H. Pollemus	2	0	9
Young Women's Bible-class at the Orphanage, per Mrs. J. Stiff	1	1	4
Rookery children's box	0	11	0
Mr. H. I. Pearson	0	10	0
Collected by Mrs. E. Lewis	0	7	0
Mr. John Jones	1	0	0
Mr. E. K. Stace	0	10	0
Miss Drake	1	0	0
Miss H. A. Wyatt	0	5	6
Mr. John Reid	1	0	0
Mrs. Semple, per Mr. John Reid	0	3	0
Mrs. Hewitt	0	3	0
Mr. W. Trivett	0	10	0
Mrs. Parson	1	0	0
Collected by Mrs. Hawthorne	1	2	0
Mr. John White	1	1	0
Mr. Stephen Gammon	0	10	0
Mrs. Walker	2	2	0
Mr. John J. Pierce	1	0	0
Mrs. J. Lloyd	1	1	0
Miss Vann	0	5	0
Miss Webster	0	10	0
Collected by Mr. G. Evershed, jun.	0	6	0
Mrs. King	5	0	0
Mrs. Drake	0	5	0
Mr. J. Spencer	0	2	6
Mrs. Manley	10	0	0
Mrs. Whitfield	0	5	0
Mr. E. E. Wright	3	6	0
Mr. J. Sutherland	1	0	0
Part collection on Christmas Day, at Barry Dock Chapel, per Rev. L. Ton. Evans	1	1	0
Battersea Park Tabernacle Sunday-school, per Mr. F. W. Mitchell	1	0	0
Mr. W. E. Eastman	0	10	0
Readers of "The Christian World," per Messrs. James Clarke and Co.	0	16	8
Peter Culter Sabbath-school children, per Mr. J. D. Fraser	0	12	6
Mrs. Harvey	2	0	0
Rev. W. J. Guerrier, per Mrs. J. A. Spurgeon	2	2	0
Miss Brown	0	2	6
Rev. J. H. Plumbridge	0	5	0
Miss Dobson	1	1	0
Mrs. Gray	0	7	0
Mr. J. Culpin	1	0	0
F. G. B., Chelmsford	0	2	6
Llangynidr Sunday-morning school-children, per Mrs. W. Evans	0	4	6
Mrs. Haynes, Guildford	10	0	0
Mr. Charles Early	5	5	0
Mr. S. Cone	1	10	0
Misses A. Peck and E. Poole	0	10	0
Mrs. S. L. Dunn	2	0	0
Mrs. Terrell	0	10	0
Mrs. Martin	0	5	0
Mr. W. Fyson	0	10	0
Mr. R. Snell	0	10	0
Collected by Miss M. Crockett	0	15	0
Mr. N. Starkey	0	10	0
Miss Harris, per Mr. N. Starkey	1	0	0
"A litt'e aye helps," Edinburgh	0	5	0
Mr. and Mrs. Jas. Robertson	0	15	0
Mr. A. W. Scott	5	0	0

	£	s.	d.
Collected by Miss B. Dixon :—			
Miss Cutlack	0	3	1½
Misses Dixon	0	5	3½
Mrs. Jupp	0	3	5
Misses Peck and Bullen	0	6	11½
Mrs. Scar	0	4	3
Mr. Scar	0	5	2
Mr. Stuchfield	0	3	1½
Mr. Swatfield	0	6	1
Miss Tichhurst	0	1	6
E. J. Dixon's farthing fund	0	1	1½
	2	0	0
Miss Mary Scott	0	10	0
Baptist Chapel, Lymington, per Pastor Jno. Collins	1	4	6
Per Mrs. J. Withers :—			
Mr. D. Heelas 2 0 0			
Mrs. G. W. Palmer 0 10 0			
	2	10	0
Miss J. N. Dixon	0	10	0
Mrs. Walsham	0	10	0
Mrs. Milne	0	10	0
Mrs Orr	5	0	0
A working-man's wife, Glasgow	0	2	6
Mrs. J. Robertson	0	5	0
Orphan boys' cards (2nd list)	3	8	0
Orphan girls' cards (2nd list)	8	13	7
Old Boys' Subscriptions (second list) :			
Foster, A. H. 0 4 0			
Lake, A. T. 0 10 0			
Parker, F. B. 0 10 6			
White, A. 1 0 0			
Edwards, G. H. 0 2 6			
Unwin, E. F. 0 5 0			
Lowne, J. W. 0 3 0			
Atterbury, G. C. 0 5 0			
Gardner, S. J. 0 5 0			
H. 2 2 0			
	5	7	0
Collected by Mrs. Coles	1	0	9
May and Katie Williams	0	2	6
D., Glasgow	0	10	0
Miss S. Jackman	1	4	0
Daisy, Musk, and little sister	0	2	4
Miss Effie Preston	0	2	3
Mr. L. Dundas	0	10	0
Mrs. Chillingworth	0	5	0
Mrs. Southwell	0	5	0
The late Mrs. Mary Snell, Coleridge, Devon	5	0	0
A reader of "The Sword and the Trowel"	0	2	6
Mr. Jno. B. Gartick	0	10	0
Collected by Mr. J. Whittaker	0	10	0
Mr. H. R. Ellis	0	4	6
Mrs. J. Jordan	3	0	0
Houston Free Church Sabbath-school, per Mr. Wm. Kerr	0	10	0
"In Memoriam," John Woollard, Wickhambrook	0	5	0
Mr. J. McIntyre	1	0	0
Kent Street Sunday-school Bible-class, per Mr. A. W. Freudemacher	0	10	0
A servant girl, Aberdeen	0	2	0
Mr. D. Taylor	1	0	0
Mrs. E. Miller	1	0	0
Mrs. Hockey's mothers' meeting	0	12	0
Ruthie and Jackie	2	2	0
Mr. R. Middleton	0	5	0
Mr. S. H. Dauncey	0	5	0
From Penpont	0	8	0
Mr. H. C. Bridgman	0	2	6
Mr. W. R. Scott	0	3	0
A friend, per Mr. W. R. Scott	0	5	0
The Wesleyan Carol Singers, per Mr. G. W. Sanders	0	10	0
Master Abbey Case	0	2	0
Mr. R. Morgan	0	13	6
"In loving memory"	1	1	0
Mr. E. R. Close	0	5	0

	£	s.	d.
Per Pastor W. Burnett:—			
W. Burnett's box	0	15	0
Mrs. Burnett's box ...	0	15	0
Mrs. Record's box	0	5	7
Mrs. Bolton's box	0	4	5
Mr. Perry's subscription ...	0	5	0
Profits on sale of Horner's Stories, &c.	0	5	0
	2	10	0
Mr. J. Cooper	1	0	0
Mr. G. Penfold	0	2	6
A friend, Chelmsford	2	0	0
E. and J.	0	3	6
Mr. and Mrs. Jordan	1	1	0
Mrs. Tompkins	1	0	0
E. H.	0	1	0
A. P.	0	1	0
Given to Mr. Spurgeon at Menton:—			
Mr. and Mrs. Fraser ... 4 0 0			
The Baronesses Kari, Olga, Julie, and Alma von Dellingshausen 1 12 0			
Miss Amy Kavanagh ... 0 16 0			
Miss Otway 1 0 0			
Mr. G. M. Burroughs ... 0 16 0			
The Baroness Käthe von Hahn 0 8 0			
Mr. Walliker 1 1 0			
Mrs. Graut 1 0 0			
	10	13	0
Sandwich, per Bankers	2	2	0
Lizzie	1	0	0
Two friends, per Pastor J. W. Davies...	0	6	0
A friend, per Mr. B. Tice	0	10	0
Mr. T. Vickery	1	1	0
Miss Husk	0	4	0
Meetings by Mr. Charlesworth and the Orphanage Choir:—			
Hendon—Net proceeds ... 6 2 0			
Mr. W. Page 3 3 0			
Mr. J. B. Yule 1 1 0			
Programmes 0 8 4			
	10	14	4
Lake Road Chapel, Portsmouth ...	77	13	9
Elm Grove, Southsea	11	16	0
Auckland Hall, West Norwood, per Mr. T. W. Stoughton...	10	0	0
Lambeth Baths	1	15	0
Haddon Hall, Bermondsey	3	0	0
South Norwood, per Mr. F. Fishwick...	6	17	1
Lackland Hall, Chelsea:—			
Mr. H. J. Veitch 10 0 0			
Collection 0 15 8			
Sale of programmes ... 0 5 9			
	11	1	5
St. Ann's Road Baptist Chapel Total Abstinence Association, per Mr. J. Studd, and programmes	1	9	7
Shaftesbury Hall Y. M. C. A., Ealing, per Mr. G. P. Ryder	5	15	0
Twickenham, and programmes... ...	11	3	1
Harlesden, and programmes	1	0	5
Conference Hall, per Mrs. Meredith ...	1	5	9
	£167	8	2

Orphan Girls' Collecting Cards (second list).—Aldrich, M., 6s; Bridgman, A., 3s; Broadhouse, N., 6s; Bateman, M., 13s 6d; Birtwistle, E., 10s; Buddle, F., 3s; Cullen, A., 7s 6d; Gibson, M., 2s 6d; Haydon, L., 1s; Hall, F., 1s 9d; Hunter, F., 4s 1d; Hewitt, H., 10s; Jackson, A., 5s; Jewell, D., 11s 2d; Lawler, R., 6s; Mitchell, A., 2s 6d; Norviel, N., 3s 6d; Nugent, L., 15s; Pennington, F., 4s; Pope, A., 9s; Seuring, S., 2s; Sands, M., 9s; Thorp, E., £1; Warner, K., 3s 3d; Wilmot, M., 6s 2d; Wright, E., 2s 6d; Wale, E., 2s 2d; Youens, E., 4s.—Total, £8 13s 7d.

Orphan Boys' Collecting Cards (second list).—Buddle, W., 1s 6d; Brown, C., 3s; Bolsher, W., 6s 6d; Cordrey, M., 7s 9d; Fryer, F., 12s; Green, W. S., 7s 6d; Heath, W., 3s; Parker, T., 8s; Stokes, P., 3s 8d; Sparke, E. H., 12s; Wilkins, J., 3s 1d.—Total, £3 8s.

List of Presents, per Mr. Charlesworth, from January 13th to February 16th, 1891.—PROVISIONS:—2 boxes Broken Biscuits, Dr. Soper; 224 lbs. Rice, Mr. J. L. Potter: 1 New Zealand Sheep, Mr. A. Seale Haslam; 20 lbs. Tea, Messrs. Armstrong and Co.; 1 sack Onions, 2 sacks Potatoes, Mr. H. Watts; 28 lbs. Baking Powder, Messrs. Freeman and Hildyard.

BOYS' CLOTHING:—6 Shirts, Miss Dransfield; 3 Shirts, 6 pairs Stockings, 1 pair Trousers, 3 Vests, Mrs. W. Hunter; 9 Shirts, Miss E. Y. Wilkinson; 2 pairs Knitted Socks, Mrs. Hicks; 36 Woollen Scarves, The Reading Young Ladies' Working Party, per Mrs. James Withers.

GIRLS' CLOTHING:—4 Garments, Mrs. Massey; 1 Shawl, Mr. Thomas Merry; 3 Scarves, 3 pairs Knitted Stockings, Mr. J. Colver; 16 Articles, Mrs. W. Hunter; 6 Articles, Mrs. Penstone; 6 Articles, Mrs. J. Hartop; 24 Articles, The Ladies' Working Mission, Chatham, per Mrs. H. Underdown; 106 Articles, The Ladies' Working Meeting, Metropolitan Tabernacle, per Miss Higgs; 74 yards Printed Cotton, 129 yards Dress Material, 4½ yards Cloth, 11 Mantles and Jackets, Mr. J. Pentelow: 2 Quilts, 20 Articles, Mrs. E. Marsh.

GENERAL:—200 Gospel in Song, 40 Music, Tonic Solfa, 6 Old Notation, The Committee of the Sunday School Union, per Mr. J. E. Tresidder; 500 copies of "True Stories," Mr. J. Spiers; 9 Water-colour Pictures, 4 Drawings, Miss Habershon; 2½ dozen Rulers, 12 gross Pens, 6 gross Penholders, 2 gross Pencils, 4 dozen Red Pencils, 6 dozen Puzzles, 2 Datings, Mr. P. Bilborough; 5 Articles (for sale room), a Dorset Friend; 1 load Firewood, Messrs. Keen and Sons.

Colportage Association.

Statement of Receipts from January 13th to February 16th, 1891.

Subscriptions and Donations for Districts:—

	£	s.	d.
Mr. R. W. S. Griffith, for Fritham ...	10	0	0
Per Rev. J. Haslam:—			
Boroughbridge 10 0 0			
Northallerton 10 0 0			
Gildersome 30 0 0			
	50	0	0
Newbury District	10	0	0
Mr. Thomas Greenwood, for Brentford	10	0	0
Henfield, per Mr. G. Duke	4	0	0
Pastor E. J. Farley, for James Street, St. Luke's...	10	0	0
Dorking District	15	0	0
Mrs. Robinson, for Tewkesbury ...	5	0	0
Ludlow District:—			
Mr. Thomas Davies ... 5 0 0			
Mr. Lang (half-year) ... 1 0 0			
Mr. E. Day (one year) ... 1 0 0			
Mr. J. Evans (half-year)... 1 0 0			
Rock Lane collection ... 1 5 6			
Brimfield Cross, R. Lane Branch 0 14 6			
	10	0	0
Kettering, per Mr. W. Meadows, sen....	10	0	0
Borstal District	10	0	0
Somers Town, per Miss Griffith ...	10	0	0
Mrs. White, for Tewkesbury	2	10	0
Greenwich, per Pastor C. Spurgeon ...	10	0	0

	£	s.	d.
Mrs. Allison's class, per Mr. Sedcole, for Orpington District	1	0	0
	£167	10	0

Subscriptions and Donations to the General Fund:—

	£	s.	d.
Mr. Phillips	0	5	0
Mr. Adey	0	2	6
Stockwell Orphanage Young Christians' Band (Boys)	0	5	0
Mrs. Raybould	1	1	0
Mr. Walter Mills	1	1	0
Mr. D. Hoclas (Mayor of Reading), per Mrs. James Withers	1	0	0
Matthew vi. 3	0	1	0
Miss Beelby	0	2	0
Annual Subscriptions:—			
Mr. F. Thompson	1	1	0
Mr. Everett	1	1	0
Mr. Marshall	1	1	0
	£7	0	0

Society of Evangelists.

Statement of Receipts from January 13th to February 16th, 1891.

	£	s.	d.
Mr. T. W. Lister	0	10	0
Mrs. Yates	0	10	0
Thankoffering for Messrs. Fullerton and Smith's services at Enfield ...	20	0	0
Thankoffering for Messrs. Fullerton and Smith's services at Penge Tabernacle	8	6	4
Mrs. Edwards	0	10	0
Mrs. L. Haward	0	5	0
Mr. Jas. Webster and Mr. Alfred Murray	1	0	0
Mr. A. W. Scott	5	0	0
Thankoffering for Mr. Burnham's services at Chesham	2	2	0
Thankoffering for Mr. Burnham's services at Hop-pickers' Mission ...	4	0	0
Mrs. B., for Mr. Burnham's support for 1891	50	0	0
Thankoffering for Mr. Burnham's services at Kilmington	1	3	0
R. G.	30	0	0
Mr. P. Mackinnon...	20	0	0
Fides	10	0	0
Thankoffering for Mr. Harmer's services at Burlington Sunday-school, Ipswich	3	3	0
Thankoffering for Mr. Harmer's services at Beulah Baptist Chapel, Thornton Heath...	2	12	0
Mr. and Mrs. Haynes	0	10	0
Mr. F. G. Hervey	0	2	6
Balance of collections at Lake Road Chapel, Portsmouth, during visit of Messrs. Fullerton and Smith	16	10	9
Thankoffering for Messrs. Fullerton and Smith's services, Cornwall Road Mission	7	4	9
Mr. B. I. Greenwood, for ditto... ...	10	0	0
Mrs. Milne	1	0	0
Thankoffering for Mr. Burnham's services at Silver Street Mission, Reading	5	0	0
Mrs. Rees	0	10	0
Mr. P. Nicholson	1	0	0
	£200	19	4

Surrey Gardens Memorial Schools.

Statement of Receipts from January 13th to February 16th, 1891.

	£	s.	d.
Mr. James Baxter (third donation) ...	0	10	0
Mr. S. Ashby	0	2	6
Mr. G. D. Nicholas	1	0	7
R. G.	10	0	0
S. W. E., per Mr. S. R. Pearce	1	1	0
Mr. Jno. Berry	1	0	0
Mrs. Spencer	0	5	0
	£13	19	1

For General Use in the Lord's Work.

Statement of Receipts from January 13th to February 16th, 1891.

	£	s.	d.
Mr. and Mrs. C. Kohler	10	0	0
The Editor of "The Christian Herald," New York...	5	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Clarke	1	10	0
	£16	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, 1891.

Primitive Methodism in the Yorkshire Wolds.

A REVIEW BY C. H. SPURGEON.

TOPOGRAPHICAL books have a charm of their own. If they only describe an insignificant village, they delight readers to whom the place is dear, and to whom every cottage and barn is noteworthy. To the spiritual mind the histories of village churches have a peculiar attraction: the records of Little Bethel, and the Chapel-on-the-Hill, if properly kept, have points of rare interest in them. Many are the anecdotes which one may pick up in those "Memorials of a hundred years," with whose publication our older communities are wont to celebrate their centenaries. It is the duty of the Christian reader to encourage the production of such sacred histories by subscribing for copies of them. The humble annals of churches are more precious than the chronicles of kings.

When a considerable region is described, as is the case in a lively book which is now before us, entitled, "*Primitive Methodism in the Yorkshire Wolds*," the writer has larger opportunity for collecting memorable incidents, and characteristic sayings. Methodism among a people of such decided individuality must have done wonders. Yorkshire is like a little nation by itself: it is inhabited by a grand people, who are almost as distinct from the south-country folk as the Welsh from the English. The Primitives, also, are a body of Christians who have marked peculiarities of character—peculiarities which, we sometimes fear, they are allowing to pass away; and the more is the pity, since in these lay much of their power for good. In the Yorkshire Wolds it would seem as if the most primitive Primitives survive, and their primitive peculiarities also. With such a subject as Yorkshire Methodism, one who

is well acquainted with it ought to be able to make a volume of special note; and our author has not failed in his endeavour.

Ordinary histories do not describe the religious life of our nation; nor could their writers accomplish the task if they were to attempt it; for only a godly man who has dwelt among his own people, and has personally entered into their struggles and labours, can fitly record their story. Mr. Woodcock, our author, is a born Primitive, and in a mention of his earliest days gives us a specimen of his artless style, and an insight into his loyal love to his own denomination. He says—

"When the writer was asked, at one of the anniversaries, first to snuff the candles, and then to make the collection (the chapel being too crowded to allow an ordinary-sized person to go round), he felt 'I am somebody now'—a good thought to get into a lad's mind! In 1842 the late Mr. John Reynard, of Leeds, gave his twenty-yards' speech—an accumulation of facts about our missions, which he knew how to tell. He had a parchment roll, on which were pasted all the plans of the then Hull District, and as each plan became unrolled an account was given of the origin and progress of the work of God on that station. The writer, but just converted, was asked to take it round the chapel, which he gladly did, and no tongue can tell or pen record how proud he felt. But when he heard read from the report: 'Master Henry Woodcock's box, eleven shillings,' and was told that it would be read in the Channel Islands, Scotland, Ireland, Canada, and other 'far-off lands,' he was as proud as a Woodcock and a Peacock combined, for he thought he had reached the summit of human greatness. In collecting the above sum he contracted a mortal dislike to Mr. Moneygrub and Miss Closefist; for though they both prayed earnestly 'for the dear souls, for whom Christ died,' no child's missionary-box was ever the richer for their generosity. Some boys were asked 'what they knew about the Pharisees.' 'They're a mean lot, sir,' said one boy. 'Why do you think so?' 'Because some of them brought a penny to Christ once, and he took it in his hand, looked at it, and said, "Whose *subscription* is this?"' We believe our subscriptions were all in that coin; but, then, the people gave what they could afford."

We like this vivacity; for it makes the record something more than readable. In the hands of a dried-up secretary, or a painfully proper committee, the most sappy facts become as juiceless as dead chips: there is nothing of the kind here, but so much of the reverse, that the pages might have been all the better for a little touch of the professional hand. Whatever its blunders, there is flavour in this book, and it has not been corrected and improved till it is tasteless as the white of an egg. It is also almost entirely free from fine writing; the sublime is not aimed at, and therefore the author escapes the ridiculous. We said, "almost," because the good man gives a long word now and then, just to show us what he could have done. His style, however, is natural and forcible. Nothing can be much more wearisome than the dignified, Latinized manner of speech, which is the proper thing in books nowadays. An empty tomb, garnished with wreaths, is a fit symbol of much of the writing we are doomed to review: *there is nothing in it, but it is very proper*. Our Primitive scribe writes with a free hand; his expressions have a Yorkshire flavour in them, and he says what he means

to say, and makes you understand it without racking your brains or causing you to reach down a dictionary. His book will be read by his own people with delight; but we who are more primitive in the matter of baptism than the Primitives themselves, have enjoyed it as much as any of them, and because we have done so, we have made copious extracts with the view of inducing others to read the volume. Our author is rather rough on Calvinists, but he does not know any better, and is more nearly at one with them than he thinks; at any rate, he loves the grand evangelical truth, and has no hankerings after the modern school, as some, even among Methodists, evidently have. The late display at Wesley's Centenary does not give us much assurance of Methodist adherence to the old truth; but this brother is old-fashioned enough to believe in the old way.

Here is a bit about Filey:—

"Filey, a fishing-village, midway between Scarborough and Bridlington, had long been noted for wickedness of every description. Friends from Bridlington had tried, again and again, to establish a cause, but had been shouted, mobbed, and pelted out of the place. At an official meeting, the Society was about to discredit itself by withdrawing from this Godless place, when Mr. Oxtoby said, 'The Lord has a great work to do in Filey; send me, I'll live on taters and sleep on a board before it shall be given up.' Next Sunday Mr. Oxtoby, on his way to Filey, was met by a person who knew both the man and his mission. 'Where are you going?' 'To Filey.' 'What to do there?' 'To save the people.' 'It's a forlorn hope, and you had better go back.' Johnny, filled with zeal and abundantly blessed with divine inspiration, said, 'The Lord gave me eighty souls while I was praying in a ditch this morning.' He entered the village, and sung along the streets to the beach, where he preached to a rough and rude audience. Presently, backs straightened, cheeks flushed, hearts softened, tears began to flow, and numbers were convinced of the wickedness of their lives. The well-known Mrs. Gordon was converted, and in her house fifty of the eighty souls Johnny had seen in the ditch, were saved. The Church, Wesleyan Chapel, and the barn used by our people, were all crowded. Many of the fisher-folk became as exemplary for virtue as they had been for vice. The Rev. C. Parker, writing of this revival in 1853, said, 'Filey still enjoys the fruits of that revival, which, for power and prosperity, is unparalleled on the east coast of England.'"

Here is another good bit concerning Mr. Oxtoby:—

"Mr. Oxtoby and the Rev. J. Flesher were at one time travelling companions. Mr. F. was a man of education, an eloquent speaker, and saw many seals to his ministry; Johnny was a rough labourer from a village. For one converted under Flesher, Oxtoby had ten. One day Mr. Flesher said, 'John, I labour to save souls; I make as good sermons as I can, and you know your sermons are not like mine; I pray to God to bless my labours; how is it I don't see a tithe of the souls converted that you do?' He replied, 'Bless thee, it is simple enough. Thou goes to t' tree of knowledge, an' ah go to t' tree o' life.'"

Places and people are described in this record in a graphic manner. The people we should never have heard of had not Mr. Woodcock

immortalized them in his pages. Truly, these righteous ones are worthy to be had in everlasting remembrance. A wonderful woman was Nancy Varey, because mighty in prayer, strong in faith, and confident in hope :—

"Nancy was rich in experience, and ever ready to talk about the deep things of God.

"Miss Sykes, the amiable, generous, and pious daughter of the late Sir Tatton Sykes, took a deep interest in the spiritual and temporal welfare of the poor on her father's estate. How often did we meet that lady, mounted on horseback, riding from village to village, on her errands of mercy—visiting schools, cottages, &c. ! All religious good done in the world is not done by singing lively hymns and even offering up fervent prayers. The gospel has a large practical side, and says, 'Bear ye one another's burdens.' This is what society needs to heal its wounds, to regenerate its life, to sustain it in present calamity, and to guide it with hope into the great future. On one occasion Miss Sykes issued a sheet of directions—'How to spend a day well'—to be hung up on the walls of the cottages, and amongst other things it said : 'Do one good thing for God every day.' 'How do you like the directions?' inquired Miss Sykes of Nancy one day. 'Oh, they are good, *varry good as far as they gang;* but, Miss, they dean't gang far eneuff. You advise us to do one good thing for the Lord each day, and ah think we owt to do ivverything for the Lord; for Paul says, "Whether we eat or drink, or whatsoever we do, we're to do it all to the glory of God." Besides, Miss Sykes, you dean't say owt about Jesus and the Holy Spirit; and as ah've often said, all our doings amount to nowt, ah, Miss, an' less than that, if we're not weshed in the blood and filled with the Spirit. Paul says (and she turned to her worn and well-used Bible and read these words): 'Not by works of righteousness which we have done, but according to his mercy he saved us, by the washing of regeneration, and renewing of the Holy Ghost."'

"Miss Sykes knew Nancy too well to be offended by the plainness of her remarks. Many a poor woman at the wash-tub has a clearer insight into God's Word, and a richer experience of its blessings, than some who have received an academical education. 'The entrance of thy words giveth light; it giveth understanding unto the simple.'"

The following is a very useful story, and shows the common-sense of rustic believers :—

"During a revival a young man was converted who, not gifted with the power of prayer, often prayed in public. When at a loss for words, he would pray, 'Lord, help me to pray.' One night an old man said, '*And the Lord help thee to give over.*'" How heartily could we say "Amen" to such a prayer in the case of a long-winded brother !

Capital critics, also, are these Yorkshire hearers; but rather severe in their candid friendship. Mr. Woodcock says—

"As a rule, however, their judgments were not often mistaken. If the preacher went into the pulpit with a poor, ill-prepared sermon—one lacking in gospel truth, in stirring thoughts, and cheering, invigorating and helpful words, thus giving them a stone when they asked for bread —they soon showed their disapprobation. 'How often have you preached that sermon, mister?' 'Never before.' 'Ah thowt as mich,

and if you be a wise man you'll nivver preach it aggean.' 'Ah like a preacher to hev plenty of belly-timber' (good food), said one. 'How did you like the preachers at the camp-meeting?' we enquired on one occasion. 'They were a belly-wash (belly-ache) set. They gav us plenty of blash water (light and frivolous talk). Ah suppose they thowt it good anouf for barn-deear savages and country o-bucks. What's use o' sending a lot o' bowdiekite lads to preach to us owd grey-beards?' To another preacher, 'Ah say, mister, you preached a *goodish* sermon to-night; but if it had been cut short at beath ends, and set a-fire in the middle, it wad a dean us mare good.'"

We scarcely remember a better criticism than this last, and it may be applied to many of the discourses and speeches which one hears nowadays. Very clever, if not actually convincing, was the good man's argument for shouting in prayer. We suppose Primitives and Salvationists must shout; and if so, let them, so long as there is reality in it. Those who have been present at a meeting when old-fashioned Methodists are fully on the go, will not wonder that the clergyman tried to abate the riot:—

"At one of our chapels a prayer-meeting was being held, when a clergyman passing by, and hearing a tremendous noise, he went in, and there found one brother praying, and about eighteen others helping him. He shouted out, 'Silence!' at the top of his voice, several times; but it was really no use, he could not be heard. However, after a while there was a lull, and, standing on a form, he again shouted, 'Silence!' When they were quiet, he said: 'My dear friends, the Lord is not deaf. Now, don't you think you could pray a little more quietly? You remember, when the temple was being built at Jerusalem, there was no sound of any tool heard in it while building.' 'Yes, sir,' said one of the brothers, 'that's all very true; but you see we're not building the temple, we're *blasting the rocks.*'"

There, good reader of *The Sword and the Trowel*, what say you to such bits as these? Do you not agree with us, that this is a book of a live sort? We could point out its literary shortcomings, and the abounding faults of the printer; but it would not be generous. To say that we have been amused, edified, and benefited while overhauling the volume and making these selections, is only doing bare justice to a work which is full of fresh flowers from cottage gardens, and green boughs from country lanes. We are glad the Primitives are yet alive and flourishing, and we hope the Salvationists will not succeed in swallowing them up alive.

Consequences of Trimming.

IF the spirit which now leads so many good men to compromise their principles had ruled the minds of the Reformers, the world would to this hour have remained in Popish darkness. The results of timid yielding to-day will be seen in generations yet to come. To many vacillating men it will happen that their children's children shall rise up and call them *cursed.*

"The Book Fund and its Work, 1890."

SO there really is another Report of the Book Fund and its Work? This will come to many of our readers as a pleasant surprise; for they have often been assured that the beloved Manager of the Fund found the work as much as she could accomplish, in her weakness, without the additional effort of preparing for publication a record of her labours. Like the general who said that he would rather fight a battle any day than send home a despatch about it, Mrs. Spurgeon seems to regard the Report for the year as a greater burden than the work of the year! Yet, with all due deference, the present writer, who may be thought to be greatly prejudiced in her favour, submits the opinion that she need not so regard it. When we notice the smoothly-flowing style in which the little book before us is written, the apt allusions, suitable similes, well-chosen words, and pretty pen-pictures with which it is adorned, we should have no idea of the labour and travail involved in its production, were we not permitted to "peep behind the scenes," and see the dear authoress toiling wearily at her annual task. Mrs. Spurgeon's Book Fund Reports are literary gems; and, in our judgment, the one labelled 1890 will prove quite worthy of a place among the sister jewels that have preceded it.

In proof of the above statements, we refer our readers to the "Parable-Preface," with which the Report opens. The writer half hides herself behind the figure of "a poor old mason working wearily . . . . constructing an inner wall in an obscure corner of a building which was one day to be a glory and a beauty in the land." He is discouraged because he cannot realize his own ideal by making "this dark place bright with the beauty of careful and conscientious labour." The old man's sorrow is turned into joy by the gift of "two blocks of pure white stone, exquisitely carved and chiselled," which are to go as "facings" to his work; and he is comforted by the assurance, "You need not grieve any more over your poor work; everyone's eyes will rest on these masterpieces, and their beauty will conceal your failures." We must not, in these pages, reveal anything further about "the Master's" tablets; but we think that those who view the completed "wall" will agree with us, that "poor Tom" has inlaid them with such exquisite taste and skill that it is difficult to say which is the more to be admired, "the mason's" mosaic, or "the Master's" marble.

The present Report, like the previous ones, contains many letters from ministers and clergymen, asking for grants of books, or acknowledging the receipt of parcels. Mrs. Spurgeon says that she knows of no better way of interesting her friends, and letting them see into the very heart of her work, than by following the old plan of giving extracts from her correspondence. We take the liberty of dipping our hand into "The Letter Bag," that we may exhibit a fair specimen of its contents:—

The following grateful epistle is from the pen of a Primitive Methodist Minister:—"It is with unspeakable joy, and deep gratitude to God, that I acknowledge the receipt of a splendid grant of books; such a gift as I have never received before. No sooner had your kind *promise* come safely to hand, than I fell upon my knees, and praised God for such a token of

his faithfulness and love. And now the parcel has arrived, and I know not how to express the thanks I feel! Just the very books I needed! My friends had told me of 'The Treasury of David,' and I longed to possess some of the volumes. I had seen a copy of the 'Sermon-Notes,' and I yearned to have them; and here they are! Though I did not name in writing the special books desired, God knew my needs, and has fulfilled his holy Word, granting me the desires of my heart! The other volumes you have sent shall also be prayerfully studied, and will prove very helpful in my life-work for Jesus. Had you been in the little room which is my study, or had I chosen the books myself, a more helpful selection could not have been made. The gift is the Lord's, the books are his, and I am his, now and for ever! That by his grace I may win many precious souls, break to the Church the Bread of Life, and ever be his consecrated, obedient, humble follower, is the earnest desire of one who will ever be grateful for your Christian kindness."

Is it not a *real* joy to "lay meat" to such a hungry mouth as this? Books that have been asked for in prayer, received with joyous thanksgiving, and solemnly dedicated unto the Lord, must be very precious blessings, for the Holy Spirit will assuredly fill the pages with the divine light of his wisdom and counsel.

"The Conference Present" has a charming chapter all to itself, from which we must not quote because of lack of space; and a similar remark must apply to the "Grants to Clergymen" and the distribution of *The Sword and the Trowel*. There are many grateful references to the mission of Mrs. Spurgeon's *Ten Years of My Life* and *Westwood Leaflets*, and "The Story of the Lark's Nest" is re-told, with a most interesting "sequel." Those who read the simple story of the little larks in their nest in one of the fields at the foot of Beulah Hill, while the parent bird carols at heaven's gate, and learn the lesson of trustfulness that Mrs. Spurgeon teaches from this incident, will perceive a new meaning and a local application in Dr. Cheever's note in *The Pilgrim's Progress*:—"These fields of Beulah are just below the gate of heaven; and with the light of heaven there come floating down the melodies of heaven, so that here there is almost an open revelation of the things which God hath prepared for them that love him."

Every year Mrs. Spurgeon writes something which is not directly connected with her Book Fund work, but aiming at the edification of her readers, and seeking to help their growth in grace. On this occasion, she gives "Three Memory Sketches," which strike us as equal to anything in this line which she has formerly written. We must not pick out too many of the plums from her literary pudding; but we must give our readers just one, in the hope that the taste of it will whet their appetite, and induce them to buy the little book for themselves, and purchase copies for their friends.* This is sketch No. III.:

One day, as a friend was sitting with us at the tea-table, he mentioned the fact of the death of an eminent minister of the gospel, and speaking with "bated breath," he told us of the solemnity of his dying words. Just before he passed away, a friend asked him, "You are not afraid to die?" "No," said he, turning his fast-dimming eyes on his questioner, "No, I am not *afraid*, but I am *ashamed!*"

* "The Book Fund and its Work, 1890," can be obtained of Messrs. Passmore and Alabaster, 4, Paternoster Buildings, London, price 6d.; or through any bookseller.

These words thrilled me through and through. I shall never forget them. They constantly recur to me, and I feel as if they must be *my* last words also, when I come to the banks of the river. My feet have many times almost touched its cold waters during my long illnesses, and I can speak from experience as to this sense of "shame" when the Angel of Death has drawn nigh. One's past life looks so mean in the light of eternity, God's patience and forbearance are more apparent and amazing, and the hideous vitality of sin and self is seen as never seen before. Lost opportunities, selfish indulgences, ingratitude, shortcomings, lack of love, and want of zeal, all seem to cry in chorus, "Yes, God has forgiven you, but you can never forgive yourself."

Many a powerful and impressive sermon had this minister doubtless preached, yet these last faint utterances—just nine words—might be to some soul of greater import than all his eloquent discourses.

You see, dear reader, he was a good man, of unblemished life and character, a *saved* man, a true servant of God, just going to receive his welcome to the heavenly home; and yet, he felt "*ashamed*." All *fear* of death was taken away by the certainty of eternal life through faith in the Son of God; and yet, so deep was his sense of unworthiness in view of that glory which was beginning to be revealed in him, that he was "ashamed."

Ashamed of his sinfulness and coldness, of his weakness and imperfections, ashamed of *himself* altogether, and stripped of everything wherein to glory, save the precious blood, under cover of which he knew his eternal safety was assured. Perhaps he had, in his dying moments, such a glimpse of the awful price which was paid for his ransom, that he was overwhelmed and amazed at the undeserved mercy of God in his salvation and adoption.

Or was it that Satan saw just a last chance to trouble a dying soul, and must throw one more fiery dart, as the poor pilgrim began to ford the dark river?

But, blessed be God, the "ashamedness" which this good man experienced, could only be felt while mortal life lasted! It could not exist in the presence of God. "All the bitter shame and sorrow" must flee away in the brightness and glory of immortality!

"In thy presence is fulness of joy; at thy right hand there are pleasures for evermore." There's not an inch of room for "shame" there, is there?

Perhaps those inexpressibly tender words—twice repeated—in the Revelation, "God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes," may be intended to teach us that all *remembrance* of unworthiness and sin shall be impossible when we awake in his likeness. Yet, do you know, dear reader, I think I should wish to have some tears, if only just once, to feel them wiped away by *his loving hand?*

A large space is occupied with particulars of the "Sermons for Foreign Countries," and "Sermons for Home and Village Work"; and no wonder, for during 1890 no less than 32,554 of "these messengers of life and love"—to quote the Report—have been sent out from the Book Fund.

"The Pastors' Aid Fund" is referred to in several choice paragraphs, which are even more noteworthy for the delicate manner in which the writer conceals what she considers should not be revealed, than for the references she gives to what ought to be known. "Livery for the King's servants," gives Mrs. Spurgeon an opportunity of speaking gratefully of the many parcels of clothing for poor pastors and their families, and hats and bonnets for the hard-working wives, that she has sent out during the year; and the Report closes, as it commenced, with a parable—a most suggestive illustration of 2 Cor. iii. 18 (R.V.).

Mr. S. S. Bagster gives a brief account of The Auxiliary Book Fund, from which 186 "lay-preachers" have received 1,906 volumes during 1890, making the total book-distribution for the year, through the Parent Fund and its Auxiliary, 8,389 volumes—an increase of 500 upon the previous year's record.

So far as its finances are concerned, the Book Fund continues to be well supported. After £836 16s. 10d. had been expended last year, there was a balance of £733 8s. 7d. in hand on the 31st of December. This amount is always being reduced by the grants that are made as the daily applications are received; so there must be a corresponding increase in subscriptions in order that the needed work may still go on.

Some annual reports are admirably calculated to produce sleep; but the Book Fund Report is a bugle-call. May its clarion notes arouse many to action on behalf of poor pastors of all denominations, for so their book-shelves will be better stored, the ministers and their wives and families will be better clad, and their purses will be better filled; while God will be glorified, souls saved, saints strengthened, and last, but not least, the beloved Manager of the Book Fund will be encouraged still to fulfil the blessed ministry in which she has been so happily occupied for the past fifteen years.

The Grip-Man.

BY THOMAS SPURGEON.

THERE is a something in the above title, I fear, suggestive of *La Grippe*, that most unwelcome visitor from Russia, whose hug is almost as fatal as the bear's. I hasten to assure my readers that I have no intention of writing about influenza, old or new, even though I have had sufficient experience of *La Grippe* to descant with some authority about it; for, was I not "hove-to" in Blanket Bay for a whole fortnight by the stress of it?

I write concerning Melbourne, the capital of Victoria, and rightly named "Marvellous." It and Sydney, N.S.W., are running a fast and close race—the one on Protective, and the other on Free Trade lines. If there be difference of opinion as to which leads, who shall declare which will win? Sydney folk are just as convinced that their city, so picturesquely located on the bays and borders of Port Jackson, is, or will be, the premier city of Australasia, as Melbournites are that the Yarra Yarra flows through the metropolis of all the Australias. Let each rejoice in its firm conviction! Without disparaging Sydney, I repeat that Melbourne does make one marvel. I wondered at it when first I saw it. The interval betwixt then and now is already in its teens, and has wrought more marvels. One of the features that struck me most, on my first visit, was the omnibus service. So far as I tested it, it proved at once frequent, expeditious, and inexpensive. I admired the vehicles themselves; they were so light, and elegant, and roomy, in comparison with some of the heavy London omnibuses. Moreover, the plan of depositing the fare in a box beside the driver was novel to me then; and the only fault I could find with it was that it made the Jehu's

duties rather arduous and onerous. On him devolved the tasks of looking out for passengers, of watching the fare-box, and of supplying change, as also of opening and shutting the door by means of a strap round his foot. Handling the ribands and flourishing the whip is duty enough for most coachmen; and I confess that though, as a boy, I used to wish I were a bus conductor in London, I did not, as a young man, envy the Melbourne bus driver his responsible billet. But he seemed contented with his lot (strikes were not so fashionable then), and certainly he did his work right well; and the Melbourne public had little, if any, cause to complain as to the facilities for locomotion. But now all is changed. A few of the omnibuses may still be seen, but very few; instead thereof each principal street has down its centre a double line of tram-rails, on which cars run to all the suburbs, at surprisingly short intervals. These lines are worked on the cable system—a Yankee notion, I believe, and a right good one too. Away out in the suburb is the engine-house, where the endless steel cable is made to revolve; and for all the miles between the city and the suburb, that cable runs betwixt the rails, but underground, at a fast and uniform rate. Each ordinary tram-car is attached to a car of another order, termed a "dummy." From the centre of this an instrument, called the *grip*, descends towards the ever-travelling cable, and, by means of a lever, is made to grip the same. Thus connected with the motive-power, away goes the "dummy," with its car attached; and up hill and down dale, full or empty, it maintains, of course, the pace at which the cable moves. The official who works the lever is known as "the grip-man." He also controls powerful brakes; so that he can bring his little train to a dead stop, by letting go the cable, and applying the brake. His is, indeed, a responsible post; no wonder that the notice says, "You are requested not to talk to the grip-man." Melbourne streets are busy all the day, and bright by night, with these mysterious machines. I say "mysterious," because at first, at all events, there seems something magical about their almost noiseless gliding. There is no snorting and puffing of engines—no smoke, no smuts, no smell! Nor is there the almost equally objectionable tugging and straining of horses, and the inevitable cracking of the cruel whip. And I must not forget the constant ringing of the not unmelodious bells; this, also, is the grip-man's doing. Sometimes he is warning pedestrians, or signalling drivers of vehicles to make way; sometimes he is summoning passengers; and whenever two cars pass, they answer one another on their harmonious bells; so they make music wherever they go. At night the scene is fairy-like. The bells ring still oftener; the lamp on the front of the "dummy" sends its glare far along the track, and the bright lights of the cars beam through the coloured glasses like fairy lamps upon the wing.

I confess that the tramway system of Marvellous Melbourne had quite a charm for me. A trip on a "dummy" suited me, as also my pocket, far better than a ride in a hansom. There was a fascination in silently and swiftly stealing away from the busy city, seated on the knife-board of the "dummy," with no engine in front obstructing the view, and scattering its black rain on every hand.

But I got something more than mere pleasure from my trips. I

learned a lesson that has helped me greatly, and secured an illustration that has already assisted others. Let me pass it on.

Dear fellow Christians, our inspiration for service, our strength in suffering, our power for progress is close at hand. Nearer than the cable to the dummy is the Spirit to our hearts. "What? know ye not that your body is the temple of the Holy Ghost which is in you, which ye have of God?" This motive power is always in exercise, and we have but to grip it. The tighter our grasp, the more nearly we acquire the fulness of the power and the fleetness of the pace. A loose hold means a slower rate. A relaxed grip involves stoppage so soon as the momentum has died away. Or, if we let go upon an incline, we shall slip back, unless the brakes of penitence and prayer prevent. In such case another grip is the only remedy. The cable has not stopped, if we have. Let us grasp the power again, and go on our way rejoicing, *though not without loss of time.* But, with the firm hold maintained, the pace is comparatively even. Hill Difficulty is surmounted readily while the Spirit helpeth our infirmities; and the down-hill journey of prosperity, perhaps the more to be feared of the two, is safely passed; for we are kept by the mighty power of God through faith.

FAITH, then, is the grip, and every believer is a grip-man. The divine sufficiency is ever available; and faith connects us with it for Progress, even as it linked us to it for Pardon. How is it that we live at a poor, dying rate, when Christ has come that we might have life, and that we might have it more abundantly? How is it that we toil so laboriously up the hills, and so often slip back, though he is able to keep us from falling? I am afraid some one has been talking to the grip-man, diverting his attention, and he has unconsciously reversed his lever, or not pressed it right home; and so the cable slips through the grip, and much of the power is lost. Let us resolve to do differently. I, for one, will clutch the secret, silent source of power afresh, and close my ears to the disturbing voices around me. Apart from Jesus I can do nothing—I am a "dummy" at the best; but, if I link my nothingness with his almightiness, "I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me." Dear friend, grip too; and as reader and writer pass each other, let us strike our gladsome gongs, which, like the bells upon the horses, are "Holiness unto the Lord."

The Current of Opinion.

A FULL strong current of opinion in the professing church of Christ runs, at the present day, directly against a grave, thorough-going doctrine of sin, and its correlative truths of eternal judgment, and the unspeakable need of the atoning blood, and of living, personal faith in the Crucified and Risen One, according to the Scriptures. One would think that some, even earnest teachers, had learned by some other path, surely, than that of the Word of God, to look with temperate eyes upon sin as a phenomenon, sure at last to disappear under long processes of divine order—a discord, waiting only its musical resolution: a fall upward, perhaps on to some higher level of unreached consciousness.—*H. C. G. Moule.*

More Chips from the Modern Mynas.

BY PASTOR DUNCAN MACGREGOR OF DUNOON.

IN the good old times, say the Psalms, according to Rouse,

> "A man was famous, and was had
> In estimation
> According as he lifted up
> His axe thick trees upon";

but we have changed all that in these days of advanced thought, and a man is famous when he sends flying about our ears some infidel chips from a German workshop and calls them new ideas. When such a would-be Goliath appears defying the armies of the living God, the modern children of the covenant feast and flatter him, go into ecstasies over his heresies, and compete for his presence in their parlours and pulpits. Oh, for one hour of thorough John Knox, with his wholesome "Harry the nests, and the crows will flee away"!

There was a time when Scotland was true to the faith, when she heard in the Bible—in the *whole* Bible—God's authentic voice; when she no more questioned the Godhead of Jesus than she did the law of gravity; when her faith in miracles was unshaken because she knew that every redeemed soul was a miracle of grace; but "How is the gold become dim! how is the most fine gold changed! the stones of the sanctuary are poured out in the top of every street."

Latest among our heretical escapades, has been the open declaration of Professor Max Müller, Gifford Lecturer in Glasgow University, that the ascending of the Saviour was only a transcendence, or, as Shakespeare has it, "All in my mind's eye, Horatio"; that miracles are not believed in because of knowledge of facts and faith in the infinite power of the one living and true God, but chiefly from the infinite gullibility of human nature. The walls of Jericho did not really fall down, except in a figure of speech to show clever capture—and so on, and so on!!! And this is advanced thought in the age of progress. It seems very like progress backward; for, ordinary students, like ourselves, think we have met the same advanced thought in every age since the first century. What is this but the new and frivolous foam of a troubled heart, which cannot rest, whose waters cast up mire and dirt. It is not wonderful that men who have never felt the miracle of grace within them should deny outer miracles; that men who have never felt the guilt of sin should call the truth of atonement the "doctrine of the shambles"; that blind men should grope at noon, and declare the sun does not shine. It reminds one of the traditional decision of the clergy when young Columba claimed the Scripture he had copied from the Cloister Bible, and they claimed it as theirs: "To every cow her own calf." "The natural man receiveth not the things of the Spirit of God: for they are foolishness unto him: neither can he know them, because they are spiritually discerned."

But here is something that is really wonderful! The principal of a Christian University, one of the most prominent Presbyterian ministers of Scotland—Queen's chaplain, retired divinity professor, and I know

not what else—listened while the very pillars of our faith were being dragged down by a blind Samson, and uttered no sound. In this case silence will be called consent; and we fear justly so.

To the honour of Scotland it will be noted that the esteemed author of "Imago Christi," at once sounded the alarm, and, as a result, not a few vigorous and trenchant protests appeared in the public press; but the men who should have spoken, and who were responsible for bringing the lecturer to the spot, gave no sign. These wretched chips flowing past on our Scottish waters, reveal a strength of downward current sufficiently alarming. No wonder the Unitarian cocks crowed loudly when the Presbyterian saints denied their Lord. When are we to see the Peters going forth and weeping bitterly?

Surely, the time has come for plain speaking to men in high places. There are hundreds of us who have been educated in the University, and who have made some use of that education, but who still hold to the simple faith of our childhood, and who are shocked beyond utterance at such guilty, though silent complicity in that which throws discredit on the Bible, dishonours our Saviour, and sows broadcast the seed of fatal error in many guileless minds. We speak from intimate knowledge of Scottish ministers in all denominations, and from actual contact with the inner life and thought of modern students, and we declare that the teaching of such men as Max Müller has already produced the most baneful results. What can be expected when those in high places sanction heresy? If the present lectures mean anything (and sometimes we wonder if they do) they mean that Jesus Christ was no more a Son of God than was Buddha; that miracles are simply legends to be torn away from Christianity that its ethical beauty may appear; and that the Bible is a sacred book with the same authority as the Vedas, or even as the Koran; but certainly no more. Need we wonder that in such an atmosphere the trees of God are stunted and often rotting to pieces; that churches need worldly amusements to draw the people; that "from the daughter of Zion all her beauty is departed: her princes are become like harts that find no pasture, and they are gone without strength before the pursuer"?

And what shall we say for the students who go through their curriculum in such surroundings? Here is a fact; we have, over and over again, with a sad monotony, heard the confession from finished students, "We would give all the world if we could get back the simple faith in the evangelical doctrines which we once possessed." In many cases, thank God, there has been such a return, and, like the corn, dashed to the earth by a merciless wind, they have revived, and lifted up their heads when the sun has shone upon them; yet they have long borne the marks of their backsliding. They remind us of an incident we saw not long ago. The children of a Scottish manse had some spotlessly white pigeons, whose wings were as if covered with silver. They were indeed fair to look upon; but one of them vanished, and the sons of the manse, mourning, made sure an evil creature had devoured him. After some days a strange thing happened: a black crow appeared among the white pigeons, who was neither received nor rejected by them. The minister was called out to see the marvellous sight, and, being well versed in black-coated frauds, he declared that the crow was nothing else but the

pigeon who had been down a chimney for a whole week. And he said truly; whereupon a servant was called, who washed the pigeon, and left him, a poor bedraggled heap of feathers. The minister in compassion took him into his study, and saved his life; but even after many days streaks of soot were to be seen upon the backslider. Who has not met such poor rescued ones? What shall be said of men who sit at ease and behold the white-robed youths sliding down those wretched German chimneys to come out as reverend black-coats? No wonder it happens so often that our young ministers entering upon the cure of souls begin to retail German soot, instead of the pure flour of heaven's own corn, for famishing souls. Not remembering that men are guilty sinners needing salvation by the precious blood of Jesus, they write fine essays with an eye to the thoughtful sinner who is a profound critic, but who, in many cases, turns out to be an unconverted scamp, who, after receiving the incense of covert flattery, turns against the minister, and makes it hot for him. "We speak that we do know, and testify that we have seen."

There are not wanting signs that the deluge of doubt is receding, and the dry land appearing. God's ark will rest on it. There are many faithful souls in the ark. Elijah, whether in the tabernacle, or in the wilderness, may rest assured there are hidden thousands who have not bent the knee to the modern Baal, and to whom Max Müller *et hoc genus omne*, are only so many uncircumcised Philistines, needing only a shepherd's sling and common stones from the brook to lay them low. We have learned the lesson, "not by might, nor by power, but by my Spirit, saith the Lord of hosts." The abomination that maketh our churches desolate has been set up; and it shall yet be hurled down. "Many shall be purified, and made white, and tried; but the wicked shall do wickedly: and none of the wicked shall understand; but the wise shall understand, and shall shine as the brightness of the firmament; and they that turn many to righteousness as the stars for ever and ever."

A Cause for Congratulation.

A CERTAIN Baptist merchant of Richmond became seriously embarrassed in his business. The report went out that he had failed, and caused much painful surprise. A few days after the suspension of his business, Dr. Jeter, in passing down the aisle of the church one Sunday morning, met him. He grasped him by the hand with unwonted warmth, and said, "How are you, brother? I have heard fine news about you." Just about that time the sad brother was feeling that all the news concerning him was of the worst sort. With mingled surprise and curiosity he asked the doctor what he had heard. "Why, I heard that you had failed in business, and *failed honestly*. It is nothing to lose your money if you have been able to retain your integrity." The kind word went far to reconcile the brother to his misfortunes. He did "fail honestly," and not long after started again, and rose to high prosperity.—*From Life of Dr Jeter.*

"Saved in Pit-Bottom."

FROM the above expression it is not unlikely that the reader will at once guess (and quite correctly) that the scene of this brief sketch is laid in Yorkshire. It is now ten years since these words greeted my ears in a prayer-meeting; but I have not forgotten them, nor am I likely to forget them, on account of their quaintness.

Arriving somewhat late on Saturday, and tired with the long journey, inclination would have tempted me to rest the remainder of the evening, in readiness for the Sunday services. But I was anxious to know what kind of people I had fallen amongst, and what were the prospects for work. Therefore, sacrificing needed rest, I trudged a mile to the prayer-meeting. Very thankful I was to find myself in the midst of a warm-hearted band of pleaders; but, save the pastor, one deacon, and myself, all were sisters. The church was sadly needing an increase in the male portion of its membership; and this need was the special burden of the prayers that evening.

Next day the work began in earnest, and with it direct answers to prayer. The first broken heart we dealt with was that of a fine intelligent young man, a Board School teacher. (To-day he is a useful minister of the gospel, having passed successfully through his College course at Brighton Grove, Manchester.) Several others, in turn, came for counsel and prayer, and were eventually led into light and liberty. Among them was an enthusiastic collier-lad.

We closed our mission with a meeting for "praise and testimony," at which this lad was very anxious to be present. Hurrying home from the pit, he washed and dressed for the meeting, when his father, seeing his preparation, asked, "Where art ta goin', lad?" "Goin' meetin', dad." "Nay, lad, git thy supper." "Supper can wait, feyther; meetin' weant." Catching up the boy's boots, the father threw them into the garden, exclaiming, "Thee'll no go to meetin' to-noight, lad." "If I conno' go in my booits, I'll go in my clogs, feyther; for aw'm baan to go." Out went the clogs across the garden, as the angry father said, "Neaw thee conno' go, lad!" "If I conno' go in my clogs, feyther, I'll go in my stockin'-feet, for aw'm baan to go;" and away through the snow (already four inches deep) the lad started for a mile walk to the chapel. Crossing the garden, he happened to kick against his clogs, and slipping his wet feet in, soon we heard the noisy music, clatter, clatter (so familiar in the north), as he came up the chapel aisle.

He told us how and when he found Christ. In the midst of his work he felt so wretched, he at length laid down his "pick," and fell on his knees in the blackness of the coal-mine. Whilst he was praying, an infidel collier came on the scene: "Hallo, Reverend Bill!" "Nobbut reverend *inside*, ony way!" said the miserable boy. "Thee const pray, lad; conno' thee preach?" "Nay, mon, I conno'." "Thee conno' do naught but pray?" "Yea, mon, I con sing." "Sing away, lad, an' aw'm yer congregation." With all the intensity of feeling that possessed Bill at the moment, he began—

"To die without hope—hast thou counted the cost?
To die out of Christ, and thy soul to be lost!"

The poor boy could get no further; he burst into tears, and completely broke down; the miner felt a lump rising in his throat that choked utterance, suspiciously drew his coat-sleeve across his grimy face, and moved on.

Left again to himself, the broken-hearted lad pleaded till the Saviour, as of old, calmed the storm with his potent, "Peace, be still!" and there, "in pit-bottom," as he said, "he found Jesus."

Having told us this incident, and then of his trouble to get to the meeting, he began to tell the Lord all about the snares and temptations the devil put in his way. He seemed to hesitate for an expression, and then jerked out, "Lord, sam 'em up, sam 'em up!" I asked the pastor the meaning of this quaint sentence, and was told it was an expressive Yorkshire phrase—the idea of *gathering up* in a hurry without much regard to order, so long as a *clearance* is made.

Thus the Lord may be found in any place, and at any time, by the earnest seeker after him, even "in pit-bottom."

J. BURNHAM.

Johnnie's Complaint.

"OUR preacher says—an' course he's right—
It's very wrong to tell a fib
(So mother's taught me ever since
She rocked me in my little crib);
That's why I can't just understand
Why in his sermon he will run
Along like sixty when he's said,
'But one word more, and I have done.'

"When first I heard him say those words,
They made me glad, for I, you see,
Was tired, for half-hour sermons seem
Enough for little folks like me;
But gracious! I was quite surprised
To find he'd only just begun,
When pausing for a breath, he said,
'But one word more, and I have done.'

"I wonder what he'd think if I
Should say, when at his home I'd sup,
'Just one plum more, and I have done;'
Then eat his wife's preserves all up.
I guess he'd ask me what I meant,
I'd have to say I was in fun,
Just like he must be when he says,
'But one word more, and I have done.'"

Belfast Witness.

The Rue Longue, Menton.

BY C. H. SPURGEON.

WE ought to make an investigation into THE OLD TOWN. At the very least, we must walk through the High Street, which is called the *Rue Longue*. We are not to be hindered by stories of close air, bad smells, dirt, and so forth, although we cannot quite say—

> "We have been there, and still would go,
> 'Tis like a little heaven below."

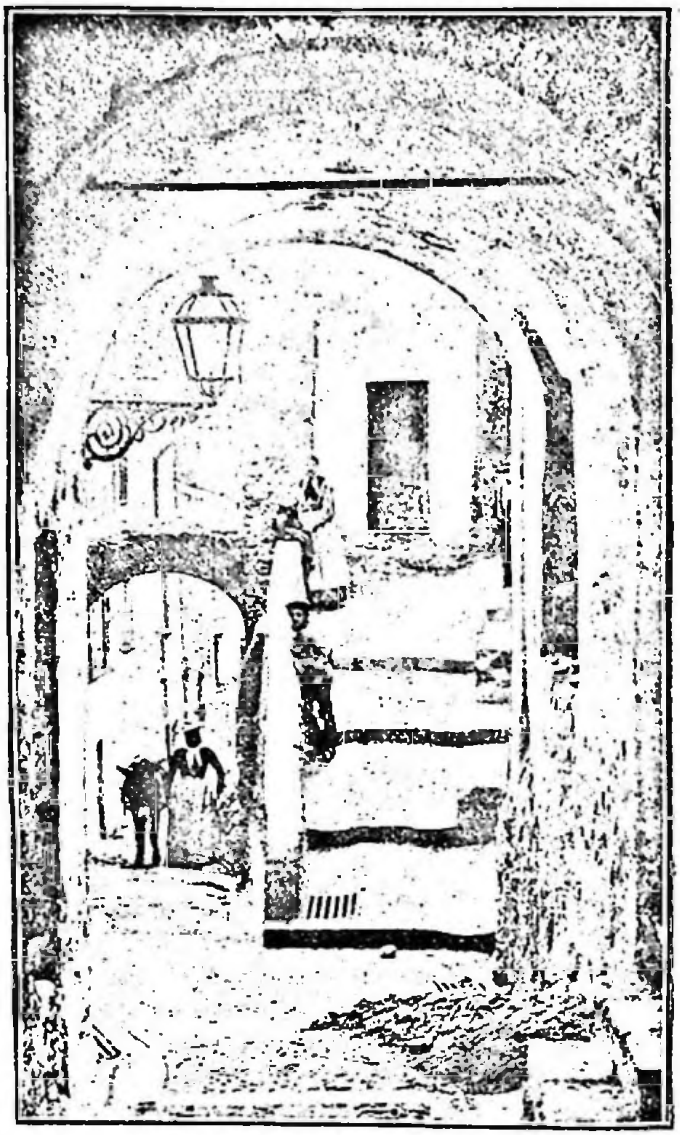
It was once the only road through which the traffic passed from this part of France into Italy, and we feel bound to see it. Those who must always sniff the otto of roses have no business in this commonplace world.

When you reach the fountain on the *Place du Cap*, walk up the rising ground on which are the few houses called *Rue des Logettes*. Peep in at the door of the French chemist's shop. You have seen plenty of English ones, and you will be amused to see how these people do up their nasty things. One misses the big bottles full of coloured liquids, and certain other paraphernalia of the English medicine-man.

To the left of you runs the *Rue de Brea*, and an alley with rock and wall to the right of it, of a height we should not like to guess at. The way into the street we are seeking is under that arch, which is the ancient gateway of the town, and was called St. Antoine. It would seem to have been closed by double barriers, for there are two sets of iron hinges, which once supported outer and inner doors, or gates. We have read that there was a drawbridge here to protect the town from pirates; but where the moat could have been which was thus bridged over, we cannot tell. The archway is low, and on the left side of it is a wine-shop, which seems to do a wholesale trade, for there are rows of big casks, and every appearance of business in full swing. We felt more interested by a cobbler on the other side, who sat in a little room, or rather hole, under the gate, having all the wall covered with his awls and other tools, and himself just fitting the place, and filling it, as an oyster fills his shell. At midday, it was so dark in his den under the arch that he was working by the light of a lamp with a green shade. He certainly had not room enough to swing a cat in, but he looked too benevolent to indulge in such a cruel amusement.

Very picturesque is the corner just within that gate, with the heads occupying the windows, and the children and the women coming down the street. We felt an inclination to seek an artist friend, that he might make sketches without end. The *Rue* itself is merely a narrow lane between exceedingly high houses. A visitor compares it to a walk along the bottom of a drain; but, on this occasion, the street is so clean that, with a blue sky above, such as only Italy can show, one would not mind often perambulating such a drain. No, no, it is a street; and a fairly busy one. We are struck with the number and variety of the shops, and with the respectable stock-in-trade within sight of the passer-by. The paving is not of round stones, as one writer has the courage to assert, it is very walkable paving indeed; and I am a judge of eminent discernment in that direction, for my feet are tender enough in all conscience. Being a street, the houses are numbered; the even numbers are on the right, and the odd numbers on the left; and we observed, with surprise,

that there were seventy houses on the one side, and only forty on the other.



It is true the way is narrow, but so is the way to life. The fault of this narrowness is that it is very hard, if not impossible, for any wheeled conveyances to pass each other. In the way of life this does not matter, for there are no carriages, and all the travellers are going in one direction; but, in this earthly road, it must have involved long stoppages of equipages and *diligences*, to say nothing of carts and waggons, until the drivers could ascertain that the way was clear from end to end. What they could have done had two *vetturini* met we leave to engineers to tell us. Napoleon Buonaparte was no mean benefactor to this town when he filled in the sea around the base of its high houses, and walled up a road along the shore. Till then, my lords and ladies must all go through this narrow pass, clattering over the stones, and driving everybody into a doorway to escape the wheels.

Here is a butcher's shop of *Première Qualité*, licensed to sell the better sort of meat at the better price. We have not seen a cleaner or better shop anywhere. One or two other establishments, near the butcher's, have a well-to-do look. Grocers, drapers, and greengrocers are at hand, and you can have as much bread and dried fish as you may desire. As to the fish, we desire none. It would want a world of soaking, and then would be good for cats. Cobblers are everywhere, and here and there a tailor and *dégraisseur*—this last a capital trade—a taker-out of grease from garments. His trade is not disgraceful, but disgreaseful; and the work is so well done, that clothes, when they come Lome, are, as the Jew said, "Better as new." Of wine-shops, be you sure there are enough, while the government flag waves with Republican authority over the tobacco-shop, where, and where only, a paternal

government allows French citizens to buy the fragrant weed. Yes, there is a book-binder's shop! Bravo, for the old town! It has, at least, a trace of literature. What are we at? Here is the College! It is by no means a bad building, and it bears along its front a text in Latin, which is admirably chosen: the English is, "*His mercy unto children's children of them that fear him.*"

What stories these old houses could tell! Great men have lived in this street, and we doubt not that fair ladies have gossiped across it from those opposite windows, which are hardly ten feet from each other. "Peeping Tom" would have spied out all the secrets of his neighbour's house without difficulty; and if that neighbour had a Blue Beard's chamber, or a cupboard with a skeleton in it, he would have found it prudent to keep the Venetian-blinds closed. Look at those arches from one side of the street to the other! They act as stays in case of earthquake. Very handy they must have been for the cats in their midnight roamings: we wonder if bad boys ever perched upon them, and could not get down again!

The doorways are of many styles of architecture. We see both Gothic and Moorish arches, and the regular rounded form. On the square lintels there are dates, such as 1533 and 1543, and also initials, such as B. G.; or more sacred inscriptions, such as A. and O., or I. H. S., and the frequent cross. It is pleasant, on the right, to look quite through a shop, and see the Mediterranean through the window on the opposite side.

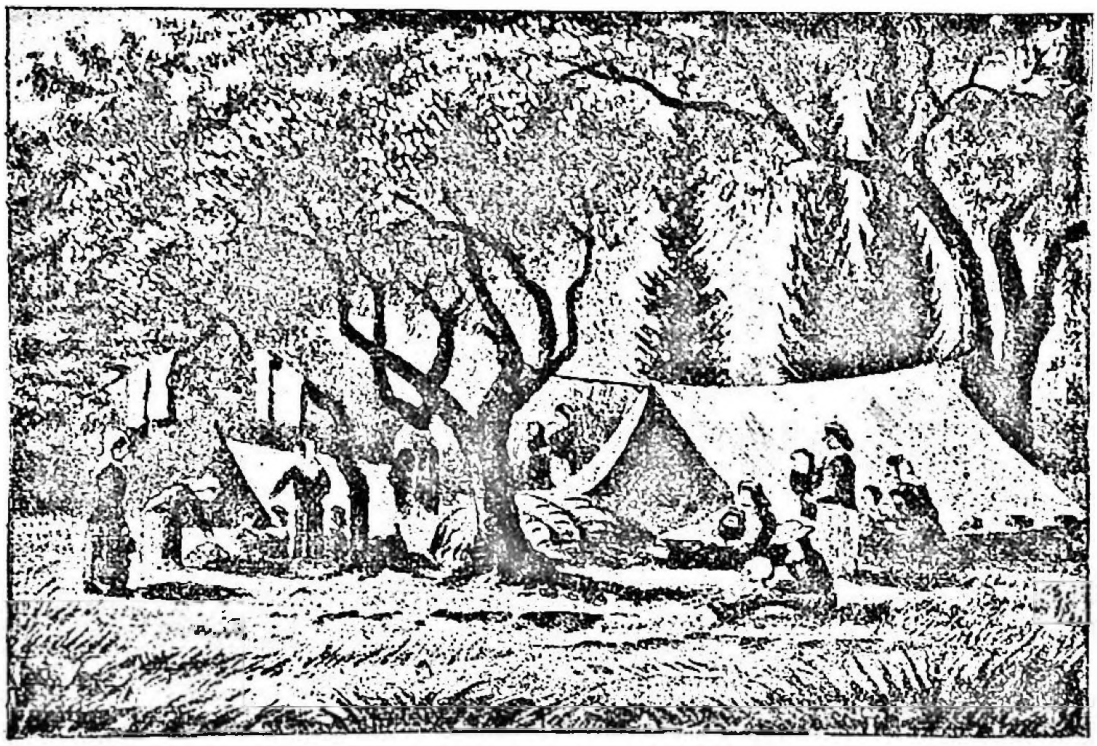
One or two houses have iron gratings over the windows. These were once the residences of wealthy persons who were in fear of being robbed of their treasures. We saw, at least, one iron door. Are there any stories connected with these special defences? Look into those long, arched vaults, and in the dim light see the chairs and the little tables, and the background of wine casks! These are much-frequented retreats in the blazing days of summer, when even these streets, which are so far down from the sun, have become insufferably hot. In these mysterious recesses coolness is sought, wine is quaffed, and tales are told. In our country, if we saw men in such places, moving about in the darkness visible, we should clamour for an increase in the number of the police, and dream of assassins and burglars; but no such alarm would be reasonable here; these people are gentleness itself.

We have come to the further end of the *Rue*, and the Gate St. Julien, and have neither heard, smelled, nor seen much. To-day the nose knows no offence. Outside is the *Hospital;* but we are not compelled to go there to seek a remedy for fever caught in "*the stifling street,*" as one called it. Truth to tell, the weather is not over warm, the *Rue* has been newly swept and garnished, and we have not traversed it early in the morning before the house-refuse is taken away, nor late at night while rubbish is accumulating. There! A woman has just opened a lofty window, and emptied dirty water, straight down upon the path-way. She did not look to see if any one was below, for we did not even see her head. It was, no doubt, her usual pretty way. There are persons who feel a prejudice against a street where such things occur!

There are other streets in the old town, and rare ones too. Some of them are more steep than an ordinary stair-way, and others are almost as much covered over as if they were tunnels. We like the names of

these queer *Rues: Mattoni, Aqua-somma, Lampedosa,* and *Capodanna,* have a fine Roman sound.

But we must go back to about the middle of the long street, and visit the *two churches,* which are reached by a fine stairway, which the inhabitants raised with religious fervour in the days when men reverenced saints and angels, and thought that priests and monks had some connection with them. On the first flight of steps, a carpenter has his shop, a store for his timber, and a place to exhibit his chairs. But we are not in a mind to notice chips, we seek *the shrine of the Archangel Michael.* He is sculptured on the front of the church, vigorously giving the dragon his due. When we were last in this church, it was, as an Irishman might say, "strictly closed against everybody." We obtained an indulgence, and entered the ruins after the earthquake. The roof had fallen in at the altar end, but the rest of the cathedral stood, after a fashion. When the earthquake came, two persons were

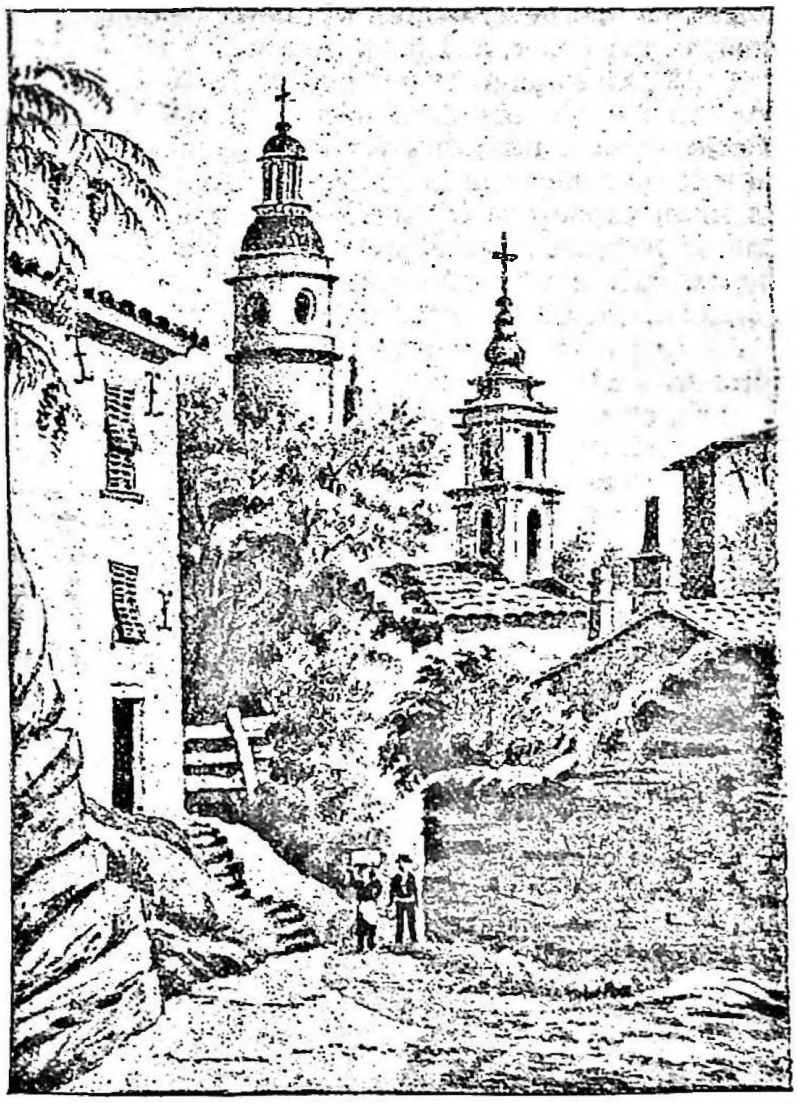


in the chancel, officiating at the altar. These fled, right and left, to the two little vestries, and happily escaped. The congregation stood under that part of the roof which did not fall: they were enveloped in a cloud of dust, but no one was injured. A gracious providence, indeed; for the shock was very severe, as the ruined roof and walls testified. The building is now restored, and Michael on the ceiling is as right as new paint can make him.

By the kindness of an artist friend we are able to give a drawing of the way in which visitors and natives were obliged to camp out under the olives when the earthquake tremblings were coming pretty often. There are small traces of the dreadful visitor now, except in the countless iron ties which are in the walls; and these will remain.

Up another flight of steps is *the Church of the White Penitents*, or the Immaculate Conception. We will not go inside, for the roof is fallen in, and nothing has been done to restore it. In this case, the earthquake acted in the reverse manner from what it did with the Cathedral; for it brought down all the roof with the exception of a fragment above an altar. We went in to look at the great heap of rubbish in the earthquake-year, and we saw the walls erect, the iron tie-rods snapped or curled, and the whole area of the church filled with tiles, timber, and plaster. A cupboard on the wall was untouched, and thereon stood a bottle and other matters connected with the mass. Happily, no one was in this building at the time of the shock, so that here again no one was injured. As the good people have the large church of St. Michael for the use of the parish, we suppose they can do without the other, which almost touches it: at any rate, the government has not come forward with the needful cash for re-erecting the fabric, and private zeal hangs fire.*

Outside of these churches, in the square, there is a refreshing view of the sea; and from this point it is very easy to ascend to the *cemetery*, which we must speak of another time. For the present we have had enough of the Old Town, and are not sorry to be where the breezes find a freer course. If you should care to go up to the cemetery from the square, you may look back on the two churches, and this is what you will see — Two very fair ecclesiastical edifices for the little old town. Are they not?



* This was written in 1889, but things have made a start since then.

A Brief Note on Plagiarism.

BY C. H. SPURGEON.

IT is not to be thought of for a moment that any minister would appropriate a sermon bodily, and preach it as his own. Such things have been done, we suppose, in remote ages, and in obscure regions; but nobody would justify a regular preacher in so doing. We give great license to good laymen, who are occupied with business all the week, and too much pressed with public engagements to have time to prepare. When princes and peers have speeches made for them, a sort of toleration is understood; and should a public functionary be so anxious to do good that he delivers a sermon, we excuse him if he has largely compiled it; yes, and if he memorizes the whole of it, and bravely says so, we have no word of censure. But for the preacher who claims a divine call, to take a whole discourse out of another preacher's mouth, and palm it off as his own, is an act which will find no defender.

Yet, he that never quotes, will never be quoted. To stop to give the name of the writer, and book from which the extract is made, would be pedantic, and would be quite aside from the purpose of a discourse. Verbatim quotations some of us can seldom make; because we have shockingly bad memories for other men's words, and we should have to write out the extracts and read them, which would greatly embarrass us in an extempore sermon. We can, as a rule, only give the sense, and, if possible, say that we owe it to a learned divine, or a standard writer. Even this cannot always be done, since wide readers cannot possibly remember the source of every thought which they repeat.

As to thoughts; if a speaker should be able to confine himself to ideas which never entered into mortal brain before, he would have few enough, or none at all. Our predecessors have, in substance, already thought all that is worth thinking; and all that we can do is to shape these matters in our own mould, and deliver them in our own language. Everything that is worth hearing in the most original sermons could be found somewhere else by a man who had the Bodleian at his command, and an index of it in his head. To shut men up to absolutely new thoughts, would be to condemn them to silence, to forbid them to use their Bibles, and to make total ignorance of all that is written in books a main qualification for the pulpit. Even with such an inglorious unacquaintance with the utterances of others, the mind, to be a mind at all, would be forced unconsciously to follow trodden tracks, unless it ran into utter wildness of almost inconceivable heresy. Some would appear to be trying this plan; but their success in folly more than equals their achievement in originality. The man who aims at edifying his hearers, reads instructive authors with attention, and, after sitting at their feet as a learner, inwardly digests their teaching. He "eats the roll", and so makes it his own, and, in due course, delivers to his people that which he has himself enjoyed, with much more that has come out of it. We do not call this *plagiarism;* and if any choose to do so, we shall defend the imaginary offence, and glory in committing it.

It is to be feared that really vicious plagiarism must be getting very

common, since we note that a gentleman who was prosecuted for a breach of promise, was found to have committed another breach also; for he had copied his love-letters from a story book. His heart must have been in a rather artificial condition when his passion could be expressed in another man's words. The same remark might be made in reference to a preacher's heart, if he found another man's language the exact exponent of his own emotions. He who buys manuscript sermons, paying so much for a sufficient quantity to last him through a quarter of a year, would seem either to have no heart at all, or else to abide in constant bondage; since he never uses his own powers freely, but runs on in his purchased discourse like a man racing in a sack. For a deacon, or other good man, to read a profitable sermon, and say that he is doing so, is a praiseworthy action; but for a pastor to buy ready-made discourses, and voice them as his own, is the reverse. If a man has no message from God, let him hold his tongue; and if he is tempted to borrow another's utterances, let him beware of that Scripture which saith, "Behold, I am against the prophets, saith the Lord, that steal my words every one from his neighbour."

So far as Spurgeon's Sermons are concerned, the author does not take out a patent for them; but, on the contrary, would be glad for anyone to borrow from them, or read them publicly. The gracious truths which we preach we would publish to the four winds of heaven. There might be a question as to copyright should anyone publish a whole sermon as his own, as a learned professor once did; but to read them as Spurgeon's Sermons is an honour done to the preacher, for which he is grateful. One brother turned our sermons into Welsh, and then translated them back again into English, and so made them his own; who can find any fault with him? Very wise people would scorn to be thus indebted to any man; and yet their own sermons are such, that the people could not be worse fed even if their shepherd did borrow a little corn from a neighbour's granary. To feed your children on bread not made at home may be risky; but not to feed them at all is worse. One's own coat fits him best; but when the snow lies thick on the ground, it would be better to borrow a friend's wrapper than go out with none at all. Plagiarism is not to be commended; but there are offences of a more crimson dye than this.

St. Veronica—a Myth.

WHO among us has not visited a Papal church where the seven stations of the cross in successive pictures have challenged attention? The most notable, because the least comprehensible, was that of St. Veronica. She was the lady who lent our Saviour a handkerchief on his way to Calvary, and received in return an original impression of his face, which has been reverently preserved at St. Peter's. In honour of this relic, a fine altar was built by Pope Urban VIII., with a statue of Veronica herself, and a classical inscription. *This Veronica was an imaginary individual.* Her name was formed by a blunder. The words, "vera icon," or true picture, being a title given by old writers to the likeness left upon the handkerchief.—*From "Roma Antiqua et Recens."*

A Christian Heroine.*

MR. MACPHERSON has written several Christian biographies, but he has never found a life more worthy of being told than that of his sister, who, as one who had many domestic concerns to look after, nevertheless visited the worst quarters of Dundee as a volunteer missionary. One by one, she is said to have spoken to some 20,000 persons concerning their highest interests.

Born in 1842, Isabella was reared in a Christian home, and was early converted. From this date she showed the greatest interest in all kinds of Christian work, and she ardently desired that she might herself be of some use in the Lord's service.

In 1861 she removed to Dundee to keep the house of her brother, who was stationed in that city, and the desired opportunity of service came. Mr. Macpherson describes the field of labour as "a wilderness full of briars and thorns"; for "poverty, squalor, drunkenness, vice of every kind, and utter godlessness reigned in many a court and lane." Among the open-air preaching-stations was one at the end of Rosebank Street; and "Here, in 1861", adds Mr. Macpherson, "I found a pulpit on an outside stone stair. The poor people gathered to the preaching, the first effect of which was visible in the washed faces and mended garments of the hearers. By-and-by they pressed nearer, began to shake hands, and sometimes drop a tear with the remark, 'It's a grand thing to be saved, sir.'"

Those closes and courts in the slums of Scotch cities, where the most hopeless of the natives congregate with a large mixture of Irish, seem to be more forbidding than the worst spots in London. The reason may probably be partly found in their inhabitants constantly drinking such fiery whisky; this naturally has a maddening effect on the people personally, while it blasts their homes. Mr. Macpherson describes a typical court as being "long, narrow, and dingy; the gutters are full; doors and windows are sadly out of repair; doorsteps worn away; outside stone stairs rickety and unsafe, gloomy cellars below; overhanging cabins like crows'-nests above; clothes out drying on lines crossing in all directions, like spiders' webs." The cellar dwellings seem to be especially dreadful places for human beings to herd in; but no retreat was too repellant for Isabella Macpherson to visit when on her rounds of mercy. Her brother says, "With the light of the gospel in her hand she often penetrated into a darkness that could be felt. There were dens of rowdies; dens of thieves; dens of infamy; but with a firm step and a cheery voice she made her way into those hells." Whether welcome or unwelcome, whether kindly or roughly received, she would still persevere until she had delivered her message. Many were plucked as brands from the burning; but terrible indeed was the blasphemous violence with which the gospel message was sometimes rejected.

Meanwhile, Isabella Macpherson showed heroism of another kind when personal trials of a more searching kind than anything belonging to the slums came upon her to test her loyalty to her Lord. "Without going into the world, she had been made to feel the potency of its

* Isabella Macpherson: a Devoted Life. By John Macpherson. Morgan and Scott.

spell. The fascinations of life were presented to her in a tempting guise. An honourable engagement held out to her the prospect of affluence and happiness in married life." We know what all this would mean in the case of a generous heart; but perhaps we can hardly realize what it would cost such a woman in the prime of youth to stand firm and resist the tempter. She did so, however. "It was a severe ordeal, an almost mortal struggle; but grace triumphed. She would not yield her convictions by a hair's-breadth of conformity to the world; she would not cast even one pinch of incense on the world's altar; she would not once bow in the house of Rimmon."

As a gospel missionary to the most degraded people, Isabella Macpherson went where others dared not venture, except under her protection. "Several times her life was threatened, knives were brandished in her face, and she was forced to run for safety. So debased was the locality, so lawless were the inhabitants, that for years I dared not enter Hadden's Land, except under the wing of the lady visitor." On one occasion, Mr. Macpherson was knocked down by one of the choice spirits of the place. The sights and sounds to be seen and heard were dreadful beyond description; but such was the dismal place in which one devoted woman, by the grace of God, at length won the victory. Many of the conquests made were, indeed, very remarkable. In 1874 Miss Macpherson married Mr. James Simpson, missionary in the district, and pastor of the mission church.

The collapse of the Tay Bridge, at Dundee, on Sunday night, December 28th, 1879, was one of the most memorable of railway accidents; and an anecdote is told in connection with it by a widow, which we will quote without comment:—

On the Sunday evening of the accident, "her son, a mason, at that time employed on the north side of the river, said to his mother, 'I am going to cross the Tay to-night, and be ready to start work in time to-morrow; it is so disagreeable going so far in these dark winter mornings.' It was the first time he had proposed to use the sacred day for a secular purpose; his mother did not like it; but she held her peace. As he was getting ready for the journey, the young man suddenly stopped, and said, 'Mother, do you hear the water rushing?' 'No', was her reply; she heard no such sound. Again he stopped and said, 'Hush! don't you hear that rush of water?' He went to the window and to the door; but found no sign of water. In that little cottage there were no water-pipes, and there could be no rush of water. In vain his mother affirmed that the sound was in his own ears; the young man declared he had never heard such a 'mighty rushing of water.' His preparations finished, he set out; and that night he went down with the bridge into the 'mighty rushing waters' of the Tay, and perished."

Isabella Macpherson, or Mrs. Simpson, in the latter part of her life, carried on her service among the poor of Dundee through twenty-seven years, and passed away at the age of forty-six, in July, 1888. Mr. Macpherson says that "her passion for saving souls continued to the last"; and that "a more gentle spirit, a more gracious character, a more beneficent life, it would be hard to find." Her heroism was of a kind which nothing short of the grace of God could have produced.

A Reverie in the Night.

BY W. Y. FULLERTON.

IT is night. And I sit pondering on the mystery of death, and wondering at the still greater mystery of life. Before me lies the memorial-card of a dear little boy, who has left behind him weeping parents; at my side a letter, conveying the news of the sudden death of a dear friend, who could ill be spared from his place on earth. And the yearning heart asks the meaning of it all, and seeks in vain the answer which will quiet its beating pulse.

I fall into a waking dream, and find myself in the churchyard of a little seaside village, where the green sod is often turned aside to receive the burden the sullen waves toss up on the beach, and a few reverent villagers bare their heads while the body of the unknown is lowered into a nameless grave—dust to dust, and ashes to ashes. I wander between the mounds, some newly heaped, while my impatient spirit asks whether we are not all unknown as we pass away, even our nearest seeing but the surface of us, while the deep coucheth still beneath. Suddenly I am brought to a pause at a little wooden headmark, and I remember that here they laid the little child that was washed ashore after the wreck years ago—that little child so fair and beautiful, smiling as if asleep. And they mourned that one so sweet should die so young, and asked where were her father and mother. Then there was a shaking of heads: nobody knew. And to-night, on the little wooden monument, I read her epitaph, inscribed by pitying hands—"GOD KNOWS"; no more; and starting back, say, "Yes, foolish heart, God knows; wherefore, then, art thou sad, when his perfect wisdom is behind it all? God knows." And there comes into my mind a verse which hums itself over and over, and at last I am forced to sing it:

"The lamb is in the fold,
In perfect safety penned,
The lion once had hold,
And thought to make an end;
But One came by with wounded side,
And for the sheep the Shepherd died."

Yet, still I muse. And the sadness of it comes over me again, until I find myself, in thought, in the burying-place of a country parish, and beside a little grave on which are words freighted with a world of meaning and tender memory. It was as if God had called, and the lad had answered, as he had often answered on earth. So simple it is, so pathetic. "FREDDY!" "YES, FATHER": that is all. My human heart asks, "Is it wonderful that a child should at once respond to its father's loving voice? Are you not pleased when your little one answers you quickly, and comes at your call? And has not he, who gave you that love, himself the Father's right to call his children, and the Father's heart to be made glad by a willing response?" And the soul within me answers, "Even so, Father; for so it seemed good in thy sight"; and as I turn homewards, I praise his name.

Once more, in reverie, I stand beside a grave, and, peering through the gloom, read the inscription which little companions wished to be placed on the stone that marked the spot where the body of their little

friend was buried. On my way hither, I have thought still of these broken lives, and of the blank these loved ones leave when called away. I know God knows. I know the Father called them, and their death was but the answer to his call; but I mourn for all that infant promise never to be here matured to fruit. It is dark; but the words there light up the heart, if not the landscape. "WHEN SHE WAS WITH US IT WAS EASIER TO BE GOOD." And so, fond heart, ask not "Wherefore this waste?" She did her life-work quickly; why, then, should she not rest?

And who can say but that this seeming evil of death may be the very means of salvation from a real evil infinitely greater? Who can say? And there start up instantly the words in a Scotch cemetery on a child's grave: "AT THE DAY OF JUDGMENT MANY A MAN WILL WISH HIS LIFE HAD BEEN AS SHORT AS THINE."

So, though it is still night, these things are clearer. The memorial-card still lies before me, and the black-edged letter at my elbow; but I ask no longer why? For I see that when God knows, and the Father calls by name, all must be well. And I remember all the good and blessing of these lives, and pause at the thought of all the sorrow and evil from which they have been delivered. I do not say with Mary, "Lord, if thou hadst been here, my brother had not died"; but exultingly exclaim, "Lord, thou hast been here, and our brother has not died." And I cannot help singing:

"It is not exile; rest on high.
It is not sadness; free from strife.
To fall asleep is not to die,
To dwell with Christ is better life."

Yes, it is all true, and yet it still is night. Faith lights the way; but life remains the valley of the shadow. And the heart bleeds, and the tears flow; the chair is empty, and the relics of those that are gone are treasured by loving hands. My head swims, and when I open my eyes, I fancy I am on the other side the sea, and my feet tread the familiar ways of my boyhood. Unconsciously I find the path to that place where lies the dearest clay the earth holds. I once tramped over that road through the mud, obeying the custom of my country, the sacred form of mother—ah! how I miss her!—going before. Yes, it is here; this is the spot, covered with the marble slab; white, no other colour would harmonize with that noble life; modest, it were incongruous otherwise. It is years ago, and yet as real to-night as on that day of sorrow. But since then, beneath the name, three words have been written with lead in rock; three words which scatter gloom, and banish weeping; three words which touch the spirit as with the caress of God, pointing forward to the glory soon to come, and giving a quiet heart in times of anguish; three words: "UNTIL THE DAY BREAK."

And it is still night; but not the night it was before.

Love is Enough.

IF God does not choose to make any further use of me in my ministry, I shall give myself up to loving him for the rest of my life, being no longer able to work towards making others love him.—*Fénelon.*

The Substitute—a Coincidence.

RICHARD CRASHAW and Augustus Montague Toplady were far apart in some of their theological and ecclesiastical opinions and principles. At least a century and a quarter elapsed between the best-known poem of the one, and the immortal "Rock of Ages" of the other; but there is a striking coincidence between them in some of their utterances in relation to the mediation, the substitution, and the suretyship of the Lord Jesus Christ.

As the second translator of Thomas of Celano's great judgment hymn (*Dies Iræ*) into English (in 1646), Crashaw deserves to be remembered, as also for a few other of his poetical pieces. In order to show the remarkable coincidence, we will first quote a few verses, beginning with the fifth, of that remarkable hymn:—

"O that book! whose leaves so bright
Will set the world in severe light;
O that Judge! whose hand, whose eye,
None can endure—yet none can fly.

"Ah, then, poor soul, what wilt thou say?
And to what patron choose to pray,
When stars themselves shall stagger, and
The most firm foot no more shall stand?

"But thou giv'st leave, dread Lord, that we
Take shelter from thyself in thee;
And with the wings of thine own dove
Fly to the shelter of thy love.

"Dear Lord, remember in that day
Who was the cause thou cam'st this way:
Thy sheep was strayed; and thou wouldst be
Even lost thyself in seeking me.

Shall all that labour, all that cost
Of love, and e'en that loss, be lost?
And this loved soul judged worth no less
Than all that way and weariness?

"*Just Mercy, then, thy reckoning be*
With my price, and not with me:
'Twas paid at first with too much pain,
To be paid twice, or once in vain."

Thus wrote Richard Crashaw. Toplady, in verses less stiff and more easy, expresses the same sentiments in his hymn on "The Substitute." Mr. Spurgeon has given the hymn a place in "Our Own Hymn Book" (404), but the version is slightly altered in the first and last verses. With all due deference, however, we prefer the hymn as Toplady is supposed to have written and left it.

"From whence this fear and unbelief?
Hast thou, O Father, put to grief
Thy spotless Son for me?
And will the righteous Judge of men
Condemn me for that debt of sin
Which, Lord, was charged on thee?

"Complete atonement thou hast made,
And to the utmost farthing paid
Whate'er thy people owed:
How then can wrath on me take place,
If sheltered in thy righteousness,
And sprinkled with thy blood?

"If thou hast my discharge procured,
And freely in my room endured
The whole of wrath divine,
Payment God cannot twice demand,
First at my bleeding Surety's hand,
And then again at mine.

"Turn, then, my soul, unto thy rest;
The merits of thy Great High Priest
Speak peace and liberty;
Trust in his efficacious blood,
Nor fear thy banishment from God,
Since Jesus died for thee."

The lines in italics exhibit the chief points of coincidence.

Toplady, though dead more than a century, is so much, in his hymns at least, a living poet, that we have only to name him. Crashaw, on the other hand, as he was a poet rather than a hymn writer, has no such distinction, and is known only as a poetic star, and not of the first magnitude, shining in the far past of the first half of the seventeenth century. A beneficed clergyman in the reign of Charles I., he lost his post, either through his antagonism to the action of the Parliament, or because he did not satisfy the "Triers", who weighed every minister and candidate in the scales adjusted after the Cromwellian ideas of Scriptural truth. Probably he was too much of a churchman, and too much of a Royalist, to make it safe to entrust him with a parish. Judging from his poems, he doubtless dwelt more on the subjective than the objective phases of divine truth; and with the Triers doctrinal soundness must needs have a foremost place, so that a man was nothing if in his creed he did not weigh full weight. It is possible to err here, but commonly this is the safest course. Anyhow, Crashaw was right at heart, even though his head was not fully in keeping. But he was not far out of the right line, if he could write such heavenly thoughts as these, which, despite their quaintness, bear marks of a supernatural mint:—

"Lord, when the sense of thy sweet grace
Sends up my soul to seek thy face,
Thy blessed eyes breed such desire,
I die in love's delicious fire.
O Love! I am thy sacrifice;
Be still triumphant! Blessed eyes,
Still shine on me—fair suns! that I
May still behold, though still I die.

"Though still I die, I live again,
Still longing so to be still slain;
So gainful is such loss of breath,
I die even in desire of death.
Still live in me this loving strife
Of living death and dying life;
For while thou sweetly slayest me,
Dead to myself, I live to thee."

The soundness of the man whose heart could gush with such heavenly thoughts, and flow in such divine melody, no one has a right to question; even though, as in his case, in the later years of his life, his ecclesiastical notions ran away with him, and he drifted on to the barren rock of papal supremacy. His declension and perversion must indeed be deeply deplored; but while we contemplate his weakness, and error, and folly, let us all pray for heavenly guidance, and to be constantly upheld by the right hand of him who never fails those who trust in him. But we gladly accept his Scriptural teaching as to the great Substitute, and his blessed work of atonement and redemption. The work of Christ was nothing if it were not substitutionary. He was made sin for us. He gave himself "the Just for the unjust." "Christ hath redeemed us from the curse of the law, *being made a curse for us.*" Can anything be plainer? Can anything be more wisely and exactly suited to our need, and to the requirements of the law as needing to be fulfilled, by One who had never broken it, for us whose breaches of it are numberless? O God! we thankfully accept it as wise, and holy, and gracious; and all the outcome of thy wondrous love to us in Christ Jesus, thy Son, and our Lord.

While, therefore, we keep in mind the sound teaching of both the early poet and the later hymn-writer, we may still pray with the former, in the fourteenth and fifteenth verses of his *Dies Iræ*:—

"Though both my prayers and tears combine,
Both worthless are, for they are mine:
But thou, thy bounteous self still be,
And show thou art, by saving me.

"Oh, when thy last frown shall proclaim
The flocks of goats to folds of flame,
And all thy lost sheep found shall be,
Let 'Come ye blessed', then call me."

Knowledge and Life in the Scriptures.

AS much as paradise exceeds all the places of the earth, do the Scriptures of God exceed paradise. In the midst of paradise grew *the tree of knowledge* and *the tree of life*: in the paradise of Scripture, every word hath both those things. There is life and knowledge in every word of the Word of God. That *germen Jehovæ*, as the prophet Isaiah calls Christ, that offspring of Jehovah, that bud, that blossom, that fruit of God himself, the Son of God, the Messiah, the Redeemer, Christ Jesus, grows upon every tree in this paradise. Christ was the occasion before, and is the consummation after, of all Scripture. "This I have written", says St. John, and so say all the penmen of the Holy Ghost, in all that they have written. "This have we written, that ye may know that ye have eternal life": knowledge and life grow upon every tree in this paradise, upon every word in this book, because upon every word grows Christ himself, in some relation or other.—*John Donne.*

Sermon Readers on the North Sea.

TWO or three years ago, the Editor of *The Sword and the Trowel* kindly inserted a little notice, mentioning that we should be very glad to receive parcels of his sermons, and other periodicals, for sailor-bags. The response to this request was so hearty that, in a short time, about four thousand of Mr. Spurgeon's sermons had been sent to us, with a great many copies of *The Sword and the Trowel*, and a large quantity of other useful literature. With this valuable assistance, over one thousand one hundred bags of books, made in connection with Miss Denham Smith's Bible-class, have been sent to various agencies at work amongst sailors and fishermen. I have lately had the privilege of distributing a number to the toilers on the North Sea, and those who have so kindly helped to contribute the contents of these sailor-bags will, I think, be interested in hearing how enthusiastically they were received.

The chairman of the Mission to Deep Sea Fishermen, Mr. T. B. Miller, had very kindly invited me to accompany his party on a visit to some of the fleets of fishing-smacks; and I gladly availed myself of the opportunity of seeing something of the work.

The trip was taken in one of the ten mission-ships, a sailing vessel of about sixty-seven tons. When we were nearly a day's sail from Yarmouth, we came in sight of a "single-boater" (probably an oyster dredger), a fishing-smack, not belonging to any of the fleets, and the skipper, by means of an old sack stuck on the end of a boat-hook, signalled his wish to come on board the Mission-vessel. He was soon alongside in his little boat; and after buying some tobacco, and having a cup of tea in the crew's cabin, returned to his smack carrying with him one of our sailor-bags. There was no doubt as to the delight which this unlooked-for present gave; for something to read is greatly appreciated by the fishermen: and the little work-case inside the bag, containing needles, threads, pins, and buttons, caused unmistakable pleasure.

Two other bags were disposed of in this way, to single-boaters, before we reached the Great Northern fleet, which was stationed a few miles from the Horn Reef, on the coast of Denmark. I shall never forget the four days spent in the midst of those picturesque, brown-sailed smacks, about one hundred and twenty in number; the warm welcome we received; the constant coming and going of the fishermen, the deeply-interesting services and experience-meetings in the hold, and the hearty singing, all giving such a wonderful insight into the working of the Mission, and the immense value it is to the fishermen. Living for eight weeks at a time, or more, in the little hold of their own smack, and often meeting with serious accidents, it is no wonder that they gladly flock to the Mission-vessel, which serves as hospital, dispensary, club, library, tobacco and woollen store, and, above all, as Bethel-ship. As one of the Christian men said, "It is like a little home where we can mingle our voices to sing our Saviour's praise."

The gospel services on the North Sea were quite unlike anything I had ever seen before; and it did one's heart good to be amongst those dear fishermen, in their rough costume, packed together in the little dimly-lighted hold of our vessel, eagerly listening to God's Word, as it was simply and plainly unfolded by Mr. Miller. They thought nothing of continuing the meeting for several hours; and long after the visitors had retired to rest, they sat together, even till day dawn, discussing the truths they had heard. Better still, there were evident tokens of God's presence and power, for at each service we had the joy of seeing some decide for Christ; and since our return have heard of others who have given themselves to the Lord, or who are in deep anxiety about their souls. The fields of the North Sea are indeed "white already to harvest." May the Lord send forth more labourers into this part of his harvest-field!

We could not supply more than a quarter of the fleet with sailor-bags, and these were distributed just before we sailed away. The sea was very rough, and as the men scrambled and tumbled over the side of the vessel into their little boats, I feared that at least the brightly-coloured Cretonne bags, and all their contents, would be soaked; but they mysteriously disappeared from view, and I discovered that, one after another, they had been tucked away under the jerseys of the men.

In the nineteen fleets there are over 2,200 fishing-smacks, and about 12,000 men; but we were only able to visit one more of these fleets. There we distributed the remainder of our bags, wishing that we had had three times as many, that every vessel could have been supplied. There were only six or seven professing Christians in that fleet, but we had a splendid service; a holdful of men attentively listening to the simple message of old-fashioned gospel truth. I shall always remember the prayer-meeting at the close of the service, as those few Christians and our own earnest crew prayed, one after another, briefly and heartily for the unconverted mates kneeling by their side. Occasionally one of them would begin to sing the verse of a hymn, or a well-known chorus, and all would softly join, still kneeling. One or two took their stand for Christ for the first time then, and we have since heard of much blessing in "Durrant's" fleet.

What are we doing for the fishermen? We probably all eat fish; but do we often think of those who spend their lives in supplying our tables? There are many ways in which we can help them. Full particulars of the Mission can be obtained from the office, 181, Queen Victoria Street, and the workers there would send patterns of the knitted woollen garments which are so acceptable to the fishermen. Even in June and July, I found it bitterly cold; what must it be through the winter?

We should be very grateful for fresh supplies of Mr. Spurgeon's sermons, *The Sword and the Trowel*, and other periodicals, as the stock, especially of the former, is quite exhausted; and we would gladly send paper patterns of the bags and work-cases to any who would like to start similar work. Our address is 27, Devonshire Street, Portland Place, W.

We would ask all to pray for a rich blessing on the messages thus scattered on the deep, and that many of the fishermen may be gathered into the gospel net.

ADA R. HABERSHON.

Heart Papers; or, Words for Many Hearts.

BY PASTOR C. E. STONE, WANDSWORTH.

II. HEART PURPOSES.

"And exhorted them all, that with purpose of heart they would cleave unto the Lord."—Acts xi. 23.

BARNABAS came upon a beautiful sight. He saw the grace of God as exhibited in the salvation of these Gentiles. It was a view of God's impartial, measureless love; a view of the range of redemption and its inclusive aim. There, too, he saw the joy of the new converts—their beautiful enthusiasm and their buoyant faith. These filled up the outlines of the picture, and made the scene one on which Christian eyes might well love to linger.

To us it would have seemed impossible not to have surrendered completely to the impulses of the occasion. It would appear out of place to trouble such a time with warnings and advices. But if Barnabas was "glad," if his heart was thrilling under the deep meanings of the spectacle, he was not blind.

Perhaps he had seen such scenes before, and then had come upon their traces only, after many days, as a traveller stumbles on the dull white ashes of a fire by the way. These enthusiasms were apt to burn out. Cold, harsh circumstances were waiting ahead. How would they fare then, and how would they stand? He therefore speaks the apparently disturbing word. Instead of leading their thanksgiving, he acts the part of the exhorter. He informs them that something more is wanted than joy: there must be a purpose of heart, if they are to maintain their position. In those words he announces to the converts of all time, that salvation needs to be followed by determination and labour.

We all know something about

HEART PURPOSES.

Under a sense of sin; with a new consciousness of God's love stealing over our hearts in a delicious and heavenly languor; filled with the elevating thoughts of some torrent-like speech; smitten to the soul with the shame and agony of some miserable human ruin; or stirred by the language of star-lit heavens and the spirit-voices of the gentle night, and the messages syllabled by waves in their upward and receding rustle; under these, and numerous unnamable influences, purposes have sprung to life and power in our souls. We would be good, we would be humble, we would be great, we would start some fresh effort, do some great good in the world, and leave our epitaphs to be written by a thousand sorrowing hearts. In these moments, so full of new and glad emotion, it has seemed as if every height were scalable. But the fire flickers and goes out. The vision pales and melts into thin air; and the purposes which engoldened life are neglected or destroyed.

Too many of us are acquainted with these

BROKEN PURPOSES

of the heart; and too many of us yield to the gloom they engender. But I ask, Cannot these dry bones live? Are we right in thinking a broken purpose to be a dead one? It is possible to be heartened into reviving the dead purpose, and to be instructed how to maintain in full vigour those by which we are at present possessed.

From Barnabas we may learn that the survival of a heart purpose may be achieved by

EXHORTATION.

By words of warning, words of quick indignation, words that sting us in spite of their love! Every purpose needs such continual quickening—the sun on its leaves, and gentle streams round its roots for ever—if it is to keep green through the seasons and the years. If we cannot find it in ourselves to give that exhortation, through sense of failure and shame of ill-shaped deeds, then must some voice without call on the purpose to awake, and live henceforth fruitful of achievements. Some tongue of exhortation must quicken it, or it will die. The student who has allowed pleasure to undermine his scholarly aims, hears of another's trumpeted success, and is startled into renewing his own struggle with greater devotion. Through baptisms of the Spirit, or opening of new affection, or pleasure of new circumstance, tongues of men and nature, or by some one of God's saving ministries, the heart purpose must be roused into continued life.

This is just what God does for us. We lose hold of our purpose, and it loses hold of us. I can tell you when and where this happens. When we get absorbed in time things—rounds of gaiety, scraping and saving of money, adornments of home and person; when we are conscious of conduct, the evil of which we are too proud to confess; when we shake hands with evil, and keep up the acquaintance in spite of warnings within; when our feet are familiar with the ways of small sins, and in our hearts linger the

desires for great ones, and the poison within eats like acid into the silver bar of purpose, which stiffened and straightened out our soul into moral uprightness. Then God steps in. He will not suffer the purpose, the child of his Spirit, to die. He provides the exhortation. He gives a tongue to difficulty, to trial, to sorrow, to death! He sets the bells of time ringing, and their iron tongues knell the departing days. He raises us by letting us fall. He wakes us with ugly dreams. He startles us as with trumpet blasts. The gentle Shepherd has his sheep dogs, and they race down by our side, and yelp us back into the straight paths. However loud and angry the tempest that swings its lightning blade, and flings its thunders about the flower, it yet gives the raindrops that pick it up from the dust, and bid it look smiling into the heaven. In the griefs that beset us we find the blessing that revives again the drooping flowers of purpose.

Another way in which our purposes are maintained is by

CARRYING THEM OUT.

We purpose, but do not accomplish. This is our folly. We intend to live Christ's life, to engage in some Christian work. No one could have a stronger intention. But something comes in the way, and it is not effected; or else we determine to wait a while, and to-morrow the heat has gone out of the purpose, and what seemed so possible is now ranked amid foolhardy and unwise projects.

If we would keep the purpose, we must carry it out. What is worth doing, is worth doing *at once*. Why is a good thing to be put off? Good things are never inconvenient. Time and all else is ready for a good thing. Nor can the excuse be pleaded that the hour when a purpose is born is unfit for its practical development. You cannot always carry out a business project, or strike a bargain; but many holy things may be attempted at any minute. At midnight you are awake, and you determine, as you meditate on things, to give up more time to prayer. Get up and pray! Early in the morning you resolve to be more self-sacrificing. Begin by getting up earlier, that you may please others, or find time to accomplish the self-sacrificing task. You will visit the poor. Well, why wait for Sunday? Cannot it be done now? You will tell the story of your conversion. Well, let it be told, not at the prayer-meeting, but where it wants telling most, and where the desire to narrate it came, amid your old companions. Our pathways are strewn with the soiled blossoms of purposes that were once fair, but have since been trampled down into the dust, because we would not take and plant them in their congenial soil. Every man that lives has had purposes which have lifted him near to heaven, made him a companion of angels, and if the heaven has gone, and the angels wept themselves away, it is because he dreamt, and did not do; because he imagined, but never chose to attempt; because he failed to reduce his thought into action. He who does, makes the purpose permanent. He gives away; and yet, by giving, receives. The stream that shoots its wealth of waters through the mountain gorge, and amid the valleys green with meadows, and seems ever to be in a hurry and a rush to get rid of itself as fast as it can, is continually feeding its own source; for, from its open surface, the sun draws up the rain that fills it again to the brim of the bank, and sends it humming in tumult of gladfulness over the old mill wheel and the weedy weir. He who constantly tries to achieve his purpose is constantly strengthening it, and making it one of the great motives and master-powers of his life.

> "Seize this very minute!
> What you can do, or think you can, begin it!
> Boldness has genius, power, and magic in it!
> Only engage, and then the mind grows heated;
> Begin it, and the work will be completed!"

Yet these are not enough. God may quicken, and we may practise, but the purpose will depart without

PERSEVERANCE.

Take the purpose of these men at Antioch. No doubt they purposed to cleave to the Lord before Barnabas arrived—he only intensified a predetermination; but so noble an end could not be won with easy or fluctuating effort. Round them were enemies, stubborn and vindictive. The dear loves of home, the friendships which sweeten life, the rewards for which they once contended, would all have to be forsaken; and, amid hardships and calumnies, amid poverty and sorrow, amid prisons and persecutions, they would have to wage battle with their foes, and maintain their purpose at the risk of happiness and life. He who was not prepared to do this soon fled back to the refuge of paganism. Cleaving to God meant perseverance in loyalty to the end. So come to pass our victories—through the purpose tenaciously held, persistently continued, and perseveringly achieved.

Can you put your minds back, and conceive such a case as this? A right loyal Christian suddenly tempted. On the one hand is Christ and heaven; on the other, gold, reputation, home, lives of wife and children. He has to choose, and he chooses wrongly. Christ is sold for gold or love. Now, that act does not end there. The sin of it enters into, and works havoc with, his moral being. It is a wound to the soul, and the blood runs for many days, and with it ebbs much of what was strong and beautiful. And it ends in his saying, "It is no good. I've broken the purpose. I will not attempt it again. It is no longer possible." Would he be right? Should we not say, "It would be nobler yet to try again, and, by God's help, conquer where once you suffered defeat"? This is the perseverance needed to maintain and effect the heart purpose. The man may fail, be turned aside, be wounded, be weakened, be overtaken by pursuing sins, be kissed into years of slumber; yet, as the memory of the God-like aim comes back, he resolves again, and will continue to resolve and to pursue, until he can stand where the purpose and the achievement meet each other in embrace of triumph. No purpose will ever leave us wandering and aimless in the world's night, which is indwelt with such a spirit of indomitable resolution.

Oh, the broken purposes for God! Our minds wander back to days of youth, when souls were fire, and brains were the homes of inspiring visions; to manhood, with its opening glory; to hours when we thought and planned and purposed as if the world and its resources were ours, and we had but to call and they would answer; to hours when we rose weeping from sins and shame, our souls thrilling with faith's whisper of pardon; to days of complete surrender and consecration, when we laid at the altar our worldly garments. Yet, how have all these experiences, and the purposes to which they gave birth, ended? What! and is our life to continue so? strewed with broken purposes, as an ash-heap, covered with the fragments of vessels that once held nectar for thirsty lips! We come to his feet. We sob out our story. We ask his pardon. We *renew our vows*, and pray that by his loving admonitions, by practice and perseverance we, too, may yet achieve in triumph that which by failure once provoked us to despair.

"'Nought can I bring, dear Lord, for all I owe,'
Yet let my full heart what it can bestow:
Like Mary's gift, let my devotion prove,
Greatly forgiven, how I greatly love."

Notices of Books.

Every-day Miracles. By BEDFORD POLLARD. T. Fisher Unwin.

A NICELY-WRITTEN, instructive, interesting, and devout book. We could heartily eulogize this volume if it were not that the author has fallen under the influence of the baseless fancy of Evolution. We rejoice that he is not yet so bewitched by it as to be blind to design, and to the finger of a personal God. He claims that most of the leaders of the Christian Church to-day are firm believers in Evolution: the more is the pity. When this rotten crutch shall fail, the faith of many will fail also. If they had faith wherewith to "believe that the worlds were made by the Word of God, so that things which are seen were not made of things which do appear," they would stand firm, whatever hypothesis might be destroyed.

A Good Start. A Book for Young Men. By J. THAIN DAVIDSON, D.D. Hodder and Stoughton.

DR. DAVIDSON will soon have produced quite a library for young men. All these books are alike, and yet quite distinct. In them all the young-hearted Doctor is in true sympathy with life's beginners, and he advises them cheerily to seek the best and highest; wooing them with invitations to Christ, and drawing them by personal testimonies to the bliss of a godly life. We could not think of better books for our lads and youths. They will read them, and that is something: they will remember their teaching, and this is more. Will our friend excuse us if we remark, that in this book he makes more of athletics than is wise? If young men can enter into healthy sports—well and good; but there are quiet, thoughtful youths who have other leanings, and out of these have come some of the devoutest disciples, and not a few of the ablest preachers. We say not a word *against* physical cultivation; but we fear that youths who are more studious than athletic, and too much occupied in necessary business to become apt at games, stand a chance of suffering a censure which they do not deserve if everybody talks after the fashion of some of these otherwise admirable paragraphs. *Manliness* we do not depreciate, but *godliness* is better; and there may be more manliness in quitting the pursuits of youth, in some instances, than in becoming a leader in them. Many are the circumstances under which godliness has compelled young men to forego, in their own cases, amusements which they judged to be harmless if not beneficial to others. We are not the enemy of the gymnasium; but it is no part of the temple.

Hospice of the Pilgrim—the great Rest-word of Christ. By J. R. MACDUFF, D.D. Nelson & Sons.

DR. MACDUFF again! Like the orange-tree, he is always bearing fruit. Most pleasant reading for devout Christians. We have not found much that is striking or deep: it is not full of suggestions to the student; but that was not the author's intent. He furnishes a month's manna to all pilgrims who stay at his Hospice, and the food is wholesome, pleasant, and sustaining. There cannot be too many of such books in circulation. This work is so beautifully got up that it would make a charming present to a friend.

Bible Studies. I. Israel and Judah. II. The Gospel of St. John. By GEORGE F. PENTECOST, D.D. Hodder and Stoughton.

WE should judge that, to the average Sunday-school teacher, this will prove a very helpful series of studies upon the International Lessons for the year 1891. Vigour of thought, and depth of teaching, we do not discover; but they are not needed for a popular handbook. Teachers of a high order will readily go beyond Dr. Pentecost, and will be wise to do so. But if he had written for them, he would have missed his mark with the many. Many a teacher, with few books and little time, will be grateful for this volume, which, like its predecessors, is calculated to be widely useful. A man so continually occupied with an intense public ministry must have been very economical of time to have produced so much; and if it is not all fresh and sparkling, nobody can wonder at it. It is a good investment at four shillings.

Why I am now a Baptist: Reasons for leaving the Church of England. By THOMAS HILL. Baptist Tract Society, 22A, Furnival Street, E.C.

MR. THOMAS HILL, in quitting his position as a Lay Evangelist of the Church of England, has acted thoughtfully, and he has done well to give the public his reasons. Such a change, if made recklessly, would have little weight; but its moral force lies in the conscientious arguments which compelled him to take a step which involved so much personal discomfort and risk. That he has satisfied himself is evident by his action; and we judge that, if duly weighed, his reasons would have the same effect upon other thoughtful men. He has not borrowed his line of things from others, for his observations are *sui generis*, and are placed in a form quite original. Any two dissenters will agree upon many points, but in this case the matters made prominent are not quite those which have struck other minds. Personalities and trivialities do not appear here, but great principles. We cannot see how Mr. Hill could have done otherwise than quit the Establishment: our wonder is that many excellent brethren are not driven to do the same.

This pamphlet costs only fourpence. It is not needful for Baptists to read it, for they will agree with it; but those who are in the Church of England, and are not easy, might by its perusal see their way out of the dark wood of questioning into the light of Scriptural action. At any rate, they would see how another has found his way into a clearing where he can once more look up with peace of mind. We do not suppose that he has found a path which is without sacrifice and trial; but it is enough for a believer to feel that he is true to his light, and is not walking in a path which he dares not consider in connection with the inspired Word.

The Young Preacher's Guide. By THOMAS CHAMPNESS. Rochdale: "Joyful News" Book Depôt.

THIS sixpenny-worth is full of electricity. To touch one of its wires might almost kill good old Doctor Snorem. The "Joyful News" work of Mr. Champness is vigorously conducted, and it has called out a number of young preachers. Such a "Guide" as this will be invaluable to beginners in the holy work of winning souls. It ought to sell by tens of thousands. Its only fault is that it speaks too well of *Spurgeon;* but he promises not to be exalted above measure, and so we hope it may do him no harm. He does, however, prefer the enthusiastic esteem of a red-hot brother-worker to the praise of the most judicious of literary critics; though with this latter form of approbation he is not often troubled.

Sharpened Arrows and Polished Stones. A Collection of Scripture Texts and Illustrations for the Christian Worker and the Home. By C. W. BIBB. With introduction by Dr. A. J. GORDON. Hodder & Stoughton.

AT first we thought we had a rare treasure in this book; and we still think it will turn out to be such to workers who have no Anecdote Cyclopædia. When we came to read the pieces, we found ourselves on much-trodden ground. We recognized most of the stories as well-known friends, and many more as old roadsters which have been on the main track for the last fifty years. The illustrations, and the moral and spiritual lessons which flow out of them, are, for the most part, very good, although there are a few poor specimens among them. A teacher who has no apparatus as yet, and wants a number of capital stories and similes, may wisely buy this volume; but those who have well-known illustrative selections can spare themselves the expense.

The Gospel in Song: a Hymnal for Mission and Revival Services. Sunday School Union.

JUST such a book as we might expect from the Sunday School Union: it answers the purpose for which it is intended. The two hundred and fifty hymns are well chosen, and set to appropriate music. A topical and a textual index enhance the value of the book. Purchasers will have full value for their money if they pay a penny for the book of words, or a shilling for the music and words combined.

Echoes of Two Little Voices. By G. M. S. With introduction by DR. J. H. WILSON, Edinburgh. Hodder & Stoughton.

IT is most natural that the mother of two such children should remember their sayings and doings, and think that they should be made known among her friends. Biographies of young believers, which fairly mention their faults, and their struggles, as well as their virtues, must be helpful to other beginners in the divine life. To describe them as perfect is to put them into the region of fiction.

In the cases represented by the "Two Little Voices", there is nothing so striking as to be at all romantic; and, therefore, the narratives will be all the more likely to help children whose lives are of an ordinary sort. It will show them, at least, that gracious children can be free and easy, and as merry as the most thoughtless; and this is a lesson well worth teaching. We hope that it is now more generally felt that converted children are still children, and should act as such. Margaret at thirteen is not forced to imitate her aunt of forty-five. Grace makes hearts clean, but it does not make heads grey. Christ's lambs are lambs, and should be allowed the frisks and frolics of lambs. It would be a pity if salvation cast us all into the mould of such solemnity as we see in certain sombre saints. We do not judge or even suspect the dreariest of our older folk, but we ask them not to be censorious towards the sprightliest of our gracious boys and girls.

A Modern Apostle, Alexander N. Somerville, D.D., 1813—1889. By Dr. GEORGE SMITH. John Murray.

WHAT a man he must have been! He went everywhere preaching the Word. He was of the grand school which knew Chalmers, and McCheyne, and Candlish, and the Bonars. Well tutored in the faith, and inspired with burning zeal; such men knew no doctrine save the cross, but this they preached with martyr zeal. Even in old age, the fervour of Dr. Somerville kept him journeying and preaching. By translators he addressed nations of almost every language, while his personal presence cheered the workers on the spot, and helped them to realize larger results. It is no straining of words to call Somerville an apostle. We must, before long, give our readers a *résumé* of this book; but they had better buy it.

Romance of Real Life. True Incidents in the Lives of the Great and Good. Religious Tract Society.

EVERYBODY is seeking sensational reading nowadays, and the craving is like that of the drunkard for gin. This collection of incidents, while it may seem to gratify a questionable appetite, will really help to cure it; for in each case the romantic anecdote is also true, and conveys an instructive moral. The marvels of the real life of faith are grander far than the legendary deeds of heroes of fiction. Such a book as this should have a circulation of many thousands.

How London Lives. The Feeding, Cleansing, Lighting, and Police of London, with Chapters on the Post Office, and other Institutions. By W. J. GORDON. Religious Tract Society.

LONDON overwhelms us. We cannot ride through its streets, mile after mile, without a sad heart. What a teeming mass of humanity! Everything about this greatest of cities is worth the knowing. Here is a book, most plentifully and pleasantly illustrated, which tells us how London is fed, cleansed (?), lighted, kept in order, nursed, and waited on. Here, too, we see the Post, and the Mint, and we close with a sensible chapter tending to stop all the Hodges and the Saunders from coming to London. They had better stay where they are. Nothing can compensate for the fresh air and the open field. Twice the wages, and one room in cellar or garret, will not equal the scanty earnings supplemented by that bit of garden, and the honeysuckle and the sweetbrier. This book will convey a wealth of information. We were surprised to learn that, in proportion, there are more Englishmen in Scotland than Scotchmen in England. How small is the foundation for many a popular belief!

Good Men and True. Biographies of Workers in the Fields of Beneficence and Benevolence. By ALEXANDER H. JAPP, LL.D. T. Fisher Unwin.

THE heroes of this volume are not all of them so great in our eyes as in those of Dr. Japp. He evidently favours those who, in addition to their geniality and benevolence, are also broad in their views of doctrine and practice. Kingsley, and Macleod, and Stanley, are fine specimens of a school with which we have scant sympathy; and if the school itself had been equal to these samples, we might have had less to say against it. There were in the same era other and more influential philanthropists than those here enumerated; and though we are glad to get brief biographies of these men of renown, we are not inclined to press the reading of them on our young men. Philanthropy is none the sweeter because its breath smells of heresy. Enlightened judgments will enable young men to read these lines with discretion, and then they will profit thereby.

The Life and Writings of Alexander Vinet. By LAURA M. LANE. With Introduction by Archdeacon FARRAR. Edinburgh: T. and T. Clark.

IT would have been possible to have written a good book upon the life of Vinet, and to have shown that his liberalism of thought was quite another thing from that which now undermines the gospel; but the authoress thought not so. She has done her best to apologize for the present unbelief, and to make out that the doctrine of the infallibility of Scripture is destroying the faith of many. A mere invention: it is the dishonour done to the inspired Word by its professed teachers which is doing the mischief.

Alexander Vinet is a great name, and from his writings much may be learned; but to us he is visible in duplicate as a man who, in a way, held to the faith, and yet roamed in spirit after rationalistic fancies. We cannot think that his "Life", set in Mrs. Lane's fashion, will do anybody the slightest good; although a biography of the same person might have been written, which would have told in favour of faith and revelation. From every possible opening the guns of the new rationalism are pointed at the old faith, and yet it will survive. Ladies and archdeacons may combine, but they will effect little.

(*Royal Prize Books.*) *Royal Portrait Gallery. Pictures and Stories from English History.* Nelson and Sons.

RIGHT royal books these are. For the younger folk, as prizes, they must bear the palm. This is the pleasant way of learning English history: no scolding will be needed to urge Bertie and Beatrice to read all about their native land, and its kings and queens.

A Yacht Voyage Round England. By W. H. G. KINGSTON. New edition, revised and enlarged. Religious Tract Society.

ALMOST too much of a book for boys and girls. The subject is first-rate, and so are the engravings. Older people might be glad to use this juvenile log as their guide-book. What a treat it would be if one should actually perform the voyage herein described, and had good weather, a sailor's stomach, pleasant company, and no rheumatism! We put it down among the performances which we may dream of, but not seriously propose to one's own self.

The Story of Magellan; or, The First Voyage Round the World. By GEORGE M. TOWLE. Nelson and Sons.

THE reviewer has been greatly pleased with the life of the great discoverer of the Straits of Magellan, the first man who ever sailed round the world. He was of good and gentle character as well as of a daring spirit. As compared with other Spanish and Portuguese commanders, he was a brilliant example of the virtues. The book is written for the young, and the reviewer feels himself quite young enough to enjoy it. *Pizarro* is another of the same series, and is even more captivating. Since there are more sources of information to draw upon, the record is fuller, and the story is more enthralling. *Francis Drake* ought to go like wildfire. Our own national hero is worth twenty Spaniards. All the volumes of this series are very neatly produced, and attractively written.

The Jewish People in the Times of Jesus Christ. By EMIL SCHÜRER, D.D., M.A. Translated by Rev. JOHN MACPHERSON, M.A. 5 vols. Edinburgh: T. and T. Clark.

THESE volumes are replete with information of the utmost value to the student of Scripture. We do not often examine a learned work which is so readable, nay, so charming, and yet is so full of scholarship. The author has gone to the back of everything to find out the facts, and these facts shed much light upon that period which is central to all history, namely, the days of our Lord.

Still, we are not quite content with the writer's spirit. He finds it difficult to understand Luke ii. 2; and as he discovers no historical support for Luke's history, he considers the evangelist to be in error. For our part, we shall believe in Luke's statements, whether they are confirmed or not. We do not doubt that, if rightly interpreted, he states the exact truth. It may happen that historical research may verify his record; but if it does not, we believe the inspired evangelist in preference to everyone else. We will not endure, as believers in Revelation, to be told that there are errors in the original gospels; and we feel indignant with Christian writers who insinuate that there may be. Hitherto, nearly every supposed mistake has been proven to be an accurate statement; and frequently a suspicion which seemed important has been made, by a new discovery, to look as ridiculous as it always was. Nothing as yet has been proved against the accuracy of Biblical history, and we are sure that nothing ever will be.

This is a very important work, and no theologian should fail to place it in his library among the works which treat of the opening years of New Testament story.

Modern Discoveries on the Site of Ancient Ephesus. By the late J. T. WOOD, F.S.A. Religious Tract Society.

ALTHOUGH Mr. J. T. Wood's excavations added very little to Biblical information, it is interesting to read his adventures amid the ruins of Ephesus, and to note his discovery of the temple site. It would seem that the Christians in the day of their power utterly destroyed the fane of Diana, and broke to pieces every piece of carving by which the honour of the goddess could be kept in memory. It was a notable triumph of truth over idolatry. Had Christians remained as thorough to this day as their forefathers were, we should not see idols set up in Protestant cathedrals, and the church tamely submitting to the culture of superstition in her central place of assembly. But we must not forget to say that this little book is one of a specially valuable series, which we hope will be continued.

The Century Dictionary. An Encyclopædic Lexicon of the English Language. Prepared under the superintendence of W D. WHITNEY, Ph. D., LL.D. Vol. IV. T. Fisher Unwin.

WE have now four volumes out of the six which are to complete this marvellous mountain of knowledge. Once in a century such a cyclopædic work is needed; once in a century it is possible to issue it. It is cheap, considering the size of the work, and the wealth of accurate interpretation which it embodies. So far as we can judge it is, in its own way, the standard work for this century, and the next. We shall refer to it as to an ultimate authority. Every public library should regard this dictionary as a prime necessity.

Peeps at Palestine and its People. By the Author of "Little Elsie's Book of Bible Animals." Alfred Holness.

FROM this delightful volume our youngsters may learn, with pleasure, very much concerning the Word of God. We may call it—"Manners and Customs of the Jews explained to Juvenile Gentiles." It is first-rate.

The Happy Valley. Our New "Mission Garden" in Uva, Ceylon. By Rev. S. LANGDON. Kelly.

A MISSION field, and a faithful missionary's work, well described. The choicest bit is "Nona's" account of the woman who had "no *trouble* in her death", because she had found him who is the resurrection and the life.

George Burley: his History, Experiences, and Observations. By G. E. SARGENT. Religious Tract Society.

IN his introduction, Mr. Sargent informs the reader that he has "endeavoured to show that there is no real happiness in sin; but that it is injurious in every way to its votaries, and to all who are brought within their influence." There is a vein of quiet humour, and much of the marvellous in the book, and these render it as amusing as it is instructive. It is another feather in the cap of the *un*common Sargent.

The Musgrove Ranch: a Tale of Southern California. By T. M. BROWNE. Religious Tract Society.

THIS story will interest the generality of readers, if only for its glimpses of the wonderful region in which the various scenes are laid, and of the effects of worldly prosperity on immigrants who had severed themselves from the means of grace. The point of the story is the widespread influence for spiritual good which followed the bold stand for God and his cause by a gentle Christian maiden. There is somewhat of romance in the story; but much more of wisdom and Christian truth. It will win golden opinions.

The Garret and the Garden; or, Low Life High Up. And *Jeff Benson; or, the Young Coastguardsman.* By R. M. BALLANTYNE. Nisbet.

ANOTHER of Mr. Ballantyne's "Tales of a Traveller." This time his hero, a young Scotch farmer, limits his travels to "Great Bawbylon", where, having caught a wild native, he is guided to the haunts of tramps, and the gloomy recesses of thieves' dens. Another exploration is in the recesses of Cherub Court, and on the tile-crowned heights, where he holds a palaver with good old "Chimney-pot Liz" and Susy, the housetop gardener, and other local celebrities. Our traveller, being a Christian, takes notes of the visits of certain missionaries to these regions, and especially of the signs of blessing resulting from the lives and testimony of the only two native converts. The story is a serio-comic mixture, amusing and pathetic. *Jeff Benson* is a very good fellow; but he modestly takes the back seat.

Yvonne St. Claire; or, Won by Patience. By ELIZA F. POLLARD. Partridge.

A VERY enticing story, the run of which is briefly as follows:—A young Englishman, touring in Normandy, but detained, through the illness of his companion, in a quaint town, is smitten by the charms of a Norman damsel of Huguenot descent. As the wife of the young millowner, she has to endure a great fight of affliction; but she "won by patience" a great victory; of which second Norman Conquest the reader may learn in this very prettily-illustrated little book.

Norman Reid, M.A. By JESSIE PATRICK FINDLAY. Oliphant, Anderson, and Ferrier.

"TRUTH is stranger than fiction;" but, in this case, the fiction is strange enough. We do not admire the hits at orthodoxy and creeds; but we are so used to them now in romances, that we are inclined to let a fictitious religion have all the benefit it can get from fiction. Norman Reid, M.A., says, "To-day we preach the Fatherhood of God." The true "Fatherhood of God" has always been preached by faithful ministers; it is by faith in Jesus that we receive power to become sons of God, and without it, rejectors of Christ are of their father the devil, and we should lie like their father if we told them otherwise. So we read, however, despite Norman Reid.

The Flight of the Shadow. "The Sunday Magazine" Christmas Story. By GEORGE MACDONALD. Isbister.

As improbable and wild as anything that ever came from Hanwell; and, at the same time, a scarcely-veiled attack upon the Evangelical faith after the usual style of the clever author.

Chattie; or, The Boatman's Daughter. By CARRIE S. MATTHEWS. Stock.

SIMPLE and good. Read it to the little ones when the merry after-tea romp has too much excited them, and they need a little quieting down before the arrival of "Nurse" to marshal them off to bed.

Sketches of Primitive Methodism on the Yorkshire Wolds. By Rev. HENRY WOODCOCK. Primitive Methodist Book Depôt.

THIS is the lively book from which we have extracted our first article, and we mention it again lest our quotation should be remembered, and the work itself forgotten.

Life of Harriet Beecher Stowe told for Boys and Girls. By Mrs. SARAH A. TOOLEY. Sampson Low and Co.

MRS. TOOLEY makes a very readable book for the young out of the life of Mrs. Beecher Stowe. That lady's "Uncle Tom" was a marvellous story, and helped on mightily the manumission of the slaves in the States; but, apart from this, there is not much in Mrs. Stowe's life which needs the telling. Certainly, that single achievement was enough for any one woman's fame; and it is not setting her in a back-seat to say that nothing else in her career compares with it. Having lately read the larger narrative of this eminent member of the Beecher family, we seem personally to have had enough of the subject; but to those who have not been supplied already, we can cordially commend Mrs. Tooley's excellent preparation for boys and girls, which children of a larger size need not consider beneath their attention.

La Rochelle, or the Refugees; a Story of the Huguenots. By Mr. E. C. WILSON. Nelson.

THOSE were indeed dark days for France when the best and bravest of her sons and daughters were killed or exiled, neither for crime nor treason, but for "the faith." In the story of "La Rochelle" we see how terribly the evil worked. Men and women who were Huguenots at heart were sometimes tempted to pass themselves off as Papists, and the false position thus taken up led to much that was ignoble: yet who can cast a stone? "Secret disciples for fear of the Jews" are to be found to-day, although the times afford little or no excuse for the hiding of the colours. The story is very interesting.

Notes.



WE are happy to give a portrait of our friend, deacon, and publisher, MR. JOSEPH PASSMORE. Fifty-eight years ago he was the first boy to be enrolled in the Sunday School of the then new chapel in New Park Street. He was a nephew of Dr. Rippon, who was then the venerable pastor. March 1st, 1840, he joined the church by baptism, and in the January of 1862 he was elected deacon. He and his esteemed wife have been among the most faithful members of the church all these long years, and their children have followed in their footsteps—Mr. Joseph Passmore, Junr., of "The Row", has long been a valued member of the church, and Mr. James Passmore is a deacon. On the first Sunday evening of our visiting London, Mr. Passmore walked home with us to our lodgings in Queen's Square, and from that day to this our friendship has been of the most intimate character. With some trembling, the weekly publication of the Sermons was commenced, but it has not been intermitted these six-and-thirty years; neither has there been a jarring note in all our fellowship through the printing-press. Mr. Passmore has usually shared our journeys and our holidays, and we trust he will yet do so for many years. His partner, Mr. Alabaster, though a member of another denomination, is a brother in the Lord, whom we highly esteem; but it is a great comfort to find in Mr. Passmore at once a deacon, publisher, and friend. Mr. Passmore has thus seen in the pastorate of our church, Dr. Rippon, Dr. Angus, James Smith, Mr. Walters, and ourselves. He has taken his share in the building and conduct of the Tabernacle, College, Almshouses, and

Orphanage; and all in so quiet and unobtrusive a manner that he has been always more useful than prominent, more felt than heard. God grant that such helpers may long be spared to us!

The completion of the SURREY GARDENS MEMORIAL has been delayed by the long frost; but the building is now being proceeded with, and it is believed that the place will be ready for opening in the month of May. We are gratified that so very large a proportion of the expense has been already raised. Three thousand pounds covers the cost of the building and land, and there are certain necessary expenses involved in getting the money together; and yet, at this time we only need £315, or thereabouts, that we may put the building into trust *without debt*. We cannot, in our dullest moment, entertain a doubt that this small remnant will very soon be forthcoming. All who derived benefit from the preaching in the Surrey Music Hall, should hasten to have a brick in its Memorial. The teachers, for whose work the place is being prepared, have not been slow to do their part of the collecting; and Mr. Higgs is giving us the utmost value for our outlay: we feel pleased with everybody concerned. We will give the balance-sheet when we end the transaction, and raise another Ebenezer.

We have received from Rev. E. J. Farley the full amount for a beautiful fountain, of Messrs. Doulton's manufacture, for the girls' side of the Orphanage; and a friend, who probably would not like us to give her name, has sent a cheque for a summer-house, which will be a notable ornament to the Orphanage grounds, and can be used as a platform on the Fête-day. Our invasion by the Electric Railway hangs like a cloud over us. Two houses of girls are emptied, and the children sent to houses in Albert Square. The engines are sometimes worked at such a rate that they sadly affect a third house, and one schoolroom has to be abandoned altogether because of the noise and the vibration. We are unable to believe that Parliament can have given powers to a company to set up its engines close under the windows of an unoffending Orphanage, and render some of its houses uninhabitable. Yet all who know "the glorious uncertainty of the law" will sympathize wth us in the appeal which we are obliged to make to the protection of the Court. Nothing can compensate us. Those who are on the spot can alone estimate the evil which has befallen us; and yet our faith believes that even this will be overruled for good. Unasked, W. J. Evelyn, Esq., of Wotton House, gave us £100 towards the costs, and two friends sent £20. We doubt not that others will consider our case, and prevent our charitable funds being called upon to bear any heavy amount for an action which is forced upon us in defence of our buildings. We hope a decision will speedily be given; but at present we know not when the suit will be heard. We wish the Railway success in its undertaking; but we cannot see that a great charitable institution should be sacrificed to achieve it. Should we gain the deliverance we seek, the suit will involve expenses which will not be covered by "costs." This is an unexpected trial.

LEAVING THE LIBERATION SOCIETY.—To enquirers we answer that we have in no respect changed our opinion upon the grave question of the sole Headship of the Lord Jesus in his Church, and we regard a State-church as a mournful departure from Scriptural simplicity. The subservience of the Kingdom of Christ to kings and parliaments, and her patronage and control by them, seem to us a gross *mésalliance*. We would, also, do all in our power to make Christian men see the evil of relying upon the law for the supply of funds for the Church instead of trusting in the Lord, and accepting the voluntary contributions of his people. To us this is a deeply spiritual matter, and is not to be safely trusted to irreligious men. Wherein the question necessarily involves political conflict, the politicians may be left to fight it out. There are hosts of warriors, to the manner born, who are at home in the field of political controversy: let them enjoy it to their heart's content. We wish success to those who advocate justice and religious liberty, be they who they may; but the important matter to us is the spiritual question, which must be kept apart. Men who are all very well on the hustings may be quite out of place in a spiritual discussion; and on the other hand, the servant of Christ may feel that the surroundings and atmosphere of political disputes are not suitable for him. The spiritual and the political will not well mix; in these days, at any rate. The two parts of the problem can be best worked out apart. At any rate, we will not by this question be brought into apparent union with persons from whom we differ in the very core of our souls upon matters vital to Christianity. In leaving the Liberation Society, we have taken counsel with no one else; and we never wished to make our action public. Surely we have liberty to join or quit a Society as our judgment guides us; and nobody is forced to imitate us. It is not a fact that everyone who holds a principle is bound to join the Society which is formed for its propagation. No Society can monopolize a principle. No man may wisely, for the sake of one principle, throw others to the winds.

REVIVALS.—We have been understood, by certain readers of newspaper reports, to have spoken against *revivals*: it is a misunderstanding. We only wish we could see a great universal revival of true religion. We have always rejoiced in true revival work among our churches, and we hope to enjoy more of such gladness.

But there are stirs, and excitements, and unspiritual fervours which do far more harm than good; and we shall never hesitate to discern between things that differ, and denounce the injurious as earnestly as we advocate the beneficial. The flame of human passion is not the fire from heaven. A revival "got up" we abhor; a revival brought down by prayer we would welcome as life from the dead. We know churches which have died of spasms, and others which lead a sickly life, alternating between hot fits and cold shivers. A perpetual condition of healthy life and growth is far better than dashes and rushes of heated but transient zeal.

INTERVIEWS.—The demand for interviews is just now very pressing. To certain writers it is an easy way of getting an article: but it is a shame to rob a busy man of his time for a personal purpose. Others fancy that they can get more out of you by their presence than by their pen: this is a false notion, unless the man to be importuned is grievously soft. What can be said on a halfpenny card, and read in a minute, ought not to be made the means of taking a public man away from his work for half-an-hour. Where time is more than money, men should be reasonable in their demands upon it.

Monday evening, March 2.—As is customary on the first Monday in the month, the prayer-meeting was of a missionary character. The Pastor presided, and after a hymn had been sung, he gave a brief address upon prayer, or rather upon the *subjects for prayer*, setting before his hearers the almost infinite variety of needs of believers, as individuals; of the churches, especially of so large a church as that at the Tabernacle: much more of the one Church of Christ. Then there were the wants and woes of the millions in darkness; subjects enough for prayer, not for that evening only, but for prayer "without ceasing." Deacons W. Olney and Thompson then prayed for all missionaries, and more missionaries; and after another hymn, the Pastor, and Brethren Edwards, of Loughton, and Jenner led the supplications of God's remembrancers for still larger blessing on the work among the heathen abroad. Elder Dunn gave an account of the special services then being conducted by the friends at our Richmond Street Mission and Schools. He told how, under the leadership of Mr. Dunn the younger, a Slum Brigade went from street to street, and house to house, hunting up the godless and careless to persuade them to attend the services, even visiting the publicans and their customers, and getting permission in several cases for the bills of their services and Scripture texts to be displayed in the bars. "Already," said Mr. Dunn, "eight or ten persons had professed to have been converted through this earnest work": he besought the mercy-seat for a great blessing thereon. Mr. Charles Cook, who is about leaving for Russia, to extend his work among the prisoners, asked for the prayers of God's people, and then offered prayer for this special work, and also for the Pastor and the church at the Tabernacle. The Pastor then said, "Bring me a minstrel," and our friend Mr. Chamberlain sang a piece, the burden of which was that there was no burden; for there was "nothing to pay"; the congregation joyfully took up the refrain. Mr. Stott gave some of his early experiences among some heathens called navvies; one of whom, "Devil Dick, a seven-foot highwayman," was brought to the feet of Jesus. Mr. Sowerby, from Shan-si, China, gave a very interesting account of his experiences in that land, especially dwelling upon the encouraging instances of the power of divine grace in enabling the native converts to be steadfast under severe persecution and loss for Christ's sake. Mr. Sowerby bore loving testimony to the great zeal and usefulness of Mr. J. J. Turner (a former student of the College), who was, for a time, his colleague in China, and who is now about to return to that dark empire. Mr. Dunn gave an instance of answered prayer in connection with the Saturday-night prayer-meeting of the week before last. Prayer was requested and offered for "a long-lost brother", and now a message is sent that the lost one has been restored to his family in answer to prayer. Praise, and the benediction, brought the meeting to a close.

[We give this as a specimen of the prayer-meetings of the month. Others have been excellent; but in three cases the senior Pastor has been unable to be present through fog, blizzard, and illness. Better weather and better health are, we hope, soon coming.]

HADDON HALL, BERMONDSEY NEW ROAD:—The following extract from the summary of work 1890-91, presented at the Annual Meeting, March 18, has been sent to us, and we gladly insert it:—

"Since our last Annual Report, 42 persons have professed their faith in Jesus Christ by baptism in Haddon Hall. This is a larger number by one than have been baptized any one year since the Hall was built. The total number of baptisms in the Hall, since it was opened, has been 255. There are 303 members of the church upon our register of communicants. The very large majority of these have been brought to a knowledge of the Saviour through the work of God carried on in this place.

"The President, Mr. William Olney, has been laid aside during a great part of the twelve months, and is now only able to partially resume the work of preaching and conducting the various services. Two brethren, studying for the ministry in the Pastors' College, Messrs. Graham and Titmuss, have been labouring amongst us

with much efficiency. God has owned their labours largely, especially in bringing out upon the Lord's side a number of our young people from the senior classes of our Sunday-school. May the blessing continue to abide upon these earnest evangelists while they remain with us!"

[So interesting is the Report of this most notable Mission, that we must give more of it next month. The Lord is with the workers in all the departments, and we rejoice; yea, and will rejoice.]

COLLEGE.—Mr. G. Boulsher, who returned some months ago from the United States, has settled at Zion Chapel, Chatteris; and Mr. C. A. Dann, who was for a year in the Bahamas, has become pastor at Blockley, Worcestershire.

The following brethren have removed:—Mr. D. C. Chapman, from Sutton St. James, to Yalding; Mr. T. Whittle, from Yalding, to Matlock; Mr. W. J. Juniper, from Ridgmount, to Rotherhithe New Road; Mr. W. Slater, from Whitwick, to Burwell; Dr. R. M. Harrison, from Quincy, Illinois, to Alexander Avenue Church, New York City; and Mr. R. J. Middleton, from Marrickville, to Thalaba, Dungog, New South Wales.

Mr. J. J. Turner has sailed for China, to resume his mission work at Tai Yuen Fu.

On *Friday evening, March* 6, the third of a series of public meetings for testimony concerning fundamental truths was held at Chatsworth Road Chapel, West Norwood, by invitation of Pastor W. Fuller Gooch. The Lord was there. Pastor C. H. Spurgeon presided, and addresses were delivered by Dr. Sinclair Paterson, and Pastors G. Turner (Tottenham) and F. H. White (Talbot Tabernacle). In the afternoon the students and other brethren were present at a conference upon "Our Ministry as to its Work", which was guided by an exposition upon 1 Sam. ix., which our readers should study. The meetings are, we trust, tokens of good things to come. Men who love the old truth are getting together, and strengthening each other's hands. More will come forward, till faint hearts shall once more take courage.

Earnest prayer is entreated for a blessing upon the College Conference from April 20 to 24.

EVANGELISTS.—A friend writes from Falmouth:—"Dear Sir,—The visit of *Messrs. Fullerton and Smith* to our town has been a very happy time for God's children. The congregations were splendid every night, notwithstanding great attractions at the large halls in the town, such as a pantomime, minstrels, and a large bazaar on the last night of the Mission. The services were held in the largest chapel in Falmouth; and on the two Sunday nights, such vast crowds assembled early, that many were sent away disappointed. God set his seal of blessing on every part of the work. The afternoon Bible-readings were richly enjoyed, and very helpful to Christians. Some who have professed the name of Christ for years, tell us they never really understood the truth, as it is in Jesus, until now. Mrs. Fullerton's meeting for women was the means of leading many souls to decision for Christ.

"The cases of conversion during the Mission are deeply interesting. Many young men were brought to the Saviour, and are gladly confessing his name before others."

Our brethren have since been to Ilfracombe and Folkestone, and this month they are to be at Sunderland up to the time of the Conference, when we hope to see all our evangelists.

Last month *Mr. Burnham* was at Oakham, Langham, and Old Sodbury: this month he goes to Radford. Pastor A. Pigott writes that Mr. Burnham was just beginning to reap the result of his labours when he had to leave. Next time he goes the people will want him to make a longer stay.

We have received the following letter from Pastor R. E. Chettleborough, Secretary of the North-West Kent Baptist Association, together with detailed reports from each church visited, for which we have not room:—"Dear President,—I am instructed by the executive of the N.W.K.B.A. to inform you that the sum of £10 has been voted as a thankoffering for the special services held by *Mr. Harmer* at Bexley Heath, Bromley Road, Deptford, Eynsford, and Shooters' Hill Road. Mr. Harmer's work has been most warmly appreciated by all the brethren and the churches, and we feel very grateful to you for your great kindness in placing him at the service of the Association."

Mr. Harmer had very successful missions at Shipston-on-Stour, and Stapleton Road Congregational Chapel, Bristol, although the great snowstorm came while he was at the latter place. He has since been to Catford Hill and Portslade; and this month he is to be at Shirley, Southampton; and Loose, Maidstone.

ORPHANAGE.—*Collectors' Meeting, March* 3.—The friends who take collecting-boxes or books greatly enjoyed their visit to the Orphanage: tea was ready by 5 o'clock, and a good supply was kept up till the last comer had been served. After tea an opportunity was afforded, while the tables were being cleared and the hall re-seated, for a ramble over the grounds, and the inspection of the houses and laundry. A novel and painful sight was witnessed by our collectors, for they saw, for the first time, the two dismantled houses, from which the inmates had been removed to escape the evils inflicted by the Electric Railway Company in working their engines and dynamos. Those who entered either of

the two houses most affected became painfully aware of the serious nature of these evils: *noise*, like the roar of a cataract, with periodical thuds in addition; *vibration*, like that of the saloon-deck of an ocean steamer going at full speed; and *steam*, rolling in masses over the buildings and grounds, penetrating everywhere, and depositing, as it breaks in spray, a greasy slime. Before these houses were closed, the conditions of peaceful possession and of healthful enjoyment had departed: the workers, suffering from nervous distress, were rendered unfit for duty, and the children, being unable to sleep for hours after going to bed, were rapidly failing in health. The universal testimony of all visitors was that the houses were quite uninhabitable under present conditions, and much regret was expressed that the unity of the Orphanage had been thus destroyed.

As the President was seeing candidates for church-membership at the Tabernacle, the evening meeting was commenced under the presidency of the Vice-President, who remained until his brother arrived. The meeting was of a very gracious character throughout. The children sang and recited a number of interesting and instructive pieces, and these were interspersed by short speeches from the Chairmen, the Head Master, and Mr. T. H. Olney, one of the Orphanage Trustees. Several donations were given, which, added to the amount brought in by the collectors, swelled the total to nearly twice the sum realized at the corresponding meeting last year. This was a great encouragement to the President, and a cause for general rejoicing. Are there not others who could take boxes or books to receive the contributions of friends, and thus render valuable help to the Orphanage? Due notice of the collectors' meeting is sent by post-card, and a date is fixed when the President can arrange to be present. For boxes or books please write to the Secretary, Stockwell Orphanage, Clapham Road, London, S.W.

The *Annual Festival* will (D.V.) be held this year on *Thursday, June* 18, the day before the President's birthday. Will all friends kindly make a note of the date?

COLPORTAGE ASSOCIATION.—Progress is still being made in an addition to the districts occupied. Arrangements are nearly complete to start another colporteur in Yorkshire, in connection with the church at Norton (pastor, J. Rigby). The reports from the districts are very encouraging, and the staff, of nearly one hundred men, is working all over the land to circulate good literature, to visit the afflicted and unconverted, and to make known the gospel. Pray for us, and remember the needs of the work, which are only met by voluntary contributions. The Secretary, W. Corden Jones, will give prompt attention to all enquiries and remittances. Depôt: Pastors' College, Temple Street, Southwark, S.E.

Below are given two extracts from the journals of colporteurs, describing very opposite kinds of districts, in which an equally good work is being done.

The Metropolitan Tabernacle Sunday-school employs a colporteur in Newington Butts and Walworth district. He reports that his reception is good now that he is becoming known. He writes:—"On January 6th, 1891, as I was turning into Oswin Street, a man, poorly clad, called out to me, 'Hi, gov'nor, give us one of those you've got in the box!' I replied, 'I do not give them away, but sell them.' 'Oh, well, sell us one!' 'All right,' I said, 'how much would you like? I make as low as a pennyworth:' and down went my pack on the ground. Taking out a penny Testament, I said, 'Here you are; the Word of God for a penny!' 'Oh,' said he, 'that's what you've got!' I replied, 'Yes; will you have it?' He said, 'I aint got a penny.' I then began to tell him of Christ, who died to save sinners like him, until the poor fellow began to cry. He said, 'Oh! sir, I believe what you say is true; my mother used to tell me the same.' He then asked for a New Testament to take home, and I said, 'Yes, on condition you promise me to read the verse I mark.' The promise was made, and I turned to John iii. 16, and put a cross. I gave him my card in the Testament, and invited him to the Special Services then being held in the Tabernacle by Messrs. Fullerton and Smith. As we parted, with tears in his eyes he promised to come to the services at night."

The colporteur labouring in Abercarn district, among the mountains of South Wales, writes concerning his visits to certain places:—"Tynsddu,—I work there all day, calling on as many as possible. I then preach in the Baptist Chapel on the mountain at Twyn Gwyn, connected with Tynsddu. There is no chapel in the village, it being situated in a narrow valley, and very remote. The services are all Welsh, except on Sunday night; and they regard it as quite a treat to get an English sermon once a month on the week-night. The congregation is chiefly composed of young people, who come together in good numbers; and I often sell more books at the close of the service than all the day besides.

"Llantulleth is not quite so accessible, being a very wild place, and difficult to work."

The committee make a small allowance for railway fares to get at these secluded spots, and the colporteur writes:—"The prospect for the future of these places is very bright; and I hope during this summer to accomplish more than ever."

PERSONAL NOTES.—A Scotch Free Church minister writes:—"A member of your congregation passed away yesterday evening, after an illness of forty-five years. You have preached to her every week, and for the past thirty years you have not had a more

attentive hearer. She was a sore sufferer, but bore it bravely, and waited patiently for God's appointed moment. Your name was so often upon her lips, and her case is so singular, that I take this liberty of letting you know that in one of the lowliest homes in Scotland, you have kept this devoted soul in sermon-food these many years. She closed her eyes and lips to open them again on the eternal morning, saying, 'In my Father's house are many mansions.'"

A retired United Presbyterian missionary writes to tell us that his sister has been "a devout and greatly-edified reader" of our sermons, each week, for fully thirty years, and then adds:—"Each Lord's-day morning, I read with delight the weekly sermon, and talk of it, and circulate it. I used to read the sermon to a large negro congregation in Jamaica, and I had an order for ten or twelve copies of the sermon on John vi. 53–56 ('Truly Eating the Flesh of Jesus,' No. 1,288), which, I assure you, was quite intelligible to a Scripturally-instructed negro congregation. At this day, the sermons are so increasingly simple, while even more powerful, pungent, and savoury, that they would be still more relished by my old flock, 'black, but comely.'"

Baptisms at Metropolitan Tabernacle:—February 19th, seventeen; February 26th, nine.

Pastors' College, Metropolitan Tabernacle.

Statement of Receipts from February 15th to March 14th, 1891.

	£	s.	d.
Pastor G. A. Miller	0	10	0
Mr. George Hearson	2	2	0
Mr. R. J. Beecliff	0	2	6
Rev. E. S. Neale	1	0	0
Pastor E. R. Pullen	0	2	6
Rev. J. Burnham	3	3	0
Pastor J. G. Skelly	0	5	0
Pastor S. Jones	1	0	0
Moiety of special collection, Wallington Baptist Chapel, per Pastor J. E. Jasper	3	15	0
Pastor L. S. Steedman	0	10	0
Pastor J. E. Perrin	0	5	0
Rev. C. Hewitt	0	4	0
Rev. N. Hardingham Patrick	0	10	0
Mr. T. S. Penny	2	2	0
Miss Rickwood	0	2	0
Mr. W. H. Brown	2	2	0
Pastor Ed. Ashton	0	5	0
V. S.	5	0	0
Mr. Samuel Barrow, for Merstham	30	0	0
Mr. W. N. Finlayson	0	5	0
Pastor C. Spurgeon, Candle Lecture	1	1	0
Miss Jephs	0	17	0
Mrs. J. Jackson	1	0	0
U. J., one shilling a year for whole life	4	3	6
Mrs. Lees	0	10	0
Mrs. Baker	0	10	0
J. B. C.	1	0	0
A. A. D.	0	2	6
Mr. W. Baldwin	0	2	0
Mr. J. C. McCurdy	15	0	0
Mr. G. Scivwright	0	15	0
T. S., Tighnabruaich	200	0	0
Pastor W. J. Mayers	0	10	0
Victoria Place Church, Paisley, per Pastor J. Crouch	5	0	0
Mr. Edward Lewis	0	10	0
Misses E. and H. Symington	2	0	0
Dr. Alfred Fennings	20	0	0
G. R.	50	0	0
Mr. W. Michael	1	1	0
Miss Adderley	2	10	0
John F. H.	1	0	0
A friend	10	0	0
Communion collection at Baptist Chapel, Bridgwater	1	4	3
I. T.	5	0	0
Mr. G. Apthorpe	2	2	0
Mr. John Mead	1	1	0
Mrs. John Mead	1	1	0
Mr. Robert Ryman	5	0	0
Mr. T. H. Woodeson	1	1	0
Mr. William Fletcher	2	2	0
The tenth of my earnings, S. S. "Pathan"	0	18	0
Weekly Offerings at Met. Tab.:—			
Feb. 15	10	10	10
,, 22	27	14	6
Mar. 1	23	3	6
,, 8	20	0	3
	81	9	1
	£471	15	4

Pastors' College Missionary Association.

Statement of Receipts from February 17th to March 16th, 1891.

	£	s.	d.
Miss Spliedt	1	0	0
Mr. F. Fisher	2	2	0
Two friends, per Miss Hayward	1	5	0
Mrs. Lees	0	10	0
Mr. W. Higgs	5	0	0
"Thy kingdom come"	1	0	0
Mrs. Clements	1	1	0
Dr. Alfred Fennings	10	0	0
G. R.	25	0	0
N. B.	2	0	0
A friend	10	0	0
Miss Rickwood	0	2	0
Mr. W. R. Fox	5	0	0
Mr. H. Higbed	0	2	0
C. A. M.	50	0	0
	£114	2	0

Stockwell Orphanage.

Statement of Receipts from February 17th to March 16th, 1891.

	£	s.	d.
Mr. C. Tobberson	0	2	6
Miss Habershon	2	2	0
Mrs. J. Gower	0	5	0
Mr. John Norkett	2	0	0
Miss L. French	0	1	0
Mrs. M. Smith	1	0	0
Teachers and scholars of Halbeath Sabbath-school, per Mr. D. Watson ...	0	3	6
Mrs. E. Denyer	1	0	0
Postal order, Manchester	0	2	6
Mr. William Page	1	1	0
Mrs. Griffiths	0	9	0
Mr. J. Bester	0	5	0
Mrs. E. Stockman	0	12	0
Mr. J. M. Wilson	0	10	0
B. A.	1	0	0
Miss Thornton	1	0	0
Collected by Master M. Herries... ...	0	5	0
Miss L. R. Phillips...	0	5	0
"Little Faith"	1	0	0
A reader of your Almanack	0	10	0
Per Miss E. Lamb :—			
Young Women's Bible-class 0 5 0			
Friends 0 12 6			
	0	17	6
Mr. and Mrs. Gaunt	2	0	0
Mrs. Berry	1	0	0
Mr. A. Donaldson	1	0	0
Mr. D. Smith	4	4	0
Zeta, Irvine	0	5	0
Collected by Mrs. Muir	2	1	6
Mrs. Howes	0	10	0
Mr. J. McBeth	1	0	0
Leathersellers' Company, per Mr. W. A. Hepburn	10	10	0
Two friends, per Miss L. Stuart ...	0	2	6
Collected by Miss Felgate	0	7	0
Mr. A. Wilson	1	0	0
Mr. George Hearson	1	1	0
Miss F. Pool...	20	0	0
Young Women's Bible-class at the Orphanage, per Mrs. James Stiff ...	0	16	0
Mr. C. Hodges	1	0	0
Orphan boy's collecting card—S. Allison	0	3	0
Miss Rich, *re* Barwise	50	0	0
Miss E. Turner	0	4	0
Steel-melters at Messrs. Palmer and Co.'s	2	3	0
Mr. John Crispin	1	0	0
Mr. W. I. Donnelly	0	2	0
Mr. James Bain	0	10	0
Mrs. P. Towler	0	10	0
M., postal order	0	5	0
A mite, Edinburgh...	0	5	0
Mr. J. Miles...	0	1	6
Mr. H. H. Balance...	0	10	6
A friend, Portobello	0	10	0
Mrs. Risdon's Bible-class, George Street Baptist Sunday-school, Plymouth ...	1	5	0
Mr. E. Pattenden	1	0	0
P. F.	1	0	0
Mr. W. Woolidge	0	10	0
Servant girl, near Forres	0	2	0
Mrs. Oldfield	1	1	0
Mrs. J. Jackson	1	0	0
Mr. C. F. French	0	10	0
H. H.	1	0	0
Miss R. B. Stagg	0	10	0
Nemo	1	0	0
A. M. P., Highbury	1	0	0
J. S.	0	10	0
J. W. G.	1	0	0
A poor man's mite...	0	0	6
Mr. William Spickett	5	0	0
Mr. H. J. Atkinson, M.P.	10	0	0
Mrs. Chapman	2	0	0
Collected by Miss Lillie Davies, per Miss F. Good	0	11	7
Stamps from Perth	0	5	0
J. R., Faringdon	0	5	0
Postal order, Southbourne	0	1	0
Miss S. Barrit	0	5	0
A sermon-reader, Brixham	0	6	0
Mrs. Thomsett	0	10	0
Mr. W. N. Finkayson	0	8	6
Orphan boys' collecting-card—A. and C. Webber	0	5	0
Collected by Mrs. C. A. Pavey	0	6	0
Mrs. Talbot...	0	5	0
Mr. W. Stockwell	0	2	6
Mr. James Hill	0	5	0
Mrs. E. Doughty	0	10	0
Mrs. Jno. Hartop	0	8	0
Collected by Mrs. Berry	0	5	6
Mr. C. Hunting	2	2	0
Cross Street Chapel, Islington, per Rev. F. A. Jones	5	10	2
Orphan boy's collecting-card—F. Sambell	0	5	6
Mr. R. V. Barrow, per Mrs. J. A. Spurgeon	3	3	0
Collected by Mr. A. Miller	4	0	7
Collected by Miss M. Goetz	0	15	0
Mr. S. Sargeant	1	0	0
Collected by Misses E. and M. Smith...	1	0	0
Collected by Mr. S. C. White	2	5	0
Mr. E. K. Stace	0	10	0
Collected by Pastor J. H. Barnard ...	0	4	0
Collected by Miss E. Bruin	0	15	0
Mr. Stewart J. Spence, Tennessee, U. S. A.	1	0	2
Mr. T. S. Penny	2	2	0
Mr. W. H. Brown	5	5	0
Per Pastor E. Ashton :—			
A friend 0 4 0			
Mr. Teague... ... ... 0 2 0			
	0	6	0
V. S.	10	0	0
Mrs. Waters	5	0	0
Mrs. Jas. Batter-hill	5	0	0
The Misses Van Notten Pole	1	0	0
Mrs. Crees	1	1	0
The Misses Hayward	0	10	0
Mrs. Lees	0	10	0
J. B. C.	1	0	0
Mr. C. Trelease	1	1	0
A. A. D.	0	2	6
Mr. Mainwaring	0	10	0
Collected by Mr. A. Webb	0	4	3
Collected by Mr. A. Colley	0	8	0
Collected by Miss F. Jeffery	0	9	0
Collected by Miss E. Stokes	0	4	0
Collected by Misses K. and C. Cook-Jenkins	0	5	0
Collected by Mrs. Castell	0	4	0
Collected by Mrs. E. J. Burton—Schoolroom box	0	13	3
Collected by Miss E. G. Comber ...	0	5	6
Collected by Miss M. Saunders... ...	0	3	6
Collected by Mr. G. Spooner	0	5	0
Collected by Mrs. Gosling	0	4	0
Collected by Mrs. F. Battam	1	10	0
Collected by Mrs. Jackson	0	8	6
Collected by Mr. J. Binstead	1	10	0
Collected by Miss D. L. Martin ...	0	3	6
Collected by Miss M. Knights	0	12	0
Collected by Miss Greenop	1	1	0
Collected by Mrs. Welford	0	10	0
Collected by Mrs. H. Bentlett	0	10	0
Collected by Miss Bagshaw	0	2	0
Collected by Mrs. Jarman	0	3	0

	£	s.	d.
Collected by Mrs. P. Wooltorton ...	1	13	0
Collected by Mrs. Weekes	0	9	0
Collected by Miss Bennett	0	7	6
Collected by Mr. A. Jungling	0	15	0
Mrs. Spear, senr.	0	2	6
Collected by Mrs. Beecliff	0	12	4
Orphanage box at the Tabernacle gates	0	14	1
Collected by Miss A. Solomon	1	0	0
A thankoffering from a member of the church, E.C.	1	1	0
Collected by Mr. Jas. Simpson... ...	0	10	0
Collected by Miss Furness	0	3	4
Collected by Miss Foster...	1	10	0
Burnham Baptist Sunday-school, per Pastor C. D. Gooding	1	0	0
Mr. R. Dale...	0	10	0
Collected by Miss C. Evans	0	16	6
Mrs. York	0	10	0
Dr. G. Saunders	1	0	0
Collected by Mr. W. A. Bragg	2	10	0
Collected by Miss A. Elder	0	3	0
Collected by Miss Blackman	0	4	6
Collected by Mr. Laflin	0	4	5
Collected by Masters Charlie and Ernest Pettman	0	17	10
Collected by Mr. R. Laker	0	10	6
Collected by Miss Pavey	1	0	0
Collected by Miss L. Battam	1	5	3
Collected by Mr. James Hooker ...	0	10	0
Collected by Mr. James Harman ...	0	8	0
Collected by Mrs. Snape	0	16	0
Collected by Mr. R. Speller	0	8	4
Collected by Mrs. Gallyon	1	3	8
Collected by Mr. Morgan	0	15	0
Collected by Miss C. M. Bidewell ...	0	6	6
Collected by Mr. H. Willett	0	4	0
Collected by Mrs. Holiday	0	8	0
Collected by Mrs. Miller	0	7	0
Collected by Mrs. E. S. Roberts ...	0	7	2
Collected by Miss F. E. Barker... ...	0	3	6
Collected by Miss Fitzgerald	0	5	0
Collected by Mrs. Plummer	0	10	0
Collected by Mr. W. J. Lewis	1	6	7
Mr. G. D. Hobbs	0	5	0
Collected by Mrs. Penning	0	5	0
Mrs. E. Jutson	1	0	0
A friend, Forfarshire	2	0	0
Collected by E. and M. Chance... ...	0	5	0
Mr. Jno. Feast	0	5	0
Collected by Miss Bickmore	0	15	6
Collected by Miss D. Sutherland ...	0	19	1
Collected by Mrs. Wilmot	0	12	6
Collected by Mrs. Perry	0	5	0
Miss F. I. Wide	0	2	6
Mr. S. H. Dauncey	0	2	6
Mrs. Worsdell	1	0	0
Collected by Miss Seton Burn	0	19	0
Collected by Mrs. J. L. Blake	0	10	0
Master W. Coward	0	2	6
W. A. D., Barney	0	2	6
Mr. J. Campbell	0	2	0
Mr. E. Webber	1	0	0
Mrs. Fairey	0	10	0
A Dorset friend	0	5	0
Mrs. Pearce	0	2	6
The orphan's friend	1	0	0
Mrs. Fairbairn	1	0	0
Mrs. Millist...	1	1	0
An evangelist	0	1	9
Pastor George Cobb	0	10	0
F. G. B., Chelmsford	0	2	6
Mr. J. Ballantine	0	2	6
Miss M. Hewlett	0	5	0
Mr. J. W. Green	1	0	0
M. F.	1	0	0
Postal order, Lismore	0	5	0
Collected by Miss S. T. Pocock	0	18	6
E. H.	0	1	6
A. P.	0	1	0
Mrs. Moses	0	5	0
Miss Butcher	0	5	0

	£	s.	d.
E. F.	1	0	0
Mrs. Thompson	1	0	0
Pastor John Rydderch	0	2	6
M. G.	0	5	0
Collected by Mrs. Wilkinson	0	6	0
Miss M. E. Johnston	0	5	0
Miss Dransfield	2	2	0
Collected by Miss M. A. Nunn	1	0	0
Collected by May, Freddy, and Gracey	1	0	0
Miss M. E. Jenkins and friend	0	3	6
Mr. Geo. Tyler	0	2	6
Mr. C. Jones and friends	0	5	0
Mr. T. Lewis	1	1	0
Collected by Miss F. W. Peters ...	0	7	6
Mrs. Raybould	1	1	0
Orphan girl's collecting card—G. Leitch	0	8	0
Collected by Miss Annie Barton ...	0	3	5
Mr. Jno. Ridge	0	10	0
Mr. J. Wilson	0	3	0
Mr. John Wickham	1	0	0
Miss F. E. Eno	0	5	0
T. S., Tighnabruaich	195	0	0
Pastor W. J. Mayers	0	10	0
U. J.	1	0	0
Mrs. Allmey	0	5	0
Mr. A. G. Lonnon	1	0	0
Mr. Charles Croft	0	15	0
A friend, per Ruth Wells	0	2	0
Pastor W. Jackson	0	10	0
Mr. Henry Finch	3	0	0
Dr. Gervis	5	0	0
The Trustees of the late Mr. Thomas Pratt, per Mr. Jasper Knight ...	10	0	0
A Plymouth Brother	1	0	0
Baptist Church, Crieff	1	0	0
Collected by Miss E. Prior	0	7	6
Collected by Miss E. Campkin	1	1	6
Collected by Miss Kate E. Buswell:—			
Mr. J. C. Bumsted ... 1 1 0			
Mrs. White... ... ... 1 0 0			
Mr. A. Lyon 0 10 0			
Mr. W. J. Twigg... ... 0 10 0			
F. U. 0 10 0			
Mr. J. Blofeld 0 10 0			
Miss Mockridge 0 10 0			
Mrs. Madge 0 10 0			
Smaller sums 1 0 0			
	6	1	0
Mr. Joseph Spurge	1	1	0
Mr. B. Beck...	1	0	0
Mr. Jno. Mead	2	2	0
Mrs. Jno. Mead	2	2	0
The Young Women's Bible-class, Shoreditch Tabernacle, per Mr. James Frost	2	5	0
Mr. and Mrs. W. Diaper	0	10	0
Agnes McIlwaine	0	1	0
Mr. C. F. French	0	10	6
Mr. Charles Walter	10	0	0
Per Mrs. Jas. Withers:—			
Mr. W. Moore 5 0 0			
Mr. H. Cooper 0 10 0			
Mrs. Collier 0 5 0			
Mrs. J. Davis 0 2 6			
	5	17	6
Mr. Robert Ryman	10	0	0
Mr. Thos. D. Adams	1	0	0
Mr. W. Williams	0	10	0
In loving remembrance of dear Caroline	1	0	0
Mr. C. Ibberson	0	2	6
Mr. W. Woodeson...	1	0	0
Mr. Ernest P. Woodeson	1	1	0
Mr. Austin Woodeson	1	5	0
Mr. William Fletcher	2	2	0
Mr. Hanson	1	0	0
Miss A. M. Steeples	0	5	0
Collected by Master Herries	0	7	9
Mr. Walter Heath...	0	6	0
Contributions and collections from the masters and pupils of Bethany House School, Goudhurst, Kent	5	1	0

	£	s.	d.
Meetings by Mr. Charlesworth and the Orphanage Choir :—			
Southgate :—			
Proceeds of meeting ...	3	0	0
Programmes...	0	10	6
	3	10	6
Harlesden	7	4	0
Stroud Green, Sale of Programmes ...	0	4	1
Wynne Road, Brixton, Sale of Programmes	0	15	1
Messrs. Higgs and Hill, Crown Baths	2	2	0
Mayor of Ryde, per Pastor J. Smale ...	2	2	0
Received at Collectors' Meeting, March 3rd :—			
Collecting Boxes :—			
Attwater, Miss E.	0	11	0
Allen, Miss	1	3	0
Alderton, Miss	0	11	9
Anthony, Mrs.	0	7	0
Boswell, Mrs.	0	6	7
Brice, G. and B.	0	6	6
Buswell, Miss	1	7	0
Burton, Mrs. W.	1	4	6
Bown, Master C.	0	7	10
Brice, Master P.	0	1	10
Burgess, Misses A. and E.	0	4	10
Beament, Miss E.	0	8	8
Brake, Miss G.	0	12	7
Barnden, Mrs.	0	17	0
Bartlett, Master E. ...	0	10	8
Butler, Mrs.	0	13	7
Beard, Miss E.	0	2	0
Bateman, Mrs.	0	4	7
Betts, Misses M. and E. ...	0	3	9
Bell, Mrs.	0	12	4
Barber, Miss	0	4	6
Buckingham, Miss... ...	0	3	11
Bates, Miss M.	0	3	0
Bown, Miss	0	7	2
Carpenter, Miss	0	4	9
Cowie, Miss L.	1	19	6
Cook, Miss	0	4	4
Cook, Miss A. M.	0	7	4
Cartwright, Miss G. ...	0	1	0
Cox, Mrs.	0	10	6
Church, Master J.... ...	0	1	0
Chard, Mr. T. P.	2	2	2
Cowles, Miss A.	0	7	10
Cooper, Miss	0	8	7
Court, Mrs.	0	4	10
Chapman, Mrs.	0	13	1
Cane, Mr.	0	8	7
Carter, Miss	0	6	1
Chapman, Miss	0	9	9
Cooper, Mr. J.	2	17	3
Cairns, Miss M.	0	11	9
Cook, Miss	0	7	6
Cottam, Mr....	0	15	6
Conquest, Mrs.	0	1	8
Cairns, Miss C.	0	12	10
Cartwright, Mrs.	0	2	8
Davey, Miss	0	6	7
Dennish, Master	0	6	8
Edlett, Miss; and Keys, Miss C.	0	1	1
Elliott, Miss	0	1	6
Eyles, Miss A.	0	2	6
Everett, Miss	0	14	3
Farmer, Miss	0	7	10
Frisby, Miss A.	0	16	0
Fisher, Masters B. and H.	0	11	6
Fowler, Miss E.	0	12	3
Fuller, Miss E.	0	5	1
Field, Mrs.	0	1	5
Field, Mrs.	0	2	10
Field, Master and Miss ...	0	1	0
Fletcher, Miss G.	0	5	1
Grove, Master V.	0	2	5
Garrett, C. and E.... ...	0	12	9
Grant, Miss	0	10	8
Gage, Master S. V. L. ...	0	12	3
Grimes, Mrs.	0	3	3
Hawgood, Mrs.	1	18	3
Hillier, Mrs.	0	17	4
Hickman, Mrs.	0	4	10
Hertzell, Mrs.	0	4	9
Hoyles, Masters H. and F.	0	6	5
Hoyles, Mr.	1	0	6
Harris, Miss	0	4	11
Harvey, Miss G.	0	7	7
Holland, Master J. ...	0	11	0
Hine, Master A.	0	1	0
Harris, Mr.	0	5	0
Jeffery, Mrs.	0	12	1
Johnson, Miss N.	0	8	4
Jones, Master H.	0	4	6
Johnson's Cocoa Rooms and Bible Class	0	9	3
Kirby, Miss	0	2	2
Kenyon, Miss M.	0	2	6
Little, Miss	0	6	9
Ling, Master H.	0	6	1
Ladds, Master F. W. V....	0	3	0
Lansdale, Master A. ...	0	2	5
Lockyer, Mrs.	0	7	7
Luckhurst, Mrs.	0	13	4
Larkman, Miss B.... ...	0	8	4
Lachner, Miss E.	0	9	4
Lucas, Misses A. and A....	0	1	9
Limebeer, Mrs.	0	4	6
McGregor, Mrs.	0	4	3
Mead Mrs.	0	7	6
Madell, Miss	0	14	1
Mills, Mr. W. (shop) ...	0	10	3
Mallison, Mrs.	0	2	3
Madge, Mrs.	0	7	4
Mackey, Mrs.	0	15	4
McCallum, Miss	0	2	6
Moore, Miss E.	0	5	0
Mills, Master A. W. ...	0	1	4
Mitchell, Miss A.	0	1	2
Mandell, Mrs.	0	7	4
Merrick, Miss	1	2	8
Mitchell, Master F. ...	0	1	3
Munday, Mrs.	0	10	2
Munday, Miss	0	3	8
Marriott, Mrs.	0	3	9
Mitchell, Miss L.	0	4	10
Price, Miss E.	0	9	10
Pearce, Misses C. and P....	0	17	6
Polmore, Mrs.	0	5	10
Pegg, Mrs.	0	1	7
Parker, Master F.... ...	0	2	4
Porter, Mrs.	0	8	1
Pinnegar, Mrs.	0	5	0
Probyn, Miss G.	0	1	0
Parker, Master W. ...	0	2	8
Preedy, Miss	0	6	3
Parker, Master H.... ...	0	2	1
Pankhurst, Mrs.	0	10	0
Parker Miss L.	0	2	2
Pain, Miss C.	0	7	0
Palmer, Mrs.	0	7	8
Rayner, Mrs.	0	3	4
Roberts, Mrs.	0	6	6
Rabbenbury, Master G. ...	0	1	2
Rose, Master W.	0	3	0
Rayner, Mr. F.	0	6	11
Rugg, Mrs.	0	11	8
Russell, Mrs.	0	3	7
Roper, Mrs.	0	5	4
Sidery, Mrs....	1	0	0
Senechal, Mrs.	0	4	6
Stevenson, Mrs.	0	10	6
Slade, Miss	1	4	9
Smith, Mrs. E. H. E. ...	0	8	2
Seymour, Mrs.	0	3	2
Seaton, Miss	0	2	6
Saunders, Miss N.	0	1	5
Smith, Mrs. B.	0	12	10
Smith, Mrs. G.	0	5	2
Spink, Mrs.	0	13	0
Smee, Miss C.	0	7	0

	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.
Skinner, Miss E.	0	9	4			
Selth, Miss	0	5	5			
Staniland, Master	0	1	8			
Schultz, Miss M.	0	3	8			
Syrett, Misses F. and K. ...	0	2	2			
Spencer, Miss	0	7	0			
Tyson, Mrs.	0	3	0			
Turner, Mrs.	0	7	2			
Turner, Miss M.	0	5	6			
Taplin, Master F.	0	11	0			
Thompson, A.	0	1	6			
Thomas, Miss A.	0	3	6			
Trim, Mrs.	0	3	7			
Thomas, Miss G.	0	2	9			
Thomas, Mrs.	0	2	8			
Thiel, Mrs.	0	1	4			
Vincent, Mr.	0	4	3			
Wilmot, Mrs.	2	1	10			
Watts, Mrs.	0	5	11			
Wood, Miss H.	0	11	5			
Williams, Miss A.	0	10	8			
Ward, Miss M.	0	1	4			
Whitelock, Mrs.	0	5	5			
Wright, Mrs	0	7	0			
Wicks, Master W.	0	1	2			
Wagstaff, Miss E.	0	4	4			
Willis, Master C.	0	1	8			
Young, Mr. T. A.	0	4	0			
Sums under 1s.	0	8	0			
Odd halfpence, and farthings, and cash, in addition to above	1	2	3			
				72	3	1
Collecting Books:—						
Alderton, Miss	0	12	0			
Bonser, Miss	0	5	0			
Broughton, Mrs.	0	6	6			
Barrett, Mr. H.	2	0	0			
Boyle-Charles, Miss F. ...	0	11	6			
Brown, Miss J. H.	0	16	0			
Crumpton, Miss	0	5	6			
Coleman, Mrs.	0	5	0			
Charlesworth, Mrs.:—						
Messrs. Pocock, Bros.	2	2	0			
Mr. W. W. Thompson	1	1	0			
Mr. G. R. Smith ...	1	1	0			
Mr. J. L. Aukland ..	1	1	0			
				5	5	0
Dee, Mrs.				0	9	0
Edwards, Miss				1	14	4
Fryer, Miss S.				0	15	0
Fowler, Miss N.				1	7	1
Godbold, Mrs.				0	10	0
Jephs, Miss				1	13	0
Lawson, Mrs.				1	6	0
McDonald, Mrs.				0	9	0
Miller, Mr. C.				1	0	0
Ricketts, Master W. ...				0	2	6
Smith, Mrs. E. H. E. ...				0	13	0
Saunders, Mr. E. W. ...				4	0	0
						24 5 5
Donations:—						
A poor widow				0	1	0
Barnes, Mrs.				0	5	0
Everett, Mrs.				0	4	0
G. H.				4	0	0
Hamp, Mr. T.				2	2	0
Hale, Mrs.				0	10	0
Jones, Miss				0	2	6
Norris, Mr.				0	10	0
Olney, Mr. T. H.				5	0	0
Passmore, Mr.				5	0	0
"A few poor trustees" ...				5	0	0
C. H. S.				5	0	0
Tea tickets sold				1	8	6
						29 3 0
						£694 13 5

List of Presents, per Mr. Charlesworth, from February 17th to March 16th, 1891.—PROVISIONS:—2 sacks Flour, Mr. J. Toller; 2 sacks Flour, Mr. J. G. Taylor; 1 New Zealand Sheep, Mr. A. Seale Haslam; 20 lbs. Tea, Messrs. Armstrong & Co.; 44 lbs. Dates, Mr. R. Speller; 1 barrel Apples, 2 cases Dates, Mr. F. Fisher.

BOYS' CLOTHING:—12 Shirts, Miss Dawson; 2 Shirts, The Working Meeting, Baptist Chapel, Newbridge, Mon., per Miss R. Daniells; 3 small Overcoats, Mr. Charles Foster; 13 Shirts, Mr. Holcombe.

GIRLS' CLOTHING:—123 Garments, The Young Women's Bible-class at the Orphanage, per Mrs. James Stiff; 2 Articles, Mrs. Risden; 1 parcel Hosiery, "Anon."; 12 Articles, Miss Dawson; 11 Articles, The Working Meeting, Baptist Chapel, Newbridge, per Miss R. Daniells; a parcel of Stockings, Haberdashery, &c., "Anon."; 11 Articles, Mrs. E. Wicks; 1 pair Corsets and a few Garments, Mrs. Wicks; 32 Articles, The Juvenile Working Society, Metropolitan Tabernacle, per Miss Woods; 6 Articles, Miss M Atkinson; 6 yards Calico, 1 Petticoat, Mrs. M. Williams; 26 Articles, The Ladies' Working Meeting, Metropolitan Tabernacle, per Miss Higgs.

GENERAL:—Two 3-gallon Filters, Mr. Jas. Stiff; 1 Scrap Book, 6 Balls, a friend; 90 ½lb. Blocks Blacklead, Mr. T. P. Chard; 1 load Firewood, Mr. F. Fisher; 13 dozen Blocks Blacklead ("Rising Sun"), Chancellor & Co.

Colportage Association.

Statement of Receipts from February 17th to March 16th, 1891.

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Subscriptions and Donations for Districts:—				Mr. R. Cory, for Cardiff and Penrhikyber	10	0	0
Stratford-on-Avon District	7	10	0	Estover, per Mr. H. O. Serpell... ...	20	0	0
Exmouth District, per Pastor J. Thomas	10	0	0	Orpington, per Mr. W. Vinson... ...	5	0	0
Sellindge District, per Mr. Thos. R——	10	0	0	Wilts. and East Somerset Baptist Association	25	0	0
West Wickham District, per Bromley Congregational Church	10	0	0	Mr. R. Scott, for Langham District ...	20	0	0
Mr. Thos. R——, for Bower Chalke ...	5	0	0	Rendham District	7	10	0
Western Baptist Association for Tintinhull and Chard	20	0	0	Southern Baptist Association	50	0	0
Ironbridge and Coalbrookdale, per Mrs. Maw...	7	10	0	Cambs. Baptist Association, for Swaffham Prior...	10	0	0
Great Totham, per Rev. H. J. Harvey	2	0	0	The late Mr. W. H. Bilborough, for Horsforth...	6	5	0

	£	s.	d.
Great Yarmouth Town Mission ...	7	10	0
Fairford District, per Capt. Melbourne	15	0	0
Minchinhampton District	10	0	0
Mr. John Cory, for Castleton, Cardiff, and Penrhikyber	20	0	0
Worcestershire Baptist Association ...	30	0	0
Peckham and East Dulwich District, per Lordship Lane Baptist Church...	2	10	0
Bethnal Green District:—			
Mr. C. E. Fox 5 0 0			
Mr. W. R. Fox 5 0 0			
	10	0	0
Home Counties Baptist Association ...	30	0	0
M. A. H., for Orpington...	5	0	0
	£355	15	0

Subscriptions and Donations to the General Fund:—

	£	s.	d.
Mrs. York	0	10	0
V. S.	1	0	0
The Misses Van Notten Pole	1	0	0
Mrs. J. Jackson	1	0	0
U. J.	1	0	0
G. R.	25	0	0
R. M.	0	10	0
A friend	10	0	0
Mr. John Mead	1	1	0
Mrs. John Mead	1	1	0
Annual Subscription:—			
Mr. Llewellyn	1	1	0
Half-Yearly Subscription:—			
Mr. H. B. Frearson	7	10	0
	£50	13	0

Society of Evangelists.

Statement of Receipts from February 17th to March 16th, 1891.

	£	s.	d.
Thankoffering for Mr. Burnham's visit to Broadheath, Altrincham	1	0	0
Thankoffering for Mr. Harmer's services at Cheddar and Winscombe ...	1	7	6
Mrs. Evill and two friends	0	10	0
K. W. R.	0	5	0
V. S.	2	0	0
Mrs. J. Jackson	1	0	0
Thankoffering for Messrs. Fullerton and Smith's services at Fulham ...	18	1	0
Mr. Jas. McElkinney	0	7	6
Mr. F. Fisher	2	2	0
Mrs. Allan	2	10	0
Mrs. Grant	1	0	0
Thankoffering for Mr. Harmer's services in connection with N.W. Kent Baptist Association	10	0	0
Mrs. Price	0	15	0
Thankoffering for Mr. Burnham's services at Tring	1	10	0
Mr. J. C. McCurdy	5	0	0
Thankoffering for Mr. Burnham's services at Oakham and Langham ...	2	0	0
A friend, New Zealand	20	0	0
Mr. Samuel Spurgeon	0	10	0
Dr. Alfred Fennings	10	0	0
Thankoffering for Mr. Harmer's services at Shipston-on-Stour	1	1	0
Thankoffering for Mr. Harmer's services at Stapleton Road Congregational Chapel, Bristol ... 5 0 0			
Less expenses 1 10 0			
	3	10	0
	£84	9	0

Surrey Gardens Memorial Schools.

Statement of Receipts from February 17th to March 16th, 1891.

	£	s.	d.
Carter Street Sunday-school, second list:—			
Miss M. Bartlett 0 5 0			
Miss Whettit 0 5 0			
Miss F. Lane (second don.) 1 10 0			
Miss Quennell 0 10 0			
Mrs. Miller 0 10 0			
Mr. F. Morgan 5 0 0			
Mr. H. Dawkins 1 0 0			
Mr. Morgan's Bible-class (second donation) ... 5 7 6			
Mr. R. Hayward (second donation) 15 0 0			
Mr. H. Hayward (second donation) 25 0 0			
	51	7	6
Miss Ellwood	5	0	0
Mr. J. W. Gooding	0	5	0
Mr. H. Conquest	0	3	0
Rev. J. M. Hewson	1	0	0
Mrs. J. Jackson	2	0	0
Mr. F. Fisher	2	2	0
"Merstham"	0	5	6
Miss Descroix (fourth donation) ...	0	10	0
Dr. Alfred Fennings	10	0	0
Eliza Smith	1	0	0
Mr. James McPherson	0	10	0
Mr. William Fletcher	1	1	0
J. C. S.	5	0	0
	£83	4	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.

MAY, 1891.

The Vessel with the Covering bound upon it.

A SERMON BY C. H. SPURGEON.

"And every open vessel, which hath no covering bound upon it, is unclean."—Numbers xix. 15.

IF a person died in a tent, by the law of Moses everything in the tent was thereby rendered unclean. In many ways ceremonial defilement was contracted; but uncleanness by contact with death was regarded by the law as of the most serious kind. For this cause a certain water of separation was provided for its removal; and special rites were ordained for the restoration of the defiled person to the congregation from which he was cut off. There was in God's sight a peculiar pollution about death. It is the ripe fruit of sin. "Sin, when it is finished, bringeth forth death," and hence all who came into contact with death were made unclean.

How constant was the danger of defilement to an Israelite! Kindly offices were rendered to the sick, until the life was breathed out; but he that held the dying hand was unclean. The necessary and laudable offices of preparing the corpse for burial demanded attention; but in these also defilement was contracted. The tent, and every person and every thing in it, became unclean if one died there. Even in the quiet of home we may lose that holy fellowship without which life is exile from God. Even in our own house sin may mar our communion. In the discharge of commendable domestic duties, we may endanger the purity of our hearts; so universal is sin, and so delicate a thing is holiness. When the Israelite went out of his house he incurred other perils. There he might meet with a dead body of some one killed by accident, or in warfare; or, if he did not see a corpse, he might touch a decayed

bone, and that would defile him. Even passing over a grave brought legal uncleanness to him, and he had need of fresh cleansing. Outside our homes how many things may mar our walk with God! We sometimes wish that we had not to go out into the world at all; but our calling lies there, and as we could not refuse to go without sin, go we must. Though once for all washed in the precious blood, and therefore cleansed as before our Judge, yet every day's walk through such a miry world as this, makes it necessary for us to be washed as before our Father. We need that our condescending Lord should wash us, not again with blood, but with water, even as he washed the feet of the twelve, that he may be able to say of us, "Ye are clean every whit."

When a man lost ceremonial cleanness, it was much to his detriment. He could not go to the Tabernacle, and join in worship with the holy, for he spread defilement over all those whom he touched. Thus he was a loser both towards God and towards man. Uncleanness was a serious damage to the man who contracted it in more ways than I have time to show you; it was worse than a disease, it was a dire calamity; for it shut the man out from fellowship with God.

It is a singular fact that, when a person died, although the tent became unclean, and with it all the persons, the furniture, and other belongings thereof, *yet there was one exception.* A covered vessel, as described in our text, was not rendered unclean, even by standing where a death had occurred. Every housewife has such vessels, and she secures them at the top with a piece of bladder, or leather, or paper, and this is bound fast about them. Every uncovered vessel, with its contents, became unclean; but the vessels which were covered over and secured were not defiled.

I would commune with my hearers at this time, not upon how to be purified after you are defiled, but upon *how to escape defilement after you have become a child of God.* May the Holy Spirit aid us in this holy meditation!

This is not for you all indiscriminately; for I fear that many of you are in the sad condition of actual uncleanness by sin, and you first need washing in the fountain opened for sin and for uncleanness through the sacrifice of Jesus. It is my constant task and pleasure to be preaching to you of that sacred source of purity which is mentioned in that verse—"The blood of Jesus Christ his Son cleanseth us from all sin." But my voice at this time is to you whose iniquities are forgiven, and whose sins have been for ever blotted out. You who have believed in Jesus are made clean through his one great sacrifice. Having now come into fellowship with God, and walking in the light of his countenance, you desire to abide in this fellowship, and to suffer no loss of communion. My heart's desire and prayer is for your holiness, and for your abiding in the light as God is in the light: in this I would help you by this sermon. Though you live in a world that is full of death, and walk where dead bones of sin may readily pollute you, you may retain your "holiness unto the Lord", and be kept even from stumbling, so as to be presented faultless with exceeding great joy.

What were these vessels which remained ceremonially clean, when everything else in the tent was defiled by the presence of death? How can we be like them? I will answer by way of observations.

I. That we may be thus preserved, THERE MUST BE GREAT CARE. "Every open vessel, which hath no covering bound upon it, is unclean." Care was to be taken to provide a covering, to see that it was placed upon the vessel, and that it was well secured, for failing these the vessel would become unclean.

This care would specially be taken with vessels which contained food. It was very important to preserve the precious contents from impurity. Some contained pure water, or refreshing oil, or the rich fruit of the vine. Fruits and grains of all kinds needed to be carefully covered over to be preserved. Many of you, believers in Jesus, are vessels filled with sacred food for those around you, or the Lord has made living water to flow out of the midst of you: these stores must be kept from defilement. The Lord has made certain of you to be sons of consolation, and your gracious experience has supplied you with cups of comfort for the tired ones: these must be kept clean. Such as are useful in the household of God must take care that they are not defiled, lest the heavenly blessings committed to them should suffer damage. I do not now mainly refer to outward sin (God forbid that we should fall into *that!*); but I am thinking of that breaking of fellowship which would produce the withdrawal of the power of God from us. If we are not walking with God it will spoil our usefulness, and we shall not be a blessing to others as we otherwise might have been. Think not that you are safe because of what God has done by you, or what God has put into you: even your knowledge and ability may be defiled. Be ye clean, ye vessels of the Lord; since, if ye be defiled, that which comes out of you will be of no value either to saint or sinner. Care must be shown, by a cover being provided to fit the open vessel, and close it from pollution. Holiness requires carefulness; no man will be good by accident.

Let us read the text again: "Every open vessel, which hath no covering bound upon it, is unclean." Mark the words—"bound upon it." *The cover must be fastened down with care.* Oh that we might, with holy watchfulness, completely cover the whole of our being! By the grace of God may our whole spirit, soul, and body be preserved blameless, and kept in that condition. The surrounding evil will penetrate if any opening be left, or if the covering should slip from its place. You cannot continue holy by chance. A man walking through the streets may bespatter his garments without design; but he will not keep them clean without intent to do so. Unceasing care is wanted here, and diligence, and fixed intent and resolute purpose of the mind, that we may be preserved from sin and its uncleanness.

And then, not only must this vessel, whatever it was, whether gallipot or larger measure, have a cover which could be bound upon it; but *that cover must be in its place, then and always.* Should the cover be away at the time of the death, the pot and contents would be unclean; and it would be in vain for the housewife to say, "I have a cover for it, and I usually bind it on." If it was not there and bound on, at the time, the existence of the covering and the intent to use it would avail nothing. Grace must not be to us, as the old proverb hath it, "like the Dutchman's anchor, which he left at home." Some people's religion is of that kind. I know a man who has great power over his temper except when he is provoked. I have heard of people who devise generous

things when they have no money. We need grace in fact as well as in intent. We need not only to *know* what we ought to be, but *to be* what we ought to be. Oh, that the Lord may cover us all the day long! Lest any hurt us, may he keep us night and day; and keep us by causing us continually to watch and pray, that we enter not into temptation! Ours is a warfare in which we never put off our armour, or lay by our sword. Always, ever, every day, and all the day we must be like this vessel which had a covering bound upon it.

Note, that *nothing else would suffice.* In vain would the housewife say, "I shall not use a common earthen vessel, but I will buy a vase of brass or of silver, of cunning work of the artificer." No, no; if there was no cover, the vessel and its contents were unclean. Suppose you should say, "I will put into this vessel nothing but the choicest spices. It shall hold no brown bread or common liquid." That would be of no avail. If the vessel was uncovered, neither the excellence of the vessel nor the character of its contents would prevent defilement, according to the law. Hearken, my friend. You may have a liberal education, most elegant manners, and an amiable natural disposition, and you may acquire great experience and skill; but unless there is the gracious covering to protect the open vessel of your soul from the evil of the world, nothing will prevent your whole nature from becoming defiled. The one and only thing in the whole tent that was not defiled was the covered vessel. See to it, then, that with great care and jealousy you keep yourself in a fit condition to enjoy perpetual fellowship with God. May the Lord work in you that holy fear which shall keep alive in you a tireless diligence, a sleepless watchfulness, and a ceaseless prayerfulness, that your consecration may not be spoiled!

II. Secondly, according to the text, THERE MUST BE A SHUTTING UP. This vessel had to be closed from the air, and its contents would thus be hidden. So we have need that our souls should abide with God, hidden in Christ. I do not say, "Keep yourselves to yourselves"; but I do say, "Keep yourselves for God." Be as a spring shut up, a fountain sealed for your King. Religion is not a curiosity for exhibition, but a secret for experience. Let us not cry with Jehu, "Come, see my zeal for the Lord of hosts." There are passages between living souls and God which no third eye may see. That godliness which depends upon the eye of man is not godliness at all. We are truly what we are in secret before God. "The eye of the Lord is upon them that fear him, upon them that hope in his mercy"; and that eye of God is all the eye we may desire. Virtue which seeks display subjects itself to suspicion. Every vessel that is uncovered is defiled by the death around it.

Your heart will soon be polluted unless it be kept with all diligence. How can you keep death out of this pot unless it be closed with the love of Christ, which shutteth so that no man openeth? The heart will be defiled with vanity unless sanctifying and consecrating grace be as a covering bound upon it.

Then there is *your understanding.* In an age like this, you cannot be a day without encountering some fresh falsehood which will taint the understanding unless it is well protected by Holy Scripture and the Spirit of truth. Know what Christ and his apostles taught, and stand

to their doctrine. Be a shut-up vessel to any other kind of teaching. Say, "I know whom I have believed. I am clear about that; and now I am shut up to the truths of God's Word, and I cannot possibly give them up." It is written of Christ's sheep, "A stranger will they not follow: for they know not the voice of strangers."

May *our whole being* be closed by consecration, reserved unto the Lord alone! "What have I to do any more with idols?" "I am my Beloved's", and this means that I am his alone. I have given my life to Christ, and I cry, "Bind the sacrifice with cords, even unto the horns of the altar." Oh that God would shut us up for himself by divine grace, so that no part of our nature may lie open to the foul taint engendered by moral and spiritual death! Let us put on the parchment, and bind it down, as we sing—

> "'Tis done! the great transaction's done;
> I am my Lord's, and he is mine:
> He drew me, and I follow'd on,
> Charm'd to confess the voice divine."

Our mouth—what an amount of mischief comes thereby! An open mouth soon brings defilement. We have need to cry, "Lord, keep the door of my lips." Depend upon it, in reference to our talk, it is specially true that "Every open vessel, which hath no covering bound upon it, is unclean." "In the multitude of words there wanteth not sin." He that can rule his tongue can rule his whole body. The tongue is the little rudder of the great ship of the body. When the mouth is covered by grace, one great cause of sin is removed. Herein is wisdom, such as only the grace of God can work in us.

Our whole lives should be so occupied by the service of God that we have no time to spare for the vanities of earth. "Oh", says one, "we must have our pastimes." What do you mean by "pass-times"? My time passes quite freely enough: I often wish that I could make twenty-four working hours in the day, or that days could be stretched into weeks, that I might do more for my Lord. If you are all aglow with the passion of doing good and glorifying God, there will be no craving for those useless amusements which waste so much of time, and thought, and strength. Have the vessel shut up with blessed engagements and hallowed aspirations, so that there shall be no space for the world's pleasures, which eat as doth a canker.

I only talk to you who have been washed in the precious blood of Christ. I do not speak thus to others. The unsaved need first to look to Jesus by faith, and so to be made clean from the guilt of sin. Hear ye his gospel. To you its one message is, "Believe and live"!

III. Thirdly, THERE MUST THEREFORE BE A SHUTTING OUT. When a vessel is covered, and so shut up, all that is beyond the cover is shut out. Certain things I earnestly advise Christians to shut out altogether. When asked to read a book which is reputed to teach *false doctrine*, decline to do so. The tree of knowledge of good and evil brought us no good at the first. You who choose may eat its fruit, and please the serpent thereby; but as for me, the tree of life has variety and sweetness enough for my taste. Do not desire to know that which has been the ruin of thousands. In this matter it is sadly true, "Every open

vessel, which hath no covering bound upon it, is unclean." "Whereto we have already attained, let us walk by the same rule." What the Holy Ghost has taught, know it and hold by it, and refuse the contrary.

So let it be with *evil example*. Do not wish to see others sin. If they are not living as followers of Christ should live, do not observe them, nor care to see how close to the rocks they sail. We are sadly the creatures of imitation, whether we will or not; and that evil example which at first we loathe, we afterwards tolerate, and by-and-by imitate. We need to keep in the company of the excellent of the earth; we cannot afford to follow society which drags us down. We should have those for our friends who are the friends of God. Be they of what worldly rank they may, saints are the noblest company. If they please God, they ought to please us. Let us quit ill associates. Passing through the world we yield to all men courtesy, but only to good men company. Shut out the influence of the profane, the godless, the sceptical, the worldly, or you will soon be unclean. If you find it hard to pray after being in certain society, keep out of that society. A man who stands under a spout will naturally get wet; and those who associate with the ungodly will be ungodly themselves.

Dear friends, by a holy covering shut out *the beginnings of evil*. Few people become grossly wicked all at once. The devil cannot usually enter houses at first, himself; but he spies out a little window in the rear of the house, and he puts through it one of his imps, too small for notice, and this dwarf demon opens the door to Satan himself. A trifling fault has led to a vice; a little slip has many a time opened a life to infamy. God save us from falling by little and little! If we are indifferent as to what we believe, careless as to the company we keep, and negligent as to what we do, we shall soon find that "Every open vessel, which hath no covering bound upon it, is unclean." Before we know it we shall have lost our capacity for fellowship with God.

Someone cries, "You are setting up a very high standard." Would you have me set other than a high standard? Do you want doctrine and practice altered to suit the age? Well, you may get these articles at a thousand places; *but not here*. I shall continue to preach that holy rigidity which becomes those who serve Jehovah, for "Jehovah our God is a jealous God", and he will not endure sin in his own people. He himself saith of them, "You only have I known of all the nations of the earth; therefore I will punish you for your iniquities." If you and I who live in his courts, and are favoured with his smile, are not careful in our conversation, he will deal with us in such a way that he shall cause us to lament our carelessness. When our communion is broken we shall smart because of what sin has done.

IV. I shall finish with this fourth remark: THERE MUST BE A RESOLUTE SECURING OF THE SOUL. Read the text again: "And every open vessel, which hath no covering *bound upon it*, is unclean." Put the lid on the pot! That is not enough. Bind it on! To put the covering upon the opening in a slight manner is of no use. Bind it fast, or the vessel will be unclean. How is this binding accomplished?

First, through the infinite power of divine grace, it must be done by a *strong resolve*. We must say, "I will not, God helping me, turn from my Beloved. I will not believe that other gospel which is not

another. I will not parley with sin. I will not truckle to pride." May the grace of God bring you to a firm resolve for holiness! Cut the connection with sin altogether. It was grand in Abraham when he gave the king of Sodom the cut direct—"I will not take from a thread even to a shoelatchet." He might have said, "I will only take a little"; but no, he will have nothing of Sodom. When we deal with the devil we must not give him an inch. "Neither give place to the devil." "Come out from among them, and be ye separate, saith the Lord, and touch not the unclean thing." Then Jehovah says, "I will be a Father unto you, and ye shall be my sons and daughters." The divine El-Shaddai, God All-sufficient, will reveal himself to you, when you come to him and him alone, and have done with all the temptations and pleasures of a compromising condition. Tie on the cover of the vessel with firm resolve.

Next, bind it on with *constant watchfulness*. If you sleep, Satan will be wide awake. If Christian men think that they can please God and remain half asleep, they are greatly mistaken. "Watch and pray", says our divine Lord; and he never says a superfluous word. He said this to his apostles; and if apostles needed to watch and pray, much more do we. Keep the vessel covered with watchfulness.

Bind on the cover by *frequent prayer*. I like what a dear brother said in prayer to-night: "O Lord Jesus, thou art our first thought in the morning, and thou art our last thought at night." This is binding on the covering. Draw nigh to God, not only in the morning and in the evening, but during the day habitually cry to God, breathing out desires and lifting up petitions. A vessel thus covered would not become unclean, even if it stood amid a thousand deaths.

One thing I would heartily recommend you for making a good cover for your soul: *take a leaf out of God's Word*, and bind that over the opening. Begin the day with a holy thought from God's Word; and keep that holy thought in your heart. I like to get a text in the morning, and put it like a lozenge under my tongue, and go on sucking at it all day. "It will soon be gone", cries one. Ah, you do not know what kind of lozenges my Master makes! I have sucked one of them for seven years, and it has been as sweet as honey all the time, and it even seemed larger at the end than at the beginning. The truth of God's Word grows on the soul. You do not know the Bible until you have lived *in it* for years. Live on the Word of God; but also live *in* it. It is a marvellous Book! Believe its every word and syllable, and entertain no shadow of a doubt about the inspiration of every jot and tittle; and you shall find that each word will be required and verified in the various stages of your spiritual career. There is no way that I know of to keep chaff out of a bushel measure like filling it full with corn. If you fill up your mind with Holy Writ, then evil doctrine cannot defile it, and you will not be rendered unclean.

Above all, the best covering is a *living faith*. If God be always with you, and if you know it, and feel it, and if you come at length to reckon him to be the greatest factor of your life, then will you be preserved from all pollution. So be it. Amen.

"The Work of an Evangelist."

BY THOMAS SPURGEON.

No. VII.—The Catlins.

IN the year of grace, 1875, a worthy brother might have been seen making his way along one of the roughest of rough N.Z. bush-tracks, in company with her Majesty's mail, which, however, had the decided advantage of being on horseback. Our friend was without baggage, for he had been obliged to send his valise back home when he reached the district where roads were only in the embryo stage. On he trudged, with lovely scenery on every hand, to be sure; but under such a continuous downpour of rain, that the beauties of nature could hardly be appreciated as they deserved. The only thing that remained undamped was the ardour of the belated pedestrian; for even when night closed in, he marched bravely on. What, think you, was his quest? Men have braved much in search of fortune or of fame, or to share in some frivolity; but none of these false lights allured this wayfarer. His was a nobler errand far; so noble, in fact, that one is hardly surprised to find him recording, "I was none the worse next day." Good men, I know, have suffered through exposure incurred in doing God's work—to wit, Master John Bunyan, who caught his death-chill when on an errand of mercy; still, there is, doubtless, a special Providence for those who walk the path of duty.

But we must go back a dozen years from this date to trace from its beginning the reason for this journey. At that time Mr. Wm. Ings had in his employ, in the neighbourhood of Dunedin, a lad named Willie Falconer. Living in a godly home, where the master cared for the souls of his employés, this lad came under the best of influences, and prayer was made for him continually. He afterwards removed to the bush, and laboured at a sawmill amidst surroundings most ungodly. Here he found the Lord, or shall we not rather say, the Lord found him. Here, too, taught by the Spirit, he came to see the Lord's will as to baptism, and wrote to his former master proposing to come to town to be immersed; but Mr. Ings very wisely "advised him to obey the Lord *where he was known.*"

This, then, was the purpose of the expedition. "Was it worth it", says one, "involving, as it did, so long a journey in such discomfort?" "Was it worth it, since there was, after all, only one candidate for the ordinance?" "Well worth it!" says the loyal heart, and "Well worth it!" echo the glad results. Ah, how little do we ken to what our work for God may grow! "Worth it?" Why, from this small seed the ingathering has come of which I have to tell; and there is much more seed still in the soil, which is dying only that it may live; and "What will the harvest be?"

Next day, the manager of the mill being waited upon, granted his hall for a meeting on the Sabbath, and the mill hands were personally invited to attend. The service over, the baptism took place in the Catlins river, no person countenancing it save one, who invited the baptizer and baptized into his cottage to change and dine. Thus did

the good work start. This first candidate, who said, as he came from the water, "Last Christmas, I was just on yonder point stripped, fighting with a man" (such wonders grace can do!) was henceforth to be a bright light in this dark place. On July 11, 1875, Mr. Ings made entry in his diary: "Expect this friend to be very useful. The Lord grant it, for Jesus' sake!" That prayer has been heard indeed! The new convert set to work at once, starting a Sunday-school. It was fit that Mrs. F—— should be candidate number two. She also was baptized *where she was known* (a grand principle this, and the secret of success in these parts). Then followed a brother named Willie McKenzie, who is now acting as evangelist for the whole district. But I cannot recount in detail how the cause spread and prospered. Time will fail me if I tell of Peter Wright, and Dan McIntosh, the converted blacksmith; and Pat O'Connell, the Roman Catholic, and a host of others, each of whom, like Barabbas, was "a notable prisoner"; but all of whom are now "free indeed." Since the work began, nearly one hundred have been baptized—a truly *grand* total for so sparsely populated a district. What we now know as "the Catlins Church" embraces a circuit some thirty miles in length, with a membership of forty, and six preaching-stations. At each of these, save one, the services are held in the school-house, or public hall. Owaki is the one exception, and there a cosy little Baptist Chapel has been erected, chiefly through the great liberality of Mr. Gideon Rutherford.

December 25, 1886, was, indeed, a happy Christmas for these bush Baptists; for on that day, being the Sabbath, and on the following Monday, their very own place of worship was opened clear of all liability. That was a hearty meeting, I'll be bound! Dearly would I have liked to have been with them that night, if only to hear four converted Maoris singing—

"Come to the Saviour, make no delay."

Quite a number of the brethren are able profitably to exhort, so that there are no less than twelve local preachers on the list. Owaki, where the chapel is, serves as the head centre, and there, at a quarterly meeting, the business is transacted and the plan made out. "Willie McKenzie", as he is familiarly called, in truly apostolic fashion, proceeds from place to place and from house to house, hunting for souls, and helping the saints. For two years the generous friend who started the building fund maintained the evangelist, but now the voluntary offerings of the people support him. He has a home in every place, and a welcome in every home—so, indeed, has everyone who loves the Lord. These are primitive Christians of a truth. One is their Master, and all of them are brethren. They are "given to hospitality" so that though they have not literally all things common, the principle of Christian communion is manifestly among them. Would that Christians everywhere were more after the type of this Brotherhood of Bush Baptists.

I need hardly say that my visit to this people was most enjoyable, and it also goes without saying that I was fully employed. We held no less than twenty-two meetings in nineteen days. The first mission was at Puerua, where mine host and hostess were led to see Baptism by reading C. H. S.'s sermons. How they love those sermons, to be

sure, *and their author!* One Sunday evening, when several friends from a distance came in after the service, they fell to talking of the little work they had in hand for Jesus. Then it was that the "gude wife" pointed to a John Ploughman's Almanack for '91, which I had fastened on the wall and bade Mrs. Tom Ploughman read it out aloud. It was indeed a word in season, and those earnest workers went back to their humble toil for Jesus greatly heartened, with such thoughts as these ringing in their ears: "If one of you cannot do much in a place by yourself, look up other friends, start a Sunday-school, and all of you work together. You may do great things by earnest unity. All at it, and always at it, and you will not labour in vain." Those little tapers shone to some purpose that evening, and John Ploughman's Almanack for '91 did good before '90 had quite expired.

During the course of the Puerua mission, we held a Sunday afternoon service at a place they call the Beach. As the name indicates, this station is by the sea-shore. Here is a Maori settlement, though with only a score or so of natives remaining, so decimated have their numbers been by that fell disease, consumption. But most of these are Christians, and *consistent* Christians too. How pleased they were to shake hands, and how pleased were we to greet them as brethren and sisters in Christ! I was not a little amused to find a Mr. and Mrs. Isaiah among them, and was inclined to ask if Jeremiah were there as well. How eagerly these dark-skins listened to the message—they said they understood it too—and how heartily they sang! Here, on a rising knoll, hard by the breaking waves we worshipped God. What better place for prayer and praise can there be than "the picturesque temple of the hill-side or the sea-shore"? Here we had both, and in the truest sense stepped from nature up to nature's God. It was close to this spot that at the close of my visit we held a baptismal service. Just where a little creek loses itself in the infinite main, four daughters of my Puerua host confessed "Jesus as Lord", while some who witnessed their bold profession were, I trust, resolving to follow their example—*and Christ's*—ere long. As this was the first occasion on which I had administered this ordinance out in the open, it had a peculiar interest for me.

From Puerua we journeyed to Tahatika and Purikiriki, to each of which euphoniously named places troops of riders came, and dray-loads of people, over the hole-iest of roads. Here, as everywhere, I found folk under the delusion that an outwardly moral life and a nominal connection with a church is quite enough to ensure salvation. Farmers though the most of them were, they would persist in putting the cart before the horse. Good works as a result of saving faith I gladly preached, but salvation by good behaviour NEVER! Hence some of them complained—"With Mr. Spurgeon a good life counts for nothing." Too bad, wasn't it? Yet Paul was surely of a similar mind to our own when he wrote, "Not of works, lest any man should boast." Yet some of these, thank God, came to know that "being justified *by faith*, we have peace with God."

At Owaki (alias Catlins) we had three week-night and two Sunday services. They were all seasons of refreshing. I was specially struck with the "go" of the service of praise. It would not have been

inappropriate had I woven into my prayer the remark of a local preacher I know of: "Lord, we thank thee for the bit o' good singing; the youths and the maidens sang lustily." What a deal depends on the psalmody! Many a time has the preacher been inspired by a "bit o' good singing", and many a time—well—quite the reverse. In this case there was no instrument. "Harmonious human tongues" make the best of music; ay, and even if they are not all superlatively sweet, a "rush of hallelujahs" inspires the preacher and inspirits the occupants of the pews.

"The sound
Of music that is born of human breath
Comes straighter from the soul than any strain
The hand alone can make."

Three weeks was all too short a term for so large a locality, and for so great an opportunity. But they were happy weeks; as happy as they were busy. If no one else got good, the Missioner did; for who could come into contact with earnest, honest hearts like these, and see their love for souls without being blessed. Owaki is a long way from Laodicea, but it would pay some churches to send their lukewarm members there for a change of air. They would come back like the roasted chestnuts of the London streets, "all hot—all hot," or glowing like the coke beneath them. Owaki, Catlins, Otago, N.Z., is the address. In closing let me say that I found it no easy matter to get the above information. Each brother humbly referred me to the other, and he who at last supplied me says, "With all my heart I acknowledge God as *the worker*, and praise him that he called me in some measure to help him."

Twinkle, Twinkle.

"MISS EMERSONIA OSGOODSON will now favour the company with a recitation", announced the teacher to friends who had assembled in the school-room to enjoy the regular Friday afternoon exercises.

Little Miss Emersonia stood forth and recited as follows:—

Coruscate, coruscate, diminutive stellar orb!

How inexplicable to me seems the stupendous problem of thy existence!

Elevated to such an immeasurable distance in the illimitable depths of space apparently in a perpendicular direction from the terraqueous planet we occupy!

Resembling in thy dazzling and unapproachable effulgence a crystallized carbon gem of unsurpassing brilliancy and impenetrability, glittering in the ethereal vaults whose boundless immensity we endeavour to bring within the compass of the human intellectual grasp by the use of the concrete term firmament!

When the dear little Boston girl had finished reciting these touching lines in her rapt, soulful, Bostonian way, and sat down, there wasn't a dry spectacle in the school-room.—*Chicago Tribune.*

The Track with the Golden Bolt.

BY W. Y. FULLERTON.

THE Central Pacific Railway in America, which links the two greatest oceans of the world, was completed but a few years ago. They began to lay the line at either end, and, after superhuman effort, they met in the centre. It was a day of intense excitement when the line was to be completed, the last rail laid, the last bolt—a golden one—driven home. Men came from all countries to witness the ceremony, and many who could not come gathered in the cities, where, over the electric wire, the news would instantaneously flash. The bolt was connected, by that same electricity, with the bell of the Capitol at Washington, and with the fire-bell at San Francisco, and the hammer that drove it home immediately started both the bells ringing. Thus, because the continent was crossed, the bells, both on the east and west, told forth the joy of the people. But when Christ completed the spiritual way, and, driving the last bolt home, said, "It is finished", I think surely the angels on the battlements said, "Ring the bells of heaven, there is joy to-day"; at all events, let us ring the bells on earth because, at length, Christ has opened up this new and living way by his own blood.

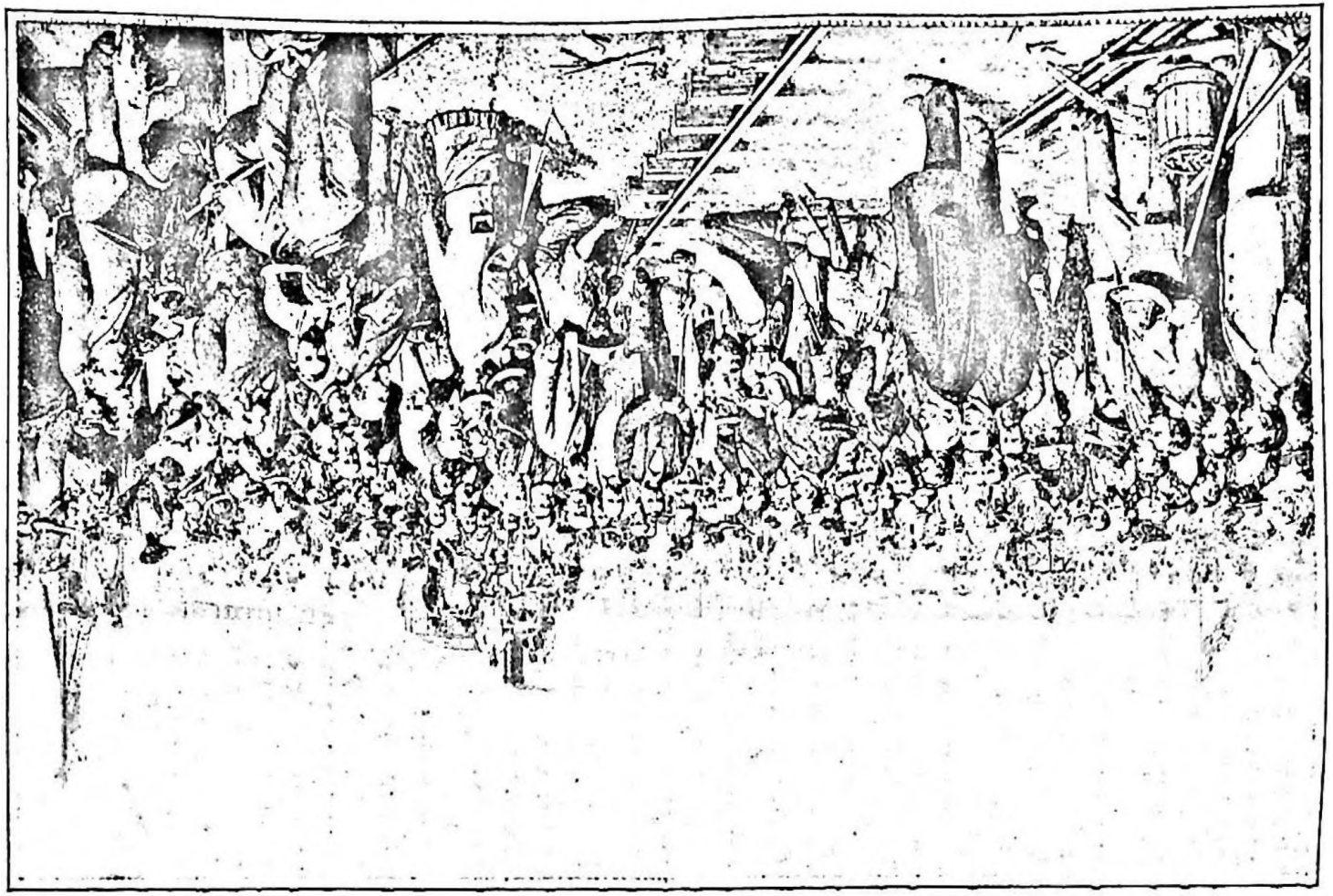
It has many names: the Way of Peace, the Way of Truth, the Way of Salvation, the Way of Holiness, the Way of God; but it is only one way, stretching from earth to heaven. The Cross of Calvary is the Golden Bolt, and the glorious gospel of the Blessed God is the responsive Silvery Music: but at Calvary—

It was not a bolt of gold,
But only a cross of wood,
Yet the bliss can never be told,
When its meaning is understood.

It speaks of the mountains crossed,
The crooked and rough made plain,
Of the climax of toil and cost,
That brings man back to God again.

The way is complete. Rejoice.
'Tis finished. Earth's one with heaven.
Now to Christ, with heart and with voice,
Let our trust and our thanks be given.

Our trust. 'Tis the only way
We bid to the world farewell.
And our thanks. Thus only we pay
For the favour in which we dwell.



Louisa Henrietta of Orange-Nassau,

Electress of Brandenburg.

THIS eminently Christian and talented princess was connected by birth or marriage with several of the royal families of Europe. She was the eldest daughter of that zealous champion of Protestantism, Frederic Henry, Prince of Orange, and Governor of the Netherlands, whose noble deeds in Holland's struggle for liberty against the domineering power and cruelty of Spain are worthy of everlasting remembrance. Her grandfather was William the Silent, the founder of Dutch liberty, who was murdered as the result of Spanish and Papal intrigue, in 1584. On her mother's side she was descended from Admiral Coligni, who fell a victim to Papal malice, in Paris, on the night of St. Bartholomew's Day, 1572. She was also aunt to William III. of England; wife of Frederic William, the "Great Elector," one of the most eminent of the Hohenzollerns; mother of Frederic William, the first King of Prussia; grandmother of Frederic the Great; and maternal ancestor of the present line of German emperors.

In addition to her personal attractions, she possessed great mental ability, considerable acquirements of learning, and great strength of character; and was eminent alike as a woman, a wife, a mother, a princess, a Christian, a poet, and a benefactor to her subjects.

It may be that the fame of another Louisa—Louisa of Prussia, queen of Frederic William III., the affecting story of whose changeful life has been so well told by Mr. Kelly*—may have thrown that of the earlier Louisa of Orange and Brandenburg somewhat into the shade. But with all our sympathy and admiration for the one, we must not forget what a debt all Protestants owe to the other.

Louisa Henrietta was born in the old castle of Nordende, at the Hague, 17th November, 1627. She was brought up very simply and religiously, and kept apart from the dissipations of other courts. The example of the fear of God had its happy effect on her mind in early life. She received the truth of God into her heart, and its fruits were seen in the loveliness of her character, and the purity of her life.

According to the sensible fashion of the time, the young princess and her sisters were instructed in all matters pertaining to household duties, both of work and management. Louisa Henrietta, at an early age, displayed both capability and taste for the acquirement of languages; and besides her own tongue, she became proficient in German, English, and French, of which German had the chief charm for her.

The great Elector saw his future wife for the first time when he was a youth of eighteen, when on a visit to the Hague, on diplomatic business for his father. His mother was niece to the Stadtholder, Frederic Henry, and the family connection gave him access to the pleasant home circle of the Prince of Orange. The Princess Louisa Henrietta was then a little more than ten years of age. She was an attractive child, and early developed into a beautiful woman. The offer of marriage made to her by Prince Frederic William met with a ready response, and the wedding was celebrated at the Hague, 7th December, 1646, when she was just turned nineteen years of age.

* "Louisa of Prussia, and other Sketches," by Rev. John Kelly. Religious Tract Society.

The first three years of their married life were spent at Cleves, in the fertile Rhineland, a city remarkable for its many historical associations, and its legends of the Romans and middle ages. It was not until the proclamation of peace, at the end of the Thirty Years' War, in the autumn of 1649, that she could proceed to Berlin. Her first-born saw the light at Cleves, in 1648; but on the journey to Berlin, the following year, he fell dangerously ill; and, notwithstanding her prayers and the most careful nursing, he died in her arms. The death of this son was a source of deep and lasting sorrow to both parents, especially to the Electress. It was after this sad event, and in the same year, that she wrote the hymn by which her name will go down to posterity—

"Jesus, meine Zuversicht."
"Jesus, my Redeemer, lives."

Like her father, who died the year after her marriage, and the Elector, her husband, she held firmly to the faith of the Reformed, or Calvinistic, branch of the Protestants. This may be distinctly traced in the hymn just referred to. She was then only twenty-two years of age, a time when some of her sex have hardly emerged from girlhood; but in the Electress we find unmistakable traces of the well-taught and experienced believer. It would be hardly safe to say how many versions of this hymn are now to be found in English; but that in "Lyra Germanica", Part I., as it was the first translation, by Miss Catherine Winkworth, has been most closely followed in the portions of the hymn found in modern hymn-books. Each translation, however, has its excellencies, revealing the depth and fulness of the original. The later version by Miss Winkworth is, perhaps, truer to the original; at least, she retains the double rhymes :—

"Jesus Christ, my sure Defence
And my Saviour, ever liveth;
Knowing this, my confidence
Rests upon the hope it giveth;
Though the night of death be fraught
Still with many an anxious thought.

"Jesus, my Redeemer, lives!
I too unto life must waken;
He will have me where he is;
Shall my courage then be shaken?
Shall I fear? Or could the Head
Rise and leave its members dead?

"Nay, too closely am I bound
Unto him by hope for ever;
Faith's strong hand the Rock hath found,
Grasped it, and will leave it never;
Not the ban of death can part
From its Lord the trusting heart,

"What now sickens, mourns, and sighs,
Christ with him in glory bringeth;
Earthly is the seed, and dies,
Heavenly from the grave it springeth;
Natural is the death we die,
Spiritual our life on high.

"Then take comfort, nay, rejoice,
For his members Christ will cherish;
Fear not, they will know his voice,
Though a while they seem to perish,
When the final trump is heard,
And the deaf, cold grave is stirred.

"Laugh to scorn the gloomy grave,
And at death no longer tremble,
For the Lord, who comes to save,
Round him shall his saints assemble,
Raising them o'er all their foes,
Mortal weakness, fear, and woes.

"Only draw away your heart
Now from pleasures base and hollow;
Would ye there with Christ have part,
Here his footsteps ye must follow;
Fix your heart above the skies,
Whither ye yourselves would rise!" *

The incident of the Elector discovering the poetic genius of his gifted wife is worthy narration. He was in the habit of spending some part of the morning with her. Coming one day before she had finished her early devotions, he found on her desk a newly-written manuscript. It was that of the well-known hymn. Greatly astonished, and yet admiring the production, he gently remonstrated with her that her thoughts were too sad.

"Sad", she replied! "No, certainly not; my soul has never been more lively or glad than this morning when I wrote this song to my Saviour. Is it not the duty of a Christian, even in the midst of life's joys, to think of death?" And then she told him how, in the loneliness of a sleepless night, her thoughts had been turned to Job xix. 25:—"I know that my redeemer liveth"; and how she composed the verses which tens of thousands have been profited by. Though the hymn was thus written in 1649, it was not published until 1653.

The old castle in Berlin had long been the home of the rulers of Brandenburg, and this was the dwelling-place of the Electress and her husband, and here was a house for God.

For several years there was no other child born, and this augmented the sorrow of the Electress; for, there being no heir to the throne, confusion and war would be inevitable in case of the Elector's death. This trial was, however, the means of drawing her nearer to God. Her other hymns, though perhaps inferior to that cited above, are all rich in evidences of heartfelt communion with God. It was her frequent custom, it is said, after personal thanksgiving and prayer, to spend a long time—sometimes hours—in intercessions with God for her husband and his people. In these exercises she was much helped and blessed, and God gave her much wisdom and penetration, even in temporal things, and in the affairs of state, so that the Elector, though a man of large intellect and great shrewdness, and many years her senior, was wont on occasions of importance, to leave the council of his statesmen

* "The Choral Book for England." Longmans and Co., Paternoster Row. 1865.

and seek the opinion and advice of his wife. She had a fine sense of Christian duty, and it was no little pain to her when the government of the Electorate proceeded, as they sometimes persuaded themselves it was fitting to do, on the lines of policy or expediency rather than on those of principle. Unhappily, this course has often been adopted in other countries, not excluding Great Britain, to the shame of Christianity, and the grief of its sincere disciples. In every case, however, "straightforward is the best runner"; and it will always hold good that what is morally wrong cannot be politically right.

The kingdom of Prussia—and, indeed, the whole German empire—owes much to the Electress Louisa Henrietta, and to her influence with her husband. She helped to strengthen him in that sturdy Protestantism which made him so much the generous protector of the persecuted; and Prussia has been richly rewarded by the skilful labours and various industries of such exiles as found a home within her borders. It should ever be remembered that, while both the Elector and his noble wife were of the Reformed, or Calvinistic church, the refugees were Lutherans, and that there was at that time all too much of contention and disputing, not to say, as in some cases, animosity, between the two bodies. So far, however, from partaking of this contentious spirit, the Electress urged on her husband, and used her own powerful influence to promote peace and unity between, if not the actual fusion of, the two sections of Protestants in their kingdom. The good Elector was grieved that these differing bodies, who were yet agreed on so many points, should dispute on those on which they were not agreed. He used all his efforts—powerful, but fruitless—to make them one by law, making the mistake which has been so often repeated since, and never with satisfactory results. These efforts had, at least, one evil result—they drove from Berlin, and from its principal church, the greatest of all German poets since Luther, Paul Gerhardt. The Elector's plan—*law*, indeed—was that the preachers on neither side should assail the sentiments of their differing brethren. Paul Gerhardt would not accept this; he would accept no compromise; he would not hold his charge upon the understanding that small deviations would not be noticed; he would have entire freedom to attack and expose whatever he considered wrong in the creed held by his sovereign. And yet, reading his hymns, especially that on the text, "If God be for us, who can be against us?" one would think him to have been very much more a Calvinist than many who give a nominal assent to the creed of the great German Reformer. In fact, in many religious circles now, he would be deemed a very extreme Calvinist who should write :—

* * * * *

"I know it, I believe it, I say it fearlessly,
That God, the Highest, Mightiest, for ever loveth me!
At all times, in all places, he standeth by my side;
He rules the battle fury, the tempest, and the tide,

"There is no condemnation, there is no hell for me,
The torment and the fire, my eyes shall never see;
For me there is no sentence; for me death has no sting,
Because the Lord who loves me shall shield me with his wing.

* * * * *

"No angel and no heaven, no throne, nor power, nor might,
No love, no tribulation, no danger, fear, nor fright,
No height, no depth, no creature that has been or can be,
Can drive me from thy bosom, can sever me from thee.

"My heart with joy upleapeth, grief cannot linger there,
She singeth high in glory, amidst the sunshine fair;
The sun that shines upon me is Jesus and his love;
The fountain of my singing is deep in heaven above!"

The Elector and his spouse prized the ministry of Gerhardt, and the Electress, especially, greatly esteemed him as a poet, and loved his hymns; but the law could not be set aside, and Gerhardt's conscience would not allow him to yield. So the good man left the large city church for a country sphere.

The Electress was most active in every way in seeking the welfare of her German people. The Thirty Years' War had left many parts of Germany almost a desert. Brandenburg was little, if any better off. The land was, in many places, depopulated. To remedy this, she encouraged the emigration of small farmers and labourers from Westphalia, and brought gardeners from Holland. These last brought with them cheese-making and horticulture. The land wasted by war was brought again under cultivation, and the energy of the new settlers stimulated the industry of the natives throughout the Electorate.

The residence which the Electress preferred before any other was at a small town to the north of Berlin, which had been devastated by the war; but which she rebuilt, and renamed Oranienburg, after her father. Here, in the garden attached to the palace, her taste for horticulture, after the Dutch style, was fully developed. She had orchards of fruit and nuts, and gardens filled with every useful production, not-omitting the ornamental. Among other things, she greatly encouraged the cultivation of the potato, then little used. In a comparatively short time corn-fields, gardens, and orchards sprang up where desolation had long reigned, and miserable habitations gave place to happy homes. The Electress gave a stimulus, too, to the study of music, in which she herself excelled. But while seeking to promote the temporal welfare of the people, she did not neglect their spiritual interests. She built churches and schools, and sought to promote vital godliness among the people, raising, too, the standard of education, and taking herself a deep interest and an active oversight of the work. She was so beloved by the people, that nearly all the newborn girls were named after her, Louisa.

But one thing weighed heavily on her mind: there was no heir to the throne, and it seemed as though the house of Hohenzollern would become extinct. She waited on God in prayer; but still the cloud did not remove. So much did this weigh upon her spirit, that one day she appeared before the Elector, and proposed that he should divorce her, and marry another wife, who might present the land with an heir. "You owe it", she said, "to your people." The Elector would not accept such a sacrifice; but replied, "As for me, I shall keep my oath, which I gave you before God; and should it please him to punish me and the land, we must submit to his will. My dear Louisa! have you forgotten the words, 'What God hath joined together, let no man put

asunder'?" Then, taking her hand, he gave her a loving look, and said, "Well, what is not now, may yet come to pass."

At length her spirit rejoiced in the Lord. A son was born; and in 1657 another, who became the first king of Prussia, and married a sister of George I. of England. Three other children were afterwards added, over whom their mother prayed much, and before whom her Christian example shone brightly.

The Electress was very regular in her attendance on divine service, at which she always appeared in the most simple attire, having made it a rule never to look in a mirror before going to public worship.

It was in the spring of 1654 that her health so improved that she gave birth to the heir, which filled her with such joy and gratitude that she devoted the day of the week on which he was born, to special prayer and thanksgiving. She also, as a thankoffering to God, founded an asylum at Oranienburg for twenty-four fatherless children. This asylum was afterwards removed to Berlin; but it is still called the Oranienburg Orphan Home. It was founded in 1650, and in 1850, at the bicentenary commemoration, the king of Prussia, Frederic William IV., presented a bell, which he named "Zuversicht," and which bears inscribed upon it the first two lines of the Resurrection Hymn :—

"Jesus meine Zuversicht
Und mein Heiland ist im Leben":

"Jesus, my Redeemer, lives," &c.

Her character as a Christian and as spiritually-minded, is reflected in her hymns. We have given one, and we will briefly refer to another, on—

PENITENCE.

"I will return unto the Lord
From all my evil ways;
O God, do thou thy help afford,
Teach me to seek thy face.
Thy Holy Spirit's strength impart,
Who can anew create my heart,
Deny me not this grace.

"For man sees not his wretched plight
Till thy touch makes him see;
Without thy Spirit's inner light
All blind and dead is he."

The hymn extends to eleven verses, and might be entitled, "Out of the depths." Probably it reproduces some of her early religious experiences, as the following verses seem to indicate:—

"Till now, in false security,
My conscience slept, and said,
'There yet is time enough for thee;
God is not stern,' it said.
'So strict account he doth not keep;
The Shepherd's patience with his sheep
Not soon is spent and fled.'

"But suddenly that sleep was broke,
And now my heart will break;
Thy voice in mighty thunders spoke,
Thy lightnings made me quake;
I see the realms of death and hell
Advance, in power I cannot quell,
My soul their prey to make.

"Ah, Jesu Christ! our mighty rock,
I flee alone to thee;
Within thy clefts, from every shock,
Oh, hide and shelter me!
O Lamb of God! didst thou not bear
All sins of men, and e'en my share,
Upon the fatal tree?"

"This hymn contains", says the late Miss Winkworth, the translator, "an affecting expression of the consciousness of sin and ingratitude in a life in which those around her could scarce discern a failing."

The Elector and the Electress were united in the strongest ties of affection, and in both peace and war she was ever at his side, accompanying him even in his campaigns, and once into Jutland; and when at length, by God's good providence, the rights of the Elector were established, and peace was secured on a firm basis, they made a tour through their dominions, they were received with enthusiastic joy by their subjects, with whom they mingled in a manner kind and benignant, as well as becoming their royal station.

In the early summer of 1666 the Electress met her mother at Cleves, where her youngest son was born. From this time, however, her health perceptibly declined. A visit to Holland, in the hopes of deriving benefit from her native air, made little improvement in her condition.

The restoration of monarchy in England, under the perfidious Charles II., had driven many scholars and eminent men to the Low Countries, where chiefly these exiles found a home. With many of them the Electress had frequent interviews, rejoicing in their society, as they greatly prized hers.

The Electress now spent much of her time in reading and prayer, and in preparation for that change of worlds which seemed not far off. With great difficulty, owing to growing weakness, she made her way back to Berlin, that she might spend her last days with her husband and children. She was spared a few months longer, and had the pleasure of having with her her youngest sister, the Duchess of Anhalt-Dessau, the maternal ancestor of the Duchess of Connaught.

Everything was done to preserve so valuable a life, but in vain; and in her fortieth year, on the 18th of June, 1667, with a last loving pressure of her husband's hand, she passed up higher, to be with Jesus, whose praises are now being sung the world over in her grand resurrection hymn.

Thomas Carlyle, who has good words for very few, thus speaks of the Electress and her husband, in his "Life of Frederic the Great", in his own rugged and quaint way:—"A marriage of love withal. Young Frederic William's courtship. Wedding in Holland, the honest, trustful walk and conversation of the two sovereign spouses, their journeyings

together, their mutual hopes, fears, and manifold vicissitudes, till death, with stern beauty, shut it in; all is human, true, and wholesome in it; interesting to look upon, and rare among sovereign princes."

Both the "Great Elector", and his son, Frederic William I., gave material help to England in her struggles for liberty, and against popery. The great Elector was at once the uncle and the cousin of our William III., and helped him in many ways. A regiment of Brandenburgers, too, did good service at the battle of the Boyne, in the reign of Frederic William I. It was Louisa's great-grandson—the nephew and son-in-law of George I. of England—who opened to the noble Salzburgers a door of hope in the Achor of their trouble, when Austria drove them into exile by bitter and remorseless persecution.

The German Imperial family, as also those of Dessau, Holland, and Sweden have descended, through the Electress Louisa, from Admiral Coligni; and they have, as also the Royal house of England, a common ancestor in William the Silent, of Holland, from an elder daughter of whom has come the House of Hanover, and Victoria I., Queen of England, and Empress of India.

The late Prince Consort, "Albert the Good", was a descendant of John the Steadfast, of Saxe-Gotha, who perilled all for the truth's sake. May the royal sons and daughters, and other descendants, of our noble Queen and the sainted Albert, all know and be true to the faith of their fathers, and imitate the noble and truly excellent example of the worthy and illustrious Louisa Henrietta. R. SHINDLER.

Accuracy Spoiling Sentiment.

DR. JETER sometimes upset the gravity of the meeting by his remarks when he had no thought of doing so. In 1879 the General Association met in Danville, Va. When, on the first evening, the organization was completed, it was proposed to have a season of prayer. A brother suggested that we pray especially for our brethren who were kept away by affliction. He spoke of the sickness of Dr. C. and Dr. W., and then said: "It may not be known that our honoured brother, Dr. B., passed through Danville to-day from the South, bringing the remains of his mother to be buried at the old homestead in Virginia." It was a hushed and tender moment—too much so for Dr. Jeter. He arose and sought to soothe the sorrow of the brethren. "It is very proper", he said, "to sympathize with the afflicted; but it is well to know the facts, so *as not to sorrow overmuch.* As for Dr. C., he is not sick much; I saw him yesterday. And as for Dr. W., I think he will be here to-morrow; and as for Dr. B., it is *not* his mother who is dead, but his *mother-in-law.*" The effect of his speech was an explosion. It quite mortified him, and knocked the solemnity out of the meeting. He never saw the joke.—*From Life of Dr. Jeter.*

Queer People.

THE title, to many, may seem curious; but I assure you there are such persons about. Perhaps others think me among the number; and no doubt it is so. Still, for all that, there are many queer people in the world; and not a few of them seem to come across my path. Sometimes they are not at all helpful to the Lord's work; nor do they add to the comfort of those who are trying their best to extend the Master's kingdom. I suppose there are those who like these eccentric characters, and enjoy their company; doubtless, they are somewhat like my little girl, who, when I gave her a penny, exclaimed, "Now I will have a pennyworth of all-sorts, because you get so many, and have so many kinds for your money."

The following extracts from personal letters will help to show that evangelists come pretty freely into touch with some queer people; but thank God, it is not all one-sided, nor is it all unpleasant experience in this glorious work; therefore, I give, in addition to requests and extracts which trouble the spirit and hinder one's time, a few more pleasing extracts from letters which cause the heart to thrill with joy, and give stimulus to our work, which, at times, is very exhaustive to the system. Many persons would hardly credit that such questions as the following would be addressed continually to public men; but I have little doubt but what there are many ministers who could give a similar experience. It seems to me, the more busy the man, the more curious are the questions put to him. I know I am within the mark when I say that my colleague has received, of late, over fifty letters crossed on all four sides, and every other word underlined with thick black ink, and really no true sense or meaning in the whole epistle. The following is a sample of extracts from personal notes received:—

"Dear Sir,—Is it right to marry my cousin? and could you oblige me by taking a bundle of clothes to my daughter in London; she is in service near Woolwich? I shall come to the meeting to-night, and will bring the parcel with me."

"Can you write a line to my son—a word of advice—when you return to London? I shall be glad, also, if you can call upon my brother, and speak to him personally; he needs it indeed, for he keeps a public-house; and will you try and get some of my children in Mr. Spurgeon's Orphanage?"

"Please write and tell me how to get into the Pastors' College. I have had a call to be a preacher, and am very anxious to preach."

This good brother then commences to give me a specimen of his preaching, in his letter, for my own private benefit, which, I am sorry to say, was neither profitable to my body, soul, or feelings.

"Dear Sir,—I heard you last night. I am anxious to become a hospital nurse. Can you tell me where to apply? You will remember my mother; she used to sing in your choir at Birmingham during the mission. She is now married again, and living in London. If you should meet her, tell her you have heard from me, and I am now nicely."

"Dear Sir,—I heard you sing last night that song, 'Nothing to pay.' Don't sing it again; for it is not true. We have had a jolly lot

too much to pay at our church. It's all pay, pay, pay, and nothing else but pay. Signed 'Nemo.'"

"Dear Sir,—I am told you and Mr. Fullerton keep a *Bureau Society*. A penny a year to become a member. I want to join it."

To such we have to write and explain that it is *not a Bureau Society; but a Berean Bible Union*, for daily readings of the Scriptures in private. There are thousands who, for years, have read with us daily, and if you wish to join us also, we shall be glad to enrol you as a member. The penny a year is for the card enclosed with the daily portions allotted for private devotion.

"Could you lend me five pounds for a few days? I have been much blessed under your preaching, and am in need of immediate help."

You see by the sample above, there is something to do in the shape of correspondence, apart from the ordinary work of an Evangelist. But with the many letters which fall to our lot, some curious and some otherwise, there also come many that repay for all the toil and trial of others, such as—

"Dear Sir,—Thank you for your song last night, No. 61 in your book 'Evangel Echoes.' It led me to find salvation in Jesus. Please sing it again to-night."

"Dear Sir,—I want to thank you for singing No. 22 in 'Evangel Echoes.' My mother heard you sing it years ago, and found Christ through your singing that hymn. She sang it to us as we stood round her death-bed; she died singing the word 'watching.'"

"Thank you so much for singing that sweet song, No. 8 in 'Hymns for Home', dedicated to Mrs. C. H. Spurgeon. What a comfort that 'Just for to-day' has been to my heart ever since I heard you sing it! Please sing it again this afternoon at Exeter Hall."

"Dear Sir,—I must write and tell you what a blessing that beautiful song has been, 'The Lost One', No. 4 in 'Evangel Echoes.' The words are so good, and the music exquisite. I know of several who have been converted through that song." I can add here—So do I.

"Dear Sir,—My sister and I don't know how to express our joy at seeing and hearing you last night. We are anxious to shake your hand to-night. Our dear mother read your book, 'Stray Leaves,' and told us, before she died, if ever we went anywhere near where Messrs. Fullerton and Smith were holding a mission, 'be sure you go and hear them, and make right up to Mr. Manton Smith, and thank him for me for writing "Stray Leaves", and tell him what a comfort it has been to me on my death-bed'; and then she said, 'Now, dears, read it yourselves, and give your heart to Christ.' O sir, how strange it is that the first place we should come to after mother's death, we should see you and hear you both!"

"Sir,—My mother's wish has been granted, and her prayer answered, for we have now delivered her dying message, and last night Sissie and I both decided for Christ at your meeting."

This last cheering information has not long been received. I am glad to record it with gratitude to God for his goodness, also to cheer other workers in the Master's vineyard, and to assure them that the promises of God are yea and amen in Christ Jesus; therefore if our service be faithful, the fruit shall be seen after many days.—J. MANTON SMITH.

Friendly Aid for a Brother Preacher.

BY C. H. SPURGEON.

No. 3.

THIS time we take the third chapter of Genesis, hoping to find subjects for discourse therein.

O weighty chapter, heavy with the griefs of a race! This is the inspired *Paradise Lost.* No fable this, but sadly veritable fact.

Verse 1. The Arch-enemy of our race. I. *The form he assumed:* The serpent. Glides silently, insinuates readily, appears harmless, bears poison in his mouth, &c. II. *The quality he displayed:* Subtlety. In opposition to simplicity, which is a gospel quality. The craft of beasts exceeded; skill given of God perverted; that subtlety now still more increased by another five thousand years of plotting against God; that subtlety greater than we can overcome. III. *The place wherein he appeared:* Paradise. In the church, in our home, in our study, at table, in company. No place too holy, too retired, too happy for the serpent to intrude. Let us watch against this subtle foe.

Verse 1. The serpent and the woman. I. *He meets her alone.* Holy company a safeguard for the weak. II. *He assails her with a question.* His usual method nowadays. III. *Into that question he weaves a falsehood.* It is ill for men or women to talk with a serpent. Beware!

Verses 2, 3. It would have been best for Eve to have been silent. I. *She began with the truth.* II. *She afterwards added a little:* "Neither shall ye touch it." III. *She altered the threatening into a mere danger:* "Lest ye die." IV. *She omitted the date and the divine assurance:* "Surely." Thus she made that doubtful which was sure, that distant which was immediate, that accidental which was the certain effect of transgression. How soon do evil communications corrupt the mind!

Verses 4, 5. The serpent's oration. 1. *God accused of falsehood.* 2. *God charged with selfish jealousy of man.* 3. *God supposed to be the enemy of knowledge.* Still does the enemy make out the gospel to be untrue, a means of keeping men under, and a system by which inquiry is restrained and ignorance enforced. All these are lies.

Verse 6. The sinner's progress: she *saw*, she *desired*, she *took*, she *ate*, she *gave* to her husband, and *he did eat.*

Verse 7. I. Thought creates consciousness of sin. II. Consciousness of sin causes shame. III. Shame seeks covering. IV. The covering which we fashion is scanty, clumsy, liable to wither. We need a better robe of righteousness.

Verse 8. I. *How the Lord comes:* He came as Jehovah Elohim walking in the garden. II. *When he comes:* "In the cool of the day." He does not hasten in wrath. He gives them space. He comes calmly, gently, deliberately. III. *What Adam did:* "Hid himself." IV. *Why we should not imitate him therein.*

Verse 9. God's first words to the first sinner. Mark the *alienation* of heart which sin causes, and also the *folly* it causes: sin made man a fool, for he tried to hide from the omniscient God. There are two truths in that short inquiry, "Adam, where art thou?" (1) *Adam was lost.*

(2) *God looked after him in mercy.* The question, "*Where art thou?*" may be viewed in five different ways—I. As a voice to arouse the soul. II. As a question to convince of sin. III. As the voice of God bemoaning man's estate. IV. As a seeking voice, inquiring after man, in order to his finding. V. As in the end, a voice of justice, summoning the obstinate to the judgment-seat.

Verse 12. The method of laying our faults on others. I. *It was unloving*, it led Adam to blame the dearest, and also the Greatest. II. *It was evil*, mean, unscrupulous, ungrateful, selfish, cowardly, cruel. III. *It was ineffectual.* He had to finish up by confessing, "I did eat."

Verse 13. I. God asks searching questions. II. Sinners find abundant excuses.

Verses 14, 15. Here are the notes of one of my sermons on these two verses:—The serpent is asked nothing: his guilt is clear. His doom was the first gospel. Though terrible to him, it was hopeful to our first parents and to us. Let us learn from the text—I. *The instructive form under which Satan appears.* A serpent. Subtle. Insinuating. Venomous. Nothing noble, brave, true about him. II. *The memorable fact as to his condition.* 1. He is accursed of God. 2. He is cursed in reference to us. 3. Every form of sin is cursed. III. *The remarkable prostration.* 1. He moves as a fallen one. 2. His means are base. 3. His objects are grovelling. IV. *The perpetual degradation.* 1. He lives a defeated life. 2. His gains are disappointing. 3. His pleasure is foul. 4. His whole cause is evanescent. V. *The ceaseless war.* 1. Waged between him and the woman's seed. 2. A war which God himself creates, "I will put enmity." 3. A war which he also maintains. VI. *The limited achievement:* "Thou shalt bruise his heel." 1. The sufferings of our Lord. 2. The sufferings of saints. 3. The injury done to the cause of truth. VII. *The certain doom:* "It shall bruise thy head." 1. It is done in Christ. 2. It is done in all believers. 3. It will be a mortal blow in the end. Do we belong to the seed of the woman?

Verse 15. Christ the Conqueror of Satan. I. *The facts.* (1) The quarrel taken up by the Champion. Enmity was excited. The woman and the serpent had been very friendly, had conversed. She thought he was her friend; and she was so much his friend that she took his advice in the teeth of God's precept. (2) The coming of the Champion as the seed of the woman. (3) The suffering of the Champion: his heel should be bruised. (4) The victory of the Champion: he would bruise the serpent's head. II. *Our experience as it tallies with these facts.* God put enmity between us and the devil. Then came the Champion to us, and we were led to see the bruising of Christ's heel. The serpent's head is now broken in us: the power, dominion, and guilt of sin are gone. Oftentimes temptation overcomes, but we have the hope that the very being of sin in us shall be destroyed. Satan's head is broken when we are used in saving souls. III. *The encouragement yielded by the text and context.* To exercise faith in the promise, and so to be comforted: Adam was evidently encouraged (v. 20). Our receipt of Christ's righteousness an instalment of the final overthrow of the devil. Expect to be assailed. Your suffering is not brought upon you for your own sake, but as partners with the Great Seed of the woman: the battle is

against Christ in you. Resist the devil, in the belief of the fact that his head is broken already.

Verse 18. Here are notes of a sermon which has never been printed. "*Thorns also and thistles shall it bring forth to thee.*" The penalty was not what it might have been. The curse did not fall on man, but on the ground. He was to be above ground, or he would not see the thorns. The ground would bring him a livelihood. I. *The Fact in General.* Thorns are a natural product. They are found freely in the natural world, the social world, the Christian world (Hosea x. 8), the family world, the personal world (body, soul). II. *The Fact as here foretold.* Trials come spontaneously, unavoidably, abundantly, variously, constantly, universally. III. *The Fact as it is to be met.* A clear knowledge of the fact will—1. Prevent disappointment. 2. Arouse gratitude. 3. Prepare for endurance. 4. Prevent idolatrous clinging to earth. 5. Drive us to seek higher things. 6. Make us look to grace to change all things. 7. Make us adore our thorn-crowned Lord who has turned the curse into a blessing.

Verse 21. The garments they made for themselves were the growth of nature, soon to fade. Those which the Lord brought them as the result of blood-shedding were warm and lasting.

Verses 22—24. In what way the devil's prophecy (verse 5) was fulfilled. The condition of man was such that it would have been a great curse to allow him to live here for ever. Therefore mercy itself drives him out of Paradise, and justice sets a guard to keep him from return. Sad state when that which was a blessing has to be denied us lest it prove a curse.

Training for China.

THE best training for the interior of China is to live for a time in England in one little room in a back street, black your own boots, eat plain boiled rice, bread, and vegetables; in the morning commune with God, and study, *especially your Bible*. In the afternoon go out angling (for "men", of course), making a point of systematic visiting and individual conversations. In the evening throw yourself heartily into God's work, always being careful *to take the lowest place*, and learn from others more experienced than yourself. If possible, get a kind, crotchety friend to come and live with you. Never get put out with him, nor be anything but yielding and cheerful. KEEP ON DOING THIS. Those who *do not get tired*, will have proved themselves to be splendidly-trained collegians. Those who *give up*, however clever they may be, are not trained enough for Inland China!

The qualification is a Christlike spirit—humble, patient, persevering, loving. *A great test is willingness to be snubbed!—J. Heywood Horsburgh, M.A.*

The Towers of Silence, Bombay.

THESE towers are used by the Parsees for their dead. The Parsee idea is that the earth should not be contaminated by decaying matter; so they lay their dead in these towers to be devoured by vultures. The towers are round, not very high, and open to the sky. Inside there is a stone platform running all round, with three sets of shelves, sloping downwards to a deep empty well in the centre. The outer circle of grooves is for men, the second row for women, and the third for children. When a person dies, he is placed on an iron bier, and carried by official corpse-bearers, accompanied by a procession of mourners, kept together by holding the ends of white handkerchiefs.

When they reach the tower, the friends stand at a distance, the corpse-bearers strip the corpse at the entrance, and place the naked body on one of the shelves. The vultures are all sitting on the trees and walls, watching, and in less than five hours they reduce the body to a skeleton. In eight days the bones are completely dried. They are then lifted with tongs and thrown into the central well. The rain washes down into this well, and gradually carries all away into drains provided for the purpose, which have large filters at either end, so that when the water reaches the earth, there is no contaminating matter in it. A year or two since a circumstance occurred in connection with a funeral which excited much interest in Bombay. A man of property was supposed to be dead, and his body was laid in one of the grooves. The friends departed, and the vultures descended to devour him. The tearing of his flesh caused him to awaken from the swoon into which he had passed. To his horror he found himself naked in the Tower of Silence, and left to the vultures. A more fearful position it is hard to conceive. With great difficulty he beat off the vultures, and sought to find a place of exit from the tower. This, with great peril, he accomplished. He was now outside, and fear of death from the vultures was gone; but what shall he now do? He made his way to his old home. His wife and children, when they saw him, shrieked, and exclaimed, it was his ghost; no persuasion on his part would allay their terror. He thought of a missionary he knew, went to him, and told his wondrous story. The missionary kindly gave him clothing, and allowed him to make his house his home. His friends would have nothing to do with him. He was dead; they had attended his funeral. He then asked for some of his own property. "No", they said, "you are dead"!! He went to law, to recover his possessions; but the decision was against him—"he was dead, and had, therefore, no further claim"!! What a suggestive fact for us who have died in Christ, and have been buried with him by baptism. Now are we dead to the world, to self, to sin, that we should henceforth walk in newness of life. May we reckon ourselves dead indeed unto sin, but alive unto God through Jesus Christ our Lord!

Bath. G. E. THOMAS.

Theudascity.

BY ALPHA.

"Before these days rose up Theudas, boasting himself to be SOMEBODY."—Acts v. 36.

THIS sort of thing, in the present day, is known by the title of "bounce"; and of all awkward people to manage, I suppose these "nobodies", who will persist in thinking themselves "somebodies", are the most awkward. They are always going to set the Thames on fire, and do wondrous exploits; but, somehow or other, these things never come off. You can find a Theudas upon most of our platforms, if the gathering is of much importance; and these gentlemen are not confined to one particular class of society; they flourish amongst all sorts and conditions of men, and are usually very great talkers.

Josephus mentions a man of the same name, and in all probability the same man. He seems to have induced a large number of people to take their property with them, and follow him to the Jordan, where he was going to do wonders. The river was to be divided; and various other little matters were in his programme. It is hardly necessary to add they did not come off.

These "somebodies" usually spell their name with a big I; and are very fond of the expression, "In *my* opinion, gentlemen", with a very special emphasis on the "my." In a public meeting there is not the least difficulty in getting them to speak; the difficulty consists in getting them to leave off, the bump of modesty not being usually very largely developed amongst this class. John Ploughman says: "Some are all sound and fury; and when they have bragged their brag, all is over, and *amen*. Bless you, how they do draw the long-bow! Hear them talk; it is all in capital letters and notes of admiration. Such boasters are not worth a button with the shank off." In returning to the text, it is, perhaps, worth while noticing two things, amongst others.

I. A NUMBER OF PEOPLE WERE TAKEN IN BY THE AUDACITY OF THIS MAN.

We read that about four hundred men joined themselves to him. Women, as a rule, see a good deal further than men, and are shrewder judges of character. Theudas seems to have got on better with the men than with the women, and his tall talk led away four hundred simple-minded fellows, who shut their eyes, and opened their mouths, and swallowed the whole of it. Is there none of this Theudascity in the present day? Spend an evening listening to the talk of these "somebodies", who are going to bring about the millennium in about six months, and watch the audience, and you will say that Theudas left a good many children behind him. "Be sure and let the reporters know that *I* am presiding at the American organ to-night", said a certain person at a meeting. Ah, this Theudascity isn't dead yet! this rushing into prominence with the capital I! this boasting ourselves to be *somebody!* and many to-day, as in the days of Theudas, are led away by it. Young men, read *for yourselves*, think *for yourselves*, be "*swift to hear, slow to speak*", and you won't find yourselves amongst the four hundred.

II. NOTHING CAME OF IT ALL BUT DISAPPOINTMENT AND DISASTER.

Theudas was slain, and "all as many as obeyed him were scattered, and brought to nought." So this boaster, who gave himself out to be

"somebody", made shipwreck of himself, and dragged others into the vortex of his own ruin.

From brag, and boast, and stuck-upism, may we all be mercifully delivered! This accursed conceit "thrust haughty Nebuchadnezzar out of men's society, Saul out of his kingdom, Adam out of Paradise, Haman out of court, and Lucifer out of heaven." We are all more or less infected with this spirit of Theudas; and standing upon the high pinnacle of our false pride, we lose sight of that wondrous picture of Jesus Christ, the Son of God, girt with a towel, and washing the feet of his servants.

"As many as obeyed Theudas were scattered, and BROUGHT TO NOUGHT." The mask of this braggart was torn from his face; the mighty "somebody" became less than "nobody"; the house fell, and great was the fall of it; and standing out above the ruins is this lesson for all of us: "The Lord shall cut off all flattering lips, and the tongue that speaketh proud things" (Psalm xii. 3).

"The Good Shepherd."

O CHRIST, the Shepherd of the sheep,
Who only hast the love and skill
Thy timid flock in peace to keep,
And guard from all surrounding ill!

Whose wise, discriminating eye,
Knows at a glance those who are thine;
Nor passes e'en the weakest by,
Though for a while their faith decline;

Enclose me safely in the fold,
Where rests the flock for whom thy life
Was given in the days of old,
When, dying, thou didst win the strife.

And lead me forth to pastures new,
Where, free from any lurking foe,
Beneath a loving Shepherd's view,
I may in safety come and go.

And if—as I, alas! am prone—
Allured by prospects seeming fair,
I stray, and wander forth alone,
Forgetful of thy tender care;

Still keep thine eye upon my track,
O'er rugged hill and dreary plain;
And search me out, and bring me back
With gladness to the fold again.

So let me go from day to day,
Rejoicing in thy constant love;
Till thou shalt call me hence away
To the fair fields of light above.

Sidcup. E. A. TYDEMAN.

A Seared Conscience and a Wrecked Faith.

THAT is a very significant and solemn word in 1 Timothy i. 19: "A good conscience; which some having *thrust from them* made shipwreck concerning the faith." The idea is, that departure from the faith is preceded by departure from rectitude. Here is the interpretation of much that would otherwise be mysterious. We see men around us making shipwreck concerning "the faith", whose own lives *appear* to be quite in order. Morally and commercially they *seem* to be as good as the men whose faith is true, and who are true to "the faith." Their action in leaving the only one anchorage for uncertain seas is a puzzle to their dearest friends. Those who know but little of the subtleties of human nature are staggered by such cases, and for a time their own faith wavers. But before a man allows himself to be moved in the presence of these faith-wrecks, he should enquire of himself, "Do I know all? Am I perfectly certain that this man is as honest as he represents himself to be? May there not be a poisoned place *within* that accounts for this gangrene *without?*"

It would be unfair to say that *every* man who departs from the true faith, does so because of moral delinquency in his life; but it may be safely said that this is the true explanation of many a man's faith-fall.

The case occurs thus, very often. A man who, until this time, has been very orthodox, becomes suddenly acquainted with men who understand grabbing better than godliness. He catches their fever, and forthwith abandons himself to the art of getting gold at any cost. To do this, he is compelled to resort to very shady tricks. At the first, his conscience rebels against it, and the man sees plainly that he must give up either his God or his gold. In that mental battle he is vanquished: his conscience is "thrust away"; and then the next stage is entered upon. He feels that he can no longer, with safety, make a Christian profession; so he concludes to drop it. The first intimation of the change will probably be made to a select few, who will be startled to hear that Brother —— can no longer accept the doctrine of eternal punishment: he thinks a God who could inflict such dreadful pain upon his poor creatures is unworthy of being loved, &c. That is *the coward's* argument. He cannot believe in GOD'S justly punishing, but he has great confidence in *his own* methods of injustice. Then the inspiration of the Word of God will be denied, simply because he does not *want* to believe it as God's Word: its edge is too keen to suit his iniquity. At last he comes wholly out of his shell, and poses as an "intelligent thinker." This is the history of thousands.

But let me give two cases from *real life:* changing names and circumstances for an obvious reason. Case number one:—The Rev. Octavius Nosoul was "called" to the pastorate of Little Mary Street Congregational Chapel. For a time all went on well, and the people seemed edified under his ministry. Then a change came—very slight at first, but still very definite. The reverend gentleman preached a course of sermons on the Love of God, laying great emphasis on the "LOVE." Now and then the emphasis was so great as to amount to a sneer at something else. Then came sly hits at people who preached "dogma" and "creed."

Then pathetic references to the departed, "who had gone amid the shadows with shadows upon them." He worked on, driving his wedge farther and farther in, until he boldly announced his disbelief in the "brutal dogma of eternal torments." Many members of his congregation, with large theological gullets, eagerly swallowed his teaching; but the graver and more useful members solemnly protested—and submitted.

The next change in the minister's theology was apparent one day, when he very coolly read from a revised version of his own, "The *life* of Jesus Christ his Son cleanseth us from all sin." He said publicly that "blood" was a "horrid word", unworthy of a respectable theology, and that "life" better conveyed the meaning. In answer to all protests against his teaching, he replied that "he was *growing* considerably in thought." So, to outsiders, it was apparent that "the faith" was being put away. One day the secret came out, and it was another case of "conscience being *thrust* away." There was a scandal, and in it lay the explanation of his altered theology.

Case number two was briefly told, thus :—

Mr. Silas H. James was a leading member of North Place Baptist Church, Brindborough. In fact, he was a deacon. When his minister first became pastor of the church, Silas was most enthusiastic, and spared no pains to help the work. Then suddenly his attitude changed. A constrained manner towards his once-loved pastor was the first indication given. When visiting one day, the pastor found him engrossed with "the Story of an African Farm"; he was absorbing this poison with evident delight. Bit by bit it all came out: first, eternal punishment denied; then, the Deity of Christ watered down beyond recognition; then, the Atonement and Inspiration questioned. Many friends remonstrated with him, many more tried to help him; but all to no purpose: his steady reply to all was, "I have grown out of all that." This man rarely attended a prayer-meeting; but he professed such an interest in the welfare of the young people, that he proposed a weekly entertainment for them, "to keep them together", as he said. His case was inexplicable; he was an unpickable lock. One day the key was found, and the door of his inner life flew open. He who could not accept evangelical doctrines, had, nevertheless, managed to perpetrate a swindle with a cleverness worthy of Satan himself. Besides this, he had found ample time for frequent intoxication. These villainies—hidden for a time—were dragged to light. He had "*thrust*" *away* a good conscience, and so made shipwreck of faith.

"Let him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall." Let us help all "honest" men who yearn for Christ's own light; their very yearning *is* his light at its first shining; but let us hold at arm's length those creatures who, pretending that they cannot accept "the faith which was once delivered unto the saints", do so in order to cover up a foul life.

Lewisham, S.E. F. C. SPURR.

"Bless Him! He Saved me at two o'clock!"

IT is not given to all Christians to know the exact time and place of their conversion. Whilst the work is the operation of the Spirit of God in every case, yet the means employed differ widely :—

> "Some are as by tempests driven,
> Others gently drawn to heaven."

In the case of the "tempest-driven", the change from storm to calm cannot but be definitely marked ; whilst with the "gently drawn", it is not easy always to determine the exact moment when the great change takes place.

Never shall I forget a grand "sunrise over the sea", which I witnessed from the English Channel. I had gone on the upper deck of the vessel early, on purpose, and was well repaid. Looking eastward, without a cloud to intercept the vision, I beheld the brilliant bank of gold, and then the ball of fire rising, apparently, from the ocean, and throwing its crimson pathway over the glassy sea to the vessel's bow, as though it would tempt one to venture a walk on the deep. Next morning I thought to witness the sight again ; but there were banks of fog lying eastward ; and, whilst conscious that day *was breaking*, I could not certainly tell at what moment the sun had risen. Presently the mists were scattered, and we rejoiced in the clear sunlight. Then, it was evident, that the sun had been on its upward march for more than an hour. It is thus in relation to sunrise in the soul; in some cases it is clearly defined, whilst in others the precise moment is veiled in uncertainty.

Doubtless, Paul could point to the very hour and spot when he was arrested on his way to Damascus by the voice from heaven. The Philippian jailor could have little doubt as to the time and place of his conversion. Zacchæus would ever remember the hour when the Saviour said, "*This day* is salvation come to this house." Our worthy Editor is not likely to forget that cold wintry Sabbath when he was prevented by the snow from attending the chapel for which he started; and, turning aside into the little Methodist meeting-house, was "effectually called" through the ministry of a poor unlettered countryman. The place and time when there rang through his heart the words, "Young man, look and live!" can never fade from his memory.

When conducting a mission in the North of England, some years since, I met with a rather striking case of conversion through the somewhat startling expression at the head of this sketch.

By the mercy of God, we were tolerably busy with inquirers day by day. One evening, whilst pleading with an anxious soul, a stalwart Yorkshireman entered, and dropped upon his knees beside me. As I was praying for the salvation of this seeker, he cried out excitedly, "Bless him ! He saved me this morning at two o'clock !" When left alone with him, I asked an explanation of this sudden interruption; and elicted the following.

For five years previously he had been a leading infidel in the town. Having a passionate love for music, and hearing there was special singing at the chapel, he came. He had no wish to hear what was *said ;*

yet was too much the gentleman to stop his ears during the speaking; hence the message entered and pierced his heart. By the time the service was over he was in a very miserable mood, but too proud to find his way with the enquirers into the school-room. This conviction had seized him, as with an iron-grip—"*There is a God!* I *cannot* banish him from his world, even though I banish him from my thoughts; and this God I shall have to meet for judgment." So distressed was he by these thoughts, that on reaching home he pleaded indisposition, and retired, determined to fall asleep and forget all he had heard. But sleep forsook him, and in anguish of soul he turned and tossed for some time. Then he paced the room for half-an-hour to try and induce sleep. After restlessly tossing for another half-hour, he lit his lamp and tried to bury his trouble in the pages of a volume by his side. When he had read several pages and discovered that he was only doing it *mechanically*, and knew not a sentence of that he was reading, he closed the book in disgust, lowered the light, and tried once more to sleep; but all his efforts were in vain, sleep refused to come to his relief. Then, heart-broken, and almost despairing, he fell upon his knees by the bedside crying for mercy to that God whom he had so long ignored. There for nearly two hours he wept and prayed; then there flashed through his heart—rather shall we not say, was brought by the Holy Spirit to his remembrance?—a text he had heard quoted in the address that evening: "Him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out." Eagerly he clutched at this as a drowning man at a rope, cast himself in all his sin upon the Saviour, and peace stole into his heart—"the peace of God, which passeth all understanding"—and as he rose from his knees with his new-found joy, the clock struck two; hence his exclamation, "Bless him! He saved me at two o'clock!"

JOHN BURNHAM.

Baptist Forward Movement in France.

FOR about sixty years Baptist evangelistic work has been carried on in France by pastors and missionaries associated with the AMERICAN BAPTIST MISSIONARY UNION; but, notwithstanding much devotion and hard labour on the part of the evangelists, the results have been, for a long time, comparatively small.

Recently, however, it has pleased the Lord to bless, in a marked manner, this old-established mission. New men and new methods have been introduced into it, and church-members have been led to realize their privileges, and to give their testimony to the power of the gospel—the result being, that within little more than two years, a second church has been founded in Paris; the congregations in that city have increased threefold; and the membership more than doubled (being to-day about two hundred and seventy), the additions consisting mainly of those who were formerly Roman Catholics. The new movement is not limited to the capital. In several of the outlying districts there has been a similar increase of life, and power, and numbers.

The Baptists of France have been led to take a decided stand against the prevalent tendencies to loose theology in the so-called evangelical section of French Protestantism. They are the humble, but determined upholders of *the infallible authority of the Bible, the atonement for sin by the*

blood of Jesus Christ, the personality and power of the Holy Spirit, and of regeneration as the sole condition of entrance into the kingdom of God.

For these reasons, as well as on account of their distinctive denominational principles, they have to confront a good deal of opposition; but, on the other hand, they have never enjoyed such evident tokens of the divine favour, and there never was before them such a widely open door as to-day. The French people, tired of lifeless forms and ceremonies, and also of the emptiness of infidelity, begin to aspire after a religion of simplicity, true love, and reality. A wonderful acceptance is found amongst the masses; the gospel message is listened to with profound attention by large audiences, *the majority of whom are men;* and visitors have been struck with the fact that the rites of immersion, and the Lord's Supper, can be celebrated in broad daylight, in a hall opening on one of the most public thoroughfares, with as much propriety and respect as in any congregation of England or America.

Lately, several pastors and evangelists, who had hitherto worked on other lines, have felt led of the Lord to join our ranks. Along with these, an English brother, Mr. A. G. Barley, formerly of Mr. Spurgeon's College, who has been for four years in the ministry at Gosport, has also come over to us with the view of devoting himself to preaching the gospel to the French people. We rejoice in these accessions, which might be much more numerous if we could at all encourage other brethren who are in full sympathy with us.

The American Baptist Missionary Union have nobly supported the French mission for many years; but a heavy pressure is upon them just now; and whilst we are confident that they will be able to maintain that which has been so long in existence, we feel that the time has come to ask our English brethren to share with them the privilege of contributing to the extension of the work in Paris.

While our brother, Mr. Barley, is anxious to work *among the French*, we nevertheless feel that the fact of his being an English pastor lays upon him, and upon us, a responsibility towards the numerous English-speaking residents of Paris. Baptist visitors also, both English and American, have often expressed the wish that there were some place of worship of their own persuasion where they could meet for fellowship during their stay in our city. We would gladly, therefore, if the means were given us, secure a new hall, in some needy and suitable quarter, which could be used for both French and English services. The cost of renting and fitting such a hall, with the salary of the missionary, is estimated, for the first year, at £400; towards which amount Mr. Spurgeon has subscribed £50.

We confidently call upon our English Baptist brethren to assist us in raising this sum; and if a liberal response is made to our appeal, we shall consecrate any additional funds given to us to the extension of the work, not only in Paris, but in the provinces. From AUVERGNE, from the NORTH of France, and from large towns in the SOUTH, where no other society has hitherto been working, we hear of great need, and open doors. We could employ immediately, as colporteurs and evangelists, a number of consecrated men, who apply to us for that purpose. Young men, also, are waiting to offer themselves for the ministry, if we can give them the necessary training.

We work in no spirit of contention; we heartily wish and pray for a great blessing upon all truly evangelistic agencies in our country. But we believe that we have entrusted to us the peculiar charge of forming *Christian churches in France, on the basis of the whole truth as it is in Jesus, and upon New Testament principles.* We are convinced that, by the means of such *living Christian communities*, the gospel will spread throughout France more rapidly than it has done hitherto.

We confidently and prayerfully lay these needs and opportunities before

those who are one with us in faith and practice, and we trust that they will be moved of God to have fellowship with us in this blessed service at the present time, which is for France A GOLDEN OPPORTUNITY.

Signed for the Missionary Committee of the French Baptist Union—(Pasteur) R. Saillens, General Secretary, 62, Boulevard Excelmans, Paris. By him subscriptions will be gratefully acknowledged; and also by Robert Wheeler, Esq., Hon. Treasurer, 107, Rue de Rome, Paris.

The following friends in England have kindly undertaken to forward to us any contributions which are sent to them:—Pastor C. H. SPURGEON, "Westwood," Beulah Hill, Upper Norwood; Dr. H. GRATTAN GUINNESS, Harley House, Bow Road, London, E.; Pastor FRANK H. WHITE, Talbot Tabernacle, Talbot Road, Notting Hill, London, W.

Notices of Books.

Womanhood; or, Thoughts for Young Women. By E. A. W. Hunt.

THIS is one of the very best books for young women that we have ever seen: it is soundly practical throughout, and full of needed warnings. When it treats of marriage and ruin it is most delicate, and yet bold. The chapter on Romanism is most wise, and so is that upon "Going abroad." Much common-sense and true godliness will be found blended. Mrs. Walker's little book should be in the hand of every girl who has to go out into the world.

Temperance History. 1826—1880. By DAWSON BURNS, D.D. 33, Paternoster Row.

THE National Temperance League's Annual describes this work as "the most important contribution to the Temperance library in recent years," and "the only complete and comprehensive record of the progress of the Temperance reform." Dr. Burns appears to have done his work in a most thorough and painstaking manner, and the result is a mass of information that is both interesting and instructive to all who wish to know how the cause of Temperance commenced, and attained its present proportions. The history comes to us in four parts, at 2s. each, with a supplement at 1s., all in paper covers. It will not last long in that form, so that those who buy it had better get the two volumes in cloth at five shillings each.

Evans' Temperance Annual, 1891. 33, Paternoster Row. Price sixpence.

THIS is always one of the liveliest of the Temperance Annuals, and this year's issue is quite equal to former ones. Here is an extract from "Small Essays on Great Subjects," by a Little Chap (Old Ebony, jun.):—"Drink-shops am called *inns*—a short word wid a long list of meanings; for dem who go to such places get inn-jury, bekum inn-decorous, inn-dolent, and inn-digent: dey get inn-famous, and inn-firm. The inn makes sum inn-solvent, sum inn-human, sum inn-sane, and all in sum degree bekum inn-tipsycated or inn-temperate."

Onward. Vol. XXV. Partridge.

THE new volume of *Onward* keeps up the reputation of this old-established Band of Hope magazine. There is, however, still room for improvement. Let "Onward!" be your motto, Mr. Editor.

The National Temperance League's Annual for 1891. 33, Paternoster Row.

THIS little handbook gets more complete every year. The most noteworthy articles in this volume are Mr. Robert Rae's "Historical Notes and Recollections" for the past thirty years, and Mr. Joseph Malins' description of "The Compensation Battle of 1890." Every Temperance speaker ought to have this annual ready for reference as to facts and figures concerning the drink.

The Framework of the Church. A Treatise on Church Government. By W. D. KILLEN, D.D. Edinburgh: T. and T. Clark.

A VALOROUS defence of the Presbyterian form of church government. As an argument it is exceedingly powerful. We do not know how it is to be answered by Congregationalists; and yet we dare say they will consider the task a light one, and say a good deal on their own side. Presbyterians may feel themselves to be within the entrenchments of Holy Scripture when they study the methods of their church. We judge that much could be written for other frameworks of truly living churches; but we admit that Dr. Killen has made out a fine case for his own fashion of church government.

Alas! other questions than those of ecclesiastical polity press upon us just now. Those are happy times in which men have leisure to look to the form into which the prepared materials shall be builded; for nowadays the tug of war is to preserve a single piece of carved work from the cruel hammer of the enemy. Have we any inspired Scriptures? Have we a divine Saviour? To such wretchedness have many religionists descended, that these have become pressing questions with them. So dark is the night, that we dare not discuss the correct form for a lantern; for we are too much occupied with preserving a little light by which to find our way out of this miry land of doubt.

Presbyterianism, with all its admirable arrangements for preserving sound doctrine, has once signally failed in Scotland, and is now failing a second time to the heart-sickness of all who love the Lord and his Word. This second departure takes place under circumstances which make its guilt sevenfold; it happens after a period of light and prosperity, which should have bound the Free Church to her Lord with cords of love for ever. Nothing will keep churches faithful but the continual presence of the Holy Ghost. On the other hand, the Holy Ghost will not long abide where the truth of God is slighted.

The writer of this trenchant treatise is right in placing adherence to the truth in the first place. Upon this ultimately hinges the holiness of life, and the spirituality of religion. When truth is gone, all is gone. We quote a paragraph of great value:—

"We must never forget that ecclesiastical machinery of the most perfect kind is valueless, if not worse, when dissociated from the faith once delivered to the saints. A church which teaches false doctrine is like a physician who dispenses improper medicine to his patients, or like a father who proposes to feed his children on husks, on which the swine luxuriate. A professing Christian community may be fashioned according to the model of the Word; and yet if it does not propagate the truth, it is at best but a useless skeleton. Its framework may possess symmetry and strength, but it can accomplish no good, for it is spiritually dead. If the parts of the ecclesiastical machine do not move harmoniously under the influence of divine love, it may even create much mischief. Should contention arise, and should it be applied to purposes other than its proper functions, the very power of its machinery may be its ruin, for it may soon beat itself to pieces. It is only when the glorious gospel is preached with clearness and with power, when discipline is administered with meekness and with faithfulness, and when the people bring forth in their lives the fruits of righteousness and godliness, that the church is in the position which it ought always to occupy. And as God has not annexed his blessing inseparably, and under all circumstances, to any of his institutions; as discipline has been to thousands a rock of offence; as many have used their Christian liberty for an occasion to the flesh; and as the Word itself has often proved the savour of death unto death; we may learn that the church is continually and immediately dependent on her Great Head for support, and guidance, and prosperity. Whilst we are to worship the Lord according to his ordinances, we are not to worship the ordinances themselves. We are to glory, not in the *form* of the temple, but in the God of the temple."

The One Gospel; or, The Combination of the Narratives of the Four Evangelists in one Complete Record. Edited by ARTHUR T. PIERSON, D.D. Nisbet.

THOSE who need a harmony will be well suited here. We are willing, almost blindly, to endorse all things our friend Dr. Pierson may say or do; and this harmony is among the all things. Still, we do not care so much for one gospel composed of the four, as we do for the four by themselves. There can be no objection to setting the narrative in one continuous form, except that it becomes, as a compilation, a human work, and is liable to errors of arrangement; and, furthermore, that it necessarily causes us to lose those lights and shades which are brought out in each of the gospels by the distinct object of its writer. Used with discretion, this harmony may be of much service in its own way.

Faithful Words for Old and Young. Alfred Holness.

WHAT higher praise can we give this magazine than that it answers to its name? It cannot fail to be used of the Lord to guide our young people and their older friends into the way of peace.

Short Biographies for the People. Vol. VII. Religious Tract Society.

THIS Biographical Series is wisely continued: we hope it will run on for many a year. The memoirs are well boiled down, and, being tastily served up, make grand penny dinners of nourishing literary fare, such as will build up the mental and moral constitutions of the readers. There are now seven volumes of biographies in this series, at 1s. 6d. each, and they are all good. "The People" should make a point of buying them.

The Sisters: Memoirs of Frances Ridley and Maria V. G. Havergal. By CHARLES BULLOCK, B.D. "Home Words" Publishing Office.

MR. BULLOCK has done well in putting together, in one volume, the stories of these two beautiful lives. Those who are already familiar with the "Memorials of F. R. H." will be glad to have them in this abridged form; while they will also find pleasure in learning more of the equally consecrated, and scarcely less gifted, sister, who first presented them. Who can measure the usefulness of such biographies? It is a means of grace to read them.

The Biblical Illustrator. St. John, Vol. I. By Rev. JOSEPH S. EXELL, M.A. Nisbet and Co.

MR. EXELL gathers honey all the day from every handy flower. Like the bee, he takes French leave, and pays no toll. In this volume Spurgeon's sermons are not drawn upon in quite the wholesale style of former issues; still, like all other sermons, they are turned by Mr. Exell to excellent account. There can be no doubt that, at the price of 7s. 6d., these Biblical collections are cheap; and although they might have been compiled with greater care, they must be helpful. In such a mixture there are bits rather far gone; but, for the most part, the cuttings are from wholesome joints. There is no reading books nowadays without using your nose as well as your eyes.

The Gospel of Common Sense as Contained in the Canonical Epistle of James. By CHARLES F. DEEMS, D.D., LL.D. Edinburgh: James Gemmel.

COMMON-SENSE is conspicuous in this exposition, which hits hard at many of the vices of the day. It will do real service in America, and here also.

Black Country Methodism. By ALFRED CAMDEN PRATT. Charles H. Kelly.

A CHATTY sort of book, made up of small talk. It will greatly please those whom it concerns; but it will have small attractions for others. After reading the book upon "The Yorkshire Primitives", we feel that this is very small beer; yet we hardly know why. Our author was near success, and just missed it. He saw the humorous, but it was with a squint eye. There is a smoke over the whole "Black Country", which deprives the book of freshness and beauty.

A Curate's Sermons from Beginning to End of the Church's Year. By the Rev. H. OLIVER ALLBROOK. Printed at the Operative Jewish Converts' Institution, Palestine Place, E.

SIXTY short sermons of unusually good quality. Such a curate as the preacher of these sermons ought soon to develop into a rector, if there be any law of evolution in the Anglican church other than that of arbitrary patronage. To provide work for Jewish converts is a good motive; but in reviewing sermons, we can hardly allow a charitable object to affect our judgment: the discourses are in themselves of the right sort. Sound, but not sleepy; orthodox, but not dull; these homilies are sure to do good. Of course, they are Anglican; but they are not of the church, churchy; say, rather, they are of the Bible, biblical. Not of the nature of prodigies, nor destined to dazzle the admirers of eloquence, but evangelical and earnest; these sermons are out of the common rut, and much more to our mind than many far more pretentious productions. We have just read an advertisement of, "Five thousand original manuscript sermons, which are selling at 17s. 6d. per hundred, or £15 15s. the lot." Was there ever such a giving away of original discourses? Surely, the bookseller has now cried with glee, "Going; *going*; GONE!"

Regent Square Pulpit. Sermons by the Rev. John McNeill. Vol. II. Nisbet.

TWENTY-SIX overflowings of a springing well. John McNeill is great at making a narrative live before an audience. With his honest, child-like mind he sees things, and then tells what he sees till he makes *you* see them. He does not give us doctrinal sermons; probably he has not yet felt his way to the didactic, but in the descriptive he is a master. He is fearless and faithful, blunt and outspoken, and does not fail to denounce sin, and plead for a change of heart. He is a gift from God to our great city, and that city evidently weighs him down with its prodigious mass of moral and physical evil. It will be difficult for ever to keep on with narratives, and the preacher, as he advances, will give more of the deeper truths of the Word, for his soul loves *the Master*, and the glorious gospel of the blessed God.

Jehovistic and Elohistic Theories: their Origin and Value. By Rev. JOHN URQUHART. John F. Shaw.

BY a perverse ingenuity irreverent critics have invented methods of undermining the authority of Holy Scripture. One wonders what will be their next scheme of assault. For a long while they have made much capital out of the use of the two most frequent names of the Most High God; endeavouring to show the date of a writing by the use of the name Elohim, or the more personal title of Jehovah. By this speculation, eked out with a measure of daring assertion and erroneous statement, they have no doubt staggered many. Mr. Urquhart destroys their hypothesis with ease; and so carries the war into the enemy's quarters as to declare that the critics, instead of shaking the foundations of Holy Scripture, have digged their own graves. This is a fine shilling'sworth of condensed argument upon a point which has been made of prime importance by the adversaries—although, in fact, there never was anything in their scheme which was worthy of a moment's thought on its own account. The hunting done by our friend is not for the sake of the rats, but because of the rampart which they would weaken by their burrowing.

The Preacher's Magazine. For Preachers, Teachers, and Bible Students. Editors: Mark Guy Pearse, and Arthur E. Gregory. C. H. Kelly.

A WELL-CONDUCTED magazine, so far as the volume for 1890 is concerned, and that is all we have before us. The crew of the ship for 1891, as we see the names announced, appears a very motley group, in which "strangers and foreigners" predominate. Mr. Mark Guy Pearse wields a bewitching pen. Of course, we do not quite run in the same lines of theology as the two editors, nor should we endorse all their expositions; but as a help to a poor, water-logged preacher, this volume deserves our good word, and we give it.

The Inviolable Sanctity of the Sabbath. A Watchman's Warning to Watchmen. Prize Essay. By W. WILLIAMS. Passmore and Alabaster.

VERY firm, but temperate. Mr. Williams, a brother most beloved, gained a prize at a competition open to men of the College Conference, and he thought he would print the essay. It costs one shilling, and we think so well of it that we have taken five hundred copies, which will have been given to the members of our Conference before this magazine reaches its readers. Mr. Williams writes with a modest ability which is its own commendation.

An Exposition of Jude's Epistle of Apostasy. By Rev. D. ROUND. Partridge and Co.

THE writer throughout adheres to his idea of the Epistle of Jude which he has adopted for his title, and we believe that he is justified in so doing. Jude deals with the apostasy of Israel in the wilderness from the faith of God, of Sodom and Gomorrah from the common decencies of natural religion, and of the fallen angels from their first estate. He finds the epistle to be full of warnings evidently designed for this present evil age, when the very bosom of the church is the seed-plot for practical and doctrinal errors. It is indeed so much so, that one is made to look for a speedy visitation of justice where there are so many tokens of quitting the faith, and running eagerly into worldly conformity. Shall not the Lord be avenged on such a people as this?

We could not follow Mr. Round in all that he propounds, but we regard his bold and faithful exposition as no mean addition to the interpretations of the Word of the Lord by his servant Jude. This is not a bulky tome, but a small book to be held in the hand, and to be read with the heart. Oh that men were wise to take warning! But they will not, for they are desperately set on mischief.

Joseph: Beloved—Hated—Exalted. By F. B. MEYER, B.A. Morgan and Scott.

BEAUTIFULLY written. Mr. Meyer has a genius for producing bright and gracious pages. The illustrations are of a high class.

The Threefold Cords of the Holy Scriptures. An Arrangement of upwards of Twelve Hundred Precepts, Prayers, and Promises, as Four Hundred Sacred Triads. By the Rev. W. LEE. Nisbet and Co.

THIS may be useful, as suggesting themes for meditation and discourse; the method being to put a Precept, a Promise, and a Prayer in juxtaposition. We have seen the same thing before; but we do not think that, in this case, the idea is so well carried out as it might have been. Some of the texts can only be regarded as suitable when their natural context is forgotten, and a meaning is put upon them other than that which they bear in their original position. On the other hand, certain of the triads are well selected and arranged, and must prove helpful to the student of Scripture. This is not a book for consecutive reading, but a storehouse of topics.

How to be a Pastor. By THEODORE L. CUYLER, D.D. Nisbet and Co.

DR. CUYLER is a man who is "all there" when the bell rings. His pen is dipped in living ink, and hence the special sprightliness and the force of all that he writes. He loves the old gospel as a child loves his mother. As to what a pastor should be, he unconsciously draws upon the memory of what he himself was. He is earnest, fervent, solid, and withal, as enthusiastic as an old soldier shouldering his crutch to show how wars were done. A young minister, stumbling on such a book as this, might be so influenced by it as to resolve to be a real pastor; there are far too few of that character nowadays. Where are the men who are true fathers in Israel? Would God every church could tell us of one!

Pictures Illustrative of the Lord's Prayer, with Appropriate Stories for Children. By EMMA MARSHALL. Nisbet and Co.

A STORY which winds in and out among the petitions of our Lord's Prayer. The engravings are good; but they will not be to everybody's liking. The whole affair makes a square volume worthy to adorn the table in the best room. Price 2s. 6d.

With the Beduins. A Narrative of Journeys and Adventures in Unfrequented Parts of Syria. By GRAY HILL. T. Fisher Unwin.

A LIVE book. One seems to live among the Beduins while perusing these pages, and looking upon the admirable sketches. No desire to be in the power of these desert thieves has even once crossed our heart. But what a joy to see Palmyra, and the city of Og the King of Bashan, and the other places which our author and his wife were privileged to enter! Things must settle down a bit, and some sort of regular government must be set up, before many of our readers will venture into Ammon, or Moab, or Edom: even "the unspeakable Turk" is a little better than sheer anarchy and unlimited plunder. Differing from all other journals of eastern travel, "With the Beduins" has special charms of its own.

The Red Mountain of Alaska. By WILLIS BOYD ALLEN. Partridge and Co.

A WONDERFUL story truly; for it is a description of exploration in that vast region formerly known as Russian-America, but now forming that part of the United States called the North-West Territory, or Alaska; being in extent about one-sixth part of the United States and Territories. According to the story, the adventurers —two bands—set out, the one party from Sitka and the other from New England, in search of a half-fabulous mountain of mercury. The book contains a considerable amount of information as to the physical geography and natural history of this almost unknown country. It also gives insight into the many clever expedients of travellers in trackless regions. Into the same space it would be difficult to crowd more incidents of peril and pluck, danger and deliverance, from the elements, wild beasts, and the "noble savage", *alias* "the Injun, as is pizen wherever found", whom his Christian brother tries to improve out of his way, generously allotting him mental and other reservations and short commons to live on. The book is charmingly written, well illustrated, and very cheap.

Old-Time Punishments. By WILLIAM ANDREWS, F.R.H.S. Hull: W. Andrews and Co. London: Simpkin.

THIS book makes us right glad that we did not live in those times of legal brutality when even hanging seemed humane; and humane it was as compared with pressing to death, or boiling alive. We are far from perfect, and there is too much cruelty abroad; but we do not hang people for passing bad money, or stealing a bit of rope above the value of ninepence. It is true we do not give our scolds a cooling ducking in the river, nor treat drunkards to a sobering sojourn in the stocks; but then we do not cut off ears, nor slit noses, nor brand foreheads.

Our readers must not think that Mr. Andrews has produced a ghastly, horrifying book. By no manner of means: he is an instructive and pleasing writer. Though an antiquary of the first rank, he has a lively style, and we feel much indebted to him for a pleasant time while giving his book as much of our attention as we could possibly afford; not, however, quite so much as it deserves.

Dictionary of Idiomatic English Phrases. By JAMES MAIN DIXON, M.A., F.R.S.E. Nelson and Sons.

THIS is a valuable collection of idiomatic expressions, and it is none the less, but all the more useful, because it gives portions of slang of the sort which has won for itself a general currency. We need to know the meaning of expressions even when we condemn their use. The phrases are well arranged, and are easily found by their catchwords. It is better to make your alphabet from the main word than from the first word of the sentence. Passages from literature are given to show how the idioms are used. Few literary men will need the explanations here given; but the stay-at-home reader may be glad of them. As a book of reference, this dictionary fills a vacancy in literature, and supplies a need. It has the peculiar excellence of not being spun out and padded; every word of it is necessary to its purpose; and that purpose will be prized by a large company.

Life Among the Close Brethren. Reprinted from "The British Weekly." Hodder and Stoughton.

THIS book is intended to be a fair statement as to the Exclusive Brethren; but in reality their faults and weaknesses are the main theme. These Brethren, in their earlier days, bore grand witness for the truth of God, and they aimed at a high ideal of church life. Fidelity to the Word of God was their eminent characteristic. They were hindered by none of the fashions of the day, or the customs of the churches, in carrying out their resolve to stand alone in the ways of the Lord rather than yield a hair's breadth to human policy. Among them were some of the excellent of the earth, well-instructed saints, far-seeing students of the Word. But an evil spirit came in. One brother became the virtual head of the community, and at his bidding true saints of God were cast out, and a sect was formed which may challenge all others for extreme exclusiveness. This brochure very accurately photographs them from their weak side. Alas, poor human nature! how much of thee remains even in the regenerate, and what a wretched thing thou art! We do not sympathize with the spirit which can take pleasure in this *exposé*; but we hope it may act as a warning to godly men.

Notes.

NUMBERS of friends now write to say how true our words upon the "Down-grade" were years ago. It is our deep regret that it should be so. We spoke not without knowing what we were about. It was not possible for us to give up all our authorities, nor would it have served any useful purpose to have published names; but we spoke truth which we could not help believing, and spoke it without exaggerating. Matters were even worse than we knew of. We have not only to do with the lion of open unbelief, but with the foxes of craft, who profess to love the gospel which they labour hard to undermine. If we had to bear our witness over again, we should not soften a syllable, but add emphasis to it.

Indignant correspondents continually send us notices of amusements held by various churches; certainly, they can hardly become more childish and inane. But we cannot be perpetually recording and talking about these absurdities. Cannot Christian people make their own protests more emphatic in their several districts? It is all very well to send this wretched rubbish to us; but why not sweep it away yourselves? If we had a gracious revival, good people would find better things to do than to get up nigger entertainments, and theatricals.

Our old-fashioned Wesleyan friends must be greatly surprised by the utterances of certain of their leading men; they have great need to look after the professors who train their rising ministry; for if they cannot give a better account of Holy Writ than the divine from Richmond, tutorship is in a poor way. The record given of the meeting, in the newspapers, was more alarming than the actual facts; for the seamy side of the talk was made more prominent than it really was; but the very best we can make of Professor Davison's paper, and the comments upon it, causes us great apprehension. With the delicate tread which reminds us of Agag, error enters as though it were a well-known and familiar friend. Certain books of the Bible are dealt with in reference to modern criticism with the air of one who has settled the business, and placed the matter beyond dispute. Very modestly as to language, but very dogmatically as to statement, the Professor lays down the law. We do not accept a syllable of that unquestionable result of scholarship which he so coolly propounds.

Although upon the doctrines of grace our views differ from those avowed by Arminian Methodists, we have usually found that on the great evangelical truths we are in full agreement, and we have been comforted by the belief that Wesleyans were solid upon the central doctrines. We are truly sorry that we are now placed in doubt. Surely, there are voices which will yet be heard. We know that there are hearts that are aching because of this last movement of leading religionists in the downward way; but will anyone be bold enough to speak out? Ostracism seems to be dreaded so much, that good men and true hold their tongues. Nevertheless, we know the Holy Spirit did not use words at random, and we shall never consent to that liberalism which, in destroying the shell of the language, really kills the life-germ of the meaning.

The month of March has been a memorable one for the church in the Tabernacle. Pastor C. H. S. continued to see persons who wished to join the church, and out of these he had eighty-four to propose for fellowship. How much of joyous labour all these involved is best known to the Pastor and the sympathizing reapers who shared his delightful toil. To God alone be glory.

HADDON HALL.—As promised last month, we now give further extracts from the Annual Report of Haddon Hall, which is the

seat of one of the most successful missions in London. Mr. William Olney has the gifts of pulpit ministry and the graces of pastoral oversight, and his work for the Lord in Bermondsey has a higher and more enduring record than any line from our pen can give it. The Report says :—

"Sunday services constitute the focus and centre of our work. A large number of the present congregation have been brought to Christ by the preaching in the hall. It is only natural, therefore, that they should seek by earnest prayer and effort to make these services a blessing to others. The Sunday evening congregation usually consists of about 450, and enquirers are seldom lacking. The children have their Sunday evening service in the schoolroom by themselves; 250 little ones attend.

"The prayer-meeting on Tuesday evening is a great feature in our work. Nearly 150 assemble weekly for prayer upon this evening.

"The Tract Distribution Society has 29 visitors, who have their allotted districts in the neighbourhood, containing a total of some 1,800 families. Our friends meet for prayer every Sunday afternoon at three o'clock. Besides changing their tracts, they often hold conversations with the people in their houses, and pray with the sick and dying. Many persons have been brought to attend the services at the Hall.

"At present there are upon the books of the Sunday-school 50 teachers and 941 scholars. The average attendance in the afternoon numbers 40 teachers, 720 scholars. Of this number, about 100 young men, young women, and senior scholars meet in separate class-rooms, and we find these to be 'nurseries for the church.'

"Mrs. Olney is the president of the Mothers' Meeting part of the work. This is held on Monday afternoon, and numbers 250 in attendance, besides very many more upon the books. The mothers find that family duties prevent a very regular attendance. The first hour is spent in working, and the second in a religious service, when an address is delivered by Mrs. Olney, or some speaker she has invited. Very many mothers are kept at home on Sundays by their families, or by the objection of their husbands to go themselves to God's house, and consequently they would never hear the gospel but for this meeting.

"A sum of nearly £150 obtained for a Benevolent Fund is distributed to persons sick and out of work, irrespective of creed, during the year, and largely in the winter.

"Six open-air meetings are held weekly in the Bermondsey New Road. The largest is held on Sunday morning, from 11 to 1 o'clock. On this spot thousands hear the gospel during the year."

The annual meeting of the TABERNACLE SUNDAY-SCHOOL was held on *Tuesday evening, March* 17. The Pastor, although very unwell, and weary from his afternoon's work of seeing candidates for church-membership, presided at the first part of the meeting, and when he had to leave, his place was occupied by Deacon T. H. Olney. Pastors W. J. Mills, W. J. Styles, and W. Stott gave appropriate addresses, and the meeting throughout was interesting and profitable. The report, read by Mr. Wagstaff, is full of encouraging items. In the *home school* there were, at the close of the year, 106 teachers and officers, all of whom are members of the church; and 1,401 scholars, of whom 142 are church-members, 27 having joined during the year. There are 5 Bible-classes, which are doing excellent work; many prayer-meetings are regularly held; £150 has been collected during the year for home and foreign missionary work, beside £50 from Mr. Wigney's Bible-class for Mr. Easton, in China. 60 scholars have signed the Band of Hope pledge during the year; the Young Christians' Association has continued its helpful meetings; the library has been replenished, and is well used; the Working Society has supplied parcels of clothes to 19 colporteurs, as well as to needy scholars; and there are 494 members of the International Bible Reading Association.

The Pastor is continually cheered by additions to the church from this and other schools, and he has had occasion to remark again and again that he did not wonder that the young people were converted when he heard of the wise and careful love bestowed on them by their teachers. In the case of one brother in Christ, a man greatly engaged in business, the letters written by him to his lads at such length, and with such ability and tenderness, made the Pastor feel that it would be contrary to the Lord's usual way of working if he did not bless such zealous and faithful instruction. The secular training of the Board Schools is deadening to religious feeling; but, under God, one of the surest antidotes for it is highly efficient Sunday-school teaching. That such teaching as is commonly given in many Sunday-schools might be improved with great advantage is, we fear, true; and if it be so, may improvement come as soon as possible, for otherwise it may arrive too late! The habit of attending a place of worship regularly is no longer common in London, we do not know how it may be in the country; and it becomes a prime necessity for the Sabbath School to influence the young towards divine things, that they may not be as their fathers. If saved in childhood, they will not increase that tide of religious indifferentism which at this time unhappily floods the land.

On *Monday evening, March* 23, Pastor C. H. S. presided at the Tabernacle prayer-meeting. He reminded the friends of the help in prayer to be obtained from the remembrance of the Mediator through whom we approach the Father, and the Holy Spirit who teaches us how to pray. We may see and hear those who lead us in

our public supplications, but there is One, who is ever praying, although we can neither see nor hear him except by faith. The Pastor prayed, and then called on Brother Young, of Collingwood Street Mission, and in doing so said that the presence of our brother should remind us all to pray for the work carried on by him in a district where it is greatly needed. W. Olney related incidents connected with the previous evening's service at the Tabernacle, and the work at Haddon Hall, and asked for prayer for a blessing on his visit to Hastings, where the Lord had recently owned his message to the conversion of many of his hearers. The Pastor having presented this petition, Pastor Burnett, of Brasted, gave an interesting account of his conversion at Enfield, through the instrumentality of a former student of the Pastors' College, and also of the work he has been enabled to do for the Lord in the village of Brasted, while following his usual avocation of carriage-builder. Prayer for such friends as are usually designated "lay-workers" was offered by Deacon Allison; two of the students followed; Mr. Burnett referred to several of his relatives who had been blessed in connection with his work; the Pastor gave a brief address on "Christ, the sinner's one need and only hope"; Elder Cox presented a number of special requests for prayer; and the Pastor closed the meeting by praying for Miss de Broen's work in Paris, and for Brother Wigstone, who has been obliged, through ill-health, to come home from Spain for a while. The numbers attending these prayer-meetings show how full of life and interest they are.

Monday evening, March 30.—C. H. S. presided, and after giving out a hymn, and offering earnest prayer, called upon Mr. Bell to pray. Then Mr. Manton Smith "was called upon for a song." Before complying, he had a brief but earnest word on the profitableness of thanksgiving. He then sang, "The old, old story is true," the congregation taking the chorus. Mr. Smart was asked to offer prayer for ministers of the Word, and especially for the College men, his son being one of the brotherhood. Mr. Hammerton followed in prayer. Mr. Stott told the story of his conversion, especially dwelling upon the darkness and distress of soul he experienced before being brought into "the marvellous light" and peace of God. The Pastor then took up the subject of trouble of soul through the temptations of Satan, to correct the mistaken idea of some that they are not saved, or even in a hopeful state, because they lack the horror of soul others have felt. The subject was illustrated by Bunyan's Pilgrim in "the Slough of Despond", who stuck in the mud because he "did not look for the steps" of the promises. Another prayer by the Pastor, another song by Manton Smith, and then more requests for prayer were laid before the Lord by Pastor Stott, amid the audible "Amens" of the congregation. Pastor J. T. Swift, of Gresham Chapel, offered prayer, and then Manton Smith told the story of a Christian man who, to while away the time between a business engagement and the commencement of a service by Messrs. Fullerton and Smith, went into a coffee shop for refreshment, and there noticed a starved-looking man. He paid for a good meal for the poor fellow, and then took him to the meeting: result, the conversion of the man's soul, and the angels' joy! Mr. Smith styled the price of the meal "a grand investment", and advised his hearers to "go and do likewise."

On *Monday evening, April* 6, the annual meeting of the LADIES' WORKING BENEVOLENT SOCIETY was held at the Tabernacle lecture-hall. Pastor C. H. Spurgeon presided, and together with Mr. Stott and Mr. W. Olney, spoke on behalf of the Society. The need for this, and all similar agencies, for the relief of the distressed and afflicted, is as great as ever, if not greater. All ladies who can help at the working meetings, on the Thursday after the first Lord's-day in each month, will be heartily welcome; and additional subscriptions will be gratefully received by the treasurer, Mrs. Phillips, or the collector, Miss Buswell.

At the prayer-meeting in the Tabernacle, C. H. S. commenced the meeting by suggesting that the extension of Christ's kingdom by the conversion of sinners should be the chief burden of the evening's supplication. At the Pastor's request, Mr. W. Olney gave some particulars of meetings at Hastings on Easter Sunday and Monday. Our brother first thanked the friends for special prayer offered for him, and then told how the Lord had blessed the work, both in the increased spirituality of the church, and in eighteen persons avowing their faith in Christ. He instanced several cases; amongst others, that of the organist and the organ-blower. Another instance was that of a young girl, who said she could not profess her faith in Christ before her mother. Mr. Olney told her she would have no peace till she openly confessed Christ. She did so, and her mother, instead of opposing her, said, "That's right, my girl; I hope you will stick to your principles."

The Pastor gave an earnest exhortation to the unsaved to exercise faith, pointing out that the strength of faith lay in its simplicity; that the taking God at his word was the true act of faith. Brethren Graham and Titmuss (students) prayed for the unsaved. Mr. Burnham sang, "We shall be like him," and also offered prayer for the conversion of souls then and there. The Pastor called on Mr. Haggett, who had recently sacrificed his position in another denomination in order to follow Christ in believers' baptism. Brethren Young, Jones (colporteur), and Ebblewhite, continued petitions for present salvation.

The Pastor then prayed for some whom

he had lately seen, who were bordering on despair, that they might go to the Lord in the Spirit of the hymn:—

"I can but perish if I go;
I am resolved to try;
For if I stay away, I know
I must for ever die."

"Lord, convert some great sinners to-night," was the closing petition. Then followed Colporteur Jones's account of his conversion, how he was coaxed and pestered, and compelled to enter a mission-hall, there to be killed and made alive.

The Pastor then sat down on a chair, and gave a familiar chat. He sarcastically referred to the wide field he had before him in the new theology, in the event of the failure of the gospel. The doctrine of evolution, for instance, how suitable to a dying man—to tell him to think of his ancestry; how he was akin to the monkey, or an oyster! How would a dying man, saint or sinner, say to such talk as that of the new lights, or their agnostic friends, "Is that all you can tell me to guide or comfort me? Get you gone"! The Pastor then returned to the cases of the troubled souls who had recently been to seek his advice. To such he would again say, "Trust Jesus; look to the Crucified! for none ever perished at the cross." To perish at the cross would be like some greater Samson pulling down the pillars of the universe upon himself and also upon God. To the hopeless he would say, "Die at the cross!" Several brethren prayed for the anxious and distressed in spirit; and the Pastor closed with prayer for cases of sickness, especially pleading for the restoration to health of our honoured neighbour, Canon Hussey.

While the great congregation was praying and praising for the ingathering of souls, a smaller company of the officers and church-members was happily engaged in the church-meeting below, under the presidency of Mr. Stott, hearing the testimonies of 17 persons seeking fellowship with the church. Among them were several striking cases of reclamation. And when the meeting for prayer had closed, C. H. S. was talking with persons one by one, and trying to lead them into peace. Among these was a late minister, who had wandered far as to doctrine and practice, who with bitter anguish sought his way back to God and truth. The Lord is at work among us!

College.—Mr. W. Adams has settled at Bugbrook, Northamptonshire.

Mr. A. Hewlett, late of Wick, has become pastor of Grovelands Church, Reading; Mr. E. Last is removing from Dumbarton to Cambridge Street, Glasgow; and Mr. D. Tait, who had to leave Millom through ill-health, has formed a new church at South Leith, N.B.

Mr. J. Hollinshead has left Macclesfield, and sailed for Canada; and Mr. E. H. Ellis, of Devonshire Square, has sailed for Melbourne, Victoria.

The Conference will be held while these "Notes" are passing through the press, so we must leave the report of the meetings for next month. We bespeak special attention to the Report, which we hope will be included in this month's issue.

Evangelists.—Pastor E. Osborne writes from Ilfracombe:—"*Messrs. Fullerton and Smith* have held a very successful ten days' mission here. All the churches in the town have had numbers added to them as the result. The Baptist Church has been much stirred up, and considerably augmented."

For a fortnight before the Conference our brethren were at Sunderland. This month and next they go to Kettering, Redditch, St. Helen's, Morley, and Malvern.

Pastor A. J. Parker, of Old Sodbury, writes:—"I cannot speak too highly of *Mr. Burnham's* mission. It has done us all good. The meetings were very successful, and several anxious souls have found the Saviour. Mr. Burnham is a thorough evangelist. His quiet, yet powerful appeals will ever be remembered. He was signally blessed in the home where he stayed."

Pastor T. Greenwood writes, concerning *Mr. Harmer's* mission, with Mr. Jenner, one of the students, at Catford Hill:—"The meetings were all well attended, and several who had resisted frequent appeals yielded, and we are all praising the Lord. We have not had such a large ingathering since the church has existed. At our church-meeting to-night, the following resolution was passed unanimously:—'That we desire to express to God our gratitude for the rich blessing he has bestowed upon us in connection with the evangelistic services conducted by Messrs. Harmer and Jenner. Many were awakened to seek the Lord, and many confess that they have believed in his name.'"

During the earlier half of the past month Mr. Harmer has been at Shirley, Southampton; and since the Conference he has been at Loose, near Maidstone.

Colportage.—Since the last notice, a colporteur has been appointed to labour in the Earl's Colne district. He will work in connection with Pastor W. R. Foster. The annual meeting of the Association is fixed for Monday, May 11th, when a number of the colporteurs will be present, and a full report of the work presented.

Personal Notes.—We have recently received a copy of *All of Grace*, and some of our sermons translated into the Lettish language. *All of Grace* was accompanied by a post-card, containing the following note in German:—"In this book the redemption is set forth so clearly as seldom in any other. A few weeks ago an official, to whom I lent the book, found peace through it."

From the manager of the New York *Christian Herald* we have received a very cheering letter, containing the following welcome intelligence: "We are continually hearing of conversions occurring, through God's blessing, on the reading of your sermons in these columns. Some of these are from strange places, such as mining-camps, cattle-ranches, and backwoods-settlements, where there is no religious service on Sunday; but some humble Christian gets a few men together, and reads your sermon to them out of *The Christian Herald*. Some of these conversions are very remarkable, such as those of gamblers, drunkards, and abandoned people, but most frequently of runaway sons of Christian parents. Your name is loved and honoured, and prayers are offered for a blessing upon you in these far-off places."

Baptisms at Metropolitan Tabernacle:—March 19, seventeen; 26, fourteen; April 2, eighteen.

Pastors' College, Metropolitan Tabernacle.

Statement of Receipts from March 15th to April 14th, 1891.

	£	s.	d.
Pastor I. Near	0	5	0
Pastor C. A. Dann	0	10	0
Baptist Church, Coate, Oxon., per Pastor J. S. Poulton	1	1	0
Pastor F. T. B. Westlake	0	5	0
Miss E. E. Jones	0	5	0
Mr. J. Compton Rickett	1	1	0
Mr. James A. Budgett	20	0	0
Collection at Drummond Road Baptist Chapel, per Pastor B. Brigg	3	10	0
Mr. C. E. Smith	20	0	0
Rev. Newman Hall, LL.B.	1	0	0
Mr. George Duncan	10	0	0
Miss Janet Wood	3	0	0
Pastor A. Pidgeon	0	10	0
Pastor C. A. Fellowes	1	0	0
Mr. James W. Wolfe	1	11	6
Pastor R. J. Williamson	1	0	0
J. B. C.	1	0	0
Mrs. Cracknell	0	2	6
Rev. W. H. Knight	0	10	0
Mr. W. Hillier	0	5	0
Mr. J. F. Wilkinson, B. A.	0	2	6
Mrs. Baker	5	0	0
Readers of "The Christian," per Messrs. Morgan and Scott	1	2	0
Mrs. Sims	5	0	0
E. K. G.	40	0	0
Mr. Robert Scott	5	0	0
Executors of the late Mr. John Lock, per Pastor H. Moore	100	0	0
Metropolitan Tabernacle Evangelists' Training Class	7	0	0
Collections at Beulah Baptist Chapel, Thornton Heath, per Pastor J. W. Harrald	4	0	0
Mrs. Yates	0	10	6
Mr. R. J. Beecliff	0	2	6
Pastor N. Papengouth	0	19	10
Major-General H. Aylmer	2	0	0
Mr. George Shaw	0	10	0
Mr. and Mrs. T. M. Whittaker	5	5	0
Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Price	5	5	0
Mr. C. Buchel	2	2	0
Mr. James A. Tawell	5	0	0
Mrs. E. Campbell	0	4	0
Mr. C. W. Pankhurst	1	1	0
Mrs. E. Evans	1	0	0
Pastor G. H. Rumsey	0	5	0
Mrs. Jones	0	5	0
Miss Darkin	0	10	0
Miss Hadland	1	1	0
Miss Mary Hadland	1	1	0
From Melbourne Hall, Leicester, per Pastor C. B. Sawday	7	10	0
Mr. Theodore Barnes	1	1	0
Mr. William Burgess	1	0	0
Pastor John L. Benuett	1	0	0
Mr. A. G. Snellgrove	0	10	0
Pastor A. W. Welch	0	10	0
Mr. J. Allder	1	1	0
Mr. H. Mallet	1	0	0
Pastor A. H. Stote	1	0	0
Pastor Robert Speed	0	17	6
Mr. James G. Hall	1	1	0
Adelphi	1	10	0
Mr. and Mrs. John Marnham	10	0	0
Collection at Fleet, Hants., per Pastor N. Heath	3	0	0
Scotch notes from Collace	2	0	0
Mr. R. Booth	1	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Parker Gray	2	0	0
Mr. Joseph Russell	2	10	0
Mr. E. C. Stockton	1	1	0
Mrs. Elgee	0	10	6
Mr. and Mrs. Horner	1	0	0
W. B.	0	5	0
Mrs. Lewis	1	1	0
Executors of the late Rev. W. C. Pratt	17	19	2
Mr. J. Wilson	1	15	6
Mr. Henry Dutton	0	10	0
Collection at Abbey Road Chapel, St. John's Wood, per Pastor H. E. Stone	16	9	5
R. G.	50	0	0
An old Independent	20	0	0
Pastor W. Jackson	2	0	0
E. M.	20	0	0
Mr. Fred. Howard	2	2	0
Mrs. Pepys	5	0	0
Adelphi	2	2	0
Mr. and Mrs. Watson	5	0	0
Mr. Thomas Cook	5	0	0
Mrs. Pringle	2	10	0
Mr. Thomas D. Galpin	10	0	0
Mr. H. Knott	2	0	0
Mr. E. Ridgway	5	0	0
Mr. George Palmer	20	0	0
Mr. J. Newberry	10	0	0
Major-General Cunningham	25	0	0
Mrs. Fordham	10	0	0
Mrs. Faulconer	50	0	0
Miss Steedman	50	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Walker	2	0	0
Miss Haddield	10	0	0
Mr. T. G. Owens	5	0	0
Mrs. C. J. Whittuck Rabbits	10	10	0
Mr. A. Perren	2	10	0
Mr. Thomas Greenwood	20	0	0
Mrs. Bennetts	5	0	0
Mr. John Neal	3	3	0
Mr. Joshua Keevil	10	0	0
Mr. George Williams	100	0	0
Mr. John McCall	2	2	0
Mrs. Clapton, per Mr. J. McCall	1	1	0
Mr. F. A. Homer	1	1	0
Mr. S. R. Pattison	1	1	0
Mrs. Prentice	2	0	0

	£	s.	d.
Mr. and Mrs. H. Hayward	1	1	0
Mr. T. W. Stoughton	2	2	0
Mrs. M. A. Liddell	0	10	0
Mrs. Welch	0	5	0
Dr. E. Cronin	1	1	0
Mr. F. Leete	1	1	0
Pastor G. Boulsher	0	4	0
Pastor F. W. Dunster	0	5	0
Mrs. M. B. Mitchell	2	0	0
Mr. A. Blackwood...	5	0	0

	£	s.	d.
Weekly Offerings at Met. Tab. :—			
March 15	25	14	6
,, 22	29	4	8
,, 29	32	0	0
April 5	21	16	0
,, 12	27	1	0
	135	16	2
	£962	1	7

Pastors' College Missionary Association.

Statement of Receipts from March 17th to April 14th, 1891.

	£	s.	d.
E. M....	10	0	0
Miss Green	0	5	0
Beulah Baptist Chapel Auxiliary, Thornton Heath, per Pastor J. W. Harrald	5	10	0
Mr. Joseph Russell	2	10	0
Mr. W. Turnbull	5	0	0
S. R. T.	2	0	0
	£25	5	0

Stockwell Orphanage.

Statement of Receipts from March 17th to April 14th, 1891.

			£	s.	d.
Sandwich, per Bankers (February) ...			2	2	0
Sandwich, per Bankers (March) ...			2	2	0
Mr. J. Hodges			1	0	0
Orphan girl's card, M. Unwin			0	6	1
Mrs. Thomas			1	0	0
M. L. C.			0	10	0
Mr. T. A. Flitton			1	0	0
Miss P. White			0	4	0
Mr. J. Morris			0	3	0
Mrs. Clout			1	0	0
Mrs. Fry			0	5	0
Mr. S. Morrison			1	0	0
Collected by Master W. Cross			0	4	8
Per Mr. C. Gray :—					
Fochabers Free Church Sunday-school	0	9 6			
Bogmoor Free Church Sunday-school	0	7 0			
			0	16	6
Per Mrs. J. A. Spurgeon :—					
Sir T. Edridge	2	2 0			
Mr. J. Pelton, J. P. ...	2	12 6			
Mr. E. J. Reed	3	3 0			
Mrs. J. A. Spurgeon ...	0	10 0			
			8	7	6
Mrs. Curtis and friends			0	7	0
A thankoffering from a friend			0	10	0
Messrs. Geo. Borwick and Sons ...			20	0	0
E. M.			10	0	0
Mr. W. Hillier			0	5	0
Miss E. J. Bonfield			0	10	0
Mrs. Baker			5	0	0
Exors.			80	16	0
Readers of "The Christian," per Messrs. Morgan and Scott			21	11	0
A silver-wedding thankoffering ...			0	10	0
Mrs. Joyce			1	10	0
Miss I. Anderson			0	5	0
Collected by Mr. Alfred Cammack Johnson			1	0	0
A grateful grandmother			0	10	0
Mrs. Sims			5	0	0
Mr. J. Batten			0	10	0
Miss Westropo			0	10	0
J. B. C.			1	0	0
Spurgeon's Illustrated Almanack, page 25			0	4	0
Mr. P. Wallis			0	10	0
E. K. G.			40	0	0
Stamps from Crathie			0	1	0
E. B. C.			0	2	6

			£	s.	d.
A saved sinner, Wellow			0	5	0
Miss Mowlands			1	0	0
Miss I. Wornell			1	1	0
Lieut. W. L. T. Foord			0	10	0
Mr. E. M. Absolon			0	10	0
Mrs. Marshall			0	10	6
Mrs. Lloyd			1	0	0
Miss Spiot			5	0	0
Mrs. Bridgman			0	3	0
Mr. Jno. Hooper			2	0	0
Mr. Wm. Torrance			5	0	0
In memoriam, Ethel Bertha			1	1	0
Mr. W. Alexander			0	10	0
Mr. R. Lewis			0	10	0
Mrs. H. S. Gifford, per Mr. W. Price...			0	5	0
Mr. Bull			0	5	0
W. and I. E. M.			0	10	0
Mr. Gowdie's little boy			0	2	6
Mrs. Willis			5	0	0
E. M., Berkhamsted			1	0	0
Postal order, Waltham Abbey			0	10	0
A friend			0	5	0
Mrs. Yates			0	10	6
A frequent reader of Mr. Spurgeon's sermons			1	0	0
Baptist Sabbath-school, Wick			2	0	0
Miss Hood			0	5	0
Mr. L. Shepherd			0	10	0
Katie, George, Maggie, and Donnie Grant			0	9	0
Mr. Geo. Reid			20	0	0
Mrs. Hall			0	2	6
Miss Titcombe			0	1	0
Mr. E. K. Stace			0	10	0
Mr. R. Middleton	0	5 0			
Mr. Geo. Middleton ...	0	2 6			
Mr. Abraham Middleton...	0	2 6			
Emily Middleton	0	1 6			
			0	11	6
Bogmuchals Sunday-school Union, per Mr. G. Ewing			0	8	0
Mrs. Sparrow			0	10	0
Collected by Mr. A. T. Pryor			0	6	6
F. G. B., Chelmsford			0	2	6
Mrs. E. Campbell			0	4	0
E. A. R.			2	0	0
Stamps from East Ross			0	4	0
Mr. J. H. Mills			0	5	0
Collected by Mrs. White...			0	12	0
Mr. F. S. Ball			0	10	0
Mr. G. Newman			5	0	0

	£	s.	d.
Young Women's Bible-class at the Orphanage, per Mrs. J. Stiff	0	16	4
Evesham Sunday-school, per Mr. Warmington	2	3	0
Miss L. Wilford	1	0	0
Sale of watch, from a curate	1	5	0
Mr. J. Kipling	0	10	0
Box at Orphanage gates... 1 4 9			
Office box 0 11 0			
	1	15	9
Woodford Sunday-school, per Mr. W. French	0	9	0
Mrs. Rogers...	0	10	0
Baptist Sunday-school, Faversham, per Mr. H. Cheesman	0	17	0
Melbourne Hall, Leicester, per Pastor C. B. Sawday	7	10	0
Mr. G. Hill	1	0	0
Mrs. Dale	1	0	0
A friend	15	0	0
P. and P.	0	5	0
Dr. H. E. Crossby...	10	0	0
Mr. A. Smail	0	6	6
F. S.	1	1	0
J. E. S. F.	10	0	0
Mrs. R. Booth	1	0	0
Mrs. Hayne, per Mrs. R. Booth ...	1	0	0
Miss Hadfield	10	0	0
Mr. E. Whitehead...	2	0	0
Mr. T. G. Owens	5	0	0
Bank-note from Wellingborough ...	5	0	0
Collected by the Hawick Working Boys and Girls' Religious Society	2	18	0
Miss H. Hector	1	0	0
Maggie	0	2	6
Mr. Wm. Maynard	0	2	0
Mr. and Mrs. Parker Gray	3	0	0
T. R., Redruth	0	5	0
Miss Lister	0	10	0
W. H. O., and R. L.	0	5	0
Mrs. Elgee	0	10	6
West Calder Free Church Sabbath-school	0	5	0
Eld Lane Baptist Sunday-school, Colchester	2	2	0
Parson's Heath Baptist Sunday-school	0	9	6
James Letch	0	5	0
Henry Letch	0	10	6
Miss A. H. Jones	0	5	0
Mr. P. A. Carter	0	3	6
Miss G. Bedwell	0	1	0
M. G.	0	3	0

	£	s.	d.
A thankoffering from an orphan, Cheltenham	1	0	0
C. B.	5	0	0
Richmond Street Sunday-school 13 1 6			
Young Men's and Women's Bible-classes 7 18 6			
	21	0	0
Mrs. Lewis	2	2	0
S. R. T.	2	0	0
Three friends, Nairn, per Mr. W. Turnbull	0	8	0
Mr. J. Wilson	0	10	0
A. P.	0	1	0
Di Nicholson, Melbourne	0	10	0
Miss Beebey	0	2	0
Immanuel Church, West Brixton, Young People's service, per Mr. A. Wilson	5	0	0
Mr. W. Squibb	0	6	0
Mr. E. Pattenden	0	5	0
Mrs. Hart and friend	0	10	0
B. G., Norwich	1	0	0
Miss M. Hall	3	3	0
A Durweston chimer	0	10	0
T. A. H. P. W.	5	0	0
Mr. J. C. Wadland	1	0	0
Mrs. Cracknell	0	2	6
Mr. and Mrs. T. M. Whittaker ...	3	3	0
Mr. Ranford	0	10	0
Bonnington Hall Sabbath-school, Leith, per Mr. G. Taylor	0	5	0
From Dorton	3	3	0
Miss Hunt, per J. T. D.	0	5	0
Meetings by Mr. Charlesworth and the Orphanage Choir:—			
St. Alban's 12 17 6			
Berkhamsted, less local expenses 2 5 9			
Mr. A. Slater 1 1 0			
	3	6	9
Boxmoor	5	17	0
Wynne Road Baptist Chapel, Brixton	5	0	0
East London Tabernacle...	10	0	0
Sale of programmes:—			
Camberwell	0	10	6
Ilford...	0	6	10
Wood Green...	0	18	1
West Norwood	2	6	7
	£463	16	7

List of Presents, per Mr. Charlesworth, from March 17th to April 14th, 1891.—PROVISIONS:—224 lbs. Rice, Mr. J. L. Potier; 1 bag Potatoes, Mr. Davey; 1 New Zealand Sheep, Mr. A. Seale Haslam; 6 Stilton Cheeses, Mr. J. T. Crosher; 1,000 Buns, Mr. W. Medcalf; 250 Cocoanuts, Mr. Frederick Fisher; 1 sack Potatoes, Mr. W. Cutler; 1 hamper of Bread, Mr. Nelson Read.

BOYS' CLOTHING.—101 yards of Cloth, Messrs. Fisher and Co.; 14 Shirts, The Ladies' Working Association, Wynne Road Baptist Chapel, per Mrs. R. S. Pearce; 6 Flannel Shirts, Mrs. Williams; 5 pairs Knitted Socks, Mrs. Hicks.

GIRLS' CLOTHING.—A few Straw Hats, Miss Hart; 2 Dresses, Mrs. Ashburner; 12 Articles, Mrs. H. Kidner; 1 pair Boots, A. D.; 7 Wraps, Anon.; 1 Article, The Ladies' Working Association, Wynne Road Baptist Chapel, per Mrs. R. S. Pearce; 30 Articles, The Cheam Baptist Working Society, per Mrs. E. Cox; 129 Articles, The Ladies' Working Meeting, Metropolitan Tabernacle, per Miss Higgs; 1 pair Stockings, Miss E. Tongh; 8 Girls' Hats, Miss E. Hunt.

GENERAL.—1 Book, Mr. J. D. Fraser; 14 vols. "The Penny Magazine," Miss Brooks, per J. T. D.; a few Carpenter's Tools, &c., Mr. C. O. Godwin; 4 boxes Bunter's Nervine, Mr. A. Wilson; 1 load Firewood, Mr. J. Cooper.

Colportage Association.

Statement of Receipts from March 17th to April 14th, 1891.

Subscriptions and Donations for Districts:—

	£	s.	d.
Disley District	10	0	0
Harborne, per Mr. Harwood	7	10	0
Metropolitan Tabernacle Sunday-school, for Newington and Walworth ...	10	0	0
Tewkesbury, per Rev. E. Brett... ...	2	10	0

	£	s.	d.
Hadleigh District	10	0	0
Norfolk Association	30	0	0
Exmouth District	2	18	0
E. S., for Repton and Burton-on-Trent	20	0	0
Suffolk Congregational Union	30	0	0
Mr. Thomas Harris, for Corton ...	10	0	0
Mrs. Keevil, for Melksham	10	0	0
Kent and Sussex Association	27	10	0
Hockcliff District	10	0	0
Great Totham District	10	0	0
Thornbury District, per Mrs. Taylor ...	5	0	0
Okehampton District	6	6	9
Boroughbridge District	10	0	0
Mr. Thomas Greenwood, for Brentford	10	0	0
Uxbridge District :—			
Mr. William Coad... ... 1 1 0			
E. H. 1 1 0			
J. E. and L. M. 1 0 0			
Mr. Josh. Lowe 1 1 0			
Mr. George Knight ... 1 0 0			
Mr. H. G. Dunston ... 2 2 0			
A friend, D. 0 10 0			
A friend, B... ... ... 0 10 0			
Mr. and Mrs. Busby ... 0 10 0			
Mr. R. A. Stricland ... 0 10 0			

	£	s.	d.
Mr. H. Knight 0 10 0			
Mr. H. Boswell 0 5 0			
A friend 0 5 0			
Mr. A. Atwell 0 5 0			
Mr. and Mrs. Bunce ... 0 10 0			
Mr. W. J. Hutchings ... 5 0 0			
	16	0	0
Essex Congregational Union, for Pitsea	10	0	0
Southampton, per Mr. R. Beck ...	10	0	0
Friends at Maldon, per Mr. J. Belsham	15	0	0
	£272	14	9

Subscriptions and Donations to the General Fund:—

	£	s.	d.
Mrs. Baker	2	10	0
Readers of "The Christian," per Messrs. Morgan and Scott	1	0	0
E. K. G.	20	0	0
Mr. A. Perren	5	0	0
Mr. T. G. Owens	5	0	0
	£33	10	0

Society of Evangelists.

Statement of Receipts from March 17th to April 14th, 1891.

	£	s.	d.
E. M....	10	0	0
Mrs. Baker	2	10	0
Rev. J. H. Scott	1	0	0
Miss M. Wade	1	0	0
Miss Walter...	2	0	0
Miss K. E. Cooper...	0	5	0
Mrs. Gilchrist, per Rev. A. R. Munro	1	0	0
Mrs. Pringle	2	10	0
Mrs. Rees	0	5	0
Thankoffering for Messrs. Harmer and Jenner's services at Catford Hill ...	7	0	0
Thankoffering for Mr. Burnham's services at Old Sodbury	1	0	0
Thankoffering for Messrs. Fullerton and Smith's services at Ilfracombe...	4	0	0
St. Ives postal orders	4	0	0
Mrs. Cartwright	0	10	0

	£	s.	d.
Mr. T. G. Owens	5	0	0
Miss Pearce	2	0	0
Mrs. Murray	2	0	0
Mr. Joseph Russell	2	10	0
Mr. A. Perren	2	10	0
Thankoffering for Messrs. Fullerton and Smith's services at Falmouth ...	16	4	5
Mrs. Spencer	0	5	0
Mrs. Lewis	0	10	6
S. R. T.	2	0	0
Alpha...	5	0	0
Thankoffering for Mr. Smith's service at Lindsay Road, Sunderland ...	1	5	0
	£76	4	11

Surrey Gardens Memorial Schools.

Statement of Receipts from March 17th to April 14th, 1891.

	£	s.	d.
E. M....	10	0	0
Mrs. Baker	5	0	0
Per Mr. C. Foster :—			
Mr. Chesterfield 0 3 0			
Mr. Beaber 0 2 0			
	0	5	0
A poor member of the Tabernacle Church	0	2	6
Mr. Charles Cooper	1	0	0
Miss A. Drayson	0	5	0

	£	s.	d.
Mr. John Neal	2	2	0
Mr. Thomas Penny	1	1	0
W. B....	0	5	0
Mrs. Lewis	0	16	0
Mrs. Moffatt	0	10	6
Miss Skinner	0	10	6
Mr. and Mrs. Holland	0	10	0
	£22	7	6

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

1890–91.



Printed for the College by
ALABASTER, PASSMORE, AND SONS, FANN STREET, E.C.

1891.

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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Financial Committee.

C. H. SPURGEON.	J. PASSMORE.
J. A. SPURGEON.	J. BUSWELL.

Secretary.

Mr. H. HIBBERT, Metropolitan Tabernacle.

The work of the College has for many years been adopted by the Church at the Tabernacle as its own. The accounts are examined with the accounts of the Church by auditors chosen by the Church, and are read and passed at the Annual Church-meeting in the beginning of the year.

FORM OF BEQUEST.

I Give and Bequeath the sum of _____ *pounds sterling, to be paid out of that part of my personal estate which may by law be given with effect for charitable purposes, to be paid to the Treasurer for the time being of the Pastors' College, Metropolitan Tabernacle, Newington, Surrey, and his receipt shall be a sufficient discharge for the said legacy; and this legacy, when received by such Treasurer, to be applied for the general purposes of the College.*

A Brief Review of College History.

By C. H. SPURGEON.

THE Pastors' College has assisted in their studies for the sacred ministry no less than 845 men. These were preachers before they applied to the institution; indeed, they had each one been preaching for two years at the least, and we believe they would have continued to do so. Thus the College has not increased the number of ministers, but we trust it has improved their quality. In some few cases the young brethren had received a high-class secular education; but they much needed Biblical instruction, and guidance as to the duties of the pulpit and the pastorate. But the mass of our men came to us with very deficient learning, or none at all; indeed, the College was originally instituted to help men of good natural parts, who had not been able to acquire a sufficient education in their earlier days. We opened a door of hope for those who could not pass an examination in the standards of scholarship, but yet had been used of the Lord in the winning of souls. Although we have taken within our doors men of considerable early advantages, we hope we shall never be induced to shut out the order of men for whom our classes were first formed. When there is rich mental soil, whatever early neglect there may have been, the ground yields plentifully as soon as it is tilled; and in produce, the virgin soil frequently rivals that which has been cropped all along. Verily, "there are last that shall be first": men far behindhand in education feel their lack, and by a desperate resolve, cause the republic of knowledge to suffer violence, and to be captured for the kingdom of heaven. We have no occasion to be ashamed of our students, nor of the marked advance which they have made in preparation for their life-work. We might all have done better; but we must praise the grace which has enabled us to do as well as we have.

Since they have been out in the field, God has been gracious to our brethren, and made them to be successful winners of souls. There are great differences as to the measure of success; but so it ever has been. For the most part our brethren remain faithful and useful. The torrent of error is so strong, that certain of them have been carried off their feet, and stand no more with us; but we are not discouraged, for we remember the firmness and growing graces of others against whom the floods cannot prevail. There remains a band of men whose hearts the Lord has touched, who are steadfast, unmovable. Had only one or two, such as we could mention, remained true to the old colours, we should have thought our labour well repaid; but there are with us many men valiant for the truth, and loyal to their heavenly King. To these, under God, we look for the maintenance and promulgation of the doctrines of the gospel in years to come. They will "hold the fort" till the Lord appears, or they will, ere they die, light up a candle in the dark places, which shall never be blown out.

From the first we have spent a considerable portion of income in breaking up fresh ground, and forming new churches. We continue

inaugurating and aiding efforts for extension both at home and abroad. *The Evangelists* travel from place to place, and showers of blessing attend their visits. *The College Missionary Society* works in connection with the North Africa Mission, and supports two brethren, CHURCHER and PATRICK, in the empire of Morocco. Very hopeful signs have gladdened these faithful men. Mahometans are hard to convince; but Spaniards, Jews, and others are being led to our Lord. At home, Mr. E. A. CARTER pursues his *Pioneer Work* with remarkable courage and faith; and new churches are springing up through his efforts. These are two organized forms of service; but the majority of the workers are toiling in connection with the churches, each man, according to his calling, seeking to build up his own portion of the walls of the New Jerusalem. Men have gone from us and founded churches in Guernsey, and the Falkland Islands, during the last year or two; and before this, others had done similar work in Tasmania, in the Cape Colonies, and in the United States. The world is our parish, and our brethren are not sitting down, waiting to be called to settled charges, and comfortable incomes; but they are willing to go wherever there is an opening for preaching Christ, and gathering a church. We only wish that more friends, who live in destitute neighbourhoods, would co-operate with us in supplying the means of grace. In this huge London alone, there are hundreds of growing regions in which there would soon be worshipping communities if only there were houses in which they could assemble, and choice preachers of the cross of Christ to attract and instruct them.

This College work is not an easy one, and a lover of ease, after carrying it on so long, would feel inclined to drop it. The tutors bear the greater part of the burden of teaching, and the Vice-President is always an efficient helper; but to one who has so much to do, the one day in the week which is given to the College is by no means a small addition to our own toil. There are cares innumerable, both for churches and men, which do not confine themselves to Fridays, and are not even content to disturb the other days, but also creep in upon the pillow at night. To add to this, which is enough of a load, and yet is cheerfully borne, opposition is raised in unworthy ways. Of course, if we send forth men who hold the old faith, the gentlemen of the modern school will not admire them, will seek to block the pulpits against them, and will declare them to be "uneducated men." This last is not true, and those who make it would know better if they were better educated themselves. As to closing the churches to us, we are under no fear; for the success in that direction will be small indeed. Of late, a violent attempt has been made to prejudice Christian people by the statement that we have sent forth so many men that we have increased the number of "the unemployed" in the ministry. We are not of those who consider the ministry of Christ's gospel to be a Trade Union, and therefore we are not moved by this cry. We have been accustomed to pray the Lord of the harvest to send forth labourers into his harvest, and we have tried to prove the sincerity of our prayer. Among the novelties of the present age is the crime of helping too many men to get instruction in the things of God, too many men to be soul-winners. We wonder what next!

Still, as the charge was made, we looked at it, wondering what could have led to it. These "unemployed" brethren of ours are not known to us, and they would have been had they existed. A few men are moving, and, perhaps, if others besides our men were moving, their churches would not be injured; but as to any noticeable number out of work, we know them not. We suppose the critics have counted those in the Handbook who are put down as ministers without pastorates, and have counted these as "unemployed"; but this is absurd. A man may be fully employed in religious work, and yet he may not be a pastor. Tutors, secretaries, evangelists, and so forth, have no pastoral charge, and are none the less doing the Lord's work; ay, and none the less preaching the Word. Then there are a number of brethren who are in business, and have no intention of quitting their secular callings, and yet they are always preaching on the Sabbath: the more of these the better. We have felt great delight in helping such men. To these, add brethren who are invalided, some of them bedridden, others with a failing in the voice, and a certain small number who have just resigned one church, and are waiting for another; and you can account for all the men who, according to statistics, are unemployed graduates of the Pastors' College. There is not enough truth in the statement to keep it sweet: statistics are in this case strained to sustain a mere invention. We who know the matter best, know nothing about this horde of men standing in the market-place idle because no man hath hired them. The boot is on the other foot: the men who preach the old gospel are getting precious, and the other sort are not wanted. We know of many baits which are laid for certain of our brethren by those who would seduce them; and we know also this other fact, that we never had so clear a way for our students as now. We are not waiting for pulpits, but the pulpits are waiting for us. Where "Down-grade" men have nearly killed churches, there, at the next change, is the place for one of our men. We are amazed when we see how small a trace of his teaching the "modern-thought" man leaves behind him: he even creates a revulsion of feeling, and the people say, "Our church will soon die out under this teaching; we had better get a man of the old school." This is no piece of imagination, but is verified by many facts which we have no space to specify. Let those wince who have reason for it: we have none.

Even if there are too many preachers of a sort, this is no fault of ours. We have begun a defence, and may as well give one or two facts not generally known. These *unemployed* persons are about as numerous as they were thirty years ago. Not more so, and not less so: they are an abiding company; and if we wait till they are all accommodated, we must be prepared to see many of the churches expire in the operation.

We take men who would have been preachers whether or no. We never knowingly receive a brother who could, would, or should have been repressed. In many cases, if the men could have been kept out of a pulpit, we did our best to keep them out: the brave enthusiasts forced their way, and were not to be restrained by us. We never persuade or induce anyone to come; but, on the contrary, put many to severe trials to test their ardour; and then we yield to their importunity.

We have, in preference, taken men already in pastorates. We are

always taking such; and have several of the kind in the College now. This does not add one man to the staff of preachers, but assists brethren who, in the work, have discovered their need of more education and are quite sure to labour to their utmost to obtain it. These brethren make a considerable number in our little army of men.

In very many cases, the young men have founded their own churches. Looking at the matter in the lowest light, when a man forms his own sphere, he cannot be accused of keeping others out of position. Churches have been founded by us in numbers never before approached by any school of the prophets. Others have not been slow to appropriate the churches we have gathered, when the rough work has been done; but of this we have never complained: a church has a right to choose at its own sweet will. That we increase a denomination which cares not for us, is a fact which will be better understood in a coming age than just now. If God is glorified, and souls are saved, it is enough. To all Colleges where sound doctrine is taught we wish abundant success; we are not their rival, but their fellow-worker; and if by the fact of our being singled out for attack other institutions are screened, we rejoice.

So many of our brethren are working out of England, in our Colonies, that the next time the Clerical Trade Union has a complaint to make, it would be well to consult our College List, and see how little "the preacher out of work" can blame us for overstocking the market.

But all this is mere trifling. Men are dying, and need the gospel. If the Holy Ghost will send out ten thousand more preachers we will welcome them all. In the ministry the supply creates the demand; for the natural law is reversed in the spiritual world. More heralds of the cross will be a blessing, and not a curse. To help men to preach Jesus is a duty, and not a crime for which a man needs defend himself. To meet the banditti of error with Soldiers of the Cross, is the prime duty of the hour. To this we give ourselves. The Lord of hosts is helping us, and the day is being won. Fellow-helpers of years gone by, and of the present hour, aid us more liberally than ever, for the work is sound and good; and as it evidently galls the enemy, we see in this the only testimony which they are likely to furnish in its favour.

Vice-President's Report.

ANOTHER year's work in College upon the well-tried lines has further confirmed our faith in the necessity for, and the efficiency of, our system of preparation for the ministry of the gospel in this age of doubts, lukewarmness, and growing conformity to the world. As much, nay more than ever, do we need a clear, definite proclamation of the leading doctrines of the old Puritanic creed. More light and fire upon the ancient truths—for this we work, pray and believe; and not in vain. The young men now with us are as stanch in the faith as any we have ever had confided to our care; and we believe they will prove to be as well able to fill the pastorates of our churches as any who have left us in the past.

The President's health has been so good throughout the greater part of the year, that the students have greatly enjoyed, and been much benefited by, the increased instruction afforded by his Lectures on Friday afternoons.

The moral and spiritual tone of the College leaves little to be desired. An earnest, prayerful spirit prevails; and the practical test of results achieved is found in the fact, that all our available young men are settled in suitable spheres, and more are sought for by the churches. The health of the men has suffered somewhat through the severity of the weather during the protracted winter, though not more than might have been expected. Our College is not uplifted above the fog of London, but lies near the centre of the smoky metropolis—in the heart of England and the world. For many reasons this is well; but in the matter of health it is trying.

With hopes of future usefulness, more buoyant than ever, we address ourselves to the coming year. Our confidence in the Master we serve, and in the truth we preach, grows with our fuller acquaintance with that Inspired Revelation from above, which is the class-book and creed of the Pastors' College, and to herald which is the life-long joy and service of all connected with it.

JAMES A. SPURGEON.

Mr. Gracey's Report.

ONCE again—now in my twenty-ninth year of tutorial work—I am glad to bring up a "good report" of the College and its work. For the most part, the history of the College during the past year has been like that of the godly man of the 1st Psalm: "He shall be like a tree planted by the streams of water, that bringeth forth its fruit in its season, whose leaf also doth not wither; and whatsoever he doeth shall prosper." Speaking generally, each man has tried to be and do his utmost in the duties assigned to him, both in and out of College. The results, of course, have not been uniform, and we should think it a calamity if they were so. What we seek to do is, observing the endless variety of natural gifts, experience, attainment in the knowledge of gospel truth, advancement in sanctification, and many other things that make individuals to differ, to assist each one to stir up "the gift that is in him", and cultivate it to the utmost for the Great Master's use. What that gift may be is not in every student at once discoverable. Every facility and encouragement are, however, given to every man to declare himself. In preaching trial sermons, in producing sermon plans, in the discussion class, in freedom of criticism and debate, as well as in the ordinary work of the class-room, the talent or talents entrusted to any brother, as a rule, soon give tokens of their presence. These, besides being a means of elucidating brethren's gifts, are also very effectual forces in polishing them. The free expression of his opinions by any student shows wherein he needs most instruction and correction. Collisions of debate tend to widen the comprehension and to increase

respect for the powers of others, if not always for one's own. Many of our subjects are the living questions of the day, and need not therefore be named; but what is of importance to say is, that the debating power, as distinct from mere speech-making, has attained an excellence seldom reached and never exceeded. The sermons read for criticism afford us hope that the men who are growing up under our care will become able in due time rightly to divide the word of truth and feed the flock of God, if they do not attain to the brilliancy of particular stars in the ecclesiastical firmament. Peace and brotherly harmony have dwelt among us. We have every proof that there is now amongst us, as of old, a sincere and hearty love of the Saviour, his truth, and the souls of men. The spirit of prayer pervades all our work. Never were brethren more busily engaged—in some cases, beyond their strength—in evangelistic work. Never have they been favoured with better results. A strong and continuous demand has flowed in upon us, severely taxing all our resources to meet it; from mission halls, from village stations, from young, weak and decayed churches, as well as from churches desiring pastors to settle over them. Through the good hand of God upon us in these matters, which test, in no mean way, the outcome of all our work, there is no one who has been willing to leave but might have left to enter upon pastoral work. At the memory of these things, we therefore thank God, and take courage.

As to the two classes of the whole College which I take weekly, I have used Dr. Hodge's Handbook for the one, and delivered my own Lectures on Systematic Theology to the other. The subjects in my separate classes have been varied as much as the attainments of the students rendered allowable. In LATIN, we have been reading Lucretius De Rerum Natura, the First Book of Livy, and the First Oration of Cicero against Cataline. In CLASSICAL GREEK, our subjects have been the First Book of Homer, the Sixth Book of Herodotus, and Plato's Apologia of Socrates. In NEW TESTAMENT GREEK, we have been reading the Acts of the Apostles, the Epistles to the Ephesians, Philippians, Colossians and Romans. In HEBREW, the juniors, after having been carefully drilled in the Grammar, have gone on to read Genesis. The seniors have been reading selections from various Books, *e.g.*, Psalms, Hosea, Isaiah, Job, Exodus, Deuteronomy.

Finally, I have kept the three important subjects of Homiletics, Greek Testament Synonyms, and Church History before the attention of large, interested and industrious classes: the first continuously, the other two in succession.

Mr. Fergusson's Report.

AT the close of another year, it is very pleasing to look back upon its finished work, and feel satisfied with the retrospect. To-day, this is our experience. The students in the classes immediately under our care have quitted themselves like men, and that in the fullest sense of the word. They have worked like men, and have conducted themselves,

amid all the varieties of student work, like men; and as God-fearing men have fully justified the forecast we ventured to make concerning them at the close of the preceding year.

The work in all its different forms has been well done; and if we may judge from what appears in the weekly essay that each man submits to us for criticism, we can say every branch of the work has been handled thoroughly, and with profit, and in such a way as to give promise, that in days to come, under God, they will be able and apt to teach others, in word and doctrine. Each one has done the work in his own way, that is, every man seemed to know what he wanted, and felt fully persuaded that what he wanted was locked up in the studies that formed his daily toil, and therefore approached them with settled purpose. This mode of study has been a very pleasant feature in the work of the past year: no man merged his individuality in a regulation student type. Each man has been himself; and if this principle be acted upon in his future life, he will give *himself* to the church and to the work of God—himself and not another.

A gracious spirit has animated all the men, manifesting itself in various ways. The consciousness that the work of the class-room was work for Christ, the brethren made very evident, and gave to it loyal, loving thoroughness of labour; such labour as can only be given by men who aim at giving Christ in all things the pre-eminence. Again, deep sympathy with every enterprise which has for its object the salvation of souls, has been heartily expressed, and been very rife among us during the past year, and lent a zest to study, especially all such as was most likely to make them efficient fishers of men; also settled convictions as to what constitutes the gospel of the grace of God have been very apparent in every portion of the work, both as to the doctrines of grace and the plenary inspiration of the Scriptures, where they are clearly put forth as the only means of salvation to fallen men. Yes, and if there has been any conviction among our men more pronounced than another it has been this one, that the Scriptures of the Old and New Testaments are fully equal to every emergency that may cross the paths of the human soul, that they can grapple with every form of human sin and uproot it, and do so without aid from an arm of flesh. With similar clearness have our young brethren expressed what they considered to be the only secret of a successful ministry—Christ formed in the Preacher's heart as the hope of glory; his soul filled with the Spirit of God, and the whole Word of God honestly believed and fearlessly preached: this by them has been regarded as the perfection of preaching power and the throbbing heart of a loving ministry.

The course of study in our department may be seen from the list of our text-books: Butler's Analogy; Bible Handbook; Wayland's Ethics; Fleming's Analysis of the English Language; Trench's English Language, past and present; Trench on Words; Bain's English Composition; and Fowler's Logic.

Mr. Marchant's Report.

THE time has again come round to turn aside from the work itself to make some report of it. Left to his own feelings, the true worker would often prefer to keep silence, save as the work itself speaks; but when speech is necessary, silence is unhealthy; and perhaps the ills that come of unnatural silence are hardly less grave than those which come of superfluous talk. "Is there not a cause?" said the young shepherd, by way of vindicating his position as a warrior proffering service where the hearts of the mighty men of Israel failed them. "The needs be" makes all the difference between some broad-phylacteried Pharisee, standing at the corner of his well-selected street, and some Ezra, or Nehemiah, "blessing the Lord, the great God", in the presence of the thousands assembled "before the water gate"—speaking now to the Most High in lowly prayer, and now counselling the weeping multitudes with the cry, "The joy of the Lord is your strength."

The need for the College still exists. This is one of the things most surely believed among us; better still, it is believed just as assuredly by the Churches themselves. We are not able fully to meet the demands made upon us for men. Before a man has fairly completed his term with us, he is pressed to "settle." Men are caught up and taken from us into the field before we are ready to part with them. As a matter of fact, we have seldom had so few seniors, to send out as supplies, as during the last few months. The calls of the Churches are more pressing than ever; the needs of the world are as great as ever.

We suspect that all this is going to be true for a long time to come. We have all heard of good ministerial brethren, who do not like to have another chapel within at least a mile of themselves. They seem to have an idea that they can live best, work best, and show to most advantage when all round them is sheer wilderness. They want their church to be an oasis in a desert. For our own part, we never had much faith in this kind of thing. Deliver me from a pastorate in the middle of Sodom! the friend whom I love from one in the midst of Nineveh! nor would I wish even mine enemy, had I such, a location in some Belgravia of virgin worldliness, where he might labour in the things of the gospel with no neighbouring church here to quicken him, or there to make him ashamed.

The simple fact is that *any "good Minister of Jesus Christ" creates a larger demand than he can satisfy. We need more good preachers and pastors so much, just because there are so many already.* If there were no church in the world, the world would hardly feel its want of one. It is just because living men are so urgently crying out for Christ, that worldly men around get to think that they want Christ too. Things will have to be a good deal more in this fashion before "He shall see of the travail of his soul and be satisfied." When a great scheme for upraising the masses is set agoing, it is not to be viewed with jealousy, but it should be a spur to make us travel faster, and attempt more. Every good work, like every good worker, creates a larger demand than it can

satisfy. It is very possible, nay, even probable, that some particular soup-kitchen or other will suffer in the early movements of a fresh philanthropic work. So be it; but be of good cheer, brother! if this spirit of sympathy with the world's needy ones only goes on growing, you will soon be able to give away ten basins of soup, where you formerly gave away one.

It is much so in preaching. Here, more than anywhere else, the supply creates the demand. The seed of the gospel is "good": only sow it, and sow it, and sow it again, and before long the world will not be able to do without it. It is when we stay our hand that the demand becomes less. Meanwhile, the full harvest cries for new sickles and more reapers. The vast numbers who still "sit in darkness" ought, in the vision which ever comes to men of living faith, to appear before us as so many suppliants, praying others to bring them the "marvellous light."

My own classes have gone over the customary studies. The brethren have toiled well and perseveringly, and, for the most part, with good results. Owing to its large number, perhaps the Senior Class in Euclid has hardly kept up to the usual standard; the junior men, however, in a smaller class have done well. In both languages the course in Grammar and Delectus work has been successfully accomplished; the same may be said of Arnold's Exercises in successive classes. In addition to this elementary labour, a considerable amount of reading and careful parsing has been done in Greek, principally in Xenophon's Anabasis and Lucian's Dialogues. In Latin, portions of Eutropius, Cæsar, Nepos, and Virgil have been carefully translated and studied. As a whole, I think that the year's work has been quite up to the average attainment.

Mr. Cheshire's Report.

IT is a pleasure to be able to report that our work has been continued during the past year with, I hope and believe, undiminished energy, interest and utility. There is nothing to report in connection with my class, marking this year out from any other, excepting perhaps the very unusual number of letters I have received from former students, requesting, in many cases, some help in the way of lectures or services, but uniformly testifying to the assistance which they have found our particular work to be, in their own ministerial studies. This greatly encourages us, for I have often said, that although our subject is science, I should still feel our class the most absolute failure, however much progress might be made in the acquisition of exact knowledge, unless with it there came deeper reverence and a fuller appreciation, that all ever-present forces are but evidences of the Eternal mind, upon which they rest, and whence they come. "In Him we live and move, and have our being", is our watchword, and the spirit in which we are often helped to study our subject is an appropriate preparation for the Students' prayer-meeting, which immediately follows our class.

Our time has been occupied mainly, as follows; the courses being now and again interrupted to take advantage of some passing event, which it may be worth while to especially explain. For instance, the recent exposé of the tricks of Husk and Williams, who had been gaining large sums as "mediums", professing to show the spirits, materialized, of departed friends, spirit hands, &c., induced me to repeat, after a proper explanation, their tricks, introducing one of the students as a "spirit form." To accomplish this, I rigged up a little piece of apparatus, which has been borrowed by some of the brethren who have been able, through it, to point a lesson to some young peoples' classes.

We have had a course on The Scientific Side of the Temperance Question. Another of considerable length on Physiology, in which Yagge's fine diagrams have been used, and some dissections exhibited. Chemistry filled the residue of time at our disposal.

The Microscope still supplies, as one of the brethren said, "a weekly treat" during the tea-hour.

We are now about to commence a course on Sound, and are adding a very fine gyroscope to our apparatus.

Reports of the Evening Classes.*

I AM happy to be able to report that the average attendance has greatly increased during the past year, and that the amount of work done, the enthusiasm with which it has been carried on, and the devout spirit of the men, have compared favourably with that of any other year. All seem animated with the desire to make the best use of the opportunities offered, so that they may become increasingly useful in the kingdom of Christ.

You will be glad to know that a large proportion of the men are engaged in active service in the Lord's work. We have about fifteen to twenty who are Teachers in Sunday and Ragged Schools, others regularly engaged in Mission work, visiting Lodging-houses, and in open-air preaching, while others are connected with Bible Classes. Several of these workers have occasionally sent me reports of their work, and I have marvelled at what they have accomplished, in addition to their daily labour. I need not say that these men have been the most regular in their attendance, and the most assiduous in their studies. Those who do much are the men to do more.

Our course of study has been somewhat similar to that of the previous year. We have used "Dr. Hodge's Handbook of Theology", "Fleming's Analysis of the English Language", "Trench's Study of Words", and "Ansted's Physical Geography."

I have asked my worthy colleagues, Mr. Bowers, and Mr. Pinkess of the Shorthand Class, to send reports of their classes.

S. JOHNSON.

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* In our Evening Classes young men in business can obtain an education. The one condition being that they wish to use it in the service of the Lord.

IN reporting on another year's work, I am pleased to be able to state that in each department of study the men have shown an earnest endeavour to profit by the advantages offered them. It is refreshing to observe the way in which men, who are employed in business during the day, apply themselves to study, ay, and often to very hard study, in the evening.

Below is a statement of the work done on Monday and Wednesday evenings.

On Monday evenings, classes are held in Greek and Latin.

In *Greek*, we have studied the "Initia Græca", and Goodwin's "Greek Grammar." For reading, we have taken St. John's Gospel and the Anabasis.

During the year we have had gratifying proof, in several cases, of the value of this class, in preparing men for similar work in the College. In one case, a Mr. S. was found advanced enough to get his remove, in Greek, at once.

In *Latin*, we have studied the "Principia Latina", and are reading Cæsar.

On Wednesday evenings, the subjects dealt with have been the following :—

English Grammar, Eighteenth Century History and Literature, and Bible English.

In *Grammar*, our class books have been the works of Dr. Morell and Dr. Morris. Our main purpose has been to make this study of practical value.

In the *Literature*, as far as we have gone, some work or works of the principal writers of the period have been read, and commented on.

Bible English.—As the ordinary version is preferred by so many, we had a course of six lessons on mistakes that may arise

(1) From the changed meanings of words still in use ;
(2) From words that have contracted or enlarged their signification ;
(3) From words and phrases altogether obsolete, &c.

The lessons have been very useful, and we have been enabled to appreciate, at their real value, such objections as those of the profound critic who disparaged the veracity of the Acts of the Apostles, and ridiculed the idea of the Cilician tent-maker travelling so luxuriously, as described in Acts xxi. 15, when the road from Cæsarea to Jerusalem was a mountain-path, impassable for vehicles.

Care is taken in the directing of home reading. The importance of self-reliance is insisted on. Each student is taught that "The power which resides in him is new in nature, and none but he knows what he can do, nor does *he* know, until he has tried."

Looking back over the past year's work, on the part of the men, I can say "well done!"

THOS. F. BOWERS.

THE Shorthand Class continues to meet every Friday evening from 8 till 9 o'clock. The system taught is Mr. Pitman's Phonography.

The knowledge of Shorthand is very useful to Students in taking notes of Lectures, Sermons, &c., and in their Church work.

The Class is open to all who are engaged in any Christian work.

During the present Session the Class has studied the "Teacher", and is nearly through the "Manual of Phonography", after which, dictation practice for speed will be given, and discussions on best outlines for difficult words.

The average attendance is about 30, some of the members coming a long distance to attend.

The Class is frequently the medium of supplying employers with Christian assistants having a knowledge of Shorthand.

A hearty Christian spirit always pervades the Class, rendering the study very enjoyable.

HAYDN PINKESS.

Pastors' College Society of Evangelists.

BY W. Y. FULLERTON.

IT is now twelve or thirteen years since Manton Smith and I, by no seeking of our own, set forth on our evangelistic pilgrimage. And truly we might have had, during that time, opportunity to return; but being still wanderers on the face of the earth, we express our conviction, based on experience, that the need of such effort was never greater than it is at this moment, nor its success more encouraging.

To adequately report even a year's work, as I am asked to do, is almost an impossibility. At best, I can only speak of what comes under my personal observation; and being at the centre of the work, many of the interesting features at the circumference are entirely hidden from me; while much that is known is too sacred to be publicly recounted.

During the year from March, 1890, to February, 1891, twenty-three places have been visited. The list of names can be read elsewhere in the Report. Suffice it to say that our sphere of service has varied from the Metropolitan Tabernacle, with its vast capacity, to a quiet mission hall, holding scarcely three hundred people; and from the throng of London to a sedate Suffolk town, or Yorkshire hamlet; and from a busy manufacturing centre in the North, to an old-world Cornish port, or aristocratic watering-place.

But the gospel we have preached has varied not at all, and we have found, as of yore, that the old truth is suited to all men, whether they be subtle or simple. Indeed, I am more and more convinced that my countryman who declared that "one man's as good as another, and far better"—the last clause referring, of course, to his own country—was

not far wrong. In town or village, East or West, the Cross is the key to unlock the human heart. "There is no difference."

Our field has been as wide in the denominations it has embraced as the localities it has included. Baptists, Congregationalists, Presbyterians, Wesleyans, Primitive Methodists, Bible Christians, and the Society of Friends, have in turn been visited, besides many public halls; amongst them may be mentioned the immense St. George's Hall, in Bradford, which, during our mission there in September last, was frequently used and filled. We have not preached in any Episcopalian Church, or Salvation Army Barracks, or Brethren's Room, though many from all these sections have attended the meetings. Our work is thus truly Catholic; not undenominational, but inter-denominational; and in this connection we cannot speak too highly of the effective aid rendered by the various Y. M. C. A's. and Y. W. C. A's., and kindred institutions, with which we have been brought in contact.

What are the benefits of such an effort? If associated with the regular Church work, it should be like the horse which is, at the steep hill, attached to the tram-car to give it a pull over a hard place. To constant workers it should be, like a brief visit to the sea, invigorating for the year's usual service. To the undecided in the various congregations, it should be like a few days of intense summer heat ripening the corn which was sown long ago by faithful hands.

Are such results realized? Speaking from our own experience, Yes. And having visited five places this year for the second time, we would emphasize that answer, Yes. Even after ten years' interval, many have come forward in the place where the meetings were held, and spoken of the blessing personally received at them; some who were then brought to Christ we now find earnest workers, deacons of churches, and even ministers of the Word.

In addition to this, we never get into any place without testimony, often multiplied testimony, being given of definite decision for Christ in some other district. This, of course, is a result which will not show in the church books of that other place.

And how many Christians, whose outward life is irreproachable, nevertheless, in heart, have gone away from God! We count it one of our greatest privileges to be permitted, as we often are, to lead such into the light again. It is so easy for them to open their minds to strangers who are only exercising a fugitive ministry, and it would be so difficult to ask counsel of those near whom they always live.

In most cases, as an outcome of the mission, regular classes or prayer-meetings are arranged. At New Court Chapel, in the North of London, a large Sunday-afternoon's men's meeting has been established, and carried on with much enthusiasm ever since; at Fulham, a Nonconformist Union, embracing nearly a score of churches, has been organized to carry on social, temperance, and evangelistic work; and many other unofficial efforts take their rise in the quickened life of the special services.

But the chief result is, and must always be, that then and there men and women and children are led into the kingdom of God. In most places hundreds have declared that they have passed from death to life; and while, doubtless, some of these were already regenerate, and only

lacked assurance, and many were under impression ere the mission began, a considerable number of others have been drawn to the services, perhaps by curiosity, or by the extra effort put forth by some earnest friend, or to listen to Mr. Smith's singing or cornet, or even, as during the past awful winter, to get shelter—who have been met with by the Spirit of God, and led to the feet of Jesus. Some great sinners, both men and women, have thus been reached.

The chief argument for such services, however, lies in the very fact that those led to distinct avowal of faith in Jesus, are in great measure those that have been previously impressed. Under the regular ministry of the Word there appears to them little urgent reason why they should decide for Christ on one Sunday more than on another; and there is but a slight excuse for timid Christians approaching them to urge them to do so. But when the Special Mission is arranged, all that is changed. There is now every reason for instant decision, and every excuse for importunate pleading with the unsaved. Some brethren object to these efforts, I know; but why they should approve of the Gospel being preached three times a week, and object to its being preached ten times a week, I could never understand; or what possible harm can accrue from the diffused energies of the Church being concentrated, for a week or two, in one burning effort to reach the outside world, I cannot imagine.

Two days ago, at Ilfracombe, where these lines are written, a fire was discovered in a house, and, fortunately, extinguished with but little damage. No cause could be discovered for it, until, as they waited and speculated, the fire broke out afresh, when they found, to their intense astonishment, that it was ignited by means of a water-bottle, which focused the rays of the sun on one spot on the table, until it began to burn. The water-bottle was a most unlikely instrument, but, like the Special Service, it concentrated the else diffused light into one burning point, and the result was—a fire. To produce a fire of grace it needs Christians as clear as glass in motive and aim, filled to the full with the living water of the Spirit of God, and dwelling in the unclouded light of the Sun of Righteousness. Then we shall set fire to the devil's standing corn, or to the house, wherein he has, like a strong man armed, kept his goods in the peace of carnal security. May the Lord send us more of these conflagrations!

After the above article, nothing is needed but a list of the places visited by the Evangelists since the last College Conference.

Messrs. FULLERTON & SMITH have been at Southport; Sudbury; Sittingbourne; Whitstable; Bishop's Stortford; the Polytechnic, Regent Street; Bassett Street Chapel, Chalk Farm; Bradford; Portsmouth and Southsea; Forest Hill; Fulham; New Court Chapel, Tollington Park; Enfield; Grafton Square Baptist Chapel, Clapham; Penge Tabernacle; Crown Baths, and Metropolitan Tabernacle; Regent's Park Chapel; Falmouth; Ilfracombe; Folkestone; and Sunderland.

Mr. BURNHAM has visited Shrewsbury; Sellindge; Blockley; Harston; Boston Road, Brentford; Luton; the hop gardens in Kent (for the month of September); Arlington; Chesham; Perry Green and Caddington; Leafield; Great Yarmouth; Kilmington; Silver Street, Reading; Tring; Altrincham; Langham and Oakham; Old Sodbury and Little Sodbury; and Radford. We give in *The Sword and the Trowel* monthly testimonies to the success of this earnest brother's visitations.

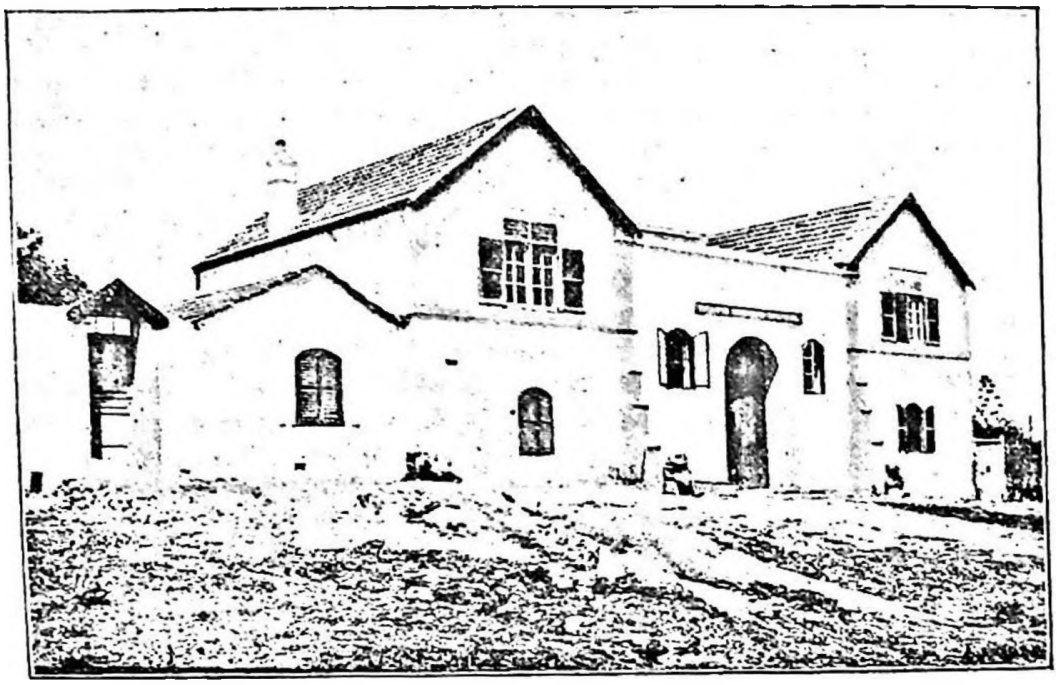
Mr. HARMER has conducted missions at Boston Road, Croydon; Easthorpe, Kelvedon; Mitcham; Dolton; Mr. Charrington's Hall, Mile End Road; Whitstable (with Mr. CHAMBERLAIN); Chesterfield; Deptford; Bromley Road, Lee; Eynsford; Shooters' Hill Road, Blackheath; Bexley Heath; Tenterden; Ipswich; Thornton Heath; Gravesend; Cheddar and Winscombe; Shipston-on-Stour; Bristol; Catford Hill; Portslade-by-Sea; and Shirley, Southampton. To all of these the Holy Spirit has set his seal by "signs following." Our magazine is made bright with records of revivals under Mr. Harmer.

Mr. HARRISON has been invalided for a great part of the past year, but his record of service is as follows:—"I have preached at the Polytechnic; conducted a mission, to girls only, in Aldersgate Street; held a seven weeks' mission at Mr. Charrington's Hall; preached two Sabbaths at Vernon Chapel, Pentonville; and supplied for a month at Miss Watney's Hall, Croydon." He is a true "son of thunder", and of consolation also.

Many other brethren have carried out the apostolic injunction, "Do the work of an Evangelist", although not supported by our Fund. Mr. Chamberlain has especially been a great helper in this Holy Service.

Mr. THOMAS SPURGEON'S reports of his evangelistic tours in New Zealand have been extremely interesting to readers of *The Sword and the Trowel*. He continues his fruitful service, and is far on in his year of incessant labour. May the Spirit of God cause those broad fields to blossom as the rose!

Pastors' College Missionary Association.



Hope House, Tangier.

I HAVE delayed several days in sending this note in the vain hope of thinking of something special for the College Report. Five years in Morocco have only served to drive home more forcibly than ever upon my heart that the one thing special about this land, is its need, its *awful* need, of the gospel. Creeds and systems, faith and fanaticism they have in abundance, but they *do* need Salvation.

Our little hospital, of which I enclose a photo, has now some five-and-twenty patients constantly with us, receiving not only bodily blessing, but daily gospel teaching. Then there are the out-patients, and we have also a dispensary for Jews and Spaniards, by whom together some 6,000 visits were paid to us last year.

Patients come from the most distant parts of the land, and some at least we believe carry back with them the gospel into the outer darkness of the regions beyond. For there are hundreds of thousands, yes, millions in this land alone, who have never heard of Jesus as the only Saviour, nor ever seen a real Christian.

Last week one of the few natives who we believe have received Jesus into their hearts, died rather suddenly: he was very ignorant, but he had boldly acknowledged his faith in the Saviour before many others, and though none of us were with him when he died, it was comforting to hear from his wife that at the last he urged her not to forget to trust in Jesus.

We are told that the Lord's people shall come out of *every* tribe. May some of our good brethren of the College be led to come out to gather in the Lord's chosen ones from Morocco!

T. GILLARD CHURCHER.

It is distasteful to write about one's own work, but I suppose it is a necessity.

At the present time, in the Café Oriental, and a Mission Cottage, we are holding six Evangelistic meetings each week for the Spaniards, and they are all more largely attended than when I wrote you last year. Our Monday night prayer-meeting is especially encouraging and helpful.

On Tuesday and Saturday afternoons Dr. Churcher conducts a Dispensary in the Café, which is connected with the Mildmay Mission to the Jews—very many Jews and Spaniards come for medicine. A service is held with the patients before the doctoring commences.

Each Thursday and Saturday evening, a class is held to teach reading and writing in Spanish. The number is limited to ten, for lack of competent teachers.

Every Friday evening, my wife conducts a Mothers' Meeting in the Cottage. She has just returned from the meeting, and tells me that eighteen mothers and twelve children were present.

Each afternoon, Saturdays and Sundays excepted, a day-school is held, and the children are taught reading, writing, and arithmetic by a Spaniard, whom I employ, named Pablo. I hope he is a converted man. About sixteen little ones attend regularly. My wife and myself try to teach them our gospel hymns and the way of salvation.

About six weeks since, we transferred our Sunday morning English service from Hope House to the Café Oriental, hoping thereby to be successful in obtaining larger congregations. We are encouraged in this effort. The average attendance has been about twenty-eight.

We dare not say anything about the number of our converts, but our work is only a small one. If, however, in one of our meetings, I were to ask all who believed in Jesus Christ to stand, everyone would immediately rise. Everyone says he believes, and is saved, and mostly adds, "I have been a Christian since I was a baby." We have a small band of men and women that are evidently growing in grace. Some, that for a time seemed to follow Christ, have turned back, to their shame and to our sorrow. Some have returned to Spain; and whilst this in one way is trying, we always hope that, having heard the Gospel of the Grace of God, they may carry the good news to their own country.

N. HARDINGHAM PATRICK.

TANGIER, MOROCCO.

Last year we reported a balance of £346 11s. 8d. in hand on the account of our North Africa Mission. Since that time we have received

£406 9s. 1d. and expended £316 1s. 8d., leaving £436 19s. 1d. in hand. We have now two missionaries to support instead of one, as last July we undertook the maintenance of Dr. Churcher as well as of Mr. Patrick. As soon as we see the right man for the work, we shall send out another brother, and more as our funds permit.

Pioneer Mission Work.

By E. A. CARTER.

THE object of our Pioneer Work is to spread the glorious gospel in its fulness, and to establish centres of work for our denomination where they do not exist. It may not be known to all our readers that there are many places in England, with large populations, where at present there is no Baptist church. Many of our families remove to these neighbourhoods, and full often they and their children are lost to us. This ought not to be, when we consider the importance of those New Testament principles, for which we contend.

Our work is largely of an Evangelistic and Pioneer character; for its object is to break up the ground which a Pastor may eventually till. That there is great need for this effort we are learning more and more, and we need but God's blessing, the right men, and plenty of funds that we may go ahead in this work.

We give particulars of places where work has been commenced.

Farnworth, Bolton.—The last time we reported progress in the College Report, we expressed the belief that this weak Church, which we had helped, bade fair to be a prosperous one. This has been realized to a great extent under the ministry of Mr. West, who was there for a year. Many souls were saved, and the whole work greatly helped. To the great regret of the people, Mr. West did not see his way to remain, but his successor was found in Mr. S. Jones, to whom God has given many conversions; so much so that it is decided to erect a larger chapel. Last New Year's Eve we were at Farnworth, and were introduced to friends, who, on the previous New Year's Eve, were unconverted. On that occasion, the husband was so opposed to the work, that he shut up his wife and another woman in the house to prevent their attending the service; but God's Spirit, through Mr. West's ministry, has converted all three, and they have all been immersed by him on profession of their faith. Another man who had not attended a place of worship for many years, with his wife, sons, and daughters, have all been brought in, and are actively working in the church.

New Brighton.—Mr. Morley is very much encouraged here in the work. Spiritual blessing is being given, and an effort has been successfully made to obtain land, which has not only been bought but paid for, and the fund for a Chapel commenced. Mr. Morley says:—"One or two pleasing incidents have occurred among our young people. A lady, living in Liverpool, was staying at Matlock, when Mr. and Mrs. Carter

began the services there, and meeting with them, became interested in their work. She has a senior Bible-class in Liverpool, and one or two of her class are now residing *here*. She wrote to two of these, asking them to attend our services. One has begun to do this regularly, and also to attend my wife's Bible-class. She seems to have been converted several years since, but had lost her first love. She is now revived, and has joined our Young Women's Prayer-meeting. God has also given us the joy of hearing from another in the Bible-class that she has yielded her heart to Christ. The Holy Spirit has been striving with her ever since she came to the services at the Hall."

Waterloo, Liverpool.—This work is much blessed of God. The church was formed in June, and has now over sixty members. Mr. Goodchild has taken up the work, in addition to helping the general Pioneer service.

Mrs. Goodchild says:—"Since the beginning of the year the Lord has gathered home one member of our Bible-class, in her twenty-first year. She will ever have reason to bless God for the Pioneer Services at the Gymnasium. To use her own words, told me by her family: 'Oh, mother! I do wish you would come, and get the same blessing from the services that I have; they are food to my soul. I can plainly see, through the preaching and by searching God's Word, the duty and privilege of believers' baptism, and am not ashamed to say that I shall certainly obey it.' The Lord has taken her home before this desire was realized, but 'She being dead, yet speaketh.' We are looking for the answer to her prayers in the conversion of the unsaved ones in her family, some of whom have come to the services through her influence.

"The special services held by Mr. Carter, on Sunday, February 22nd, were the means of blessing. At night he spoke most earnestly to the unconverted. At the close, a young girl came up to me, saying that it was her first visit to the Gymnasium. She was kindly welcomed, and invited to the classes, and before there was time to question her, she said earnestly, 'I want to give my heart to God to-night!' On being asked what had led her to that decision, she said, with great enthusiasm, 'Oh, it's the preaching I have heard to-night, which has made me tremble all over!' Pointing her to him who freely gives pardon and peace to all who trust him, she was soon able to say, 'The Lord hath laid on him *my* iniquity.'"

Birkdale.—We meet in the Town Hall. Mr. Gomme was here for a few months, and the work grew; but he has now taken up work at Stanley Park, Liverpool, and Mr. West, who was at Farnworth for a year's special effort, is now conducting the services for a time. Already there are signs that the seed-sowing of the past is to be followed by reaping in the future. Believers are asking for baptism.

Matlock Bridge and Bath.—Our work here is very difficult, but not without blessing. Mr. Whittle will most likely take up the work in April, and will also act as Deputation Secretary to the Pioneer Movement. The gospel has been preached indoors and in the open air, and efforts have been made to lead the people to the Saviour by visitation, distribution of papers, and special meetings.

Douglas, Isle of Man.—A Baptist church was needed in Douglas. We waited God's time, and then started in the Gymnasium in August last, and were much encouraged, although we found many difficulties. Mr. Westlake, who did such a good work at Radcliffe, took up the work in November; and already many are gathering, and the small hall is crowded. Soon they will have to take the large Gymnasium. A baptismal service is appointed, which will be the first ever held, to our knowledge, in the Isle of Man.

Withington, Manchester.—We were asked by our President to see what could be done here, in answer to the appeal of our friend, Mr. Oldrieve. The result is that a work has been commenced, and Mr. Nankivell, who has come from the Church of England, having seen the scripturalness of believers' baptism, has been preaching for about two months. Each Sabbath has shown improvement. Spiritual blessing has been given.

Christchurch, Hants.—This church, of some years' standing, was in need of help, and by God's providence Mr. Carter was led to undertake it. God has graciously shown his approval in conversions and increase of congregations. Mr. West, who was preaching at Freemantle for three months, superintended the work for the time, with the help of Mr. Chesterton, from Mr. Morrison's church at Bourne Valley. Since then, Mr. Chesterton is continuing the oversight for the present, and much blessing is being enjoyed. Mr. Wainwright and his friends at Bournemouth are showing much interest in this movement.

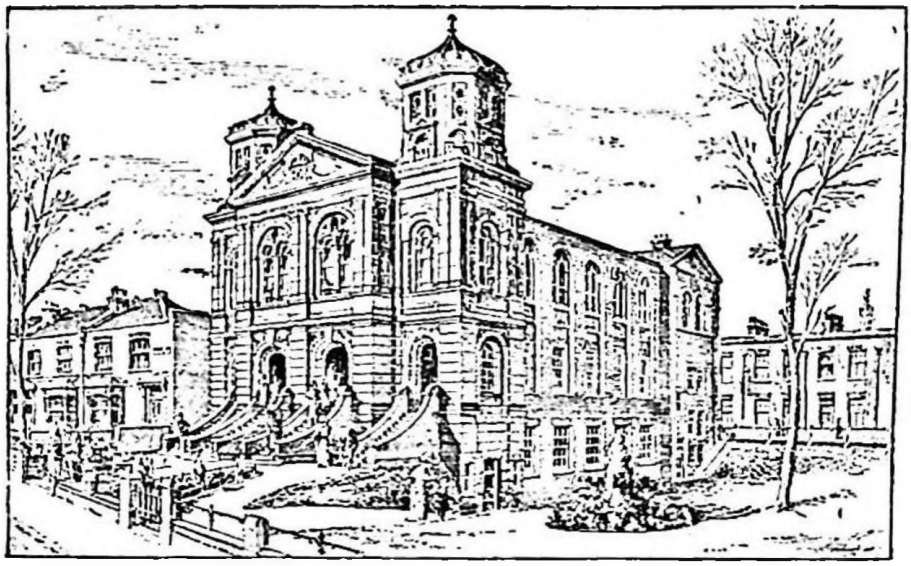
We feel deeply indebted to the President of the College for the large help he has given to the Pioneer Work, and also to many friends, such as Mr. R. Cory, Mr. Greenwood, and Mr. Higgs, who have helped us to extend the kingdom.

The Lord has set before us many open doors, and our faith says the necessary funds will come; but we must have enough in hand to start new places. So please help us as you are able.

For all success, we give all glory to God alone.

Home Work.

WE have great store of records as to the work of the Lord by our brethren in the British Isles; but we can only select specimens. These are full of consolation to us, as showing that the good old cause still advances, and where Christ is preached there is prosperity. We beg the kind forgiveness of those, many of our brethren, who have sent material which we cannot publish. It is growingly our difficulty to keep down the Report. Its great tendency is to grow into a huge volume. The less written the sooner printed, and the less printed the less to pay for postage, and the better chance of securing readers.



Peckham Rye Tabernacle, Peckham Rye.

DEAR PRESIDENT,

If you can find space in the Annual Report of the College for an account of our service for God at Peckham Rye, I think it would interest the readers and generous helpers in the work of our beloved "Alma Mater." Friday, March 27th, was a red-letter day for us. Our New Tabernacle was then opened by our friend Archibald G. Brown. Many could not gain an entrance. The Holy Ghost was there. The Evening Service saw the place filled again, and on Sunday following like numbers came to listen, while the place was consecrated and dedicated in true apostolic fashion. Several yielded to God, sought mercy, and found it, testifying to peace received through the blood of the Lamb, and went on their way rejoicing.

Our joy is great, and a reward to our past struggles has been received in these "Opening Services." We feel that we are now *at home* after wilderness wanderings; though not forty years, but four, have passed since our first acquaintance with Peckham.

The little hired chapel at Norfolk Street, where rats ran about the floor among the people as they listened to the Word, was soon too strait. The fifty faithful ones at the first quickly became three hundred. Since then we have worshipped on the week-nights in cottage, railway arch, draughty tent, and stuffy room; and on Sundays in the great Public Hall. Recently we have gathered in the large Victoria Baths, by the kindness of Mr. W. Higgs, the loving helper of our President, and true friend of every Pastors' College man. But what with rent of land, expense of halls, rooms, &c., we found it a hard struggle to keep our heads financially above water, having to raise about £220 per annum in addition to the pastor's fund.

Soon after the beginning of the work, it became evident that a place of our own must be found, if the church was to succeed and prosper to any extent. Our joy long sought is now realized in our New Tabernacle. An auspicious beginning has been made.

In our wanderings we have gathered and received into fellowship nearly four hundred members, though till now we have had no baptistry of our own, or convenient place to hold a Church Meeting.

I have found out what it is to stand practically alone from denominational sympathy and help, such as I received in former years in a similar undertaking. But I have never been happier in my soul and nearer to God, than since I have been free from all connection with "Unions", and "Associations", compromises, and confederacies, which I believe are after man, and not after God.

But, my dear President, I shall never be able adequately to express my gratitude to you for the unfailing sympathy and generous help that you have given. To think of you is a pleasure; to see and hear you is an inspiration; while to pray and praise for you brings me near to God.

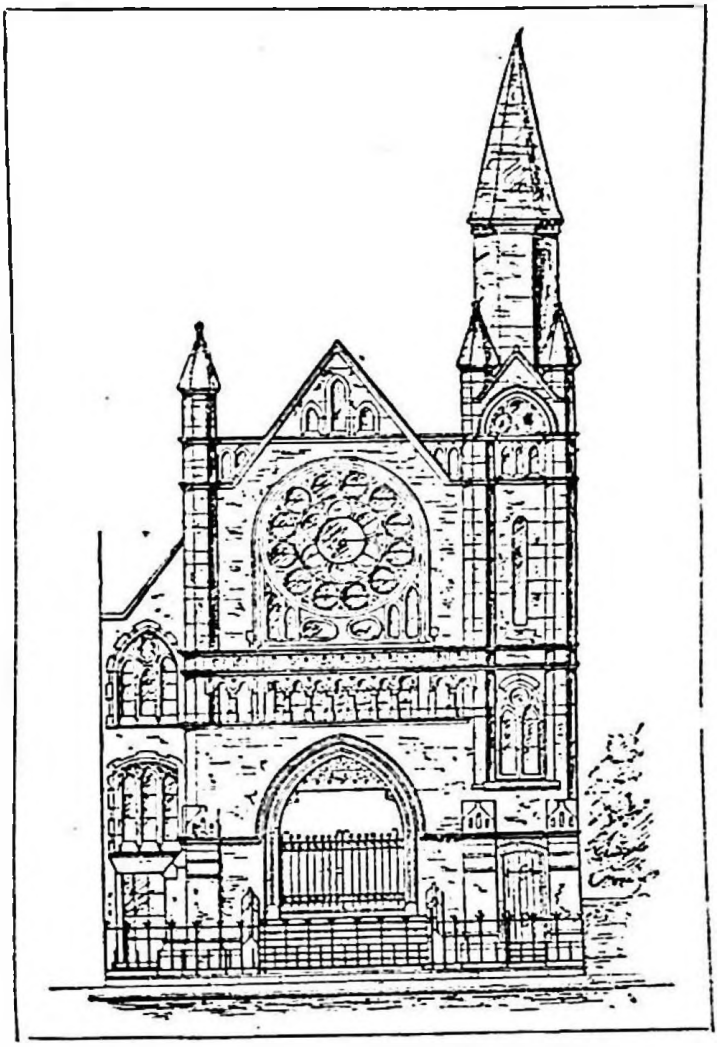
My people are with me in the work; they are hearty and earnest, and full of hope and confidence in God. Oh, how I pray God to bless those noble helpers of yours, who cheer your heart by contributing to the College funds, and to raise up others who shall thus bless the Church and the world by enabling God-sent men to preach the everlasting gospel. What I am as a preacher, is due instrumentally to the College alone, for which I am profoundly grateful.

Our New Tabernacle, with freehold site and all accessories, is worth little, if any, less than £10,000. The Lord send us the needed help to pay the loan of £5,000 with interest that we shall be obliged to raise. I feel sure that this will be done, as our faith is in the living God.

To any of the Lord's stewards who would like to help, I would beg to enclose my address and make my appeal.

FRANK M. SMITH,
3, Friern Road, Peckham Rye, S.E.

[This is a case which both deserves and needs plentiful help from all lovers of the Lord. Mr. Frank Smith is not only a very successful soul-winner, but like Caleb he has followed the Lord fully, and has by his faithfulness cut off supplies which a more temporizing course might have brought him. The debt on his new building is a very heavy one. How we wish that some rich Christian would come forward and help him and his church over their present difficulty! No better investment for the Lord's money is known to us. The chapel is in a fine position, and will eventually be occupied by a powerful and useful church, able to do great service. It is for the immediate present that we are anxious to see large help given.—C. H. S.]



Wynne Road Chapel, Brixton.

Pastor—Z. T. DOWEN.

THIS church is one of a numerous family of churches which owe their existence to the Tabernacle and College. In this instance, certainly, the love and loyalty is that of a dutiful daughter for a loving and right worthy mother. The church was founded by Messrs. T. Greenwood, W. Izard, R. S. Pearce and W. Stanley—all members of the Tabernacle. For some time the services were held in St. Anne's Hall, North Brixton. Rev. V. J. Charlesworth then rendered most efficient and generous service to the infant church by frequently conducting the services. The present pastor also desires gratefully to acknowledge generous help from this esteemed friend.

It was not until 1875, and after the congregation had migrated to Wynne Road, that the church was formed, and a minister appointed. The pastor called was most naturally a Tabernacle student, of considerable ability and graciousness of character—Pastor T. L. Edwards. Here for five years, Mr. Edwards laboured with the manifest blessing of God, and with the hearty love of the people. The church grew in numbers

and spiritual power, and many souls were won for Christ. In 1880, Mr. Edwards removed to Luton, and was succeeded by Pastor J. Cumming Brown. Mr. Brown held the pastorate under many discouraging circumstances until the close of 1886; and when the present pastor took charge in March, 1887, it was a question whether the church should not disband. The record of the past four years is a story of service, sorrow, and self-sacrifice; the record of which is written in heaven, and the fruits of which are seen in many souls saved, and the kingdom of Christ extended. Mr. Dowen brought to this difficult work a mature and chastened experience and a deep love of the old gospel, which God has signally owned. The new chapel is a commodious building seating 700, with school and class-room accommodation for 500 scholars. The building cost £4,301, and has now a debt of £2,000. The present membership is 234, of whom 200 have been received during the four years of the present pastorate. The fruit of the constant aim of the pastor to maintain an evangelical ministry is seen in the steady growth of a spiritual church seeking ever and only spiritual results. The church is greatly indebted to the President of the College for loving sympathy and generous help; also to Messrs. H. B. Marshall, father and son; to J. T. and T. H. Olney, and a host of friends whose names will live in the memory of a grateful people.

Baptist Tabernacle, Southport.

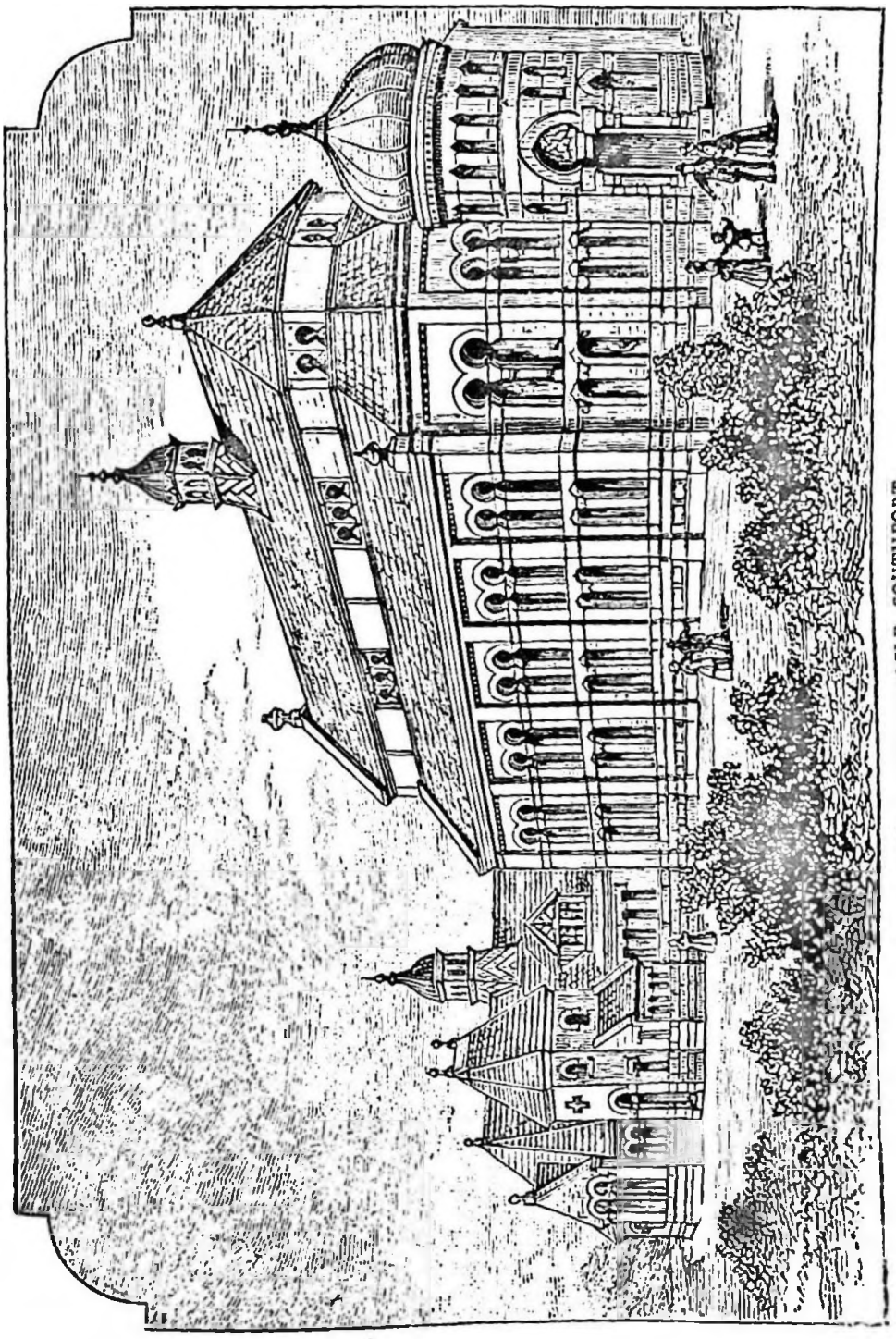
THE church at Southport, of which I am pastor, was formed in 1887 with thirty members, who left the Hoghton Street Baptist Church, as they greatly differed from the teaching of its minister.

For more than two years they met in the Temperance Hall, London Street; but finding the congregation increasing beyond the limits of the hall, they resolved to spend a few Sabbaths in the Town Hall as an experiment. The services here were marked with great success; the hall being crowded on the Lord's-day evenings especially; and it was thought that we should make early search for a suitable site for the erection of a more commodious building.

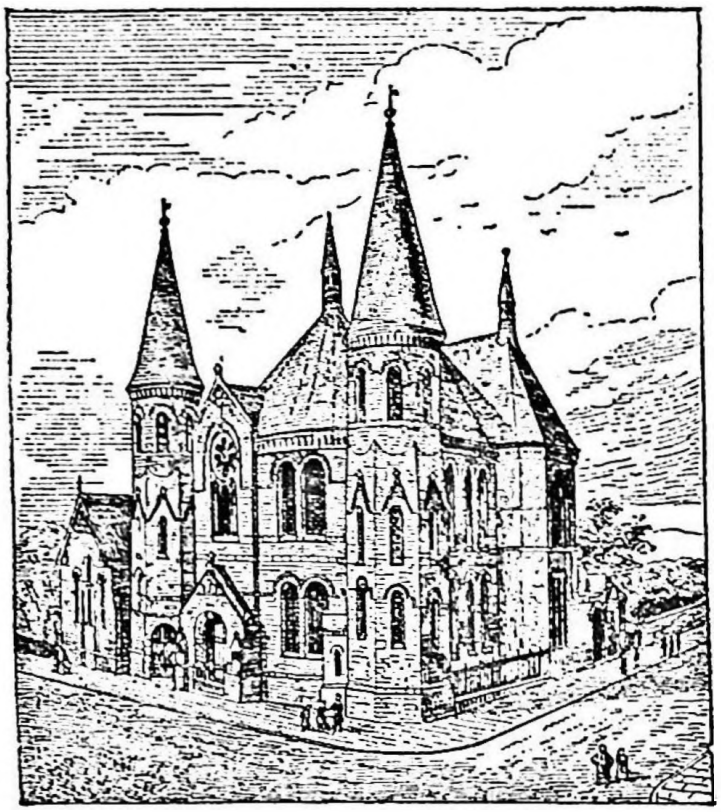
The site was secured in a very populous part of this rapidly growing town of 50,000 inhabitants; and having now in promises and in hand just over £2,000 toward the £4,000 which we hope to expend, it was agreed to commence building; and we are expecting that in the autumn we shall be able to hold our services in our new Tabernacle.

The Lord has very richly blessed the simple preaching of Jesus Christ and him crucified. Many have found peace; and scarcely a Sabbath passes but we hear of one and another having decided for Christ: we have a membership of about 170, and our ranks are steadily increasing. I am hoping to baptize eight or nine at the end of the month. The Sunday-school and my own Bible-class, also our cottage meetings among the fishermen, are all most gratifying. My people are working vigorously for the cause; and with deep unity, and faith in our heavenly Father, with whom all things are possible, we are going forward.

H. A. PHILLIPS



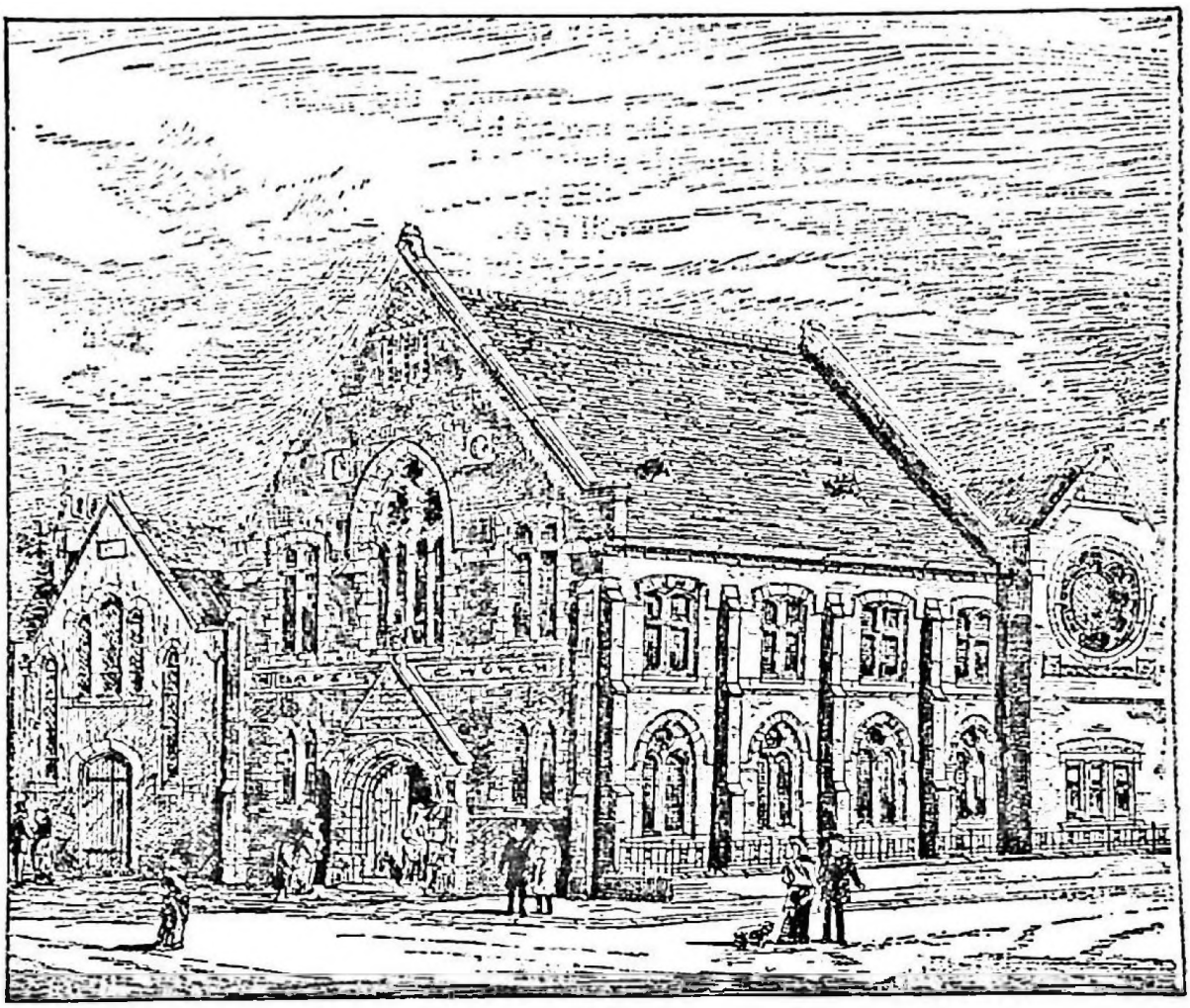
BAPTIST TABERNACLE, SOUTHPORT.



Attercliffe Chapel, Sheffield.

THE work at Attercliffe began in 1872, when a few Baptists gathered for work and worship in an auction room, enjoying the Master's presence and blessing. They were encouraged to press forward; and in 1875 a school chapel was built. Applying to Mr. Spurgeon, preachers from the College were sent; and the Rev. R. Ensoll became the first pastor, the church then numbering under forty members. Steady but continuous progress has marked the whole history of the work; the debt was removed, the class-rooms and lecture room built, and the church membership greatly increased. In 1887, Pastor J. G. Williams, also of the Pastors' College, took the oversight; and steps were soon taken to erect the much-needed chapel. Building operations commenced in 1889, and February 3rd, 1891, saw the place opened. The structure is of red brick, and completely covers a somewhat irregular site. It will seat 750 people, and is bright, comfortable and convenient both for seeing and hearing. The total cost is estimated at £2,700, towards which £2,250 have been raised, and every effort will be made to clear the remainder during this year. In the very heart of a dense working-class population, there is every prospect that, with so suitable a building, the church will more than ever grow and multiply. Our eyes are unto the Lord for this. He has blessed, and will bless.

J. GYLES WILLIAMS.



West Hartlepool Baptist Chapel.

Pastor—A. W. CURWOOD.

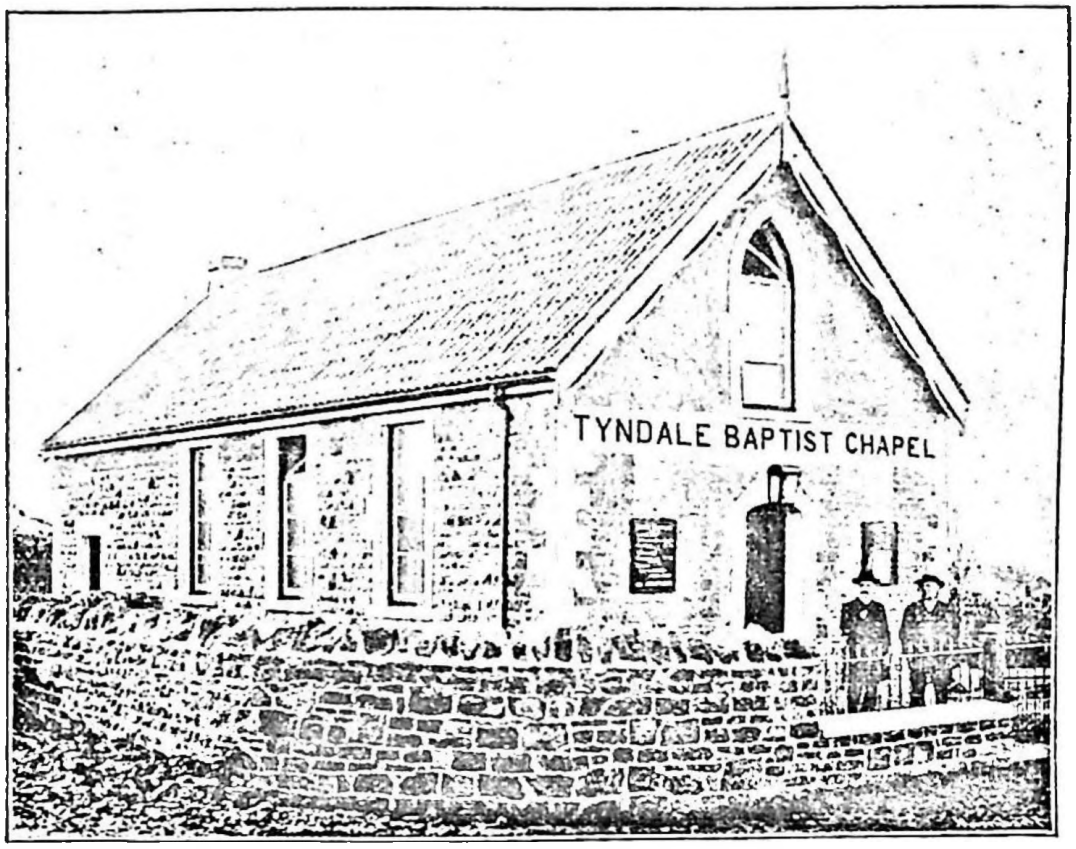
DEAR PRESIDENT,

I CAME from College here in February, 1889. In doing so I rejected the offer of a better church, if not a better salary, because the sphere here was so much larger and better. My pastorate did not begin encouragingly. I had a morning congregation of about 30, and an evening one of about 50 or 60. The church had *promised* me £80, and with the £20 you had so kindly promised, this made my salary £100; but how they were to keep their promise was a matter of speculation on their part, and of faith on mine, for the average Sunday collection was twelve shillings! The seat rents would not amount to more than £1 per quarter. This not very promising outlook was still further darkened by a deacon asking whether my salary should be paid monthly or quarterly, observing, "You had better have it *monthly as long as you can get it!*" The association, too, refused all aid; but our trust was in God. My difficulties drove me to my knees; and if no other result had followed, this would have been a blessed one—West Hartlepool has made me pray

more than ever I did in my life. My confidence was strengthened, too, because I knew God had *sent* me. We worshipped in a small chapel holding 130 people. The walls were damp, the water nearly always streaming down them, because the mortar had been made with sea sand. In winter it was so cold I nearly always had to wear my overcoat whilst preaching, while in summer it was like the black hole of Calcutta. The church—what was left of it—was full of disorder; two or three separate parties existing within it. Thank God—for all is to his glory—much of this is changed. The first three or four months saw the chapel so crowded we had to take a large hall; but the expense being more than we could bear, we came back again to the chapel, and Sunday after Sunday we had to send people away from the doors, and this, notwithstanding the almost unbearable heat in warm weather in a badly ventilated chapel. The collections rose to £1 a week and thence to 30*s*. Now our average would be £2 10*s*. Last quarter the total collections amounted to £33. Meanwhile the membership was steadily increasing every month until it was doubled, rising from 45 to 90; although a revision has reduced us a little. It now became needful that we should have a new chapel if our work were to grow in this large town. We had £237 in the Bank, and a piece of freehold ground paid for—a capital corner site in a good thoroughfare. The original estimate for building had been £1,300; but this was exceeded by the tenders; £1,630 being the contractor's price. We were terribly poor, and where to get the money was the question. One poor old blind woman gave me 6*d*. to start with. We had an additional difficulty; no one would believe we were going to build, because since 1864 talk had been made of building, but *talk* was all that was done. However, our people, now thoroughly united over this object, began to pray about it. We started a subscription, the people gave liberally, and by constant letter-writing, teas, and a Bazaar, we have now increased the £237 to £1,050. In consequence of extras, Architect's fee, rails round Chapel, and some outbuildings, which the Corporation insist on our putting up, we shall probably have a debt of £850. The Chapel is now up and we are very proud of it. It will hold 600 people, and it is pretty and comfortable. In the three months since it was opened by the Rev. C. Spurgeon, of Greenwich—whose visit was a gleam of sunshine and joy—the congregation has increased 70 per cent. We had a Baptism on January 25th, when the place was crowded. To God be all the glory, for He has done great things for us. Our great need in this large town is Baptist literature. I should like to send a good tract or book on Baptism to every home, but at present we cannot afford the outlay.

Excuse my long Report, but I felt you would be glad to know what had been done in this far-away part by one who loves you and the College more than ever.

ALFRED W. CURWOOD.



Tyndale Baptist Chapel, Little Sodbury.

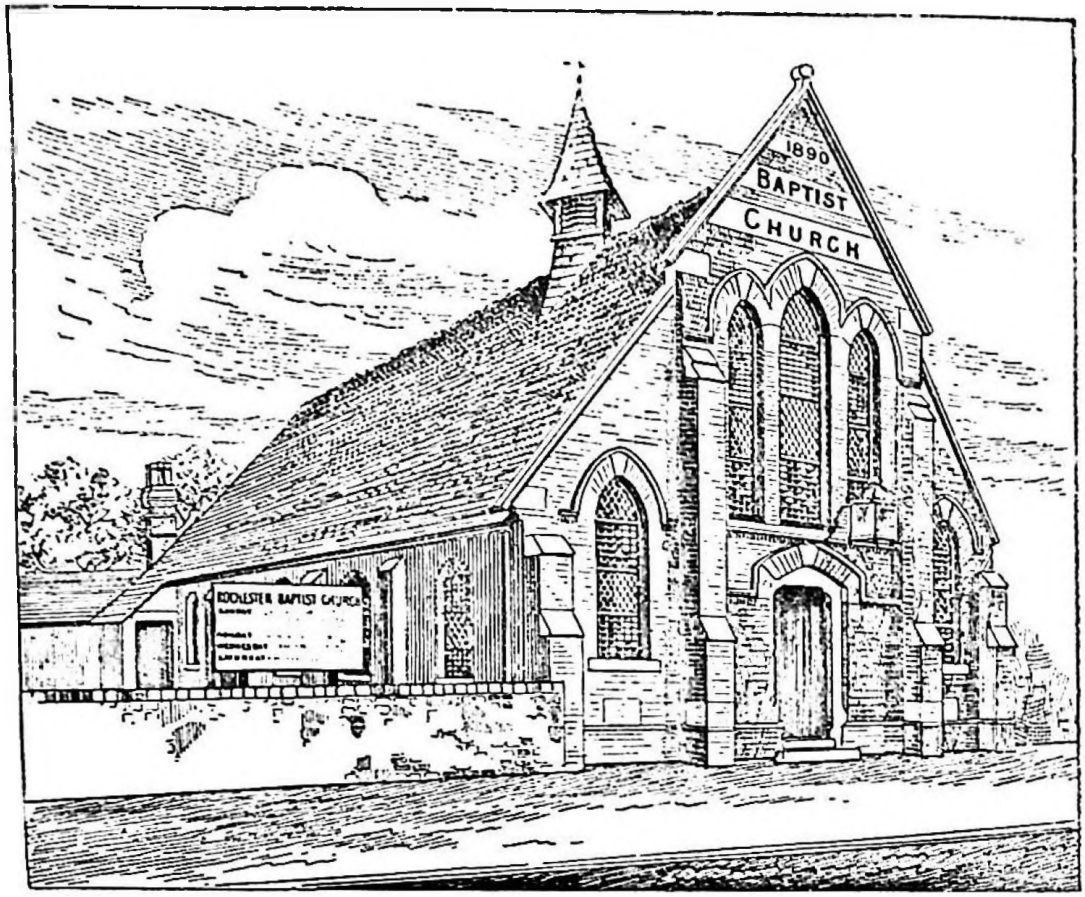
OLD SODBURY,

MY DEAR PRESIDENT, *January 29th*, 1891.

DURING the past year, God has signally blessed the work here. Thirteen have been added to the church by baptism. In the adjoining village of Little Sodbury, where we conducted Mission Services in a hired Mission-room, God has also given us his blessing, though in a way we least expected it. The Vicar of the parish purchased our Mission-room, and we received notice to leave. A lady who took an interest in the place promised sufficient funds to purchase a site for a chapel, provided a suitable one could be obtained. After great difficulty, one was procured; but it was mortgaged. We were much opposed in securing the ground, but God has now enabled us to build a nice chapel in the village. The whole cost is upwards of £320, of which about £30 are yet required. We call the chapel "Tyndale Baptist Chapel", because William Tyndale lived in the same village. The people come to hear the word in large numbers, and some are enquiring the way to Zion. Two ex-churchwardens of the parish gave me £5 each, and others in the neighbourhood who attended church helped me considerably.

It cheers us greatly to know how God has enabled us to hold our own here. There has been a strenuous effort to crush us out; but HE who is for us is stronger than all those who can be against us.

A. J. PARKER.



Rochester Baptist Church.

Pastor—G. A. MILLER.

ONLY a little over three years ago there was no Baptist cause in Rochester. Since that time the scene has changed. Now there is a healthy church of 80 members, with a convenient school-chapel seating 300 persons, beside other premises on the same site serving as Sunday-school, Class-rooms, Chapel-keeper's house, &c., and these are not in a back street, shrinking from daylight and the public gaze, but in one of the best roads in Rochester, in the very centre of the town.

The question may be asked: How did it come about? The answer follows gladly: "The Lord hath done great things for us, whereof we are glad." He has worked mysteriously and marvellously, with the ever sure result of good to men and glory to his name.

The Pastor, then a student in the College, after hearing the President's lecture one Friday afternoon, which was followed by some stirring remarks by the President respecting the grand opportunities of the students in undertaking work for God in difficult and needy places, felt he would like to start a cause where none existed and one was needed, carrying out the apostle's words (Rom. xv. 20), "Lest I should build upon another man's foundation." Places were visited with the view of spying out the land, Rochester among the number. When all

particulars had been obtained as to size of town, its population, spiritual needs, cost of operations, &c., Rochester was found to be the most desirable as a sphere for Christian work, the matter was laid before the President, who heartily approved of the idea, and promised to render every possible help. This he has grandly carried out from the start till now. He paid the first three months' rent, provided hymn books, &c. and allowed a sum weekly for the student's railway fare, until he settled as pastor. He has supplemented his salary until quite recently. When the building scheme was launched, our dear President gave £100 towards the fund, besides writing a letter of recommendation commending the scheme to the Lord's stewards; this was a most valuable service. Nobly has the great friend of "all the churches" helped this one both in word and deed. When the start was made, no building was obtainable in Rochester for services; so a small hall at the Workmen's Institute at Strood (close by) was taken till a door might open in Rochester. Eventually, the door did open, and the friends that had been gathered together in Strood passed over the Medway to the Gymnasium, a temporary building, a few minutes' walk from the former one. Here we worshipped, working and waiting until we secured the present premises, which have proved most advantageous. The frontage of the site is 74 ft., with a depth of about 79 ft. On the land were two houses, leaving ample room for the erection of a School Chapel, without interfering with their usefulness. The larger of these was a building known as "the Moathouse", the two lower rooms of which were made into one and used for worship pending the erection of our School Chapel. This unique place of worship was certainly not a very stately structure for a dignified cathedral town. It was a pleasing sight to see the quaint meeting-house full, the congregation packed in such a small compass, much after the manner of sardines. Happy times were spent here, although the ceiling was low-pitched and oxygen somewhat scarce at times. Sinners were saved, saints were edified and gathered together, and here the best part of the money was raised for the School Chapel alongside.

The old building now serves admirably as Sunday-school, Class-rooms, Chapel-keeper's house, &c. The site was secured on twenty-one years' lease with the option of purchase in the first ten years at £1,000. Had it been possible the purchase would have been made ere the new building was erected, but to have done this would have nearly (if not quite) killed the pastor and people. The latter part of the time spent here was most trying to the health of the preacher, and prevented folks coming to the services, the discomfort becoming too great.

We hope, by God's blessing on hard plodding, to be able soon to clear off the present liabilities, so that after a brief rest we may make a vigorous attempt to raise the purchase-price of the land. We are very hopeful that this will be accomplished, for if so much was raised in the previous building, in the face of such great difficulties, even before there was a proper place of worship, surely this need not appear difficult now the church has such a convenient building as is now being used. *The land must be bought, or the place will go from us.* This cannot be thought of.

Prayer and plodding have been the chief elements used in the work, and the results have proved beyond question that novelties are not required either in established causes, or in establishing a new one.

The simple gospel has been the power of God unto salvation. Very many in the town and district bless God that ever the work was started. Our original membership of 20 has increased to 80.

Had the cause grown quickly in mushroom style, both pastor and people would have feared a decline. The church has had the oak experience, and the winds and storms of difficulty have but given it strength. There are few churches with more hopeful prospects, and none more determined to work for success.

We have seldom seen a better instance of what one man can do under the divine blessing if he possesses indomitable energy and knows how to plod, and to endure hardness. How many gallons of cold water have been poured on Mr. Miller we should not like to say; but he has only turned his mill with it. Once or twice we thought he must be beaten, but somehow or other he came out at the big end of the horn. He has a single eye, and a concentrated soul, and so he cuts his way where another man would give up in despair. He has shown good sense also, and has not run into a great debt above his power to tackle. We wish we could tell the story of other heroes, but the foregoing cases suffice to show that men of faith go forth from us and attempt and achieve works which have about them a permanent character, and will endure when we, and our dear helpers, are sleeping in the tomb, or till the Lord himself shall come. Come quickly, O Lord.

C. H. S.

New Baptist Chapel, Bournemouth.

DEAR PRESIDENT, *January 27th*, 1891.

WE have nothing but good to report of the work here. God is continually setting his seal upon the preaching of the old gospel, for which I and my people have an ever-growing affection.

There are favourable signs of revival among God's own children, in which we see the promise of greater blessing.

Our new building makes steady if slow progress. It is splendidly situated, and will be not only a handsome but a useful, commodious and much-needed building. We shall make arrangements for opening services soon. How delighted we should be if you, my dear President, would pay us a visit!

Towards the fund we have now over £3,000 in hand, but we need another £3,000 to open free from debt.

Yours very sincerely,

GEORGE WAINWRIGHT.

[Mr. Wainwright has already built up a church in Manchester, and we feel sure of his success in Bournemouth, to which place he was driven through failing health. Friends visiting that delightful seaside resort should go and see for themselves, and then help as their means will permit.—C. H. S.]

Foreign Missionaries.

OUT of very many interesting matters from men in the foreign field, we can only take two extracts. In this department the College has its fair share of workers, both in connection with the Baptist Mission, the China Inland Mission, and others. The Congo, among its cherished martyr names, bears several that were once familiar in our class-rooms; and it has a fair contingent of its workers still living who hail from the Pastors' College. May there be no halt in the march of those who can dare and die for Jesus and for Africa! We trust the missionary spirit will burn with renewed ardour among our men in the College as the years roll on. We must not become lukewarm when we remember the world's dreadful need. Our brethren have done good service in the South African colonies, in India, in China, and in Japan; but these, we trust, are mere beginnings. All the world is open, but who will go? Our friends Messrs. Wigston and Blamire continue their successful service in Spain; and now France invites us, and Italy also. We are bound by no red tape, men can go anywhere; and we have those about us who will go at a moment's warning whenever the call comes. Our hope is that we shall be more largely used of God; and to that end we wait, watch, and look up. May the Holy Spirit take the vessels he chooses, and send them forth filled with the gospel of life! Amen.

Patna.

OUR consecrated brother, Mr. Stubbs, sends us "Notes from my Diary." These are intensely interesting. The Baptist Missionary Society has in this worker one of its best agents. He asks us *whenever we eat rice to pray for his work in Patna.* We hardly know what to take out from his most admirable diary. We regret that we cannot set it all before our readers; but as that is impossible, we select a passage headed

A DAY OF MISSIONARY LIFE.

First, I will try to describe, from the memories of the past year, an ordinary day in our missionary life. We rise early, generally before the sun. Only under exceptional circumstances does five o'clock find us in bed. One first daily rule and habit of our life is, of course, to get in touch with Him whose we are, and whom we serve. It is impossible that we can feel aright for the world, unless we have to do with God himself through his Word. We, therefore, need the prayers of God's people that we may not in service for God be led away from communion with him. Another of our daily *duties* is an early morning walk. This usually brings us to eight o'clock. By this time the sick people and their friends have gathered in front of the house for medicine. Generally, about an hour is occupied attending to them. Then comes breakfast, followed by vernacular worship with our employés and others

who may be about the house. We are just finishing, at this meeting, the Psalms in Hindi. Very profitable has it been to read with the men this inspired devotional summary of the whole counsel of God. After worship I usually devote from three to four hours to Urdu and Hindi reading. Whilst I seek not to trust in the knowledge derived from vernacular books for "power from on high", yet I long to obtain it as fully as I possibly can, for it greatly helps when conversing with "worldly wisemen." Maulvies and Brahmins are more easily silenced by a quotation from their own books in favour of our statements (and such quotations are not rare) than by any amount of other evidence. From two to three I devote, if possible, to preparation for the bazar or for the Sunday services. Some brethren may not need thus to prepare, but I cannot pretend to such ability, and hence, a decreasing part of my time is daily so spent. These hours of study are, more or less, interrupted every day by family worship at noon in English, the calls of enquirers and others, and by occasional slight demands in connection with the secular business of the mission. At three o'clock, or a little before, we dine, and immediately after dinner I start for the preaching service in the bazar or in the villages. It is generally quite dark by the time I get back, with energy pretty well exhausted. And so, with a quiet read, and evening family worship in English, the day closes. Not a great day's work, perhaps some one may say, but still a good honest day's work for this enervating clime. Fourteen or fifteen hours sustained exertion in a tropical country is not an easy task.

I do not mean to say that all the days of the past year have been like this. For several weeks I was called to suffer the Lord's will rather than do it. On March 29th I was prostrated by violent fever, followed by an eruption all over my body. Both the Civil Surgeon and the Assistant Surgeon being ill, our brother Dr. Carey came from Dinapore, and said it was "modified small-pox." I was getting better from this when I again had acute fever. Our Civil Surgeon, who was then better, attended me, and said that I was suffering from congestion of the liver. Through God's blessing on his treatment, I so recovered that I was able to go into the Sunday-school on May 4th, and to resume full work on May 15th. The memory of my sickness adds its testimony to the goodness of our God. I hope I shall never forget the lessons then taught me. I never realized so much my glorious privilege of telling sinners of Jesus as when deprived of it. Only God knows what a barren figtree my plant has been; still, in mercy, he leaves it some years more, that he may, I trust, glorify himself by bringing forth in me much fruit.

Agra, India.

January 28th, 1891.

DEAR PRESIDENT,

IN view of the coming Conference, I am pleased to be able to supply you with a few facts connected with our work for Christ at Agra.

In Agra city we have a population of 140,000 to work amongst; but

Agra is also the name of a district containing a million people; so that, with our present staff, we may well say—What are we among so many? In addition to my two colleagues and Mr. Day who works in the English language, there are about a dozen of our native Christians who are heartily working with us as evangelists. Some of them are occupying important places, containing thousands of people, though within twenty to thirty miles of us. We are looking for special blessing in connection with this arrangement. In the past our best native Christians have come from the villages, and we expect it will be so also in the future. On account of the great heat during the summer-time, we European missionaries can seldom visit places far from the town; but during the cold season, which lasts for five months of the year, it is our delight to live in tents, and go from village to village, preaching Christ, and him crucified. Our native brethren, in common with ourselves, have *little* to say about the gods of the heathen, but *much* to say of Christ; so much, in fact, that, as in the olden time, the disciples were called Christians at Antioch, so we and all that belongs to us go by the name of Jesus Christ. It is a joy to me to remember that during the eight-and-a-half years that I have spent in Agra, many thousands have heard from my lips, in their own native language, the good tidings of great joy. We find the name of Jesus everywhere upon the lips of the people, and, as a testimony to the fact that they have heard and understood our message, one of the most common questions now is, "How can the Crucified be a Saviour of others?" We also rejoice in the fact that hundreds of children who have passed through our mission schools have been well grounded in Bible truth. It is now a most common thing to be greeted by the children in the streets of our city and the villages of our district, with snatches of the gospel hymns they have learned at school, the most common of them being the chorus—"Jesus Christ is the Saviour of my soul."

Among the events of the year have been the fact that the two sons of our oldest native evangelist, a converted Brahman priest, have been set apart to preach the gospel, and that the son of the headman of the village, who in years past drove away the converted priest from his village, has been severely beaten by the members of his family because of being himself a Christian. As one who now bears in his body the marks of the Lord Jesus, we trust that he may prove a faithful and useful worker for him. We pray for more labourers.

Last year, when travelling in the West Himalaya Mountains for the sake of health, I found beautiful scenery, thousands of people ready to hear the gospel, but no missionary, and no Christian of any description. How strange that so many are willing to live lives of isolation, as tea planters and forest officers, and so very, very few as missionaries!

J. G. POTTER.

An Inspiring Record.*

BY HENRY VARLEY.

"For he loveth our nation, and hath built us a synagogue."

THESE memorable words might serve me well in order to tell of a family, whose persevering and generous interest in all which concerns the glory of our Lord Jesus Christ, ought not to pass without being made widely known to the Church of God.

The name of Gibson in the fair and beautiful island of Tasmania has become a household word. Known for many years as a large, opulent, and popular farmer, Mr. Wm. Gibson has achieved a high degree of fame and success. Possessed of several stations, and carefully studying the qualities and excellences of sheep-breeding in order to the production of wool of the highest class, it is not too much to say that the firm of Messrs. W. Gibson and Son has achieved a position of world-wide eminence as breeders of the highest quality of the Australasian sheep.

Their flocks are now known throughout the world, and some of the highest prices ever realized for stud sheep have been received by them. But recently as much as 700 guineas was obtained at auction for a single sheep. Three of this famous flock realized 1,950 guineas, whilst for ten sheep the total sum reached £3,600.

The Messrs. Gibson are emphatically believers in the best of everything which is good. Their beautiful homes, farmsteads, and buildings give proof that great force of character, as well as quiet power, resides in the respective partners of the firm.

Native Point, Perth, Tasmania, is the residence of Mr. William Gibson, senr. This delightful resting-place, situated on the banks of the River Esk, is the first prominent object which catches the eye of the traveller as the train from Launceston approaches Perth. Surrounded by overhanging trees, luxuriant fruit and flower gardens, which slope downward to the edge of the river, the wide and brightly painted house stands in bold and prominent outline.

A wide ornamental façade spans the snow-white stones which form the ground floor and frontage of this home of colonial prosperity and peace, so English-like is it in form and appearance, with its corn and hay ricks, its barns and stables, sheepfolds and hedges, and, not least, its pleasant cottages, where some of those employed as labourers on the farm live. Everything reminds us of a modern patriarch residing where vigorous common sense, close application to life's progress, and "the blessing of the Lord which maketh rich" have combined to secure for life's bright eventide prosperity and rest.

I know nothing more delightful than the view from the broad and

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* From *The Daily Telegraph* of Tasmania, January 31st, 1891. We give this in our report as a tribute to generous friends, and as an instance of how the College has been used of God as a co-worker with his servants. Mr. Varley's kind remarks upon ourselves we cannot leave out without destroying the article, and we therefore beg our readers to excuse our reproducing them.

sheltering verandah. The rising grounds on the opposite side of the Esk, spreading away on either side and skirting the high ranges of mountains, in the midst of which to the right Ben Lomond rears his lofty table-lands and head.

The hospitality of mine host is unbounded. Native Point may be called the place of welcome and refreshment for tired workers in the great harvest-field; the peaceful resting-place where hundreds of the servants of Christ have been entertained and sent on their way encouraged and renewed for further service. A friend of the widow and the fatherless, a ready counsellor, guide, and helper in a thousand ways—all this may be spoken of our gracious and venerated host.

Few know better than the writer how Mr. Gibson would deprecate any words concerning him which savour of the praise of man; therefore I may tell something of his work, and let that work speak its own eloquent story. It will be readily understood that Mr. Gibson is a man of profound spiritual conviction and abounding loyalty to Christ. I may truly say that, far above all earthly prosperity and successes, stands, in his estimation, the honour of our Lord. Living far away from the "madding crowd" of colonial city life, the quiet home influences of peaceful Tasmania are observable in Mr. Gibson's whole character.

A life of such varied usefulness and many-sided successes is sure to command partners and fellow-helpers; and thus early in my sketch it becomes desirable that I should mention the name of Mrs. Gibson who, for nearly half a century, has graced the home, and in many respects led the way into the extended usefulness which still increases on every side. Mrs. Gibson is possessed of remarkable individuality and great force of character. Yielded to Christ when quite young, delighting in a rich and intelligent knowledge of his Word, and loyal to his commands, nearly sixty years of discipleship have resulted in a rich and living experience. Time sees no diminution of interest, but a ripening of personal character which, with increasing years, retains earnest interest in the spread of the gospel and the richer revelation of the Christ.

Very gratifying, as illustrating the deep regard felt for this estimable Christian lady, was the enthusiastic welcome recently accorded Mrs. Gibson when she laid the foundation stone of the new and handsome Tabernacle at Hobart. Beyond the allotted years named as pertaining to the life of man, her still firm footstep and placid countenance were hailed with delight in the capital city. And no wonder, for each year adds fresh proofs of her generous care and ready help among all wherever her influence reaches.

Like the Shunammite of old, "dwelling among her own people", and steadily extending the knowledge of Him whom her soul loves, why need we be surprised that hundreds thronged to touch the hand of the beloved helpmeet of the subject of this sketch? The increasing circuit of such a life has long since reached the eternal world. What need for surprise that at its calm eventide its limit should touch every part of this beautiful seagirt isle?

With deep conviction in regard to the great fundamental verities of our holy faith, the beloved family resolutely maintain the ministry, institutions, and ordinances of the gospel. They rejoice when, after

regeneration by the power of the Holy Spirit and the truth of God, those in whom Christ has been revealed are baptized and identified with the church of Christ, and show forth according to the divine command entrance into Christ; the believer's death, burial, and resurrection with his Lord being intelligently symbolized in the ordinance of believer's baptism; this they know to be according to Christ's holy will. Faithfulness to the Word of God in this respect has defined the line, in a denominational sense, upon which these beloved servants of Christ have laboured. Possessed of deep sympathy with the church of Christ as a whole, they have yet deeper sympathy with those who maintain this Scriptural institution.

And who shall dare to call in question the wisdom of this resolve? In the judgment of the writer, the divinely appointed ordinance of baptism enshrines in its sacred symbolism almost every vital and fundamental truth of God. Man's natural corruption as a sinner, God's judgment of sin in the person of Christ, the Substitute and Surety, his infinite atonement, "his death unto sin once", his burial and resurrection, all lie enshrined within the testimony of the most intelligent ordinance ever instituted and obeyed by Christ. Here it is on the human side that the believer shows forth his death unto sin with Christ, his burial and resurrection also. From the grave of water out of which the buried believer has emerged, the answer of an instructed and good conscience is given unto God and man, that we also are "dead unto sin, but alive unto God in Christ Jesus."—Rom. vi. 11.

In common with large numbers of the Lord's people, during the past fifteen years dear Mr. Gibson has received a very definite accession of spiritual life and power. It is about thirteen years since, that the writer, fresh from the remarkable work of God in Melbourne, which influenced so many to become believers in Christ, was heartily welcomed to Native Point; there we met Mr. Thomas Spurgeon, the son of a famous father. Our stay and happy fellowship told under God in quiet power in the beloved household, and increased consecration of life and substance soon afterward appeared.

Including two which are projected in the near future, no less than ten goodly and commodious churches tell of the deep interest which these honoured servants of Christ take in the spiritual and temporal interests of the people amongst whom their lives are spent.

A munificent outlay of £40,000 upon churches, schools, and ministers' dwelling-houses, the whole sum being met by the generous and joint expenditure of the father and son, presents a noble testimony of which the Christian and social life of Tasmania may be justly proud and grateful.

Not only has this generous outlay (including in several cases the gift of the land) been borne by these noble colonial workers, but directly the churches were formed and capable of self-government, the various Tabernacles were put in trust, and are secured for ever to the Tasmanian Union of Baptist Churches.

These substantial buildings are quite an adornment to the various towns. Worthy in commodious comfort and ideal neatness to represent the simplicity and faithfulness of Christianity in the apostolic days, they

mark an era and yield a record of devoted Christian life and liberality, for which we praise the God of all grace.

It will be readily seen that such an abundant provision for the maintenance of the Gospel of Christ necessarily involved the presence and constant work of an able and devoted band of preachers, teachers, and evangelists. Nearly twenty brethren have been brought or influenced to come to Tasmania from England alone. *Nine or ten of these hail from the Pastors' College in London;* others have come through application and recommendation.

Here again the same hearty consecration of substance has been manifested. The writer cannot compass all the facts, but an additional outlay not far short of £10,000 including a noble sum of £6,000 as an endowment fund for the sustenance of the churches, has thus been borne. This includes such items as passage money of ministers, salaries, in some cases outfits; and in one case the sending to England of a student, his education there for the Work of the Ministry, and subsequent return.

May we not ask—Who can estimate the value of such lives as these, or tell their reflex influence upon the spiritual and moral conditions of the whole island? We know it would pain these quiet, but noble workers, to speak or to write fulsome words. "We have but given to the Lord of that which He has entrusted us with", was the diffident and graceful utterance of Mr. Gibson, senr., when spoken to of this remarkable work. Yes, indeed! Of that which the beloved family has received of the Lord, of this they have willingly returned to him again.

Truly they have "honoured the Lord with their substance and the firstfruits of all their increase", and yet richer grows the measure of their prosperity. 'Tis refreshing to hear this modern Gaius tell how the joy and gladness of the Lord have possessed his own heart and life in this precious ministry.

How pleasant to visit Launceston, Longford, Perth, Deloraine, Sheffield, Latrobe, Blackwood, and other centres, and note the goodly Tabernacles or meeting-places whence the living waters flow, and the old, old story of Jesus and His love streams forth with perennial freshness! These towns have settled pastors and evangelists, and the churches now represent several hundreds of believers who have been baptized by the Holy Spirit into the one church and body of Christ.

In all these centres it may with thankful joy be written, The word of God is magnified; His great love proclaimed; Christ Jesus is exalted; His salvation made known. Such work as this is simply glorious, and if of old, Peter and Andrew heard the Lord say, "Follow me, and I will make you fishers of men", surely these famous breeders of some of Australia's finest flocks of sheep have heard the same voice saying, "Follow me, and side by side with the increase of your flocks, shall come the increase of my fold; I will make you shepherds of men."

Splendid expenditures! Where, it may be demanded of the men of the world, can Australia's capitalists furnish a parallel or tell of a similar success? Where are the enormous sums of money which have been spent by men of the world in order to sustain racecourses, racehorses, and racing, with their accursed betting and gambling? The answer is

—wasted and consumed. They lie buried in the grave of a dishonored past, where drunkenness, gambling, debauchery, sin and death, have flourished and strewn the course.

Dear Messrs. Gibson, in the name of Our Lord permit me to thank you for teaching by example the wisdom of expending, whilst the currents and energies of life abound, a goodly portion of your substance and increase. Speaking for the church of God, verily, the writer may add, "We are glad that you have anticipated the work of your trustees, and become during life your own executors."

We thank you for impeaching the questionable liberality which wills away at death that which by reason of death can no longer be hoarded and retained. Truly such lessons and such examples are alike noble, uncommon, and refreshing. Indisputably, you have "shown the better way." To spend substance for Christ whilst the senses are fresh, faith strong, and life vigorous, this is glorious. There can be no question as to the Christlikeness of such ministry.

"Freely ye have received, freely give", cannot mean to hoard up the great bulk of substance till death compels us to let go the hold. Alas! alas! that the church of Christ has known so few of these noble and unselfish holders of the Lord's capital.

Beloved friends, I may not praise you. I would rather mourn over the appalling fact that every year sees large numbers of the Lord's people entering the eternal world, having hoarded in selfish greed their Lord's substance until the iron hand of death came in and forced them to loose the locked coffers. Terrible, indeed, to contemplate the "shame" which these unfaithful stewards must know at their Lord's appearing! Appalling to ponder the eternal loss of reward which must inevitably be theirs!

"Prove me now herewith", saith the Lord, when rebuking covetous Israel for withholding the tithes from the Lord's storehouse, "if I will not open the windows of heaven, and pour you out a blessing." If this be the mind of the generous Lord, what shall be the result in fruitfulness and prosperity when the church of God shall bring her *substance*, and not her tithes only, and consecrate it at the altar of His blessed service?

Probably not less than fifty preachers of the gospel have been directly influenced by these dear friends during the past twenty-five years to make known the riches of God's grace in the preaching of the gospel of the glory of the blessed God in various parts of this lovely island.

It is scarcely possible to do more than indicate the thousands of friendships which have been formed, the Christian life and character which have been produced and established in connection with the work here so briefly sketched.

An almost unlimited number of visitors have been welcomed and rested at Native Point. In this house scores of the most devoted of Christ's servants have been entertained. Amongst so many 'twere invidious to mention any. I may, however, recall the names of Dr. Binney in years past, and of honoured George Müller, of Bristol orphan fame, in recent months.

From this house of rest for weary workers the beloved minister of Christ, Jas. Martin, of Melbourne, passed into the presence of the King. Indeed, time would fail me to tell of all those who at Native Point, during the past forty-five years, have met Mr. and Mrs. Gibson, and shared the unbounded kindness and liberality of their Christian hearts and home.

It seemeth hard that we should have to note the approach of age; but time will tell, and thus to the writer's loving apprehension advancing years mark the step and countenance of the heads of this gracious house.

Increasingly grateful, therefore, is it to know how the mantle of consecrated parentage rests upon the son and his beloved wife; yea, upon their son and daughters also. May Scone, their dwelling-place, retain and yield still greater increase in this holy work for years to come! The God of all grace grant that this, the desire of many hearts, may indeed be realized!

In conclusion, we may add that the reflex influence of this great work is seen on all hands. Time forbids many details; but we may remark how true it is that ungodliness has been restrained, and the moral results which belong to the Christian life have on all hands been extended.

Take Perth as an example. Twenty-five years since there were seven public-houses in the town. Drunkenness was common, and its consequent disorder and crime. Now crime is almost unknown. The position of the police is a sinecure. Drunkenness is rare, and only one public-house remains. It is right, however, to say that the opening of the railway caused the closing of some of the old coaching hotels.

To record the private and loving benevolence of this honoured Gaius and his family a volume would be needed. This is not our intention; but we may mention how a "little bird flying" told the writer how those two new and pretty cottages, which are just now in course of erection in Perth, are designed for two poor widows. These do but represent or illustrate the numberless ministries of love and care which flow from the kind heart of the lady who graces the mansion at Scone, and that goodly dwelling-house and garden near by is hers also, or, rather, it was the property of Mrs. Gibson, junr.

In that house resided, for some time, a family to whom had come trying and adverse circumstances. Commercial loss was soon afterwards followed by decline of strength, and ultimately death removed the young husband, the bread-winner of the family. Widowhood to the young wife, whose prattling children tell of life's coming anxieties, is especially sorrowful and pathetic. How shall home be maintained, rent paid, and children educated, where no husband is?

Was it that these thoughts had possession of the mind of the kind hostess of Scone? Or did a loving fore-view concerning known approaching financial trial lead to the following touching spectacle? I did not witness the scene. I should have felt like weeping for very gladness had I been present.

Why has Mrs. Gibson called? Is it for another of the oft-repeated visits of sympathy, or to disburse the fruits and flowers so abundant at Scone? No; this time it is something far more substantial and enduring.

'Tis nothing less than the free gift of the deeds of house, garden, and grounds to the tried family. Oh, noble and timely gift, soothing with unutterable gracefulness the path of trial, which was soon to know the greatest sorrow that can come to life's young home! Oh, the luxury of possessing the ability and the will to yield substantial help to those who know the full cup of sorrow, and taste the bitterness of death!

Of Mr. W. Gibson, junr., much should be added. It has not been the writer's experience to have known intimately the worthy son of the heads of this family. Joining most heartily in, and sharing the munificent outlays in connection with this whole work, Mr. William has not withheld either time, personal influence, help, judgment, or presence. Retiring in manner, after the fashion of the venerated father, sharing his deep conviction of the importance of spiritual things, he manifests evident inheritance, also, in the devotion and strong individuality which characterize the honoured mother. Generous to a degree, sharing largely the progressive tendencies of the culture and knowledge of the present day, he contends at the same time for the firm maintenance of the faith of Christ, "once for all delivered to the saints."

A good preacher, a capital chairman, a ready speaker, possessed with clear common-sense, which makes character strong and vigorous, a man of prayer, of faith, and remarkable business capacity—such in a few words is the head of the mansion at Scone, of whom many pages might be written, and who plays so prominent a part in this unique Tasmanian work.

I ought not to close this sketch without saying how hearty and long-continued has been the sympathy of Mr. and Mrs. Gibson with God's honoured servant, the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon. Not only has Mr. Thos. Spurgeon, at times of great weakness, been a welcome guest at Native Point again and again; but in his important work at Auckland he had few more generous and hearty friends than Gaius, mine host.

In many things may be seen here the indirect but powerful influence of the Pastor of the Metropolitan Tabernacle. For this we are profoundly grateful. Few know better than the writer the "fiery trial" which has attached to Mr. Spurgeon's recent and noble defence of vital truths. Let it therefore comfort his heart to know that wide as the world is the use which his Lord has made and is making of his loyal servant.

That in his timely and heroic defence of the great doctrines of Inspiration, of the Atonement, Substitution, and the real Deity of Christ, it is now clear as noonday that Mr. Spurgeon did magnificent service. To his unflinching integrity and loyalty to truth we owe much of that which is obvious to-day, viz., the reaction which has taken place, and the recoil upon themselves of the deadly errors which many "down-grade" preachers were then advocating.

Our pleasant task draws to a close. It has often been cause for surprise that an abler pen has not long since chronicled the generous and devoted ministry which is here so imperfectly sketched. The day of the Lord alone will tell the many-sided and blessed issues of these consecrated lives. Pending the time when some more enduring record shall tell of the Gibson family, it is a joy to the writer to present this brief record and narrative of facts.

This should not fail to stimulate many to yield themselves and their substances to the high and worthy claims of our Exalted Lord. Such is one great object of the writing of this paper. May he, in the reading and circulation of this record, be made glad; yea, more, may our Lord be abundantly glorified in this unaffected story of present-day usefulness and untiring zeal!

Will the readers of this sketch join in asking that these valued lives may yet be spared for years to come, and the latest of these years be still more fruitful, if possible, to God and man? Now to our God be praise. "For thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory." Amen.

Letter from our Brethren in Queensland.

QUEENSLAND, AUSTRALIA,

February, 1891.

BELOVED PRESIDENT,

AS the time for the Annual Conference draws nigh, we who now live beneath the Southern Cross send you our hearty and loving greeting. We cannot be with you in the flesh, but, with fond memories of the past, "E'en now by faith we join our hands" with you, and hope presently to hear the echoes of your voice as it comes to us in the public press. We are thankful that, by the mercy of our covenant God, all our brethren in Queensland have been graciously sustained in their work, and continue preaching the faith that was once for all delivered to the saints.

In this colony ours is essentially pioneer work; and outside of the towns it is as truly missionary in character as that of any foreign field. Our population is but little more than 400,000, distributed over an area nearly twelve times that of England and Wales. Our most distant outpost is Townsville, which is 870 miles from Brisbane, or about as far as Rome is from London; while Queensland stretches another 600 miles further north. Westward we have nothing beyond Toowoomba, which is only 100 miles from the coast, out of 900 in that direction. "There remaineth yet very much land to be possessed." There are a few English and several German Baptist Churches not connected with the Baptist Association; but for 36 churches and stations thus united, there are 16 pastors, of whom six hail from the Pastors' College. Of a total membership of 1,768, there are 922 under the care of our brotherhood, who also baptized 86 out of the 142 reported last year. We also occupy this year the head and tail of the Association, Brother W. V. Young being its President, and Brother W. Higlett, Secretary.

Brother W. Whale is the esteemed and worthy pastor of the foremost Baptist Church in Queensland. During the past year he and his flock have moved into a new and spacious "City Tabernacle", occupying a most commanding position in the capital, and erected at a cost (including the site and manse) of £20,000. As might be expected, his church is the parent of many others, the home of numerous and varied agencies,

and the headquarters of our Association. Naturally, he has felt the unusual strain consequent upon such an undertaking; but the promise has been fulfilled: "As thy days, so shall thy strength be."

Brother W. V. Young, at Ipswich, occupies the pastorate of the second oldest church in the colony, and during a very trying year has done good service for the Master amongst a loving people. He is now the honoured President of the Baptist Association of Queensland.

Brother W. Higlett, after eight years of faithful labour at Toowoomba, has accepted an invitation to Albion, one of the suburbs of Brisbane. At present this is a mission station connected with one of our city churches; so our brother is still doing pioneer work, and is already receiving tokens of the divine blessing.

Brother W. Bonser, at Maryborough, 180 miles up the coast, is doing vigorous, useful work, and in more senses than one is laying the foundations for the future prosperity of our denomination in that district.

Brother J. Glover, at Rockhampton, 420 miles up the coast, is making steady progress. He is untiring in the Master's work, and grows in the confidence and regard of the church and congregation.

Brother T. Breewood was, until recently, at our outpost at Townsville. Under his care the membership more than doubled during the year. The Sunday-school followed suit, and a branch school was started at Hermit Park. Owing to the failure of Mrs. Breewood's health, our brother was compelled to leave, greatly to the regret of his people; and he is now settled at Sandgate, a few miles from Brisbane.

Thus, we are all trying to uphold the credit of our *Alma Mater*, and, above all, to serve him who has called us to his kingdom and glory. To you, dear President, we send this expression of our affection and love. With you we must ever associate the gifted and gracious author of the "Book Fund", whom may God bless yet more abundantly! To the Vice-President, tutors, and brethren we send our fraternal greetings. May you all, during the Conference, enjoy such a wave of blessing that its ripples may reach across the ocean to this distant shore, and, being united in one Lord, one faith, one baptism, may we all share in the same refreshing from the presence of the Lord!

W. Whale, Brisbane.
W. Higlett, Albion.
Wm. Vicars Young, Ipswich.
T. Breewood, Sandgate.
William Bonser, Maryborough.
John Glover, Rockhampton.

Letter from the Brethren in Tasmania.

Dear Mr. Spurgeon, and Beloved President,

In the name of our Lord Jesus Christ, we send our hearty greetings and salutations of peace, joy and prosperity.

As a denomination, we are quite young in Tasmania, but, thank God, not weak. The distinctive principles which we hold are fast becoming the recognized truths of Scripture, and the straightforward utterances and manly bearing of all our brethren have convinced not a few that we believe what we hold, and teach what we believe.

We have nine ministers connected with our Union, seven of whom are our own College men, whilst the other two are men of God raised up by the signal goodness and blessing of the Lord from amongst our churches. We have a properly incorporated Baptist Union, with Mr. McCullough as president, Mr. Walton as vice-president, and Mr. Blackie as secretary. By means of this association, we have already accomplished good opening-up work, and as we grow, shall doubtless be able to advance beyond our best expectations.

A sustentation fund has been substantially formed by the handsome gift of £6,000 from our ever-generous supporter, W. Gibson, Esq.; and here we would like once more to acknowledge the princely liberality of this gentleman and his family, in not merely opening up the way for our work in the country, but also for the unfailing manner in which they have supported the same in all its phases. Within a few years the munificent sum of £40,000 has been spent by them upon churches, Sunday-schools, and ministers' manses, &c.

We have a useful paper called "The Day Star", which receives the credit of being the best of its character in the colonies. This is edited by our brother McCullough.

Last, but not least in importance, is our foreign mission work. We are supporting one Australian missionary in the district of Bengal, and hope, ere long, to have quite a distinct mission of our own. We love that word of our risen Master, where he saith,—"Ye shall receive power, after that the Holy Ghost is come upon you: and ye shall be witnesses unto *me*, both in Jerusalem, and in all Judæa, and in Samaria, and unto the uttermost parts of the earth."

We can truly say, we are sticking to the old landmarks of truth, and whilst we proclaim the "old-time" religion of Jesus Christ, we also seek to labour in the "old-time" power of the Holy Ghost.

In our chats with one another, we frequently light upon the subject of our dear "Alma Mater", with all its delightful associations, and earnestly lament our inability, through distance, to participate with you in the joys of your hallowed Conference.

News of your personal health affects us keenly, and we constantly pray that you may long be preserved to carry on your multitudinous labours of love; and not only so, but that you may be enabled to do so with less pain and ever-increasing prosperity.

With Christian love to all the brethren, Mrs. Spurgeon and yourself,

We remain, beloved President,

Sincerely yours,

Robert McCullough, Hobart.	H. D. Archer, Deloraine.
Harry Wood, Sheffield.	J. E. Walton, Perth.
Alfred Hyde, Devonport West.	A. J. Clarke, Launceston.
H. G. Blackie, Longford.	Edward Isaac, Brunswick.

Letter from our Brethren in New Zealand.

AUCKLAND, NEW ZEALAND, *November 14th*, 1890.

BELOVED PRESIDENT,

THE Annual Conference of the Baptist Churches of New Zealand is just being held here. As on former occasions, we seize the opportunity thus afforded us of unitedly sending a letter of kindly greeting, and assurance of our continued love and prayer for you in the ever-increasing and widely-spreading work in which you are called upon to engage.

It will not be possible for any of us to forget the loving help which you afforded us, and the kindly interest you have taken in our individual welfare. Wide seas separate us, but "many waters cannot quench love."

Your circular letter reached us some time ago, and though we have answered it individually, we would, collectively, thank you most heartily for the assurance given in it of the heart grip which binds us to the brotherhood and to you.

We must also thank you for your Conference Address; it has been to us as invigorating as a sea-breeze to a weary traveller; nay, more, its burning, earnest, faithful words have stimulated us, and set before us an ideal of spiritual attainment to which it is our highest ambition to reach, and our purpose to grasp. Something to know, to do, and to be.

Your son, Thomas, beloved by us all, has been richly owned and blessed in his Evangelistic labours. In each town visited by him the Church has been stimulated, and strengthened, individual believers quickened, backsliders restored, and souls saved.

Mr. H. H. Driver still presides over the church at Wellington, where, under his able ministry, a united band of willing and whole-hearted workers abounds in earnest Christian service and generous liberality. Our brother has again been unanimously elected secretary of our New Zealand Baptist Missionary Society.

Mr. G. D. Cox, who has lately joined us from Victoria, has found a congenial sphere of labour at Mount Eden, where already the building is proving too small for the numbers flocking to hear his earnest words. Mr. J. D. Gilmore, whose health is greatly improved, labours on at Ponsonby, with gratifying success. Our brethren, C. Dallaston, of Christchurch, A. Dewdney, of Lincoln Road, and E. Richards, who has lately settled at Lincoln, were not able to meet with us in Conference this year, many circumstances militating against their travelling so far. In these days of loose thought and pernicious doctrine, you will rejoice to know that these brethren, with us, abide by the good old way.

From this far-off land we heartily salute you. To you we are bound for ever by ties of gratitude for kindness rendered and help lovingly granted. God, our own God, bless you! May the eternal God be your refuge and reward!

We are, beloved President, ever faithfully and affectionately yours in Christ Jesus,

CHAS. DALLASTON, Christchurch.
THOMAS SPURGEON.
JNO. D. GILMORE, Ponsonby.
HARRY H. DRIVER, Wellington.
ARTHUR DEWDNEY, Lincoln Road, Christchurch.
GEORGE D. COX, Mount Eden.
EDWARD RICHARDS, Lincoln.

THE

SWORD AND THE TROWEL.

JUNE, 1891.

Practical Effort for Truth the best Protest against Error.

BY C. H. SPURGEON.

THE sheep-dogs, by their earnest barking, arouse the watchers to chase away the wolf; but it would be woe to the flock if it were left to the sole care of the dogs. Feeding is as needful as guarding. While the shepherd is hourly providing, he does in the best manner continually protect. An outcry against the false doctrine which is devouring the souls of men is needful, but it must not take any one of us off from the steady proclamation of the gospel of our Lord. Indignant denunciation of the lie will be a poor substitute for loving testimony to the truth. The temptation to spend his soul in perpetual protest may readily overcome a brave and truthful spirit; but it is a temptation, come to whomsoever it may. Luther and the other Reformers would have done little had they only thundered at Rome, and failed to preach the positive theology of the doctrines of grace.

In our holy warfare, to attack is often the best defence. Work for the Lord keeps off many a temptation. It is wise to carry the war into the enemy's country. Continual activity has a purifying power. Rivers cleanse themselves as they flow. When a church is intensely occupied with soul-winning it seldom cares for setting up worldly amusements; when it is seeing conversions daily, it has little patience with unbelieving novelties. The blighting influence of the far-spread influenza of "modern thought" is driven away by those powerful gales of grace which speed the ship of Holy Endeavour. As travellers who can keep moving do

not yield to the death-sleep of the arctic regions, so Christians who continue in zealous activities almost always escape the fatal influences of this prevalent doubt. The plague usually begins among literary people who are personally unacquainted with evangelical efforts, and it finds its chief friends among young men who would be thought superior, and young women who affect strong-mindedness. It is not often that those who are good for anything as workers fall in love with soul-destroying inventions; and if they do, the first sign of their being thus infatuated is neglect of their engagements, and a desire to escape from what they consider to be drudgery.

To preserve our own hearts from the delusions of the hour we must live upon the pure Word of life. Diseases have most power when they assail a body badly nourished. Regular meals are medicine as well as meat. Close study of the Bible, and a clear insight into its doctrines will, by the Spirit of God, save us from a thousand mistakes, and prove an antidote to deceitful theories. There is good need to attend to this; for if it be possible, the crafty ones of this age will deceive the very elect. Nothing is safe from their insidious attacks, and yet they wipe their mouths, and look as innocent as if they never dreamed of denying inspiration, or slandering the gospel. It is cruel to suspect them; they are so meek and mild when it suits their purpose! They succeed best where there is most ignorance, and least experience. Even as Amalek, when pouncing upon the tribes of Israel, "slew some of the hindmost of them"; so is it now: laggards in knowledge and sluggards in service soon fall victims to deadly heresies. To learn the way of the Lord is to be preserved from false paths. He who teaches truth destroys error in the surest manner, the Holy Spirit being with him. To let in light is the simplest and most certain way of driving out darkness. We need not stand up and shout ourselves hoarse in order to expose a falsehood; let us go on quietly witnessing to the truth.

The Scriptural method of protesting against evil is to quit it yourself; and we may rest assured that the Scriptural rule has more wisdom in it than any form of carnal policy. "Come ye out from among them, and be ye separate," is the command of the Lord; and if we reply, "We will stay among them, and make them better," our wisdom is not of the Lord, and it will before long be seen to be folly. The way which pleases the flesh is not the way which pleases God. Great praise for charity and liberality is, in these days, a sure token of unfaithfulness to truth. What is the value of the testimony of a man who remains in league with the evil he deplores? One hears an address against a certain laxity of conduct, and it is known to all that the speaker does the same himself —where is the force of the protest? To lament defection from the once-delivered faith, and then to be hand and glove with the aiders and abettors of such defection, is not altogether the manifest opposite of hypocrisy. The utmost charity of judgment is unable to put a high value upon testimonies against error, adduced by those who are in open and avowed union with those who love and spread that error.

To take up arms against insidious falsehood, and to give our mind to war against it, is one of the most effectual ways of keeping it out of one's own soul. The Holy Spirit preserves the heart by the activity

which he creates. In any case, sloth and false doctrine have an affinity; while zeal for the truth will burn like coals of juniper, and consume the wood, hay, and stubble with which it comes in contact. Let there be something attempted, something done, as well as something unmasked and denounced. The honest man's position "outside the camp" is his loudest and clearest protest; and his energetic spreading of the truth is the most powerful weapon of his holy warfare.

So far as our own personal witness-bearing is concerned, our heart should go forth to God with the prayer that every sermon may enlighten the ignorant, and confirm the wavering. We would not shun to declare the whole counsel of God. Such gospel witness will raise a barrier against the intrusions of the apostasy. A people established in the true faith will not easily be seduced by false teachers. To make gospel teaching more and more plain is happy service, and is, probably, the most practical way of lifting up the standard against the great flood of evil which is rolling in on all sides. Our country friends used to say, if you would keep chaff out of the bushel, fill it full of wheat. The great majority of godly ministers will be wise to carry on their controversy with heresy by a persistent preaching of truth. In the field of discussion they may be more successful in pointing out falsehood than in overcoming it; but in the field of exposition, they will establish truth, and incidentally cast down error. The need of the age is a frequent rehearsal of the "things most surely believed among us", with a serious Scriptural defence of them against all adversaries.

On a larger scale it becomes the adherents of the old faith to support, in the most generous manner, those agencies which are upon the right side. Sound literature should be heartily encouraged, and every enterprise for the production and spread of it should have our help. Men in whom the faithful have confidence should be backed up in every justifiable attempt to give battle against the powers of darkness; and societies which are known to be truly evangelical should be freely provided with funds, in preference to colourless combinations, which teach a little of everything to please all parties. Just now, the gold of the sanctuary should go more largely for the defence of the sanctuary, though not less to aggressive work in the foreign field.

At the Annual Meeting of the Pastors' College, a large sum was given for the training of young men in the old faith, and it was accompanied, in very many cases, with the wish that it could have been increased a thousandfold. Love beamed in the faces which looked so smilingly upon us when the help was handed in. We were encouraged by such words of cheer; and the encouragement came when it was needed. A weary spirit is apt to fail; and the Lord sustains it by sending brotherly sympathy. To be judged faithful, and to find so many in hearty fellowship with our contention for truth, was a great refreshment to our soul. For the Lord's sake we have undertaken many enterprises, and humanly speaking, all the risk lies upon our shoulders. We are not unreasonable when we look to our brethren for assistance. The Orphanage, the College, the Colportage, the Evangelists, the Mission in Tangier, the Surrey Gardens Memorial, and a number of other matters of large dimensions, are at this moment pressing upon us, and a failure in any one of them would cast a slur upon the cause we have espoused.

Happily, we have no fear, since the Lord liveth, and his name is JEHOVAH-JIREH. Yet, our comrades in the divine service, who have stood by us all these years, will not be slow to perceive that, as the fight thickens, there is the more need of each soldier's help, and the louder demand that the man who has been forced to the front, and compelled to bear the brunt of the battle, should be supplied with ammunition. To the great number of private Christians, their best available method of spreading truth, and rebuking error, is to give their sympathy and their substance to works which distinctly aim at making known in every region the glorious gospel of the blessed God. Against this there is no law. For this there are a thousand arguments.

Altar-Fire.

UNCLEAN my lips, impure within,
I tremble at thy righteous ire.
Now purge my soul from inward sin,
Oh, touch my lips with Altar-fire!

Oh, cleanse me, call me, use me, Lord;
To this my longing hopes aspire,
That I, with power, may speak thy word;
Oh, touch my lips with Altar-fire!

No worldly glory do I crave,
May every carnal hope expire!
From subtle pride thy servant save;
Oh, touch my lips with Altar-fire!

Thy service, to the flesh, is hard,
But, oh, with zeal my heart inspire!
From indolence thy servant guard;
Oh, touch my lips with Altar-fire!

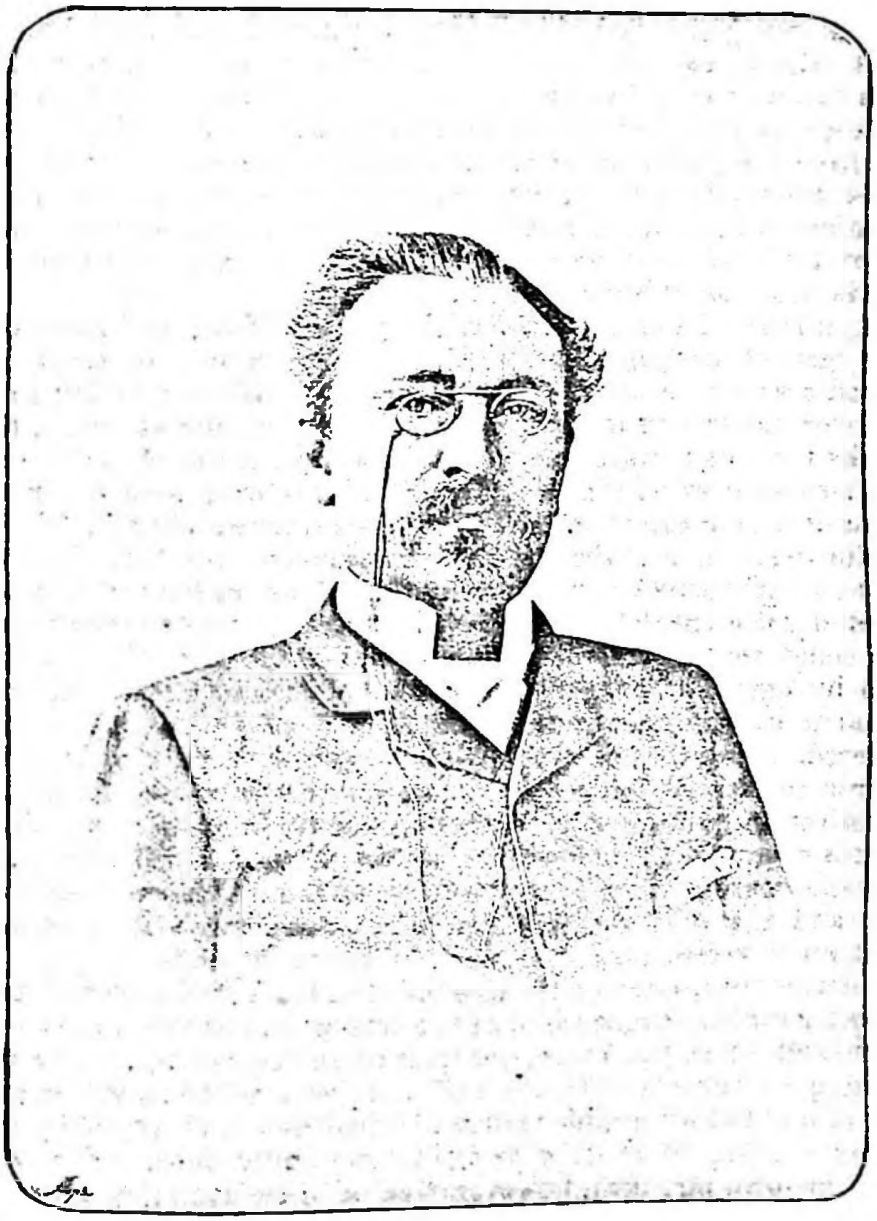
As foes and dangers thicken round,
May love and zeal and hope rise higher!
In this alone my strength is found;
Oh, touch my lips with Altar-fire!

A holy calm I now enjoy,
Thou hast fulfilled my one desire:
My peace is deep, without alloy;
My lips *are* touched with Altar-fire!

C. A. SLACK.

Charles Cook in Western London.

THE evangelistic work which has been carried on for many years by Mr. Charles Cook, in the neighbourhood of the Edgware Road and Hyde Park, is widely known; but perhaps all are not aware of its comprehensive character. Mr. Cook has won success in several departments of service; and the large numbers who owe their conversion to



him, as an instrument in God's hand, are widely scattered over the country; they may be found in the British Colonies, and elsewhere; while they include representatives of many nationalities. Mr. Kirkham, of the Open-Air Mission, would tell us that the converts won through Mr. Cook's services on the greensward in Hyde Park, are more numerous than those that any other out-door preacher can tell of. Next, his

usually crowded Sunday-evening Service at the Metropolitan Music Hall, Edgware Road—the place accommodating over two thousand persons—is the largest evangelistic service to be met with in Western London. The more ordinary work, which our useful friend carries on at Hyde Park Hall, his headquarters, during the week, is of a far-reaching kind. He seems to have special gifts which enable him to draw young people together; and his Young Men's Guild has become a rare blessing to those who have joined it. Mr. Cook is also an accomplished lecturer, whose brilliantly executed views of scenery in various parts of the world are a delight to any audience. In addition to all this, what he has done in the way of prison visitation in different countries, including even Morocco, justly entitles him to thanks. During this spring an adventurous visit to Russia has been undertaken; so that we may look for fresh information respecting that country, where, despite religious persecution and the maladministration of the law, the evangelical doctrines of the New Testament are spreading like a mighty wave which cannot be resisted by human power.

Born in 1846, Mr. Cook is still in the prime of life; and has, we hope, a long term of usefulness before him. The youngest of ten children, his parents were prosperous tradespeople at the West-end; but in youth he enjoyed no benefit arising from Christian training at home, though he thinks that his mother was one of the Lord's secret ones; the family was otherwise a worldly one, and nothing was ever seen of prayer or of reading the Scriptures. His mother attended church, his father never did so; although the children were allowed to attend the Sunday-school at Westbourne Grove Chapel. Mr. Cook, in his youth, was thus acquainted with the late Mr. W. G. Lewis; but no one ever took him by the hand to speak to him about his soul. Our friend lost both parents by death, at an early age; and after leaving school, he early inherited a substantial share of the family property, which he soon squandered. He was somewhat addicted to gambling and frequenting races, and had a passion for dancing; but he was saved from ruining his constitution by the grosser vices which in London alone kill their thousands every year. Meanwhile, although on the road to ruin, there were memories of better things learned in Westbourne Grove Sunday-school; and the prayer of a sister, who passed away at an early age, was not unanswered. The great change was at hand.

About this time, or some time before, Mr. Cook had dreamed a dream which afterwards reminded him of the text in Job xxxiii. 14, 15—"For God speaketh once, yea twice, yet man perceiveth it not. In a dream, in a vision of the night." He had not been without warnings; for about six months before, his sister, who had passed away, had prevailed upon her brother to cease going to Cremorne Gardens. The promise, made in his own strength, however, was of little avail; and the dream came one night after he had been dancing, as was his wont, at the Argyll Rooms until midnight. He went to bed directly he arrived at home—"To sleep, perchance to dream." Our friend himself thus succinctly narrates the vision which rose before him:—

"Yes, I seemed in my dream to be walking by a long terrace of houses on my right hand, and in front was another similar row, while on my left was a beautiful open space of green fields or meadows. My

eyes were first attracted to the tall zinc chimney-pots on the tops of the houses; they melted away before my sight; the windows then slipped from out their casements, and the buildings themselves heaved, trembled and shook before they fell, as though shaken by an earthquake; the heavens rolled away like a scroll, the elements melted with fervent heat; and at my feet the earth opened, a yawning chasm gaped to receive me; while there burst upon my mind the truth—THE JUDGMENT-DAY!"

He seemed to pray fervently, and to call for mercy; but the only ringing response seemed to be, "Too late! Too late!" He awoke in a fright, and in a heat; but, on finding it to be but a dream, the next night found him again at the dancing-rooms. Then, on the following night, he dreamed the same thing again, and he was perhaps still more thankful to find himself safe in bed. As he himself remarks:—"Blessed be God, I awoke; and I shall for ever praise him that I awoke not in hell, amidst the bitter, biting pangs of the eternal lake of fire; but on earth, where still I might seek his mercy. Had I died at this time, hell must have been my portion! I was not converted, but unconverted."

All this time none knew better than Charles Cook that he was serving the devil, who was a sure, though a bad, paymaster; but if he ever desired to escape from the toils of the evil one, he hardly knew the way. On a certain memorable day, however, he turned into a building where a religious service was being held, and a sermon on the words, "Resist the devil, and he will flee from you," had the effect of opening his eyes. Those words haunted him as he thought of his past life; and he may have asked himself, with greater fervour than ever before, what he was really living for. When he had gone through the ice while skating on the Serpentine, and on another occasion in Kensington Gardens, why had his life been preserved? There might be something for him to do in the world. At all events, "Resist the devil, and he will flee from you", was a wonderful message to his soul. Should the truth of these words be tested, which could not have come to him with a more reassuring ring than they now did from the Word of God if an angel had directly proclaimed them from the sky? The message he had heard had taken hold of him, and it would not release its hold; and, happily for him, Mr. Cook did not wish that it should depart from him. He went home, thought a little more about the text, and then he knelt down to ask of God strength to resist the enemy. The asked-for aid was given; and from that date life presented quite a different outlook.

A total change had come over him; he had no taste for the pleasures of the world which had hitherto fascinated him; the companionship of old associates no longer had any charm for him. He very soon commenced Christian work, his first public address being given in the open air at Shepherd's Bush; and soon after, he commenced a visitation of the lodging-houses in Marylebone. About the same time Mr. Cook felt much interest in the work of criminal reformation. He was glad of any opportunity to turn thieves and others from the error of their ways; and hence, in course of time, he was led to visit foreign prisons. Of his striking adventures in these places our friend himself will give particulars in a book to be published this year, after his return from Russia.

Of Mr. Cook's ordinary evangelistic work at the West-end of London,

we speak as we found it. On a recent Sunday afternoon we went to his headquarters at Hyde Park Hall, where the usual service was being held, after which the members of the choir and other workers take tea together before going to the great assembly at the Metropolitan Music Hall, Edgware Road. The preacher has a strong band of helpers—singers, and others; but whatever part these may have to take, the one indispensable qualification above all others is, that they themselves shall be changed characters.

To go forth in the twilight from this hall to explore the streets in various directions, is to get enlarged views concerning the vast needs of such a crowded neighbourhood. Not far off is the notorious Lisson Grove; and the streets on every side are teeming with a population whose chief want is the gospel. The main thoroughfare of the Edgware Road is crowded with persons who suppose they are taking the air, and a great proportion of them are young people. Who shall attract aught of such a throng to hear the gospel in its simplicity without resorting to any of the sensationalism which cannot but prove a bane when introduced into evangelistic work? Hard by is the Great Western Hall of the Salvation Army, capable of accommodating three thousand persons; and when this was being erected, some thought that it would supersede all other evangelistic meeting-places in the district. In point of fact, however, the Great Western Hall has not taken the place of any other; for look in when you will, you will find the place all but empty. The Salvation Army can get up great sensational meetings of the general public at St. James's Hall, or Exeter Hall —meetings apparently pervaded by enthusiasm; but its power to gather together the common people appears, in some places, to be of the feeblest kind. Why should success be expected if Scriptural methods are ignored? "How can they hear without a preacher?" Drums, bands, and childish sham military paraphernalia can never make good the preacher's place. Nor can this be done by any amount of house to house visitation, however good that may be in its way.

Mr. Cook is emphatically a preacher who, well understanding Scriptural methods, adopts them as his own; and the best proof of his success is his having so large a congregation of middle-class people, from which converts are continually being drawn. On entering the Metropolitan Music Hall, the place strikes one as being a comfortable building, and one that is easy to speak in. The Hall is well furnished; and through plenty of fresh air being allowed, the carpets being often removed, and the whole being otherwise kept clean, there is no effluvium of beer and stale tobacco which too often hangs about such places. There is a full congregation, and had the evening been warmer, or free from the chilling mist which threatened to develop into fog, the doors might have needed to be locked in face of the crowd wishing to enter. On looking round, you find that here are gathered a large number of the young men and women who represent the most desirable subjects a preacher can address.

Great care is taken to make the services attractive, but there is no compromise with the world. In such a case it seems necessary to have a trained choir, and there is solo singing after the manner of Mr. Sankey. In his prayer Mr. Cook thanks God for the old-fashioned gospel; after which he reads and expounds Psalm cxxxii. showing how

God heard the Psalmist's prayer, answered it, and gave even more than was asked. The sermon, founded on Romans ii. 15, related to the Wonderful Preacher, whose name turned out to be Conscience. It was shown how that preacher spoke on all days of the week, that all had sat under him, though some had silenced him. The human conscience was not now an unerring guide, because when man fell, conscience fell with him. The very compass on a ship would lose its polarity, and lead the vessel into danger, unless it were at times taken ashore to be readjusted. The conscience of man needed to be treated in a similar way, and then he could say he had a conscience void of offence towards God and man. A guilty conscience, an evil conscience, and a defiled conscience, were spoken of in turn, being illustrated by facts from real life. The sermon was the kind of preaching that is needed for such a congregation as throngs the Music Hall. It was the grand old gospel given in an awakening manner by one who believes in its power. We did not wonder that occasionally those who came shrank from coming again, from a firm belief that someone had told the preacher all about them, although assured that such was not the case.

Now, when looked at in connection with what takes place in Hyde Park in the way of open-air preaching, this music-hall work is of great interest and significance. Mr. Cook first preached in Hyde Park in 1872, and while continuing to do so until the present time he has succeeded according to his faith. Large numbers who are found in the music hall are such as follow the preacher from the camping-ground, though in the height of summer the out-door gatherings are prolonged, and the music hall is not used. It is not uncommon to find some five or six thousand persons surrounding the preacher, who is on all occasions most efficiently assisted by his choir. Mr. Cook's open-air hearers include all classes; for though the preacher's chief aim is to send home the gospel to the hearts of the common people, it is not unusual for a well-known peer, or a leading politician of the House of Commons, to be seen lingering on the fringe of the crowd. The people not only come, but numbers go away convicted.

As already intimated, the converts belong to all grades of life, and to many nations. There was a certain Frenchman who attended merely to hear English spoken, in order to perfect himself in the language, but soon he was found rising to something higher; he surrendered his heart to God. Certain converts are now engaged in colportage work, others have been in the East-End Training College. There are others in Jamaica, Australia and America, now engaged as pastors or evangelists, who are reckoned among the converts. Many others are heard of in provincial towns. An infidel who became a changed character at one of the Park meetings, is now engaged in Missionary work among the infidels of Northampton. A fact like this may remind us that none are so zealous in opposing the teaching of the late Charles Bradlaugh as those who have changed Secularism for Christian faith; and none are so emphatic in testifying that Secularism, whether atheistical or merely deistical, has a tendency to sear conscience and deaden moral principle. "I had never been here but for the teaching of Bradlaugh," said a man in Pentonville Prison to Mr. Cook, who has heard numbers of others practically make a similar confession.

During Mr. Bradlaugh's life, Mr. Cook never hesitated to mention such facts; and in doing so was more honest than those canting pulpiteers who would now make out the secularist leader to have been what he himself would never have allowed.

The particulars of a large number of cases of conversions have been preserved, and some samples of these may be given. There was a certain barman, who, having given up his employment because he thought it was not the proper work for him to be engaged in, spent all his money, had despair enter his heart, and finally contemplated drowning himself in the Serpentine. He waited for some time; but as there were too many people about, he returned. "A sound of harmonious singing was wafted across the Park," he said afterwards, "and walking in the direction whence the sound proceeded, I saw a large meeting, and on reaching it, listened both to the singing and the preaching. I followed to the Hall, was spoken to by one of the workers, who prayed with me; and that evening, repenting of the awful sin I had contemplated, and grateful indeed to God for his matchless grace, I gave my heart to God, and have since been seeking to win others to him. I soon found employment, and am now in full work, and work which is far more congenial to my new life." Another case was that of a soldier's wife, who was saved herself, and then had the joy of seeing her husband restored from a backsliding condition. Another convert makes this confession:—"I first came to the Hall on a Sunday evening, having in my pocket a well-known infidel publication that I had been accustomed to read. I had been in the park, and followed on to the Hall, where I was spoken to and prayed with by some of the earnest workers there, which resulted in my conversion to God. I need hardly say the infidel paper was torn up, and that the Bible has taken its place, and that the last few weeks have been the happiest of my life."

The people thus go from the out-door to the in-door meetings, and converts are continually being gathered in. Even when Mr. Cook is away from England, the work never stops; for care is always taken to provide competent supplies.

As a lecturer on various subjects, Mr. Cook has won distinction at the Royal Polytechnic, in London, ten or twelve years ago, and afterwards up and down the country.

To describe what Mr. Cook has done, in the way of prison visitation, would need an entire paper. It is said that about a million persons are imprisoned every year in Europe, the cost of their maintenance and discipline being about ten millions sterling. Mr. Cook has visited prisons in France, Italy, Germany, Hungary, Greece, America, Holland, Austria, Spain, Egypt, and Morocco, and this year he is to visit Russia for the second time. His aims in this difficult and hazardous work are similar to those of John Howard in the 18th century. He seeks to get justice done to the prisoners, to relieve their want and suffering, and also to supply them with the Scriptures in their own tongue. This is a work to which a man might well devote his whole life; but in the case of Mr. Cook, it is only one out of many enterprises to which he puts his hand.

G. H. P.

"The Larger Hope."

AN APPEAL. BY REV. J. IDRISYN JONES.

WE know not of any surer method in these days by which a writer or a preacher can become unpopular than by denouncing the above theory. Nevertheless, we venture to take our stand once more on the side of the older theology, and to make an appeal on its behalf. The doctrine of "universal restoration" is spreading at a rate which must exceed the most sanguine hopes of its apostles. Is it not partly due to the fact that there is almost absolute silence on the question, on our side, both in the pulpit and the press? Our opponents consider that the pulpit, at least, has almost surrendered to them. Is there not, then, an urgent necessity for crying aloud, in order to warn them, and to save others who are wavering? We need not use harsh words towards those whom we oppose, knowing that, however mistaken they may be, they are sincere in their opinions. The view we wish to combat has come to our land in these modern times, through the sluices of German Rationalism, and has been championed by men small and great in the ecclesiastical and literary realms.

It is not our purpose, on this occasion, to argue with opponents, but to appeal to friends, and to base that appeal on three considerations.

(1) *The larger hope is a species of infidelity:* by this we mean, that it involves the rejection of some parts of the Bible. The rejection of the entire Bible is infidelity made complete; therefore, the rejection of the Bible in part, is infidelity in part. Very startling is the language used by some: thus, the Rev. Mr. Collyer, of America, says, when speaking of the Bible, "I would shut up the Book, and never open it again, rather than be compelled to acquiesce in the one hideous monstrosity of an eternal hell." John Foster, Olshausen, Theodore Parker, and Sir J. Stephen have each admitted that the Bible language is strong on the other side; yet they would not abandon the theory. In this manner infidelity is streaming into our churches; and it is the same spirit which engulfed the world in the days of Noah. Not one of the advocates of the larger hope accepts the teaching of Christ in those words: "And these shall go away into everlasting punishment." Shall we, then, hold our peace at such a time as this?

(2) *Heaven may be shown to come to an end by the method of interpretation used in support of the larger hope.* Every passage of Scripture relating to man's future doom, in which the words "for ever", "everlasting", and "eternal" are used, are construed in the sense of a temporary duration; therefore, the same terms, when used in relation to future bliss, must be interpreted in a similar sense. If the exegesis is right in the one case, it must be also in the other. The Bible, then, teaches two co-ordinate doctrines: hell comes to an end; heaven comes to an end; or, heaven is without end; hell is without end. These stand or fall together: for example, in the two following passages, one in either Testament, quoting the Revised Version: "And many of them that sleep in the dust of the earth shall awake some to everlasting life, and some to shame and everlasting contempt" (Dan. xii. 2). "And these shall go away into eternal punishment: but the righteous into

eternal life" (Matt. xxv. 46). The period of duration in each case must correspond, or language is no longer reliable as the medium of thought. We challenge the world to prove the contrary. If, then, it is insisted that the reference to doom in each passage is to one of limited duration, the reference to future glory in each passage must also be taken in the sense of limited duration. So heaven is to come to an end: its sweet songs of music; its glorious service; its sublime adorations; its fond friendships; its entrancing scenes shall, alas, cease to be ours! What then? Whither shall our fate lead us? No heaven at last. Oh, it is too terrible to contemplate! Ah, but heaven shall be for ever! and the same Bible that tells us so, in the same manner tells us that hell shall also be for ever.

(3) *The theory of the larger hope imperils the salvation of the soul.* There are divergent opinions in the churches where the point of difference does not affect one's final destiny. Thus, it will be conceded, that Arminians and Calvinists are equally salvable persons; but we venture to think that the theory of the larger hope will be fatal to many. Man is swayed by two opposite motives; the gospel, therefore, appeals to both; to his hope, by the promise of a supreme reward; and to his fear, by the threat of a supreme penalty. Man, therefore, must be won by the combination of the two. To minimize or omit the appeal to his fear is to take out of the case one of the great factors of his salvation, and to lame the gospel in its great struggle to win the sinner. If in any case man is sure of a future heaven, will he not be in great danger of hardening himself in sin and worldliness? It is significant that Origen, in the third century, who believed in Universal Restoration, thought it prudent not to mention it in his discourses to the multitude. The battle with the sinner is, under any circumstances, not easy to win. "Ye will not come to me, that ye might have life", said Christ; but how much less likely is the victory, if we teach men that, however guilty and polluted they may be when they cross the "dark river", that afterwards, sooner or later, Heaven's Gate shall be wide opened to let them in?

Should we, then, remain silent and neutral? Shall we do nothing to stem this current of fatal theology? We venture to suggest that there are three things which we might do. (1) Issue a popular Tract, and scatter it broadcast under the auspices of a special organization. It is by means of the press, in the shape of the religious newspaper, and pamphlet, and sermon, and treatise, that error is so rapidly spreading; why should we not use similar methods? (2) Convene a conference of those who still adhere to the old truths, and thus seek to strengthen each other, as well as inspire a bolder treatment of the question in the pulpit and elsewhere. (3) Pray more earnestly for a great revival of religion in the land. Such heresies can only flourish when the churches are cold and worldly. But old truths come to the front again when a baptism of the Spirit melts the hearts of believers, and leads sinners to cry, "Men and brethren, what must we do to be saved?" Then, the "Eclipse of Faith" is past, and the doctrines which have blessed and energized the church in all her brightest epochs will shine in unimpaired lustre.

Let it not be thought that we aim at mere controversy. But, as it is fashionable in these times to proclaim a criminal truce between all

wrangling creeds, and thus give Satan the advantage, we must remember that we are divinely summoned to "contend for the faith once delivered to the saints"; and woe be to us if we come not up to the help of the Lord against the mighty! We must come quickly; for the seeds of error are taking root; and our Lord and Master bids us be up and doing.

Crouch Hill, London.

Mending the Nets.

BY THOMAS SPURGEON.

IF all work and no play makes Jack a dull boy, the rule holds good as well of grown-up persons in general, and of parsons in particular. It is little wonder that sermons grow stale, flat, and unprofitable, if sermonizers are fixtures, like the shelves in their studies. Two or three weeks' spell from work will act like a spell on the preacher; and he who droned before his rest will hold his people spell-bound after it. The very fields must needs lie fallow, and our horses must go out to grass. The fisherman cannot always be casting his nets into the sea, or drawing them to shore; he will need to wash and mend them, too. Happily for me (and for my hearers) "the work of an evangelist" has been varied by a furlough, some features of which are, possibly, worth recounting.

A few years back I was strongly recommended to spend the honeymoon at Stewart Island. It was not convenient to go just then, but, as that moon is still in its first quarter, I have been just now.

Stewart Island, you must know, is the most southerly of the three islands that constitute New Zealand. It is indeed often called the South Island, its much larger neighbour being, properly speaking, the Middle Island.

In Captain Cook's map the land now known as Stewart Island appears as a peninsula, but right well I know that it is "entirely surrounded by water"; by water of the roughest sort, too. I have been to a good many narrow necks of land in New Zealand, over which Captain Cook is reported to have sailed before old ocean shrank to its present limits. Possibly the brave voyager did circumnavigate those headlands; yet, strange to say, he did not steer his barque over the waters, some thirty miles in width, that sparkle in the summer sun, or wanton in the winter wind, between the middle and south islands. The straits are now called Foveaux, and when I crossed them, though it was summer-time, the waters were wanton with a vengeance. A strong nor'wester blew right down the strait, as through an open window. And what a draught there was! In fifteen minutes after the s.s. *Despatch* (thirty-six tons!) left the bluff her decks were all awash, her passengers were drenched with rain and spray, and most of them were as sick as sick could be. Even old salts had to struggle with their breakfasts, which, in most cases, eventually gained the upper hand. It was impossible to go below, for into what little "below" there was, the luggage of twice the number of passengers the ship was licensed to carry was stowed. What a wretched crowd we were! I can assure my readers that, though

"a little ship was on the sea", it was *not* a pleasant sight. Some feared that we must roll bodily over, while others, who had patronized the *Despatch* before, were satisfied as to her safety—she never had rolled quite over! Really, it was a marvel that she didn't. I have long ago ceased to be surprised that, of the few things that puzzled Solomon, "the way of a ship in the midst of the sea" was one. Amid a chorus of sighs, and groans, and worse, I heard "Jesus, lover of my soul", hummed softly; and wondered when I found it was a portly Maori woman murmuring—

"Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
Till the storm of life is past;
Safe into the haven guide,
Oh, receive my soul at last."

"'Tis well that someone sings", thought I; and, though she knew it not, that dark-skinned Maori was as the Lord's messenger with the Lord's message. Let me add, in passing, that there are about a hundred Maoris on the island, many of them true Christians, and all of them respectable folk. There is a story told to the effect that some of them, visiting the chief city of another colony, were most shamefully treated; but that, when certain of their persecutors were wrecked upon the island, these same Maoris saved their lives, and showed them no little kindness, thus overcoming evil with good. Who will say that the gospel is without effect upon the aborigines? But for it the castaways had been devoured by cannibals! Thus did the dark skins put to shame the white men, and show them a more excellent way. But this is a digression. Our tossing lasted nearly three hours; then were we glad, because we were quiet. How delightful the sheltered harbour of Half Moon Bay looked to wet and weary voyagers! Nearly all the inhabitants of the little settlement of Oban were on the pierhead, to share the one excitement of the week, the arrival of the steamer, and to take stock of the unfortunate passengers. But we were too far gone to mind being quizzed. We had reached the stage of which the old lady spake, when she said, "I won't care for nothing, if I can only get my feet on *terra cotta*."

The only hotel on the island is a temperance one. What a mercy! Of course, those who "really cannot exist without a little drop", manage to obtain it; and I did hear some vague rumours as to the existence of an illicit still in an unfrequented corner. Nevertheless, the opportunities for drinking cannot be so many as if a dram-shop, with its "engines" of destruction, existed in every settlement. May the day soon dawn when the privilege of local option shall be world-wide, and all the people use it as well as these wise islanders!

There is one constable on the island, but his labours are not onerous. If people wouldn't get into debt, I fancy his occupation would be almost gone. The doorstep of the lock-up needs repairing, it is true; but it is worn, not by the footsteps of prisoners, but by exposure to wet and weather.

Hard by the jail is the little church. It is undenominational, the management of its affairs being in the hands of a committee, comprising a Congregationalist, a Presbyterian, and a Plymouth Brother. Services

are held in the afternoon and evening. The first of these is, as a rule, conducted by Mr. S. Deck, a son of the Mr. Deck, several of whose hymns are in our hymn-books. The sweet baptismal hymn, "Around thy grave, Lord Jesus", is, perhaps, the best known of them. This Mr. Deck formerly practised dentistry at Invercargill, and having taken up a heavily-timbered section, he is still extracting "stumps." He has lived for several years in this out-of-the-way place, and may be regarded as a second Publius, for he is, in some respects, "the chief man of the island", combining in his single person (by single, I do not mean unmarried, for he has a true helpmeet) the functions of settler, dentist, doctor, justice of the peace, and minister of religion. Agriculture, medicine, law, and gospel are enough to keep one man fully employed, even on an island where the entire population numbers only two hundred and fifty. Mr. Deck is a sailor, too, as indeed everyone thereabouts has to be, for communication is almost entirely by water. Several pleasant trips I had in his trim little craft; and, oh, what lovely sights were seen! Truly the yachtsman's paradise is there. Up Paterson's Inlet alone there is scope for weeks of exploration, so many are the islets and inlets. Talk of cool grots and mossy cells, of sparkling rills and banks of ferns, of silent woods and crystal seas, there you have them, most ardent lover of nature, to your heart's utmost content. It was good to be there. Lessons were to be learned on every hand. Yon patient shag,* upon an overhanging branch, waited watchful, till in the transparent sea he saw his destined dinner, and seemed to tell us that we would fare the better did we in patience possess our souls. The very breeze that blew our heeling craft along reminded us of what great things are possible to those who set their sails, and yield to holy influences. Even the fish which so greedily devoured our bait warned us against the devices of "the first fisherman", who plied his craft with such success ere Cain was born. And those translucent depths, in which were waving weeds—say, rather, flowers—shimmering in the penetrating rays; and shells upon the sun-lit floor, far down, quite visible at times; and flashing fish, in search of food: what an aquarium was there, crowded with proofs of divine beneficence and skill! How could we help thinking, too, that it is not into such shallow bays as these that God has cast our sins, where we might view them from the gunwales of our boats, and whence the first strong tide might wash them up to mock at us again? Ah, no! "Thou wilt cast all their sins into *the depths of the sea.*" "Yes, Lord! my sins are in the 'blue water', they shall not be found, they have ceased to be!" Verily, "nothing is without voice." Oh, for opened ears and thankful hearts!

"There is a tongue in every leaf,
A voice in every rill,
A voice that speaketh everywhere,
In flood and fire, through earth and air!
A tongue that's never still!

"'Tis the Great Spirit, wide diffused
Through everything we see,
That with our spirits communeth
Of things mysterious—life and death,
Time and eternity!"

* *Shag*, the green or crested cormorant.

The climate of Stewart Island is a little surprising. I thought to find it bracing, even in summer time, but it was far milder than I dreamed. It owes something, of course, to its insular position: but it would seem that a warm current, antipodean cousin to the grand old Gulf Stream, laves its shores. In one spot I was introduced to "Palm Grove", and found North Island nikaus and exotic plants apparently quite at home. Peaches and oranges are said to grow in certain sheltered parts. So, though the winds blow rough and cold at times, the little island bears its flowers and fruits.

"The sea-borne gales their gelid wings expand,
To winnow fragrance round the smiling land."

Straying, one morning, into the little school-house at Oban, I discovered two or three bright children busy cleaning it. "Holidays not over yet?" said I. "No, sir; not yet", said they. "Won't you be glad when they are?" I confess I expected another "No", in chorus; but here were children happy in the prospect of getting to their tasks again. "We like school best", they answered, *nem. con.* Did not this speak well for the schoolmaster? When I saw him, I wondered less. He hailed, I think, from the Shetland Isles, as many of the folk thereabouts do, or else from the Hebrides; finding in this land, with its thousand square miles and deeply indented coast, some counterpart of the isles they left behind them. The people, whose children this "village schoolmaster" instructs, make their living in various ways. The timber trade once flourished, and still exists; catching and tinning fish is one of the chief employs; and oystering in the season. Recently, tin has been discovered in the south, near to Port Pegasus, perhaps the most noble of New Zealand harbours. Great hopes were entertained of this find. Miners and speculators flocked from the mainland, and from Tasmania, and Australia. All promised well. It looked as if the inhabitants would soon be pointing to their erstwhile almost shipless seas, and singing,

"Proud swells the tide with loads of freighted ore."

But, alas for human hopes! Some, still confident that there is money in it, toil on, but the "boom" is over.

On two Sabbaths it was my privilege to conduct service in the Oban church.

When three weeks were fully ended, we boarded that wretched little steamer again. She treated us almost as badly as before. "The Happy Despatch", someone called her. Well, really, she seemed likely to earn the name in the Chinese sense. But we landed safely; and

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

Thus I mended the meshes of my nets; and then away to the work of "catching men."

Chinese Proverbs and Quaint Maxims.

IT has occurred to me that some of the readers of *The Sword and the Trowel* might like to make the acquaintance of a few (out of the very many) curious sayings in general use throughout this vast empire of China.

Just now (Feb. 9th) the Chinese New-Year festivities are in full swing. In every quarter, proverbs, maxims and quaint sayings may be seen posted up. A few days before "*Ko-nien*", or passing away of the year, friends and relatives are sought for, especially those of a literary turn of mind, able to use their Chinese pencil with ease and style. A number of felicitous sentences are then written out on strips of coloured paper, and most carefully affixed to the doors, side-posts, door-lintels; to the masts and sterns of junks and sanpans; in fact, everywhere one may observe the red, blue, orange, or yellow strips, setting forth, in proverb and maxim, the hopes and longings of this strange, yet interesting people.

This custom is universally observed: like the laws of the Medes and Persians, it altereth never. Both high and low, rich and poor, learned and ignorant, all alike go in for these decorations. No matter how wretched the hovel may be, sage maxims and quaint proverbs are there for the passer-by to read, mark, and inwardly digest. Not only are the Chinese dwellings and courtyards decorated to perfection, but the native wheelbarrows, Peking carts, mule litters, &c., are alike adorned; so that every part of China becomes ablaze with wisdom, and eloquent with remarkable sayings.

The most common Chinese character to be met with, in this district, is the "*Fuh*" of happiness. Yet those of us who live in China know full well that the native mind is all dark as to its real, true meaning. To John Chinaman, plenty of rice and clothing seems to be the sum and substance of its interpretation; in a word, to be filled and clothed is the grand ideal and conception of *happiness*. Fatal delusion, we say. And yet, in our highly-favoured land of England, are there not tens of thousands equally as blind to their soul's highest interests? Dare we pick up stones to cast at them, when the glass, the card-table, the ball-room, along with the cursed greed for wealth, take the place of a crucified, living, and reigning Christ? *Happiness* is what men need; and I know of no other interpretation for England or China than this—*Happiness* is JESUS, and JESUS is *happiness*.

Alas, alas, that we should live in an age of substitutes for real happiness! Even in China, men are arising who teach another gospel which is not *the gospel*. Heathen customs, such as ancestral worship and payment of temple dues, are thought by some ministers to be legitimate; and so the Chinese may rightly argue that, after all, the "Western doctrine is not far removed from the teaching of our sages." May God in his infinite wisdom prevent these false teachings, so that the one gospel of Christ's atoning work may have free course and be glorified!

Another common saying, seen over the lintels of the doorways, is "*Wu-fuh-lin-men*"—May the five happinesses descend upon this door, or household!

Although the five happinesses are frequently spoken of, very few are able to tell you what they really are. The orthodox five, however, are

given in one of their books, viz., *Long life, wealth, health, the cultivation of virtue*, and a *natural death*. No thought, you see, of anything higher or nobler; in fact, many that I have met with on the roadside have told me that death ends all; but a little quiet talk about the *soul* ("*Ling-hüen*") and the future life ("*Lai-seng*") will rouse them up, and then one is able to enforce the truth a little by using another sentence of theirs, viz., "*Sï-heo-tih-fuh-k'i, yin-tsï kin-tsï mai-puh-tao*"; literally, *Death*, its after happiness, silver and gold cannot buy; or, Silver and gold cannot buy happiness after death.

We see, then, that in the Chinese mind there is a strong belief that before death happiness can be purchased; and yet in another of their sayings, they tacitly confess that even their *ideal* is but short-lived.

Take, for instance, the following :—

"*Ming-yueh puh-ch'ang-yuan*"; "*ts'ai-yün iong-i san*," literally, The bright moon is not round for long; the brilliant cloud is easily scattered. This, then, is their expression for "*Happiness is transient.*" Poor, dark nation! Only the light of God's truth can dispel the gloom, and make their happiness to extend from life here to the eternal life yonder.

I have seen four words frequently pasted up—"*Fuh-tsz T'ien-lai*," literally, Happiness is heaven-sent. "Beautiful words"; but conveying no meaning to the poor Chinaman beyond the material clouds above him, which he can see with the naked eye. Talk to him about the heaven-sent messenger, "the Christ of God", who is the embodiment of all happiness, joy and peace; and he stares at you, wondering what can be possibly better than heaps of rice and clothing, strings of cash, and a *male* child to worship at his grave.

Is it not time that the Chinese had the gospel? Reader, have you decided as to your personal responsibility to the Chinese? For "If thou forbear to deliver them that are drawn unto death, and those that are ready to be slain; if thou sayest, Behold, we knew it not; doth not he that pondereth the heart consider it? and he that keepeth thy soul, doth not he know it? and shall not he render to every man according to his works?"

China Inland Mission, JOHN ASH STOOKE.
Chefoo, N. China.

(*To be continued.*)

Good Advice to Unsettled Minds.

DO not jump overboard from the stanch Great Eastern of old-fashioned orthodoxy until there is something ready to take you up stronger than the fantastic yawl which has painted on its side "Advanced Thought", and which leaks at the prow and leaks at the stern, and has a steel pen for one oar and a glib tongue for the other oar, and now tips over this way, and then tips over that way, until you do not know whether the passengers will land in the breakers of despair or on the sinking sand of infidelity and atheism. How much the Lord must be obliged to these Doctors of Divinity for fixing up the Bible so as to make it right! I have two wonders in regard to them: the one is, how the Church got along without them before they were born, and the other, how we shall get along without them after they are dead.—*Talmage.*

What is True Success in the Ministry?

A PAPER READ AT THE PASTORS' COLLEGE CONFERENCE. BY PASTOR SYDNEY J. JONES, KENSINGTON.

Matthew x. 7, 8; xxviii. 18-20. Acts ii. 41, 47; iv. 31, 32; viii. 4; ix. 31.

THERE are, I think, two points of view. Success sometimes lies in the faithful prosecution of the work, rather than in the results. At Athens, Paul, mocked and postponed (Acts xvii. 32), did not *look* much like success. McCheyne, weeping his soul away in Dundee, because his work yielded no result, did not *look* much like success. The prophet cannot always see the fulfilment of his message. The minister of the New Testament has to publish mercy, and to practise it; he has to announce judgment, and *not* execute it. The sword and fire are in God's hands, and may not smite or burn until he has passed from the scene. From this point of view, and remembering the duty of the watchman (Ezekiel xxxiii.), and our Lord's command to the disciples (Matthew x. 14), is it not success, if in the spirit and words of Paul we can say, "I have not shunned to declare unto you all the counsel of God . . . and I ceased not to warn every one night and day with tears"? "One soweth and another reapeth." Charles Stanford says:—"One kind of success belongs to the work of clearing the jungle; another to the work of ploughing the soil; another to the work of sowing the seed; another to the man who reaps the harvest, or piles the sheaves."

> "Ours may be the seed-time: God alone
> Beholds the end of what is sown;
> Beyond our vision weak and dim,
> The harvest time is hid with him."

Then all good seed does not get into good ground, and the rejection of our message is not always a reflection on the speaker and his word; it is often a reflection on the rejector. When Christ was rejected of his nation, it proved not that Christ was unworthy of the nation, but that the nation was unworthy of him.

To answer the question from the other point of view, we ask what was considered success in the days of Christ and his apostles. Briefly, the gospel conception of the work of Christ was to deliver men from the guilt and suffering of sin, and to bring them under the influence of the Holy Ghost.

In the Acts of the Apostles, when the church was pre-eminently under the influence of the Holy Spirit, believers were multiplied with great rapidity; the converts bore one another's burdens, and so fulfilled the law of Christ; the strong bore the infirmities of the weak, and did not please themselves. In the continuation of such "Acts of the Apostles", and in that alone, do I see the true success of the ministry, and the only salvation of the churches. If the church breaks away from these ancient moorings, she will drift at the mercy of every wind and tide, her glory gone, a wreck of her former self.

Discussing this question in view of present-day tendencies, we may

have to wade through controversial waters; but to the Bible we must get, though it be a long journey through flood and flame.

Under the heading of "A Model Church", a religious paper recently gave, amongst other things, classes for "art", "languages", "wood carving", and "clay modelling;" cricket and swimming clubs, and a committee for "popular entertainments."

Each of these things is, I think, good in itself; but not one of them was used by the apostles, or if used, they are not put on record as successes in Christian work.

Let us ask intelligently—Whether is it the function of the church to *embrace,* or to *influence,* every department of life? is its work *national,* or *in* the *nation?* Is Christianity to get into all departments of life, by bringing all departments into the church, or by thoroughly Christianizing men, and so sending Christianity into all departments? Is it, for example, to regenerate dumb-bells, or to regenerate men, and let them use dumb-bells if they like. Neander says:—"Christ worked only in his own sphere, the sphere of men's hearts; although indeed, by operating upon the heart, he meant to operate upon everything else; for all human relations grow out of it." We best fit men for this life and that which is to come, by bringing their hearts under the regenerating power of the Holy Ghost.

That phase of thought in Christian men which would make the church *embrace* every department of life, takes, I think, its advocates further than they intend. We have seen the "reductio ad absurdum", viz., "run a theatre and a public house", and I don't see how a permanent halt can be made short of that; perhaps not even there. The church of the future must be situated in its own grounds of so many acres, so that, say, a football match may be arranged between deists and atheists, after the morning service, in which the preacher, with great learning and erudition, had assured his congregation that, read in the light of the higher criticism, the text, "He that cometh to God must *believe* that he is", could, by a mixed assembly, be read, "He that cometh to God MAY believe that he *isn't*"; the existence of God and our belief in him being hard dogmas of a church whose teaching was sadly fettered by creed.

The commentary of history on these things is that they are very successful in secularizing the church, but sadly fail in evangelizing the world; "they are much more likely to end in sensualizing religion than in spiritualizing sense." The powers of the world will not serve instead of the "powers of the world to come", and by trying them we shall grieve the Holy Spirit, on whose power we depend. Our aim is not merely to gather a congregation, but to build up the church of Jesus Christ. Spiritual results are the great end for which churches exist, and they can only be secured by spiritual forces. The sword of the Spirit is the "Word of God", and that ministry must be most successful which will put into the hand of the Spirit the material which he most loves, and with which he most works. To say *method* is nothing, is to charge Christ with foolishness when he refused Satan's method of winning the world.

When John's disciples asked Jesus, "Art thou he that should come", Christ did not impugn the authority of Isaiah. He did not say, "There

are a few discrepancies in the prophecies concerning me, and I am not really bound to the precise fulfilment of what those fallible men wrote." No, it was a grand dumb answer. Isaiah, ages before, had given the marks by which the Messiah should be known; and now the Messiah was at his work; and so he sends a chapter of his daily life to John: "The blind received their sight, and the lame walk, the lepers are cleansed, and the deaf hear, the dead are raised up, and the poor have the gospel preached to them." The Messianic *works* attested the Messianic *claim*. The apostles were afterwards commissioned to carry on those works, and in the continuation of such works lies one great test of a Christian church to-day, and also its redemption from the secular spirit. Compare the "model church" referred to with a church whose accessories consist of orphan homes and almshouses, organizations for feeding the hungry, clothing the naked, relieving the suffering, comforting the infirm, "the strong bearing the infirmities of the weak, and not pleasing themselves." By these we should be fulfilling the law of Christ by "bearing one another's burdens." See James i. 27. We believe that the church of Christ still possesses distinctive features, and has her own peculiar work. The church is not the world, nor a bit of the world under another name; it is *in* the world, but not *of* the world; and there is a work *outside* the church, as well as *for* the church, and she cannot do outside work without neglecting her own.

We are persuaded that there is yet room for immense and intense development along the lines of the New Testament, and we most strongly hold, that by inviting our young men to gymnasiums, concert halls, &c., we are, to the hurt of the church of Christ, and to the hurt of the young men, lowering the standard of Christian work, and weakening our own exhortations to a life of self-denial and self-sacrifice for Christ's sake: we are teaching our young men to please themselves, instead of calling on them that are strong to "bear the infirmities of the weak." Homes for the fatherless and fallen, for waifs, strays, outcasts, deaf, dumb, blind; hospitals, dispensaries and infirmaries; these are the true accessories of a Christian church. Keep these angels of heaven in our streets; these doors of heaven standing open night and day: thus it will be seen that the Spirit which moved our Saviour to bind up the broken-hearted, deliver the captives, recover sight to the blind, and give joy for mourning, is the spirit which actuates his church now. These institutions are the offspring of Christianity; God is the Great Father of all orphans and orphanages. Through God we have built our Bethesdas —his angels stir the water; and the church could claim these as her own if she devoted to these objects the time now wasted in social vanities and selfish gratification.

The fame of Christianity is the fame of the cures she has worked; the glory of Christianity is the glory of the saints she has reared; the renown of Christianity is the renown of sinners transformed in life, and walking with God as his dear children; and may the day soon return when the church of Christ shall seek only this fame, this glory, this renown!

I am aware that the forsaking of old methods, and the adoption of new ideas, arise very largely from a dissatisfaction with past results. Now, the dissatisfaction is good. It is the *next step* that is crucial, that

determines whether a man has kept his faith, and the *balance* of his faith, whether he is moved of God, or gets a self-derived energy; for a self-derived will be a self-directing energy; and many who justly reach the stage of dissatisfaction unjustly blunder at the next step, as, for instance, the author of "Lead, kindly Light." Does comparative non-success call for a rejection of the old instruments, or a better and fuller use of them? The iconoclast *may* be found fighting against God. Granting that Luther was necessarily one-sided in doctrine, that the Puritan was too severe and exclusive in practice, that Wesley and Whitefield did not seize the exact centre, still it is possible to be wider of the mark than they—to wander further from the centre.

We believe that in the early Christian church there was more perfectly mirrored than at any other time, the church of the past, present and future. We want to get back to the first century, not because, as is so often said, "the age demands it." The age may lead us to open our Bibles again. The age may be a schoolmaster to bring us to Christ. Demand it has none. Christ has all. Someone has said, "The church that meets the needs of the labourer is the church of the future." That is a wrong attitude. The church is not to see its hope in the strongest party of the future, but in the eternal principles of Christ, written in the New Testament, and translated into life in the first century. The New Testament tells us what is success, and what are the methods for attaining it.

Two things are at the root of our life of faith and labour of love, personal living to Christ, and personal working for Christ. Take, first, PERSONAL CONSECRATION. Faith must flower into obedience, and be manifest in Christian work. For an aggressive Christianity there must be an attractive Christianity. The church of Christ must *be* a success; men and women personally living to Christ, letting their light *so* shine that men may see their good works and glorify their Father which is in heaven.

There are principles of conduct in the New Testament almost lost sight of in the general conception of to-day. See, *e.g.*, Matthew xix. 21; Luke xiv. 12-14. If we all understood, preached and practised the New Testament stewardship, would it not more fully awaken the angel of benevolence, and cause her to unfold those wings of healing? "The earth is the Lord's, and the fulness thereof." The true Christian cannot selfishly hoard or selfishly use. "Whoso hath this world's good, and seeth his brother have need, and shutteth up his bowels of compassion from him, how dwelleth the love of God in him?"

The Epistle of James must be preached. The gold ring must not *in itself* secure the highest seat. Before God earthly standards count for nought. The man who prays for the masses, and then speaks slightingly of a poor congregation, is acting a lie against the Holy Ghost. Faith is dead without the fruit of the Spirit.

On some subjects we need to *re*find our Bible, and bow to its authority. In Josiah's day the Bible got lost in the money-box, not an altogether unique occurrence; for even now what is so powerful as "Vested Interests" in hiding the true teaching of the Word of God? For ages it was not seen that the Bible had anything to say on the abolition of the slave trade. Now it is slowly dawning on us that the Bible has

something to say on social questions; and if the church will be piloted by the Word of God, she will be of great service on this stormy and agitated sea.

The teaching of Christ really contains principles which, if fully carried out, would solve all the legitimate problems of Socialism; and the teaching of Christ furnishes the *motive*, in the work of divine redemption, and the *power*, in the work of the Holy Spirit, which are wholly lacking elsewhere. Let negative criticism give way to positive teaching. Personal living to Christ will solve this question. If the merchant or large employer of labour opens his heart and mind to the Spirit of God, that Spirit will lead him into all truth, and will not suffer him to pass lightly by "Heaven's labour-regulation bill" (Exodus xx. 9, 10). The Holy Spirit will also lead him to a very Christian interpretation of the "Employers' Liability Act" (Colossians iv. 1).

Then, equally important, if the labourer opens his heart and mind to the Holy Spirit, Colossians iii. 22-25 will be a lamp to his feet, and a light to his path; and so the personal relation between the individual and his God involves a social relation between man and his fellow. Upon a legal eight hours' bill, we, as Christ's ambassadors, have no authority from him to pronounce a judgment. Why is it that the church has so largely lost the Sabbath? It is because she has yielded to seven days' labour in her own members; she has let go the "six days", and now instead tries an eight hours. So long as the church of Christ keeps up to the level of inspiration, she speaks with authority, bright and clear above the wrangle of party strife. When she descends from the level of inspiration, she only chatters with the rest. Neglecting to proclaim the law of Christ to the employer, the church has largely been a party to capitalists. Now, by neglecting to proclaim the law of Christ to the labourer, she is in danger of becoming party to the labourer. Let us inculcate, by the grace of Christ, the Christian relationship between masters and servants. The gospel of Christ makes adequate provision; if we do not preach it, then *we*, and not the gospel, are to be branded as failures. The New Testament principles are the most practical, and they make reformation possible.

The other need is PERSONAL WORKING for Christ. Each disciple is needed as a winner of souls. Each should be attached to the Andrew-and-Philip Society. Personal work being the most Christian, is the most urgent demand. Personal work promoted by organizations, but for which no organization can be a substitute, the joy and responsibility of individual discipleship must be restored. As a minister in London lately said, "The church needs redemption, through a large interpretation and fearless application of its root principle, viz., personal fellowship with our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. Out of that comes brotherhood; out of brotherhood comes sympathy; out of sympathy comes co-operation," *i.e.*, bearing one another's burdens, and each member of Christ making his church the evangel of Jesus.

Friendly Aid for a Brother Preacher.

BY C. H. SPURGEON.

No. 4.

Genesis IV.

HERE we read the story of some of the first of our race. Thousands of men and women, doubtless, lived and died, whose life-stories are not recorded; but, for our instruction, we have brief notes of some antediluvian biographies.

Verses 1, 2. The two brothers. I. The worst had the best name: Cain was regarded by Eve as a *possession* from God, and Abel was thought of as mere *vanity*. How greatly was this reversed! II. Both of them followed an industrial occupation: they were heirs of the world, and yet only labouring men. III. The last in birth became first in life. See the order in verse 2. IV. The distinction between them was great: the first murderer, and the first martyr. Grace makes a great diversity among children of one family.

Verses 3, 4, 5. I. There was a likeness: each brought an offering. II. There was a difference in the offerings: one by command, the other will worship; a life in one case, ground-fruit in the other. Note the words, "and of the fat thereof": the offering was choice in this instance. III. There was a difference in their spirit. IV. There was a difference in the result towards God.

Verse 5. God is ever right in his acceptance or rejection of men. I. *Unacceptance.* The man and his gift, neither of them respected by God. II. *Impenitence.* He was not anxious to be right; but proud, angry, malicious, &c. Note the influence of God's own ways upon ungodly men. III. *Enmity.* He was angry with God and man: a dreadful state to be in.

Verse 6. "*Why art thou wroth?*" Anger is a matter which needs justification: it can seldom be justified; it is dangerous; it is sinful, if without cause; it ought to end, if it has no just cause.

Verse 7. God's gifts of grace are no reason for malice towards the receivers of them. I. *No difference is made in the arrangement of social life because of the arrangements of grace.* This is an important thing to note, because—1. It takes away from governments their excuse for persecution. 2. It is the same in the little sphere of home. II. *Though the difference lies first with the grace of God, yet it lies also with the man's own self.* "If thou doest well", &c. That is to say, Will you not be accepted on the same terms as Abel? God's second word with Cain was, "If thou doest not well, sin lieth at the door." If religion does not yield thee joy as it does thy brother, what is the reason? Sin stops the entrance—1. As a stone blocking the doorway. Is it unbelief? Is it impenitence? Is it pride? In some it is a hidden sin, dishonesty, neglect of prayer, enmity towards a neighbour, or evil company. 2. As a lion to pounce upon you. 3. The word may also be rendered, "A sin-offering lieth at the door." This should be an encouraging assurance to the anxious: sin can be forgiven. Christ standeth at the door. The atonement and righteousness of Christ are available at this moment.

Mr. Fullerton gives us the following notes :—

Verse 8. "*And Cain talked with Abel his brother.*" What did they talk about? We must guess: there were no auditors, for it was in the field. Cain began the conversation. Was it an argument? Did he upbraid his younger brother for his impertinence? Did he chide him for bringing only a lamb instead of the fruit of toil? He told him what God had said (R.V.), that sin, like a lion, sought to devour him: that he should rule over it (margin R.V.). Did Abel urge Cain to do well, so as to be accepted? to come by the way of the sacrifice? Or was the talk only a cowardly invitation to the field (margin R.V.). Abel became a sacrifice because of his faith in the sacrifice. He was a martyr, the first of a long series, because of man's hate of atonement. His blood cried for vengeance, because he trusted in other blood for salvation.

Verse 9. "*Am I my brother's keeper?*" Remark the shameful pitch of presumptuous impudence to which Cain had arrived. It is an indication of the state of his heart. While censuring Cain, we must mind that we are not guilty ourselves. I. *Man is not his brother's keeper in some senses.* 1. Every man must bear his own responsibility for his own acts before Almighty God. 2. No one can positively secure the salvation of another. 3. Those do very wrongly who enter into any vows or promises for others in this matter. II. *In a high degree we are, each one of us, our brother's keeper.* 1. Common feelings of humanity should lead every Christian man to feel an interest in the soul of every unsaved man. 2. We have all of us, especially those who are Christians, the power to do good to others. 3. Another argument is drawn from our Lord's version of the moral law: "Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself." 4. Without looking to other men's souls, we cannot keep the first of the two great commands (Matthew xxii. 37; 1 John iv. 20). 5. The whole example of Jesus Christ, whom we call Master and Lord, lies in the direction of our being the keeper of our brother. 6. We shall be called to account about it. "Where is Abel thy brother?" Take—(1) those near of kin to us. (2) Brotherhood extends to all ranks, races, and conditions. (3) The more needy, the more destitute people are, the greater is their claim upon us. (4) Some are their brothers' keepers voluntarily, but very solemnly, by the office they hold; as ministers, Sunday-school teachers, &c. III. *It will be high presumption if, from this time forward, we shirk the duty of being our brother's keeper.* 1. It will be denying the right of God to make a law, and to call upon us to obey it, if we refuse to do as we are bidden. 2. You will be denying all claim on your part to the divine mercy. 3. It is something like throwing the blame of your own sin upon God, if you leave men to perish. 4. He who says, "I am not going to have any responsibility about others", ignores the whole plan of salvation; for it is based on substitution. 5. If we are not our brother's keeper, we may be our brother's murderer.

Verse 10. "*The voice of thy brother's blood crieth unto me.*" I. The cry of man's blood, to God, against the murderer, and with emphasis as *brother's* blood. II. The cry of martyr blood, shed for God, and truth. III. The cry of the Mediator's blood, to God, for men, effectually, evermore, &c.

Verse 10. "*The voice of thy brother's blood crieth unto me from the*

ground." Let us indicate the methods by which one may be guilty of the sin of blood-guiltiness against our brother. I. *Make a searching inquiry for the criminals.* 1. There is the seducer. 2. Those who educate youth in sin. 3. There are some base men who, if they see young converts, will take a pride in putting stumbling-blocks in their way. 4. There is the infidel. 5. The unfaithful preacher. 6. The minister of unholy life. 7. Careless professors. II. *Hold up this crime to execration.* It is the blood of *our brethren.* It may be that—1. Your natural brother's blood cries against you. Or—2. The blood of your father or mother. 3. Or of your own children. 4. Masters and mistresses may ruin servants. III. *Expect the judgment.* "The voice" does not cry to a deaf ear. 1. How awful must be the cry of this blood from the ground against a minister! 2. What shall the cry be against you who still continue, by your ill example, to lead others into sin—open sinners and infidels? IV. *Lift up the voice of exhortation.*

Verses 11, 12. The man accursed feels the curse. I. In the non-result of his labour. II. In the restlessness of his mind. III. In the universal accusation which surrounds him—"the earth hath opened her mouth."

Verse 13. This shows that—I. The sinner thinks more of his punishment than of his sin. II. That he sets up to judge God. III. That he is as much a rebel by despair as once he was by rebellion. IV. That he still refuses to bring the right sacrifice.

Verse 16. How men go out from God; how they nevertheless form homes, &c.; how wretched is such a condition while the curse is on us.

Mr. Fullerton again furnishes these notes:—

Verses 20—22. All the world has!! The earthly trinity. Inventory of Cain's city. *Wealth.* Tents and cattle. But the tents blow down, and the cattle die. God's riches last. *Pleasure.* Harp and pipe. But the strings snap, and the pipes get rifted. Get the song in the heart. *Power.* Brass and iron. There is much brass in the world: "I counsel thee to buy of me gold." The brass tarnishes, and the iron rusts. Lay up treasure where rust does not corrupt. Choose power with God rather than material power of brass and iron instruments.

Verses 23, 24.—The evil effect of one man's sin upon another. The perils of clemency towards crime. The readiness of the guilty to claim exemption from special fault. The pleasure men feel in getting sympathy from others in their sin, even as Lamech from his wives.

Verse 26. *The sons of God.* Who were those called "sons of God" in vi. 2? Were they not those who here began to call themselves by the name of the Lord? (margin). A son was born, whom they named "Enos" or mortal, and then they looked beyond the mortal and surnamed themselves by the name of the Lord. The first sign that a man is a son of God, is when he begins to call on the name of the Lord. Behold, he prayeth! Prayer is the Christian's vital breath.

Verse 26. "*Then began men to call upon the name of the Lord.*" The beginnings of public worship very interesting. The name by which God was known: the manner of devotion—"call upon the name": the need which suggested congregational worship: the uses which have led men to continue the same to this day.

The Soul's Venture:

"SINK OR SWIM, I'LL TRUST THEE!"

BILL SMITH was a typical South Dorset quarryman, of the "rough and ready" stamp, as are most of his class; and, like the majority of his mates, was too fond of the intoxicating cup. Still, his heart was not as hard as the Portland stone on which his time and toil were spent from day to day, as his love for his children clearly proved.

He seldom darkened the doors of God's house; yet was by no means unwilling his children should regularly attend the Sabbath-school and sanctuary.

The faithful toil of the teacher was not in vain, and the soil was ready for the reception of the seed, when the evangelist came.

First, the eldest daughter was led over the border-line of decision; and her honest expressions of joy deepened desire in the heart of her younger sister, to whom the father was specially attached. Great was the teacher's joy when, a few days later, this scholar also was led to accept God's great gift.

Now, the love of Jesus was so unmistakably clear to her, that she, in her simplicity, "could not understand why *everybody* did not love the Saviour." Thus she expressed her difficulty to the teacher; and whilst the dear child could see *so much* reason why *all* should love Christ, the teacher could certainly find no just reason why all should *not* love him.

The young believer, child-like, mentioned her trouble and perplexity to her father, as she climbed upon his knee at the close of his day's work; and the earnest inquiry of his darling struck him with such power, that he came with her next evening to the service.

Once interested, he came again and again. At length, convicted by the Spirit of God, and completely heart-broken, he came to see me in his trouble. "O sir, what am I to do? My sins are troubling me day and night; I cannot rest; will you pray for me? I've been an awful sinner in my time! Can God save such a sinner?"

Here was just the right subject for the "good news" of the gospel, and long I pleaded with him before the open Bible. Then, after I had prayed with him, I bade him pray for himself.

"O sir, I can't!"

"Then you had better tell God so."

"No, sir, I dare not tell him so; but I can't pray! I never made a prayer in my life."

"My friend, did I ask you to *make a prayer?* I asked you to *pray*, which is a vastly different matter. Peter, when already sinking in the wave, had not time to '*make a prayer*'; but he *prayed*, and with desperate earnestness, 'Lord, save me!'"

As I repeated this, the sin-stricken soul caught at it, and cried aloud, in an agony, "Lord, save me; Lord, save me!" The next moment, ere I could add another word, bursting into tears, he exclaimed, "Lord Jesus, I *will* trust thee, *sink* or *swim!*" It was the supreme moment of the guilty soul's *venture*, and it was not a *misadventure!* (Is *such* a venture *ever* a misadventure?) He looked up brightly, smiling through his tears, as I said, "Yes, Bill, *which* is it? sink or swim?"

"O sir, I'm safe at last! *He* bears me up; I can't sink."

How many there are longing for salvation, but afraid to *venture* their all on Christ; yet knowing all the while that they must perish if they do *not* trust him! May some such be encouraged by this incident to venture *now!*

"Venture on him, venture wholly,
Let no other trust intrude;
None but Jesus
Can do helpless sinners good."

J. BURNHAM.

Conference Comfits.

WHEN a man is hard up, he does not criticize a cheque.

The outside of the shield is for the enemy, the inside for yourself.

Christ's hold of us means salvation; our hold of Christ means joy. We cannot hold Christ, and at the same time hold our tongues as to his gospel.

If the Bible be not infallible, where shall infallibility be found?

True Christian fellowship is not so much in the hours of relaxation when met in conference, as in the isolation of each individual worker doing his part in the great confederacy of labour for Christ.

Not only do we believe, and therefore speak; but we cannot but speak the things which we have seen and heard.

It has been said that a great man sways his fellows by that wherein he differs from them; and therein lies the power of the church, not in its conformity to the world, but in its likeness to Christ, who was not of the world.

The tongue of fire soon produces the broken heart.

The broad school of thought is not famous for the numbers of its conversions to God; yet we should have thought that those who were so anxious to have everybody saved, would be glad to see somebody saved.

Some of the tiniest woodland flowers are the most certain harbingers of spring.

In the Father, we have honey in the flower in mystery; honey in the comb is the grace of God embodied in Christ; and honey in the mouth is found by experience through the Holy Spirit.

A little girl who had been forbidden to sing, as being injurious to her health, broke out unconsciously into song. When reminded of it, she replied, "Oh, I did not sing it; it sung itself." The joy of the Lord needs no exertion as to expression. Out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh.

These are some of the choicer bits that found their way into my note-book. Let no one suppose that the whole feast was made up of these. There were solid joints on the table, and plain and wholesome fare, with dainties added that might satisfy the most fastidious tastes. Most of the papers were designed to build up the whole character rather than to please the palate; and, indeed, the whole season was one of holy delight in the things of God, however presented. May the dew of that Spirit, who was so highly honoured, rest upon all who shared, by presence or in spirit, in the Conference of 1891!

J. MCAUSLANE.

Crawley.

Impressions of the Conference of 1891.

BY A LONDON PASTOR.

SHOULD the apostle Peter or Paul ever revisit this globe, and search the metropolis for a Christian gathering of the apostolic sort, we make bold to say that he would find congenial company at any Annual Conference of the Pastors' College Evangelical Association. The subject uppermost in the papers and addresses, the time given to direct waiting upon God, the avowed and real aim of each session, warranted a speaker's reference to the assemblies of more than 1800 years ago (Acts i., vi., and xv.) as the first Pastors' College Conferences.

Last year's gathering was characterized as THE BIBLE CONFERENCE. It was, therefore, fitting that this year great prominence should be given to THE WORK OF THE HOLY SPIRIT. The programme was an invitation to a Pentecost, which prayer made a holy experience.

No Conference is commenced without at least an hour's intercession at the Throne of Grace. This year the first meeting, on *Monday afternoon, April* 20, was at Upton Chapel, Lambeth, where Pastor W. Williams has, since 1877, exercised his gracious ministry. An unusually large number of brethren assembled at four o'clock, and for an hour and a half there was a season of mighty prayer. If any of us had wandered away to the circumference of things spiritual, and got cold by reason of its distance, this was the meeting to bring us back to the centre. From time to time, brethren have gratefully acknowledged that the Conference has given a safe anchorage for their tossed and driven faith. Feet that had well-nigh slipped, feel again that the Rock is under them ; and in the lives and faith of sorely-tried ministers, the experience of Psalm xl. 2, 3, is brought down to date. Hearts were poured out fully and freely in supplication ; but there were groanings which could not be uttered. Sick and absent brethren, departing and settled missionaries, were all remembered in loving and hearty prayer. A few words from the President on answers to prayer being facts, and not coincidences, were much appreciated. "Why do not these coincidences come to those who do not pray?" was a fair question, which, of course, remained unanswered. After the joyful confidence and holy solemnity which pervaded this first gathering, we felt the force of the remark, "It is no more trouble for us to believe in the Holy Spirit than in one who dwells in our own house."

A bountiful tea was provided by our hospitable friends at Upton, for which very hearty thanks were accorded to them ; and soon we were again congregating for the evening meeting. This belongs largely to the public, and is always well attended by them. After the College anthem ("The cross it standeth fast") had been sung, and prayer offered, the President referred to the early Conferences held at Upton Chapel, and delivered an inspiring address on Ephesians vi. 16, "Taking the shield of faith." Pastor H. Rylands Brown, of Darjeeling, gave an interesting account of his itinerant work amongst the English-speaking population of Northern India. Mr. Fullerton, the well-known evangelist, plucked a good word from the lips of the traitor Judas, and for a quarter of an hour gave a racy and pungent address on "Hold him fast" ; and, after a collection for the College funds, a terse and telling ten minutes' address from Pastor S. J. Baker, of Leominster, on "Facts, Faith, and Feeling," brought the meeting to a good close. The first day's meetings augured well for the whole week, and all the subsequent proceedings were in harmony with the key-note then struck.

On *Tuesday morning, April* 21, at 10.30, we met in the Conference Hall, for an hour and a half of prevailing prayer and hearty praise. The successes of the year were laid at the Master's feet ; the sorrows of the year were also brought to him. Many were the men present by whom God had

spoken, and raised the dead, and comforted his people. This time of praising, praying, believing, and receiving, brought a tumult of joy to our hearts, and was a fit preparation for the event to which all look forward with great eagerness, namely, the Presidential address. The Hall was crowded to excess. The visitors' gallery, reserved for ladies, was bright with their presence.

The address was divided into three parts—our Armoury: The Word of God. Our Army: the Church. Our Strength: the Holy Spirit. After a few stirring introductory words, the President launched out into the deep. The address is published by Messrs. Passmore and Alabaster, in a neat book, price 6d., under the title, "The Greatest Fight in the World." It ought to be scattered by hundreds of thousands. It was a grand emphasis of "The Bible, and the Bible only, is the religion of Protestants," and of Paul's words, "The sword of the Spirit, which is the Word of God." It was no light thing to see one, by whose preaching, for forty years, of that Word alone, thousands have been converted to God, stand as a veteran warrior, and testify to the efficacy of the only sword he had ever used. After subjecting that Word to more tests than have ever been given to any philosophy, or theory of science, it was not possible for him to believe in a fuller inspiration than there really was. The joy of the preacher in his work was revealed by a remark that, in the next sphere, he expected to occupy a pulpit where he might, perhaps, speak to a whole constellation at once. The address, which occupied one hour and twenty-seven minutes, was "a feast of reason, and a flow of soul."

After a short interval, the business of the Conference was transacted. *Monday, June 15th*, was fixed as THE DAY OF UNITED PRAYER FOR THE COLLEGE. We hope all brethren will endeavour to observe it. Thirty students were received into the Association, four deaths were reported, and one name removed from the roll, which now has 707 names upon it. All the officers were re-elected, with the exception of Pastor E. H. Ellis, who has left for Australia. In his place (as joint-secretary with Pastor H. O. Mackey), Pastor Sydney J. Jones (Kensington) was elected.

Tuesday afternoon and evening were spent, as usual, at the Orphanage. Tea was served in the dining-hall; and after the tables had been removed, there was a social gathering, with prayers and addresses. In his opening address, Mr. Spurgeon referred to the violent attempt which has of late been made to prejudice Christian people, by the statement that the College has sent forth so many men, that the number of the "unemployed" in the ministry has been thereby increased. The charge is fully met in the College Annual Report, issued in last month's magazine, in which the President says: "These 'unemployed' brethren are not known to us; and they would have been, had they existed. We can account for all the men who, according to statistics, are unemployed graduates of the Pastors' College. We, who know the matter best, know nothing of this horde of men standing in the market-place idle because no man hath hired them. Churches have been *founded* by us, in numbers never before approached by any school of the prophets; and when a man forms his own sphere, he cannot be accused of keeping others out of position. Men have gone from us, and founded churches in Guernsey and the Falkland Islands, during the last year or two; and before this, others had done similar work in Tasmania, in the Cape Colonies, and in the United States. The world is our parish, and our brethren are not sitting down, waiting to be called to settled charges and comfortable incomes; but they are willing to go wherever there is an opening for preaching Christ and gathering a church."

Pasteur R. Saillens, of Paris, was then introduced, and his paper on "The Relation of the Faithful to those who hold Error" was undoubtedly one of the treats of the Conference. A few stirring words from Pastor Brown, of Darjeeling, closed a meeting rendered the more enjoyable by the sweet singing of the orphan boys.

On *Wednesday morning, April* 22, at eleven, brethren were again present

in large numbers, and the visitors' gallery was well filled. The first utterances were praise for the joy and gladness of the preceding gatherings. Several well-known ministers led in prayer and thanksgiving. Said one, "All through the chambers of the soul we hear the echoes of yesterday." "If we were not grateful, we should be worse than the dumb stones, and the unconscious timbers would cry out against us." Growing benedictions are the order of the Conference. Pastor J. Urquhart, of Weston-super-Mare, read an able paper on "The Church and the Holy Spirit"; and Pastor Z. T. Dowen, of Brixton, followed with a noteworthy paper on the converse side of the subject—"The Holy Spirit and the Church." Pastors F. E. Marsh, of Sunderland, and A. G. Brown, of the East London Tabernacle, spoke on the subject of the papers. Mr. Brown's references to the ever-recurring "Jannes and Jambres", and the distinction drawn between the Church and Christendom, were much appreciated. To use the expression of a Welsh divine, we were this morning "feeding upon the Word of God."

The tea and supper for subscribers to the College took place this evening. Our ever-generous friend, Mr. F. W. N. Lloyd, of Bromley, presided, and expressed warm sympathy with the President and his work. Mr. Spurgeon told of the work done through the College since its commencement. 845 students have been educated in the College. Deducting those who have died, or are invalided, or have returned to secular callings, together with those whose names have been removed from the roll, there are still in active Christian service about 700 of our men, of whom 165 are in foreign lands. During the past year, 414 pastors report a clear increase of 3,155 members. For the 26 years that statistics have been tabulated, 92,035 believers have been baptized, and the churches increased by 75,807 members. The College has saved the denomination from a retrograde movement. If like success had attended other branches of the ministry, the denomination would have distinctly advanced instead of being almost stationary.

Pasteur Saillens showed what kind of work had been done, and was yet to be done, in the French capital. Pastors H. R. Brown, of Darjeeling, Z. T. Dowen, of Brixton, R. B. Morrison, of Bournemouth, H. A. Phillips, of Southport, and Mr. C. W. Goodhart, of Reading, whose impromptu address of last year we have not forgotten, also gave addresses. The room in which the annual supper was served was arranged for about 600 guests, and presented a really brilliant appearance, through the generous help of Messrs. Liberty and Co., Mr. James Clark, and other friends. The subscriptions reached the large amount of £3,100, which was increased to over £3,200, by donations afterwards received. This sum far exceeds the total of any previous year, except that *annus mirabilis*, when the Down-grade controversy moved those who loved the truth to give an extraordinary token of their sympathy with the President.

On *Thursday morning, April* 23, at eleven o'clock, the first exercise was the hearty singing of the doxology, as the contribution at last night's supper was made known. This was followed by prayer for heaven's benediction on the subscribers. To-day we felt that the tide was rising to high-water mark. The path of the Conference is as the light—it shineth more and more as it proceeds. Not the least impressive sounds are the deep-sounding "Amens," which continually roll over the assembly. If we may judge from the way in which references to the subjects were received, interest in missionary work and in the second coming of our Lord, is spreading widely and rapidly amongst the members of the College Association.

The Vice-President, Pastor J. A. Spurgeon, gave a stimulating address on the difference in the disciples before and after Pentecost: the fuller knowledge of Christ and the baptism of the Holy Spirit accounting for that difference. At each Conference that we remember, Isaiah vi. has come into prominence. This morning the Vice-President led us into that holy of holies. Pastor M. Cummings, of Bury St. Edmund's, read a remarkable paper on "Signs of the Spirit's Presence in the Church", Pastor W. Williams

followed with a brief, but valuable, paper on "The Holy Spirit as a Personal Friend", and Pastor W. J. Styles spoke on the general subject. The last paper was by Pastor Sydney J. Jones, of Kensington, on "What is True Success in the Ministry?" It is printed in the present number of the magazine. The prayer with which one speaker concluded would fitly close this morning's session: "The communion of the Holy Ghost be with you all."

After dinner to-day, we were favoured with a half-hour's racy talk by Rev. John McNeill, who had been present in the morning, and testified to the gracious inspiration which the meeting had been to him. Alluding to the appellation which is often given to him, he said that he should have been "The Scottish Spurgeon" if he had been trained by the English one. He gave no uncertain sound as to his position with regard to popular heresies, and said that with regard to the inspiration of the Scriptures, the atonement, and other great truths, he was heartily at one with us.

There was a public tea at 5.30, followed by the annual public meeting in the Tabernacle, which was of the usual enthusiastic character. The President said he had been seeing shepherds through the week, and now he was glad to see the flock. The tone of the meeting was good throughout. In the speakers there was a happy combination of older and younger men. The addresses were by Pastors C. B. Sawday, of Leicester; H. A. Phillips, of Southport; W. Stott (assistant-pastor at the Tabernacle); H. R. Brown, of Darjeeling; and John Robertson, of Glasgow, who had come to London on purpose to attend the whole series of meetings of the Conference. At the close of the meeting, the ministers and students adjourned to the lecture-hall for supper. In the course of his address, Mr. H. R. Brown read the following letter from our brethren in India:—

"India, January, 1891.

"Beloved President and Tutors.—As usual, those of 'our men' who could, met for a season of prayer on behalf of you all, and our dear College, during the Annual Conference of the Baptist Missionaries last month. But we feel exceedingly the fewness of our brotherhood out here, and entreat you to do something to arouse others to join us. It is almost certain that a large number will be called for immediately to carry out new and extensive plans of work in special portions of this vast mission-field. We beseech you not to permit our brother Potter to return alone to this country; at least ten or twelve new men should be ready to accompany him.

"A special appeal is going forth to our supporters at home, from our Calcutta Conference, drawing attention to our great need, and the apparent neglect that our appeals have received so often in the past. The work is growing upon us, and its claims are more urgent than ever before. We love the work, because we love the Master whom we serve; but we feel more fully every day how few and feeble we are among such myriads of heathens. We wish we could speak for ten minutes at the coming Conference at the College, and represent the great needs that press upon us in our immediate spheres. But as this may not be, we cry to the 'Lord of the harvest', and expect *him* to thrust out the needed men, full of zeal, and love, and power.

"With our warmest regards and sincerest love,

"We remain, faithfully and ever yours,

"Robert Spurgeon,
"G. H. Hook,
"Geo. J. Dann,
"W. S. Mitchell,
"John Stubbs,
"H. Rylands Brown,
"Alfred Day."

Friday morning, April 24, 11 a.m. This is the great day of the feast. After prayer, in which one said we were "burdened with blessing", greetings were sent on the wires to Principal D. Gracey, who was confined to his home,

to Ex-Principal George Rogers, and to Pastor Frank H. White, whose want of health would not allow him to be present. Letters of greeting were read from brethren in Canada, Tasmania, New Zealand, and Queensland. It was acknowledged, with joyful gratitude, that the letters sent last year by the President to the children of pastors had in many cases been blessed to their conversion. Our hearty thanks were voted to the generous friends in connection with the Tabernacle and other London churches who have entertained our country brethren.

Then came the closing service. After solemn prayer and singing, Pastor A. G. Brown read and expounded part of John xiv. A prayer and hymn followed, and the President, apparently none the worse for the week's exertions, rose to preach the closing sermon. The subject (John xvi. 14) was in line with the theme of the Conference, and the sermon was a rich close to a week of spiritual delight. It was a matter for hearty thanksgiving that the President appeared in better health at the end of the Conference than at the beginning. The communion followed, and then, with hands linked in one unbroken chain throughout the hall, well illustrating our College motto, "Et teneo et teneor," we sang the Scotch version of Psalm cxxii.:—

"Pray that Jerusalem may have
Peace and felicity:
Let them that love thee and thy peace
Have still prosperity.

"Therefore I wish that peace may still
Within thy walls remain,
And ever may thy palaces
Prosperity retain.

"Now, for my friends' and brethren's sakes,
Peace be in thee, I'll say;
And for the house of God our Lord,
I'll seek thy good alway."

At the last verse, the grip of the hand is tightened, and the electric current of sympathy passes all along the ranks.

At the farewell dinner, in the absence of Pastor F. H. White, our Remembrancer, the Vice-President reported that 184 brethren had collected or contributed £417 4s. 4d. for the College Funds during the past year, in addition to a legacy of £100 received through one of our number. A hearty vote of thanks was accorded to the committee who had so admirably arranged the commissariat for the week; cheers were given for the President and Mrs. Spurgeon, and the Vice-President and Mrs. J. A. S.; the President gave a few stirring farewell words; the doxology was sung, and the benediction pronounced, and the 1891 Conference was brought to an appropriate conclusion.

The general feeling about this year's gathering was that, for spiritual power, it was one of the best ever held. One said, "I *enjoyed* last year's Conference; this year's Conference has been a *blessing*." It is well that these meetings are so helpful, for the week spent at the Conference is the only holiday some of our pastors get in all the year. The key-note of the Conference was the work of the Holy Spirit, and the subject was uppermost in all the papers and addresses.

With a contemporary paper (*The Christian*), "We anticipate important results from such a Conference, and trust that all the churches represented may be moved to seek the possession of greater spiritual power, and that other churches, outside the Conference, may learn the same lesson. To honour the Holy Spirit is the way to be honoured and used by him. We seem to be only just beginning to learn practically that it is 'not by might, nor by power, but by my Spirit, saith the Lord.'"

Notices of Books.

The Greatest Fight in the World. By C. H. SPURGEON. Passmore and Alabaster.

WE have made *our Address to the College Conference* into a sixpenny book. It is very neatly got up, and clothed, after the new style, in a white cover. Those of our readers who abhor modern heresies, will be our true allies if they will help us in scattering this bombshell where it may do execution. In this address we speak without bitterness, but also without reserve. The present policy of the Down-grade men is to be quiet and cautious; but we shall no more copy their method than their doctrine. Our speech is outspoken. Friends will be pleased to know that the demand for the first edition far exceeds our expectations. Why not go in for fifty thousand?

Spurgeon's Penny Books. Passmore and Alabaster.

OUR publishers forward us seventy-four penny books by C. H. S., which they will send post free to any friend who sends 6s. They will supply large quantities at a cheaper rate for giving away. The variety is very great, and our readers know the style. We shall be glad to see these booklets more widely circulated; and then we will increase their number to one hundred as soon as possible.

Westwood Leaflets. By Mrs. C. H. SPURGEON. Fifty copies assorted. Passmore and Alabaster.

OF these leaflets we can speak enthusiastically. Friends could not have anything better to enclose in letters. They are 6d. a packet, or 7d. post free. There are twelve leaflets, and the packet contains some of each sort.

A Finger-Mark in my Bible. Seven Steps into Light for Inquirers or Workers. *The King's Chambers.* An Allegory. *The Track with the Golden Bolt.* For Railway Travellers about Another Way. By W. Y. FULLERTON. Passmore and Alabaster.

THESE three little books by our dear friend, Mr. Fullerton, are exceedingly good. They cost only a penny each, but they are neatly and tastefully produced; and as to their contents, they are first-rate. He has the knack of putting things well. Among the great preachers of the present day Fullerton deserves one of the front seats. His sermons are as good to read as to hear. Reduced rates are quoted to any who wish widely to distribute these instructive and impressive booklets.

More Stray Leaves. By J. MANTON SMITH. Passmore and Alabaster.

WE all know Mr. Smith's first great heap of leaves, with which he nearly buried us alive; and we are right glad to roll over upon the second one. It seems wonderful that a man should have so many striking things coming in his way; but when the man is Manton Smith, and we learn that he is always moving about from place to place, the wonder ceases. At eighteenpence, the stories are very cheap; and they are so full of gospel that they are sure to be useful. You are going down to the seaside—Ramsgate? Eastbourne? Clacton? or Brighton?—never mind which—pop this book in your portmanteau, and read it on the sands; and say, "Right you are, Mr. Editor. Here is real fun, and plenty of it."

Gleanings from Bible Lands, being Chapters on Eastern Cities, their Dwellings, Furniture, &c., and the Dress and Occupations of the Inhabitants. By ALFRED E. KNIGHT. Passmore and Alabaster.

ALTHOUGH we think we have read nearly all the books from which Mr. Knight here quotes, he places his extracts so cleverly, and interweaves them so deftly, that we found ourselves compelled to follow him from page to page. His arrangement is very helpful, and he manages to sustain the interest of the reader even to the end. This is a book which deserves a large circulation. A minister with small means would get the gist of a library upon the East in this handy volume. A teacher would find both themes and illustrations. A devout reader would feel himself instructed and pleased. The author calls his book "gleanings"; but in it we find golden sheaves. The price is 2s. 6d.

Sunbeams on my Path; or, Reminiscences of Christian Work in Various Lands. By EBBA J. D. WRIGHT (*née* ALMROTH). Nisbet and Co.

A DELIGHTFUL piece of autobiography by a Swedish lady, who became the wife of an English clergyman. Before her marriage, she was led into peculiar paths of Christian service, first in her native land, and subsequently in the hospitals at Scutari during the Crimean war. Her husband held curacies, or chaplaincies, in turn, in Yorkshire, Dresden, Boulogne, and in the north of Ireland; and in each of these spheres his wife was not a whit behind the most consecrated of the Lord's servants in labours of love. In this record of her varied experiences, there is no aiming at effect, and yet every chapter is full of interesting incident. It is an album of untouched photographs, and therefore natural and bright as "Sunbeams" on the path.

Twenty Golden Candlesticks! or, a History of Baptist Nonconformity in Western Wiltshire. By W. DOEL. Trowbridge: B. Lansdown & Sons. London: Simpkin.

FRIENDS residing in Trowbridge, Westbury, and neighbourhood, are very much indebted to Mr. Doel for this story of the Southwick ancient church, and the offshoots therefrom. If we had a Baptist Historical Society, the Council would award Mr. Doel its gold medal for his researches. We confess a liking for such reading, especially when the record is drawn up in a lively manner. There is not the sprightliness here that we found in the narrative of the Yorkshire Primitives; but there is more of that solidity which appertains to a Particular Baptist Church. Possibly the history will, for that very reason, be a little dry to the general reador; but to Wiltshire Baptists it should be a dainty bit. We guess that if some fine old churchman, a gentleman of the olden school, were to read this account of Baptist churches, he would wonder that such people had ever existed in England, and he might even think that he was reading a chapter from the Acts of the Apostles. The faults as well as the beauties of church life are honestly revealed; and this revelation goes to prove that human nature is much the same in Wiltshire as in London, and that the grace of God is effectual unto salvation both in busy towns and quiet hamlets.

Incidentally, we get the story of a General Baptist Unitarian congregation, which certainly is not one of the *Golden Candlesticks*. There will be plenty more of such congregations in the next generation if religious progress perseveres in its present direction, *and if ministers become honest enough to avow themselves.* They need not wear a mask nowadays; for, if they believe anything or nothing, their denomination will still press them to its bosom, do the explaining for them, and aid them in deceiving the people. Mr. Doel's book affords many a warning against the Downgrade, and many an encouragement for those who are true to their Lord.

The Scientific Temperance Hand-Book. For Temperance Teachers and Advocates, and for Senior Classes in Schools. By FRANK R. CHESHIRE, F.L.S., F.R.M.S. National Temperance Publication Depôt.

THIS is amazingly interesting. The information is so practical, and so clearly put, that one is compelled to hang over the book till the last line is reached. Were we not convinced of total abstinence principles, we should still read such a work as this because of its attractive style; but we do not see how we could drink a drop of alcohol after it. The case against that dangerous drug is proved up to the hilt, and made clear to the humblest understanding: its injury to the vital organs, to the blood, and to the whole man is placed beyond question. Popular fallacies are made to fly like smoke before a gale. No book can do better service for temperance than this, if it falls in the way of sensible people.

What a dirty business is wine-making! How mysterious the composition of much that is called wine! If you wish to sip your fine crusted port, do not read Mr. Cheshire's handbook. He makes a fellow feel that he cannot take his beer as he used to do, because of nasty things.

The Strangest Thing in the World: "A Gospel with the Gospel omitted." By Charles Bullock, B.D. "Home Words" Office.

"*The strangest thing in the world*"; and pray what may that be? Professor Drummond found the Scriptures teaching that out of faith, hope, and charity, the greatest was charity; and this was quite enough warrant for him to call charity the greatest thing in the world. A very slight foundation is sufficient for some people's teaching; in fact, they build most elaborately when they have none at all. Mr. Charles Bullock thinks that the strangest thing in the world is "*the Gospel with the Gospel omitted*"—and he rightly judges that the Drummond teaching is precisely *that*. It is ten thousand pities that this should be the case. Holiness is sought to be promoted by the omission of that great sacrifice on which our faith is founded, and by which our gratitude is excited, and we are made capable of virtue. Ethical Christianity is to be magnified at the expense of the doctrinal Christianity of which it is the living outcome. Are we to have milk without cows, trees without roots, and meekness and lowliness without salvation by the cross? We would fain hope that the Professor meaneth not so; but his *Pax* raises great fear in the minds of thoughtful men. Mr. Bullock has done grand service by laying bare the device of deleting the atonement of Christ with the idea of promoting the imitation of Jesus. Others have done well in this line; but his title is so wise and witty, that what he has to say will win attention to a matter which deserves the solemn consideration of all godly men.

Stories from the Lives of Moses and Joshua. By Joseph Johnson. Religious Tract Society.

If carried through the whole Scripture with equal ability, these "Stepping Stones to Bible History" will be of the utmost service to our youth. In this instance, the style is clear, and the matter is most instructive. The words are too long and difficult for little children; but for those who can read well, and have attained a measure of education, the language will be found more suitable. We like the idea of the series, and we are pleased with the execution of it so far as it goes. Anything which makes the Bible interesting to the rising race we welcome; for we need, above all things, a Bible-reading generation to succeed this race of lovers of fiction and haters of truth.

What to Read. Part IV. Sunday Readings in Prose. Edited and Arranged by F. Lanbridge. Religious Tract Society.

A good selection. To those who would read to others, here is a book ready to hand, containing the cream of sacred prose. This is the fourth eighteen-penny volume of a series which must be invaluable to public readers and reciters.

The Holy War made by Shaddai upon Diabolus. By John Bunyan. Religious Tract Society.

Glad to see *The Holy War* brought out again. In some respects it excels "Pilgrim's Progress." It belongs to a more advanced stage of spiritual experience. This is a handsome edition for half-a-crown; and the type is good enough for failing eyes.

Words to Christian Workers. By F. E. Marsh. Drummond's Tract Depôt, and Partridge and Co.

Words which must tend to arouse, and, at the same time, to humble. Our much esteemed friend, Mr. Marsh, the successor of A. A. Rees, of Sunderland, keeps to the good old way; but he is, withal, vigorous and energetic. He would have us *work* as if all rested with us, and then *trust* because all rests with God. He is not sparing in his condemnation of modern methods and modern theologies. He is not one of the school of compromise, which would be angry if we challenged its own orthodoxy, and yet is fostering false doctrine by remaining in fellowship therewith. Mr. Marsh is one of the few who are not only "faithful among the faithless found", but who dare to come out from the faithless company and stand with the despised ones in the day of rebuke.

The Book of Proverbs. By R. F. HORTON, M.A. (Expositor Series). Hodder and Stoughton.

THIS is a topical treatment of the leading subjects gathered from the Book of Proverbs, rather than a consecutive exposition. As might be expected from the author, it is scholarly, practical, and well arranged. The style is chaste, and the treatment, on the whole, evangelical. With much of its matter all Christians can go heartily; but traces of evil are apparent which indicate need for caution. There are passages which make one devoutly wish that the writer may pass into a more definite acceptance of the whole Word of God, as such. On the other hand, his views of inspiration, given to the public two or three years since, greatly affect his estimate of the Scriptures here dealt with.

Following the division of the whole book into three main sections, chapters i. to ix. are treated as introductory, "These strike a far higher note, appeal to nobler conceptions, and are couched in a much loftier style than the book itself." Part II. comprises chapters x. to xxii. 16. Certain appendices follow these. The third main part is chapters xxv. to xxix., also followed by appendices. Here the expositor declares that "much of the teaching contained in the book is crude and imperfect" (p. 8). Mr. Horton would "distinguish between the inspired speech which comes to the mind of the prophet or poet as a direct oracle of God, and the speech which is the product of human wisdom, human observation, and human common sense, and is only in that secondary sense inspired." We venture to think there is no warrant for this secondary use of the term inspiration. What is merely human is not inspired at all in any real sense. Where Scripture deals with records of other than God's words or deeds, we are informed of the fact; as when Satan speaks, or the fool says in his heart, "No God." These Proverbs were in the Jewish canon. They are among the "all Scripture given by inspiration of God" to which our Lord gave his divine seal. Their subject-matter, and their authorship, may affect their style, but cannot touch their inspiration. Dealing with Proverbs viii. 29, a lengthy foot-note says, "It is hardly necessary to point out that the language betrays a complete ignorance of those facts with which astronomy and geology have made us familiar" (p. 3). This is gratuitous assumption. No discovery of science or fact cited in the foot-note touches the sublime statement of the text. On p. 114, we read, "Life emerges from the inorganic, thought from life, morality and religion from thought." This looks like an endorsement of evolution—not as a cause, but assuredly as a process. What fond delusion prompts men to hug this dream, when its leaders have commenced to cry "peccavi"? The worthless rags of science are holy relics to modern religionists.

Amid much that is highly commendable, such flaws as these run through the book. Where much is so excellent, it would be a delight to endorse all; but we fear we can find no completely common ground, while some so magnify the human element and minimize the divine in inspiration. We commend to all such a sentence from the introduction, only premising, as Mr. Horton does, the need of the Holy Spirit to rightly interpret the words inspired, selected or recorded by himself. "We recognize that the causes of things remain hidden from us until our hearts have been kindled into an ardent love towards the First Cause, God himself." Since the good in the book is so good, we are sorry that the bad is there.

"Through the Eternal Spirit": A Bible Study on the Holy Ghost By JAMES ELDER CUMMING, D.D. Stirling: Drummond's Tract Depôt. London: Partridge & Co.

SUCH a volume was needed. We do not regard it as complete; but as a very valuable outline. We view it rather as a preface to an after literature, than as the conclusion of the whole matter. Not a masterly treatise like that of John Owen, but a helpful compendium. We shall place this among our books of reference; for it is not only good for reading, but

it is a sort of index of points to be considered. The glorious theme of the Holy Spirit is growingly dear to believers, and very much more remains to be said upon it; but we are grateful to a brother who has so reverently and graciously handled the sublime matter. It is beyond him, as it is beyond us all; but he writes to profit.

Wesley: The Man, his Teaching, and his Work. Being Sermons and Addresses delivered in City Road Chapel, at the Centenary Commemoration of John Wesley's Death. Charles H. Kelley.

INTERESTING to Wesleyans. We do not think that John Wesley would have cared much for parts of this memorial, nor for the performances which it records. It is a straw which shows which way the wind blows, that so many of the Broad School were put into the service of this Centenary Celebration; and that an address from Unitarians was accepted and recorded. We can hardly believe our own ears! The gentlemen just now to the front in Methodism are no more Methodists than we are Dutchmen, and they are misrepresenting their brethren. We do not like the tone of some of the talk preserved in this volume, and we hope that many Methodists will not feel satisfied with it. An enquiry is demanded in the interests of truth. Either Wesleyanism has caught the current rot, or else there is a clique of men at head-quarters who need holding up to the light, and brushing over.

Letters of Samuel Rutherford. With a Sketch of his Life, and Biographical Notices of his Correspondents. By ANDREW A. BONAR, D.D. Oliphant, Anderson and Ferrier.

WHAT a wealth of spiritual ravishment we have here for half-a-guinea! Rutherford is beyond all praise of men. Like a strong-winged eagle, he soareth into the highest heaven, and with unblenched eye he looketh into the mystery of love divine. There is, to us, a something mystic, awe-creating, and superhuman about Rutherford's Letters. We have the two volume edition, or we should certainly have been a purchaser of this, which is the same in matter, with some emendations. This is a noble volume, and we shall measure the soundness of Scotch religion very much by the sale of this work. One page of Rutherford is worth a thousand tomes of the Down-grade frothiness.

We think it meet to take a paragraph from Dr. Andrew Bonar's prefatory sketch:—"There are a few distasteful expressions in these epistolary effusions, the sparks of a fancy that sought to appropriate everything to spiritual purposes; but as to the extravagance in the thoughts conveyed, there is none. An old memoir of Richard Cameron, the martyr, mentions at the close, that it had become 'a fashion among profane preachers and expectants,' to say of these letters, 'They are fit only for old wives.' Dr. Love, on the other hand, protests, 'The haughty contempt of that book which is in the heart of many, will be ground for condemnation, when the Lord cometh to make inquisition after such things.' (Letter XIV.) The extravagance in sentiment alleged against them by some is just that of Paul, when he spoke of knowing 'the height and depth, length and breadth' of the love of Christ; or that of Solomon, when the Holy Ghost inspired him to write 'The Song of Songs.' Rather would we say of these Letters what Livingstone, in a letter, says of John Welsh's dying words: 'Oh, for a sweet fill of this fanatic humour!' In modern days, Richard Cecil has said of Rutherford, 'He is one of my classics; he is a real original'; and, in older times, Richard Baxter, some of whose theological leanings might have prejudiced him, if anything could, said of his letters, 'Hold off the Bible, such a book the world never saw.'" When we are dead and gone let the world know that Spurgeon held Rutherford's Letters to be the nearest thing to inspiration which can be found in all the writings of mere men.

Superstition Unmasked. By EDWARD SMITH. Wilmshurst.

A VIGOROUS tract, by a real old-fashioned Nonconformist. He denounces with all his soul the bits of Popery which remain in connection with the Established Church.

History of the Baptist Church, King's Road, Reading, from its commencement in 1640; being a Fifth Jubilee Memorial of the Church. By C. A. DAVIS, Pastor. "The Reading Observer" office, Blagrave Street.

Mr. C. A. DAVIS has done well to prepare this record. Reading has been a name of renown among the Baptists, and we trust it will yet be even more so. The King's Road Church is the mother of several other communities, and retains her own vigour still. It is curious to notice how often there have happened incidents connecting this ancient church with the church now worshipping in the Tabernacle: the reader must be struck with this. The present pastor of the Metropolitan Tabernacle can never forget the spontaneous generosity which, in the year 1875, under the pastorate of the beloved William Anderson, sent up for the Orphanage no less a sum than £1,158. Friends in Reading have often entertained the orphans, and the ladies have never ceased to work for them. May the Lord remember all the good deeds which these brethren have wrought for us in their great love! This kindness, however, is only one item of the great and good work which this honoured church has been able to effect during the two hundred and fifty years of its existence. The memorial deserves to be placed in all Baptist libraries.

The Book of Leviticus (Expositor's Bible). By the Rev. S. H. KELLOGG, D.D. Hodder and Stoughton.

So often is there poisonous unbelief in works which profess to be expository, that we hesitate to praise a volume till we have read it all. In this case we feel safe, even though we have not had time to go through the book from end to end. What we have perused has so pleased us, that we wish we had leisure to follow the run of comment through every page. We give this Exposition an honourable place on our shelves. We are satisfied with Bonar; and Jukes on the Offerings is a wonderful help; but this volume also has its peculiar excellency. Its spirit is reverent, and its standpoint is on the rock. Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton must feel a special pleasure in publishing such a book; and we trust its sale will indicate that the Christian public appreciate it.

Faith-Healing Weighed by the Word. "Joyful News" Book Depôt, Rochdale.

THE Author has been a student of Bethshan literature, and an observer of Faith-healers, and his conclusions are not flattering to the literature of that cult, nor to the professors of that faith. If health can be restored by faith alone without means, why is anybody ill? Our wonder is that anybody has the influenza, and still more that anybody dies. Health without medicine naturally leads on to nourishment without food, and decency without clothes. We shall then know all about Bethshan without reading books. This is silly, but it is also mischievous. To expect more than God has promised is to secure disappointment, and to create unbelief.

In Scripture Lands. New Views of Sacred Places. By EDWARD L. WILSON. Religious Tract Society.

IT seemed almost impossible that a new book should be written, upon Bible lands, which would strike out a path altogether its own; but *here is one.* It teems with delightful copies of original photographs; it is conceived in a fresh and living spirit; and it conducts the reader, in a charmingly vivid manner, into places which have been overlooked, or treated in the regular book-making manner. The cost is fifteen shillings, but even this is very low for such a work, which must have cost a world of labour and a mint of money to produce. The author, by his art training, his resolve to be strictly true and not to idealize, and by his love of his Bible and of nature, was well qualified to produce a standard work; *and he has fulfilled his task.* This book may not cut out all others—we think it will not; but it will hold its own in the front rank of all Palestine books. We may be saying too much, but we feel quite enthusiastic over this latest book. The daring of the traveller was commendable, and his record is delightful.

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. [Church History Series.] Religious Tract Society.

So far as this record reaches, it tells a most instructive tale. To us it has more than all the charm of fiction. How wonderfully has the Lord kept alive the coal on his altar in France, though the enemy has poured floods upon it again and again! It has been only by miracle that the Reformed faith has lived under the fierce pressure which was brought to bear upon it; yet it has lived. Now, under the deadly influence of liberalism—that same pestilence which is being so madly welcomed here—the heart of religion is struck with feebleness, and true godliness is becoming rare in the land. Satan well knows that "modern thought" is more likely to accomplish his purpose than all the dragoons of the French kings. Mr. Heath deserves warm thanks for a history of absorbing interest.

Vasco da Gama; his Voyages and Adventures. By GEORGE M. TOWLE. "Heroes of History" Series. Nelson.

BRAVE was the man who passed "the Cape of Storms", and steered his venturous way to India. If the Lusiad sang his deeds, be sure they were no common-place achievements. This unpretending book gives a charming history of a hero. Vasco da Gama's record is not stained with murder and pillage, like the chronicle of other Spanish and Portuguese discoverers: he was not a perfect man, but, for the most part, he was a very saint among the navigators of his time. The story is well told, and in so brief a space that it ought to be widely read.

The Works of Henry Rose. Illustrated. Reeves and Turner.

REAL poetry, of the highest class of literary excellence. The work is out of our line, as it only here and there takes up a religious subject. It is a treat to meet with such sweet minstrelsy.

Fortunes made in Business. A series of original sketches, from the recent history of industry and commerce. By various Writers. Edited by JAMES HOGG. Griffith and Farran.

THESE are instructive studies in the art of money-making. There are readers to whom this will be alluring, because they value men by the valuation of their last will and testament. Much of moral strength has manifestly been displayed in the self-sacrifice, the patience, the perseverance, and the confidence which have been displayed in labour, invention, and enterprise. These biographies say little or nothing as to the evils which come out of the struggle for wealth: a very fruitful theme for one who has strength enough of mental and spiritual discernment to perceive and lay bare the seamy side of money gathering. In several of the cases here given, there might be little to say of this; for the men helped others, and used their gains nobly, and indeed consecrated their substance to the highest purposes; still, there are manifold examples in the world of the opposite character, and it might have been well to exhibit some of these. We have taken much interest in the story of Isaac Holden, and the Crossleys; but the Astors are of another sort. The life-stories will teach many lessons, not only to moralists, but to Christians also; for it will be seen that, to achieve success in any field, there must be concentration and self-rule. He that would be "rich towards God," must not expect to attain thereto without diligence and wakefulness. The life of Sir Henry Bessemer is specially rich in teaching of indomitable hopefulness, and specially in the fact that men must be willing to give up much that they have, to carry out a great purpose, and that in flinching from a great expenditure, from a wish to save what they have, they may be greater losers than they dream. We are glad to note that we have not here instances of speculators; but of men of hard work, common-sense, large ideas, and plodding minds. Though it is all about £ s. d., there are facts in this book that will excite to far better things.

Dick Darley's School Days; a Study of School Life. By the Author of "Percy Porno," &c. Alexander and Shepheard.

AN "old boy's" recollections of his schoolboy days, which are like school puddings, in which the plums are few. Here we have some of the flour of truth and a little of the spice of fun; but we also detect an ill flavour of strong language displeasing to the healthy palate.

Maitland of Lauriston; a Family History. By ANNIE S. SWAN. Oliphant, Anderson, and Ferrier.

A WELL-TOLD story of painful interest. The writer has tender sympathies, and a heart that yearns over those who are lost in the maze of intellectual unbelief. But does she not err in treating doubt as merely an infirmity of a noble mind? Unbelief should be looked upon as sin, for "he that believeth not God hath made him a liar." All things considered, we do *not* think this tale is quite to our mind. Our verdict is "mixed."

"*Dot and Go One.*" By M. BLANCHE HAYWARD. Religious Tract Society.

ANOTHER story of the order of "Jessica's First Prayer." Get it for the children; it is sure to please.

The Twin Houses; and other Tales of Real Life. By ANNE BEALE. Religious Tract Society.

A BOOK suitable for the village library. Lads and lassies wishing to go to London may here learn to stay at home.

Nobody's Girls. By SARAH TYTLER. George Cauldwell.

A HANDSOME volume. The conception and execution of the story will add to the writer's reputation. Miss Tytler is not a mere story-teller and book-maker; she is an educationalist, who endeavours to promote by her pen the perfection of womanly character. Yet, to our thinking, there is a something lacking in our author's teaching when she deals with the soul's spiritual needs, although she does insist upon the necessity of true religion as the foundation of character, and the source of happiness. In the book before us, for instance, a contemner of revealed truth is introduced, whose sceptical utterances are clearly confuted; but we judge that the author has let slip an opportunity for putting the saving truths of the gospel before her readers, whose interested attention she is so well able to secure. Having thus subjected the book to the "higher criticism", we are still of opinion that everybody's girls may find the society of "Nobody's Girls" both instructive and entertaining.

Without a Thought; or, Dora's Discipline. By JENNIE CHAPPELL. Partridge and Co.

DORA and her sister Lilian are not uncommon types of character. Lilian, the pink of propriety, sets herself up as a model, and feels herself especially called to reprove, rebuke, and exhort her impulsive, excitable sister, who is always getting into scrapes through acting "without a thought." The moral of the story, which is Christian in tone, is that the perfectionism of one may be the cloak of the hypocrite; while the blunders of another may result from the impulses of a heart full of self-sacrifice.

Winifred Cameron; or, her Father's God. By DORA MILLER. Holness.
The High Ridge Farm. By SARAH MOORLAND. C. H. Kelly.

SMALL shilling books, good at the price. *Winifred Cameron* shows the seamy side of the life of a governess in a family, where the remuneration, "with persecution", is rather less than that of the housemaid, and about half that of the cook; while the duties are heavier and the hours of labour longer. But, then, don't you know, it's so genteel!

The High Ridge Farm is a live Methodist story, wonderfully like a true history; for the end of it is sadness, and not gladness. More likely to profit than if it ended with the wedding march.

Little Lives, and Threads of Gold to Guide Them. By Lady ALICIA BLACKWOOD. Nelson and Sons.

VERY good indeed! The little ones are not likely to read the book themselves; but in the hands of a wise and loving mother, it may teach them many a precious truth.

Grand Gilmore. By REESE ROCKWELL. Charles H. Kelly.

A STORY of more than average literary merit. It will interest, first, because it is American; next, because it is on temperance lines; and, thirdly, because it illustrates the truth, that "love is strong as death," and that this is often strikingly seen in the case of the drunkard's wife or child, who will listen to no ill word against him who has wrecked the home; but will hope against hope for his salvation, even as long as life shall last.

The Children of the Bible. Old Testament series.

Two Little Wanderers; or, Lead us not into Temptation.

Next Door Neighbours.

Annals of Fairfield. By ROBINA F. HARDY. Charles H. Kelly.

MISS HARDY has the faculty—but too rare with lady story-writers—of using only just words enough, and those well chosen, to tell her tale. Therefore, she is able to give in these ninepenny books, stories full of life and character, with bright bits of gospel here and there. Of course, the little dash of baby sprinkling and sponsorial promising does not come under the head of "gospel," but must be taken for what it is worth—or worthless. Whether it is the "old, old story" of the Hebrew lad sold into Egypt, or "*The Two Little Wanderers*" who fell among gipsies, it is well told. In "*Annals of Fairfield*", dedicated "to all Sunday-school children in Scotland, big or little," and in the "*Wanderers*" will be found a necessary admixture of talks in that tongue which, to accustomed ears, is as musical as the skirl of its loved bagpipes. The "*Next Door Neighbours*" are English, and their acquaintance is worth making.

Grace Ashleigh; or, His Ways are Best. By Mrs. M. D. R. BOYD. Partridge and Co.

AT the first glance, we note the evidence of faith in the power of divine truth, which makes Mrs. Boyd superior to the art, or artifice, of deferring the exhibition of the vital truths of the gospel, until the reader's curiosity has been excited by the plot of the story. Here the first chapter is entitled, "*The Decision*," and is the prelude to a description of the trials of those "whose foes in religion are they of their own household." The wealthy, worldly household; the fashionable church; the young governess; and the godly pastor, are all true to life: in short, the book is good in every respect.

Bertha Wynchester. By EDITH CORNFORTH. Methodist Sunday-school Union.

As strange a story as could well be imagined, and as clever as it is strange. If it should put the reader upon his guard against the murderous tongue of the slanderer, it would not have been written in vain.

Captain Polly: a Story for the Young. By SOPHIE SWETT. Nelson.

A STORY of the influence exercised over a wayward brother by a bright young sister, who continued to love and trust him, notwithstanding much that threatened to shake her steadfastness. In England boys and girls in well-to-do homes are not expected to connect themselves with "secret societies and revolutionists", or to steal money from a grandfather's pocket-book to pay for the loss of a borrowed jewel; but the lads and lasses of America seem to be more advanced. Is it so?

Woven of Love and Glory. By AMELIA E. BARR. James Clarke and Co.

A VERY powerful story, founded on the history of Texas from the period of its revolt from the Government of Mexico to the defeat of Santa Anna by General Houston, and its incorporation into the Union. The most prominent person in the story is a medical man, an American citizen, who, having settled in San Antonio, and married a Spanish-American lady, had to learn by bitter experience how potent for mischief is the Romish priest, both in the family and in the State. This does not profess to be a religious novel, and is not, therefore, quite in our line; but as recreative reading of high literary merit, conveying historical knowledge and truthful representations of life and manners, it merits an approving notice.

Friend Olivia. By AMELIA E. BARR. James Clarke and Co.

A GRAND story of the time of the great Protector, of whose life and character the writer has evidently made a reverent study. The unswerving fidelity to God's revealed will of George Fox and the early Friends, and their fierce persecution by professor and profane alike, are prominent features in the book. In it there are some fine passages on the meanness and mischief of temporizing, and also on the preciousness of the Word in those days. "Men and women loved the Bible, and trusted in it with a passionate sincerity which it is hard for us to understand, who use it as a school-book, and make anagrams and puzzles out of it for the amusement column of the weekly newspaper. Every word between its covers was the word of God. No one doubted a tittle of it. It was read upon the knees; it was never touched but with clean hands. Upon its stand or table no other thing was permitted a place. In the household and the church it was the holy of holies. Men then really did sell a field and buy this pearl of price. And they were not content to read; they searched the Scripture for hid treasure, and they found it."

Like all novels, this is a love story; but it is unlike most of its class, in that "Friend Olivia," the Quaker damsel, and her Puritan lover, Captain Kelder, "seek first the kingdom of God, and his righteousness." The interest of the subjects brought under notice, and the depth of feeling and grace of diction with which they are treated, render the story exceptionally interesting.

Margie at the Harbour Light. A Story for the Young. By Rev. EDWARD A. RAND. Nelson and Sons.

THE keeper trimmed his lamp, and its light blessed many a mariner. Another gracious keeper found his daughter "Margie", and cared for her so tenderly, that she became a bright witness for HIM to more than one weary traveller who came under her cheering influence. How this was so, the book itself must tell.

Her Two; a Story of To-day. By Mrs. G. S. REANEY. Nisbet.

FLAVOURED with a sensationalism which spoils it. This book may possibly accomplish a useful purpose, since it draws attention to certain dangers of "society" life, and shows how hard it is for a young girl to hold to her Christian principles when surrounded by worldly influences.

Jack and Floss, at Sea and at Home. By Mrs. WOODGATE. Nelsons.

A BOOK for the tinies, in words of one syllable. In reading it with their little ones, mothers who object to plays and pantomimes will probably leave out the pages relating to the children's performance.

Too late for the Tide Mill. By Rev. EDWARD A. RAND. Nisbet and Co.

WELL-MEANT as a corrective of the habit of procrastination in young people, who, like Tim (the hero of the story), always reply to the call of duty, "Time enough", and so are always "too late." If the story waits for notice till we are sufficiently interested to finish it, it, too, will be "too late."

Notes.

To the President, the week of Conference was one of exhausting delight. Every day everything went well. The outside workers, the caterers for the body, did their work "as unto the Lord", and there was not a hitch. Those who had to see to the mental and spiritual provender were each one in splendid trim, and we all felt deeply grateful that such a high level of excellence could be maintained. Of course, there was a reaction for the one who was the centre of all this; and for the first time in a ministry of forty years, we entered the pulpit on the Sunday evening, and were obliged to hurry out of it; for a low, nervous condition shut us up. Happily, Mr. Stott could take up the story there and then; and he did so. How great is the foresight of the Lord in sending us such a helper! We wish friends, who will never let us rest, but continue to implore us to preach for them, could see the inhumanity of their procedure. It is

the pain of our existence that we are most willing to oblige friends, and to work without intermission; but we are quite unable to do so.

Up to the hour of going to press, we are still £272 short of the required amount for the *Surrey Gardens Memorial*. The day is appointed for the opening, namely, *Tuesday, June* 2; but we have never opened any of our home buildings with a debt. Are we to do so now? Can we depart from our former most honourable course, and come down to the common level? No. Shall the place be shut up? Dear brethren, your old friend is not well, and the doctor says he must not be worried; so please clear off this evil thing. Wipe off this stain. Never allow the word "debt" to mar a memorial of gratitude. Let the whole amount be at "Westwood" before the sun has risen on the 2nd of June.

The idea that loose theology is quitting the denominations is a fiction. The gentlemen of that party find that they have spoken out a little too soon, and therefore the order is passed round to be discreetly quiet; but in various parts of the country there are outbreaks of the genuine virus, which serve to show that it exists, and that it is as venomous as ever where it dares to be itself. It bides its time right patiently, for in this, and all other tricks, it is well trained. Let a change of circumstances invite the viper to come forth into the sunshine, and we shall soon see a fine performance.

The ravages of this disguised infidelity in the families of wealthy professors are heart-breaking. In the ranks of working young men the influence has been pernicious to a degree which the peace-at-any-price religionists have no idea of. This mischief lies at the door of Associations and Unions, which have allowed the poison to be spread, with something like their official stamp upon it. Ministers have quoted, with very slight censure, books which are ruining the souls of men, and the guilt lies at their door. That there is no increase to the churches is perhaps one of the least of many evils; but were the hearts of Christians in a right state, it would be viewed as a calamity calling for days of humiliation and prayer. Instead of this, the progress to infidelity goes on rapidly, and ministers and laymen alike are content to have it so. One who has been for years a Unitarian, though a leading man in a Congregationalist Church, declares that the members of his church have at length gone far beyond him, and that he is now as much in the rear as once he was in the front. There are such cases among Baptists, as many can prove; but the development has not been on so large a scale with us as in the larger denomination. When the Baptist body is free from a few things which now hinder, it will go down the steep place with a pace not to be exceeded.

It would be a great gain to the adherents of the old faith if they had a good weekly newspaper devoted to the cause. The other side has found much of its strength in periodical literature; it is remarkable that so little has been done in this direction by the orthodox. There are many capital papers, which represent their sections well; but one paper which would be steadily an advocate of the old faith would be a great assistance to the cause. It would be best of all if some notable publishers would carry out the idea; we think it would succeed, and prove remunerative to them. Our friend, Mr. Urquhart, proposes a limited liability company to carry out the scheme. He is a man of great business capacity, and the matter will be well handled by him; but we have not seen the prospectus, and should not care to make a guess at its form and fashion. With discreet management, and sufficient capital, why should it not succeed? If certain generous Christian men would put their moneys together, irrespective of all pecuniary recompense, we think they would be serving their day and generation. By whatsoever means a paper of marked ability and fixed orthodoxy can be produced, we shall welcome it, and wish it the largest success. As to being its editor: do friends really know what we have to do already? Would they have us leave the preaching of the Word to serve a newspaper? Anything that may legitimately be done by one whose whole life is absorbed in his ministry we will gladly do: but, alas, how little is this compared with what is required!

The Greatest Fight in the World is our testimony for the present moment. It is to be had in a neat form, and at a very small price—namely, sixpence. Nothing would please us more than to see it scattered by scores of thousands, and rousing a controversy on essential truths.

Rationalism: the immediate peril of the Free Churches. Address by Rev. Henry Batchelor, Chairman of Congregational Union of Gloucestershire and Herefordshire. This is published by John Shaw, for twopence, and it is a cheering proof that the Lord has not left himself without witness. Mr. Batchelor is clear and faithful, and his pamphlet deserves to be read by every Congregationalist. During the week in which Congregationalists held their meetings in London, there were many hopeful incidents; though we heard complaints of the lofty scorn with which certain of their younger great men speak of everything and every person connected with the gospel of their fathers. Yet among the rising ministers there are men who are not partakers in this spirit. Mr. Batchelor says:—

"The religious life is not at white heat with us now. The universal lamentation is the prevalence of torpor and apathy. The sense of sin is well-nigh dead, and with it the conscious need of a Saviour. Cold-

blooded unbelief, and disbelief, and misbelief are in the air we breathe. It is a disastrous age in which to remodel the expression of Christian doctrines. The religion of man is sure to leaven the religion of God. We are passing through a period of reaction and transition; but of transition to what? Reactions are always one-sided exaggerations, and the substitution of half-truths for whole ones.

"There are striking points of resemblance between the first half of last century and the last half of this century. English deism at the close of the 17th century and at the commencement of the last century cast a blight on all English religion. But while all suffered, the stress of the epidemic, as was natural and as now, fell on the extreme left. Rationalism, which began with Arianism and ended with Unitarianism, did extensive mischief in our churches. Some of the earliest and ablest of the rationalists were Independent ministers in London, and members of the Independent Board. At a later date New England Congregationalists swelled the ranks of Unitarianism.

"We are entering on critical times now. Truths which a short while ago were as stable in the thoughts and feelings of men as the law of gravitation, are all yielding, and people are drifting hither and thither, and they not know whither.

"The Congregational Union of England and Wales has just issued a series of tracts. The majority are anti-ritualistic. Judging by their titles there is not a warning note on our nearest danger. What would you think of a man in decline restricting his whole concern to an epidemic fever in his neighbourhood, and doing nothing to arrest the consumption which was sapping the foundations of his life within? Denominations are usually insensible to their real maladies."

ONE WEEK'S WORK.—On *Monday evening*, *May* 4, Pastor C. H. Spurgeon presided at the Tabernacle prayer-meeting, after having spent the morning in preparing his weekly sermon for the press, and the afternoon in seeing enquirers. In his opening supplication, he pleaded for those who had that day come to confess their faith in Christ, and for those who were coming soon; also for the unconverted children of godly parents, and for sceptical and drunken husbands of Christian women. After a hymn had been sung, the Pastor said that he should like prayer to be offered on behalf of *the special services in which he was to be occupied during the week*. For the sermon to Sunday-school teachers, the following evening, petitions were presented by two superintendents, Messrs. Thompson and Stocks. The Pastor then mentioned that he had been staying with a gentleman who possessed a very large and valuable collection of Bibles, some of which are mainly remarkable because of the mistakes from which they derive their names. Two of these are the "vinegar" Bible, and the "wicked" Bible. He reminded his hearers that many people, who would not read the Bible, would read *them*, and he hoped none of them would be "vinegar" through sour tempers, or "wicked" with inconsistent lives. Two missionaries to sailors pleaded for a special blessing upon the sermon to sailors on Thursday evening; and between their prayers, Mr. Dunington, of Hartlepool, gave an account of his conversion, while he was a sailor, 400 miles away from the spot where four of the early Pastors' College students were praying for him. Mr. Stott having joined in the supplications for sailors, the Pastor mentioned the last subject for which he desired special prayer, namely, the meeting of the brethren of the "Fraternal" with which he is connected, and the students of the College, at Hendon, on the following Friday, when testimony to evangelical doctrine would be borne by various lovers of the old gospel. Petitions for this object were presented by Mr. Doggett and Mr. Harrald, who also offered praise and prayer in accordance with the requests received. The Pastor gave a brief address to the undecided, and those who had not confessed their faith in Christ; and the meeting was closed with a red-hot prayer by a coloured brother, Principal Maddox, of Gainesville, Florida.

On *Tuesday evening*, *May* 5, Bloomsbury Chapel was crowded for the service at which Mr. Spurgeon preached, for the Sunday-school Union, the ANNUAL SERMON TO SUNDAY-SCHOOL TEACHERS. Large numbers were unable to obtain admission, but those who were there listened with deep attention. May the Lord set the seal of his Spirit upon the discourse!

On *Thursday evening*, *May* 7, Mr. Spurgeon preached at the Tabernacle in aid of the BRITISH AND FOREIGN SAILORS' SOCIETY. The service was, as usual, preceded by a prayer-meeting in the Lecture-hall, at which the presence of several missionaries to sailors gave unusual liveliness and fervour to the petitions presented at the throne of grace. The text of the sermon was Job vii. 12. The discourse has been published by Messrs. Passmore and Alabaster. Friends in seaport towns will find it useful for distribution among those that go down to the sea in ships.

On *Friday afternoon*, *May* 8, the President and students of the College met the brethren of the "Fraternal" at Hendon, when Mr. Spurgeon read and expounded Genesis xxiv. as illustrative of the Lord's servants who are sent to seek out the bride of Christ. Hendon friends gave the brethren and the students a tea worthy of their noble hospitality. It is a great pleasure to meet Brother Hooper. In the evening, a public meeting for testimony was held, the subject for consideration being, "The Church of Christ: its headship, its membership, and its position in the world." Two out of three announced speakers were laid aside by influenza. Mr. Spurgeon, Pastor James

Stephens, M.A., and Dr. Sinclair Paterson, spoke upon the appointed topics; and the general feeling was that a most profitable afternoon and evening had been spent. A drive of two hours there and two hours back made the engagement a heavy draught upon time.

Friends will note that *all the above meetings were held in one week*, which also included two Sabbath services and the great communion at the Tabernacle, beside all the regular home-work, correspondence, &c. In addition, the Lord's-day morning sermon had to be revised, and published the following Thursday; and the sermons to Sunday-school teachers and sailors were received for revision, and duly attended to. Is it any wonder that the worker gets weary, and has to beg friends not to impose further burdens on one who is already terribly overladen?

On *Friday evening, May* 15, Mr. Spurgeon spoke at the PRESBYTERIAN MISSIONARY MEETING at EXETER HALL. It was a time of peculiar bodily weakness, and of special spiritual strength. God bless our friends who so kindly received the message and the messenger!

On *Sunday evening, May* 17, Mr. Spurgeon could not preach; and on Monday the doctor found him laid aside with congestion of the lungs and other matters, which forbid his quitting his chamber for some little time to come. "My times are in thy hand." We would be always preaching: howbeit, the Lord thinketh not so.

COLLEGE.—Mr. F. C. Watts has completed his course with us, and settled at Moulton and Pitsford, Northamptonshire.

Mr. W. T. Lambourne has sailed for the United States. Mr. H. Cocks has removed from Atchison to Phillipsburg, Kansas; Mr. Joseph Forth, from Gorham, to Adams Centre, Jefferson County, New York State; Mr. W. W. Willis, from Redlands, to Sacramento, California; and Mr. T. N. Smith, from Shelby Centre, to Mason, Ingham County, Michigan.

Mr. E. S. Neale, late of James's Grove, Peckham, has become pastor at Charles Street, Camberwell; Mr. J. J. Knight is removing from Wotton-under-Edge to Longcross Street, Roath, Cardiff; Mr. A. Piggot, from Oakham, to Lower Largo, Fife, N.B.; and Mr. E. Spanton, from Hatherleigh, to Modbury, Devonshire. Mr. Spanton has sacrificed himself for the poor among whom he laboured, and we pray that he may now have a less exhausting sphere of service.

EVANGELISTS.—The following letter will show how *Messrs. Fullerton and Smith's* mission at Folkestone has been appreciated by the Nonconformist ministers whose signatures are appended to it:—

"Dear Mr. Spurgeon,—On behalf of the Nonconformist churches of this town, we have the pleasure to ask your acceptance of the enclosed thankoffering of £25, as a small acknowledgment of the obligations under which we are laid to you for so kindly permitting Messrs. Fullerton and Smith to spend a fortnight in our midst. We looked forward to their visit with the greatest delight, and are glad to be able to testify to the great good which they have been the means of doing in connection with the recent mission. The attendance at the services was most encouraging; and whilst many of our people have received special blessing, we have cause to rejoice in accessions to the fellowship of our churches, and are assured that the effects of the mission will live for a long time to come in the experience and life of numbers of the younger members of the congregations.

"Thanking God for your noble championship of 'the faith once delivered to the saints', and praying that your valuable life may long be spared to 'the church of the living God',

"On behalf of the Nonconformist churches of Folkestone,

"A. J. PALMER.
"R. FOSTER JEFFREY.
"HENRY PARKES."

Our esteemed friend, Pastor F. E. Marsh, sends us this cheering report of our brethren's services at Sunderland:—

"My dear Mr. Spurgeon,—As you are doubtless aware, Messrs. Fullerton and Smith have been with us in the above place for the last ten days, holding a special mission. Before they came we had a week of special prayer, and very earnest were the petitions for the many cases for which prayer was asked, and the Lord has graciously answered in many instances. We do not believe in numbering the people, but the Lord knoweth those who have truly decided for him. Our purpose in having the mission was twofold. First, that many who have been under impression for some time might be brought to decision; and second, that outsiders might be reached. Both of these objects have been attained in a marked degree, but not to the extent we could wish, for we are hungry after souls, and are never content with the number brought to Christ. We eagerly long for more. May the Lord satisfy himself in satisfying our desire, and that shall make us the more hungry! One very pleasing feature of the mission has been that, in several instances, both husband and wife have received Christ; and further, there has been an all-round blessing.

"Our treasurer will forward you a cheque for £20, as a thank-offering. I wish it were more, but please accept it with much love, and our best thanks."

Since the Conference, the evangelists have visited Kettering, Astwood Bank, Studley, and Redditch; and this month they go to St. Helen's, Lancashire, and Morley, Yorkshire.

Mr. Burnham was not well enough to go to Radford, Nottingham, so *Mr. Graham*, one of the students, took his place. Pastor F. Smith writes concerning his services:—"Mr. Graham's addresses were plain, pointed, and powerful appeals to the hearts and consciences of the people. The preaching of the Word was with the power of the Holy Ghost. . . . The mission has been remarkable for the conversion of both old and young people."

Pastor J. O'Neill Campbell reports concerning *Mr. Harmer's* visit to Portslade:—"The Spirit of God was with us all through the mission. Our brother proclaimed, at every service, the gracious news of salvation through the atoning work of Christ; and, blessed be God, a number believed, and are rejoicing in the Saviour. The abiding results of these special services are manifest, not only in souls converted to God, but in deepened interest in Christ's work, and in still larger numbers flocking to our chapel." *Mr. Campbell needs a new chapel at Portslade. Any child of God wishing to do his Lord a needed service should see to this.*

Pastor E. R. Pullen writes from Shirley, Southampton:—"The mission was one which we shall long remember with gratitude. Mr. Harmer's presence amongst us was a real means of grace. His addresses contained solid gospel truth, and his manner of conducting the services was bright, cheerful, and not sensational. As Christians we have been stirred in our life and work, and our joy is great in knowing that several souls have been won for Christ."

Since the Conference, Mr. Harmer has been at Loose, near Maidstone; Lady Ashburton's Mission, Victoria Docks; and Bexley Heath. This month he goes to Uffculme, Devonshire.

ORPHANAGE.—We hope that all our friends in town and country have made a note of the *Annual Festival*, on *Thursday*, *June* 18, the day before the President's birthday.

Mr. C. J. Whittuck Rabbits has kindly promised to preside at the afternoon meeting at 3.30, and the Lord Mayor will take the chair at the evening meeting at 6.30.

COLPORTAGE.—The Annual Conference of the colporteurs was held on *Sunday* and *Monday*, *May* 10 *and* 11. About forty colporteurs met the committee for prayer and mutual encouragement on Sunday. Afterwards they adjourned to enjoy the services in the Tabernacle, which proved a great stimulus to them.

On Monday afternoon they were again delighted with the President's weighty and genial address. The annual public meeting was held at night in the Tabernacle, the President in the chair, when the racy and stirring addresses of the colporteurs were heartily received by the audience. It was a live meeting. The annual report was read by the secretary, W. Corden Jones. It appears entire in this month's magazine. If this society is not more largely helped, there will be sin at the door of wealthy professors. This one word ought to be enough to our many wise readers.

PERSONAL NOTES.—Writing on behalf of "a very aged pilgrim", a friend says:—"She *loves* your books, and to distribute them. When *Around the Wicket Gate* came out, she got several copies, and by the hands of her friends or nurse, has kept them in constant circulation; but I'm only going to write of one of them. A man of some education, who had held important situations, became so utterly impoverished, and so infirm, that he was compelled to seek admittance into the workhouse at ————. Her sympathy followed him there. She sends him little gifts, tracts, and books, which he greatly values. With *the Wicket Gate* he was delighted; and after poring over its pages again and again, he, like Bunyan's Christian, saw 'Yonder shining light.' It has gladdened his saddened life. He shared his treasure, and thinks he must have *read it aloud to other inmates at least forty times.*

"One 'melancholy man', to whom he lent the book, returned it with the shining light reflected from his face. 'For three years,' said he, 'I have been longing to find what I *have found* in these pages—peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ.' Those around him mark the change. the cheerful gentleness which has replaced the old moroseness.

"Other cases of blessing there have been. The sunshine of its message has brought out fragrance from other fallen, withered leaves, in that dreary pathway in the King's garden; and still the *Wicket Gate* turns on its hinges, and lets the light shine on the wayfarers who knock."

Mr. Hübert, of Christiania, tells us that he has circulated, by means of colporteurs, the following copies of our works in the Norse language:—*All of Grace*, 8,000; *According to Promise*, 2,500; *Eccentric Preachers*, 1,500; *The Clue of the Maze*, 2,000; *Gleanings among the Sheaves*, 2,000; *The Golden Alphabet*, 1,000; various sermons, 87,000. Mr. Hübert adds:—"*Around the Wicket Gate* was published before Christmas; but I do not know how many of this have been circulated. *All of Grace* has been much blessed of God; and I know souls, who are now with the Lord, who were saved through reading it."

One of our colporteurs writes to tell us of the story of the conversion of a lady, as related to him by her. She said:—"About thirty years ago, when living in London, I was very fond of reading novelettes and comic papers. Calling at the bookseller's one day, for my papers, I found that one of them had a caricature of Mr. Spurgeon. This gave me great offence, although I had never heard him, or read his sermons; so,

instead of buying my usual paper, I bought a sermon, which led me to go and hear him the next Sunday, when I was led to see myself as a sinner, and was directed to the sinner's Saviour. From that time to the present, I have never read any novels; but have enjoyed the reading of the sermons of the man who, under God, brought the greatest blessing of my life."

One of our College brethren writes:—"My dear President,—Diffidence has often prevented my writing to tell you of cases of blessing received through your printed sermons, and to thank you for good received by my own soul; but I feel it must not prevent my doing so now. I was feeling down at heart the other day, and took up *The Sword and the Trowel* for March, and read your sermon on, 'He is altogether lovely,' earnestly crying for a blessing. My prayer was answered. During the reading of the first head I caught such a glimpse of his exceeding grace and beauty, and the great depth of his unchanging love, that I was brought to my knees weeping with joy at the sight; and with penitence at my own coldness and unbelief. I felt I could go on trying to tell of him for ever, and that no difficulties should prevent. I told my people of the good I had received through the sermon, and promised to read it to them, which I did last Sunday at the service before Communion. I felt I should murder it if I tried to give it in any other way. I put a notice on our board at the chapel, that I would read a sermon by C. H. Spurgeon, on the loveliness of Christ. We had a good congregation, and the Master was manifestly present. Our prayer-meetings are, I am thankful to say, well attended, and last night was no exception to this rule. The brethren were just full of joy and thanksgiving for the fresh view of the loveliness of Jesus. I have received several testimonies of good received through the reading of the sermon on Sunday, and from others who had previously read it. One lady, who is blind, had it read to her, and she and the reader got much good; also her brother and two other friends to whom she lent it. I have just sent it to an old man, who has travelled many miles to tell the old, old story; but who is now paralyzed, and cannot get out of his room. I am sure it will cheer him. Please pardon this intrusion, and accept my heartfelt gratitude and thanks; it is *this* feeling abounding in my heart that causes me to write."

The friend who continues to distribute large numbers of our tracts has sent us the following interesting report of his work:—

"Dear Sir,—The sixth year of my distribution of *Extracts from the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon's Sermons*, published by the Religious Tract Society; and *Spurgeon's Illustrated Tracts*, published by Messrs. Passmore & Alabaster, ended 31st March; and throughout these years my own soul has been 'satisfied as with marrow and fatness,' &c. (Psalm lxiii. 5-8.) Thus has the Covenant promise been graciously fulfilled, 'He that watereth shall be watered also himself.' (Prov. xi. 25.) The number of the above-named tracts distributed in house letter-boxes during the year was 21,000. I also distributed, on the streets, chiefly to working-men, between five and seven o'clock a.m., 9,000 cards, entitled, *Trust Jesus*, and *Jesus Saves Now*; and the presentation of almost every card was accompanied by brief but pointed testimony for the Master. While absent from London, last summer, I was sometimes asked to address young men's meetings, Sunday-schools, &c., and did so at Fort William, Inverness, Nairn, Stonehaven, Montrose, Forfar, Anstruther, North Berwick, Bedford, and St. Albans; and distributed the sermons on every occasion. At North Berwick, on a lovely Sabbath afternoon, to a congregation numbering several hundreds, assembled in the open-air, and standing or sitting on the rocks, which formed a natural amphitheatre, I spoke from 2 Cor. v. 10: 'For we must all appear before the judgment seat of Christ; that everyone may receive the things done in his body, according to that he hath done, whether it be good or bad.' At Dunkeld, being requested, one Sabbath morning, to take the afternoon's service at a neighbouring village, I asked and received permission to read your sermon, 'No. 2,000: or, Healing by the Stripes of Jesus.' I informed the congregation that the sermon had deeply impressed my own mind while hearing it delivered in the Tabernacle, and then gave them the benefit of hearing every word of it. Of the practical results of these efforts I cannot say much; they do not reach my ears. Probably the results of spiritual work can never be accurately gauged by man; but in the great conflict between light and darkness, truth and error, holiness and sin, which lowers over our national horizon, the 'bread cast upon the waters' may be 'found after many days.' While writing these lines, I remember an article which appeared in *Spurgeon's Illustrated Almanack* for the year 1888. It was entitled 'Something for Everyone to do'; and it contained the following words:—'Much happiness is to be found in quiet, unobserved service. Therefore let me rest quite content with what I am, and where I am; but let me be determined that I will bless and benefit all around me up to the full measure of my power. Lord, help me so to do!' These sentences exactly express the daily desires of my heart; and accordingly, I enclose £30 towards helping Tabernacle Institutions, which convey perennial streams of blessings to mankind, permeating London, meandering through the United Kingdom, and flowing onwards even to the ends of the earth. May the Lord graciously bless them all!"

This friend spends himself in the cause of

God. His life might serve as an example to others; for he, from day to day, lives to seek the wandering souls of men.

Our invalid brother, John Green, writes: "Thanks to kind readers of *The Sword and the Trowel*, and to Messrs. Passmore and Alabaster (who sent a parcel of your Text Almanacks), I have received large quantities of your works to distribute among my lighthouse-keepers. A good sum for postages has also come in, thus enabling me to send out larger packets, and into new fields. With the *greatest delight* I start them towards their distant destinations, knowing that they all point most truthfully to him who shall 'be for salvation to the ends of the earth.' In acknowledgment of one of my packets, a light-keeper on the stormy coast of Newfoundland, says: 'The books you send are so appropriate for me. That one, *All of Grace*, was just the one I was in need of. I am sure my dear Saviour and Friend must cause you to think of me, and my dear daughter here, to send us such suitable books. I shall like to hear of you often. One of God's ministers visits us sometimes; but as we have to go by boat to church some distance, we are not able to appear there often.' This good man has a son, he tells me, training for the Methodist ministry, in the colony.

"Another lonely man, in another part of the world, who, as signal-master and light-keeper, has, with his family, resided on a solitary island in Torres Straits, Queensland, for several years, writes me to send him out a Family Bible and Prayer Book, for which he will pay. As I have sent sermons, &c., to him before, it would seem that fruit is now appearing. Is there not good hope of a man's salvation who reads the Bible and prays?

"Besides light-houses, other doors are open to me. I have the addresses of numbers of our countrymen, scattered and isolated in most of the colonies, who do not hear a sermon from one year's end to another. To such, a packet of publications is like cold water to a thirsty soul, and is, literally, '*good news* from a far country.'"

Mr. Green asks us to mention that his present address is 46, Sandbourne Road, Brockley, S.E., as friends continue to send to his former residence.

Our shilling volume, *Sermons in Candles*, has been reprinted in New York. In an Introduction to the American edition, Dr. MacArthur writes:—

"Spurgeon shows us how much of candle-light there is in the Holy Scriptures, and in so doing he mingles exegesis and exhortation in wise proportions. Most helpful are his remarks on candles in emblems, on candles lighting other candles, on different kinds of candles and candlesticks, on candles in lanterns, on candles under bushels, on candles that sputter, on candles that are protected, on candles that are extinguished, on candles that burn at both ends, on candles that unite with other candles, on candles that are short, and candles that are long, and still other kinds of candles. The illustrations in the little book are illustrations in truth; it is a volume that can be read in a few hours, but which will occupy the thought and stimulate the heart for days. It will delight the young as they gather about the reader under the light of chandelier, lamp, or candle; and it will give instruction and comfort to the most experienced saint. It will furnish illustrations to the Sunday-school teacher and to the pulpit expounder; it has warmed my own heart, and has illumined for me many passages of Scripture and incidents of history."

Baptisms at Metropolitan Tabernacle.—April 16, seventeen; 30, thirteen.

Pastors' College, Metropolitan Tabernacle.

Statement of Receipts from April 15th to May 14th, 1891.

	£	s.	d.
Pastor J. O'Neill Campbell	0	10	6
Mr. W. M. Cross	5	0	0
Mr. G. D. Stapleford	1	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. E. S. Boot	3	3	0
Mr. George Gould	2	2	0
Mr. Charles Jones	1	1	0
Miss Pearce	1	1	0
Pastor J. R. Cox	0	5	0
Pastor R. B. Morrison and friends ...	1	4	6
Pastor C. D. Crouch	2	2	0
Mr. W. B. Nichols	0	10	0
Miss Pearce	1	0	0
Mr. G. W. Gowland	0	10	6
Mr. W. Edwards	25	0	0
Mr. A. Macnicoll	2	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. J. Brown	5	5	0
Mr. John Short, jun.	5	0	0
Mr. James Coulson	1	1	0
Pastor W. Richards	0	10	0
Mrs. H. Thomas	2	0	0
Dr. J. A. Dunbar	8	8	0
Messrs. A. Straker and Sons	2	2	0
Mr. John Moser	10	10	0
Mr. C. B. Vaughan	5	5	0
Mr. J. E. Potter	5	5	0
Mr. J. Cooper	1	1	0
Contribution from Baptist Church, Newport, Isle of Wight, per Pastor A. E. Johns	2	18	0
Collection at Queen's Road Chapel, Barking, per Pastor H. Clark ...	1	8	6
Rev. E. J. Parker	0	5	0
Contribution from friends at Sheerness, per Pastor G. Curtis	1	6	0
Collection at Leafield Baptist Chapel, Oxon, per Pastor C. A. Ingram ...	1	5	0
Mr. Edward Rawlings	10	0	0
Mr. F. J. Wood, LL.D.	5	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Whittle	5	0	0
Mrs. Ryder	1	1	0

	£	s.	d.
Pastor E. White	0	12	6
Pastor T. G. Gathercole	0	10	0
Collection at George Street Baptist Chapel, Ryde, Isle of Wight, per Pastor E. B. Pearson	2	0	0
Collection at Limpsfield, per Pastor F. M. Cockerton	0	10	0
Mr. A. Southwell	0	10	0
Mr. M. H. Hodder	2	2	0
Pastor F. J. Feltham	2	2	0
Pastor A. Day, Agra	1	0	0
Collection at Clarence Street Baptist Chapel, Penzance, per Pastor W. Thomas	3	4	6
Collection at Carlton Chapel, Southampton, per Pastor N. T. Jones-Miller	3	4	0
Mr. G. E. Horn	1	1	0
Mr. J. Garner Marshall	5	5	0
Pastor D. Mace	0	17	6
Contribution from South Stockton, per Pastor H. Winsor	0	10	0
Friends at Guildford, per Pastor John Rankine	0	18	6
Collection at Bow Chapel, per Pastor W. J. N. Vanstone	2	2	0
Few friends at Brighton, per Pastor C. Hull	2	0	0
Contribution from Salem Chapel, Dover, per Pastor E. J. Edwards	3	0	0
Contribution from Baptist Church, Burnham, Essex, per Pastor C. D. Gooding	0	10	0
Pastor F. James	0	5	0
Mr. John Blackwell, per Pastor S. Needham	2	0	0
Collection at Grafton Street Chapel, Northampton, per Pastor S. Needham	1	0	0
Pastor J. J. Irving...	0	10	0
Collection at Maidenhead Baptist Chapel, per Pastor H. J. Preece	2	0	0
Collection from Scarisbrick Street Chapel, Wigan, per Pastor F. G. Kemp	0	14	0
Contribution from King's Langley Baptist Chapel, per Pastor D. Macmillan	0	5	0
Pastor A. E. Johnson's Bible-class ...	0	8	6
Pastor J. W. Colley	0	15	0
A friend, per Pastor J. W. Colley ...	0	2	6
Mr. Thomas Ackland	1	1	0
Miss Dransfield	1	1	0
Rev. E. A. Carter	1	1	0
Contribution from Pembury Baptist Chapel, per Pastor A. Graham ...	1	0	0
Contribution from Thaxted Baptist Chapel, per Pastor W. Goacher ...	0	10	0
Collection at Waterbeach Baptist Chapel, per Pastor F. Thompson ...	2	0	0
Pastor W. Gillard	0	5	0
Collection at Zion Chapel, Chesham, per Pastor H. Trueman	1	0	0
Pastor H. Trueman	0	10	0
Pastor H. C. Field...	0	10	6
Mr. M. Stroud	1	1	0
Per Pastor A. W. Wood :—			
Mrs. Whicher 1 0 0			
Broughton District Evangelical Association ... 1 0 0			
Pastor A. W. Wood ... 0 10 0			
	2	10	0
Rev. Robert Taylor	1	1	0
Mr. M. H. Foster	3	3	0
Mr. J. E. Tresidder	1	1	0
Mr. Henry Keen	3	3	0
Mr. and Mrs. George Mence Smith ...	2	2	0
Miss Parnell	1	1	0
Miss St. Clair Trotter	2	0	0
Rev. W. F. and Mrs. Stead	2	0	0
Pastor David Davies	1	1	0
Subscriptions from Stockton-on-Tees, per Pastor T. L. Edwards	3	19	6
Mr. and Mrs. Kelley	5	0	0

	£	s.	d.
Contribution from Southwood Lane Baptist Chapel, Highgate, per Pastor J. H. Barnard	0	10	6
Contribution from Peckham Rye Tabernacle, per Pastor Frank M. Smith ...	2	6	0
From friends in Belfast, per Pastor W. Usher, M. D.	0	10	0
Pastor T. H. A. Court	0	10	0
Collection at Wycliffe Chapel, Reading, per Pastor W. G. Hailstone	5	11	0
J. M.	0	5	0
Collection and contribution from Baptist Chapel, Elgin, per Pastor R. E. Glendening	5	11	0
Per Pastor A. Phillips :—			
Mr. T. Clark 0 5 0			
Miss Gawler... ... ... 0 5 0			
	0	10	0
Mrs. O.	0	10	0
Mr. E. Clark	5	0	0
Miss Wyburn	1	1	0
Per Pastor A. McCaig :—			
Mr. J. La Touche, D.L. ... 1 0 0			
Mr. J. Boyle... ... ... 2 2 0			
	3	2	0
Collection at Upton Chapel, per Pastor W. Williams	12	0	4
Mrs. John Manley...	5	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Chisholm	1	1	0
Dr. T. J. Barnardo	5	5	0
Mr. George Newman	2	2	0
Mr. Thomas Summers	5	5	0
Mr. Atherton	1	1	0
Conference Public Meeting at Metropolitan Tabernacle	41	17	9
Collection at Ashdon, per Pastor R. Layzell	0	10	0
Contribution from City Road Chapel, Winchester, per Pastor W. J. Harris	2	0	0
Pastor A. Hall	0	5	0
Pastor J. C. Carlile	1	1	0
"Eythorne," per Pastor G. Stanley ...	5	7	9
Mrs. Wilson, Enfield, per Pastor G. W. White	1	0	0
Miss Harris, per Pastor G. W. White...	0	10	0
Contribution from Burton-on-Trent, per Pastor J. Askew	1	0	0
Collection at Octavius Street Baptist Chapel, Deptford, per Pastor D. Honour	1	12	10
Contribution from New Brompton, per Pastor W. W. Blocksidge	2	8	0
Per Pastor A. Macdougall :—			
Mr. J. Munro 0 10 0			
Mr. A. Brown 0 10 0			
	1	0	0
Contribution from Faringdon Baptist Chapel, per Pastor H. Smith	1	0	0
Collection at South Norwood, per Pastor J. Chadwick	2	2	0
Pastor R. G. Latimer	0	10	0
Pastor G. H. Harris	0	5	0
Pastor I. Bridge	0	5	0
Shipston-on-Stour, per Pastor R. Thornton Lewis...	1	3	0
Friends at Union Church, Northampton, per Pastor H. Bradford ...	0	10	0
Mr. R. V. Barrow, J.P.	10	0	0
Friends at Campsbourne Road, Hornsey, per Pastor J. J. Ellis	1	1	0
Pastor J. Briggs	0	7	6
Mrs. Balls, per Pastor T. J. Longhurst	1	0	0
Pastor J. C. Forth...	0	10	0
Pastor F. C. Spurr	1	0	0
Collection at Lower Edmonton Church, per Pastor D. Russell	2	0	0
Week-night collection at Parson's Hill, Woolwich, per Pastor John Wilson...	2	0	0
Pastor James Roach	0	5	0
Pastor J. W. Genders	0	10	0

	£	s.	d.
Pastor A. Knell	0	2	6
Pastor T. Wheatley	0	2	6
Pastor J. M. Cox	0	5	0
Pastor P. Reynolds	0	10	6
Pastor John Creer...	0	10	0
Mr. J. W. Rabbich	1	10	0
Mr. Edward Rayner	5	5	0
Contribution from Hornton Street Chapel, Kensington, per Pastor Sydney J. Jones	3	3	0
Pastor E. Dyer	1	0	0
Mr. F. E. Rabbeth	5	0	0
Pastor G. T. Ennals	0	10	0
Rev. John Green	0	5	0
Rev. T. Salt...	0	7	6
Mr. and Mrs. Knight	2	2	0
Pastor J. S. Hockey's Bible-class ...	0	15	0
Contribution from Old Sodbury Baptist Chapel, per Pastor A. J. Parker ...	0	5	0
Contribution from King Street Baptist Chapel, Oldham, per Pastor W. Edgerton	1	1	0
Mr. Thos. H. Olney	25	0	0
Dr. S. Herbert Habershon	3	3	0
Mr. H. Barrett	1	1	0
Mr. Geo. Blott	10	0	0
Mr. W. D. Macfarlane	0	10	0
Mr. Herbert Ford	1	1	0
Mr. Round	1	1	0
Miss Croose	1	1	0
Mr. Buckley...	1	1	0
Mrs. Scard	1	1	0
Mr. J. Smith	0	10	6
Mr. W. Smith	0	10	6
Mr. J. Leaver	2	2	0
Mr. J. G. Priestley	2	0	0
Miss Priestley	2	0	0
Mr. John Roberts	1	1	0
Mr. Thomas Boston	1	1	0
Mr. and Mrs. Johnson	5	0	0
Mr. James Tait	1	1	0
Mr. A. G. Warner	1	1	0
Mr. and Mrs. Isaac Rogers	2	2	0
Mr. J. Dix Lewis	1	1	0
Mr. and Mrs. G. S. Phillips	2	2	0
Mr. and Mrs. T. W. Penny	3	3	0
Mr. R. W. Harden	5	0	0
Mr. F. Rouse	3	3	0
Mrs. Rouse	1	1	0
Miss Rouse	1	1	0
Mr. and Mrs. Moss	5	0	0
Mr. F. Sexton	2	2	0
Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Lovell	5	0	0
E. M. J.	3	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. F. Mullis	5	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Graham	15	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. J. B Parker	5	5	0
Mr. and Mrs. Morgan	2	2	0
Mr. and Mrs. Willatts	1	1	0
Mr. G. Hollands	2	0	0
Mr. James Clark	21	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. H. F. Cockle	2	2	0
Mr. Edwin Fox	2	2	0
Miss Lily May	1	1	0
Mr. William Fox and friend	2	2	0
Mrs. Bartram, per Mr. George Redman	3	0	0
Mr. George Redman	5	0	0
Mrs. Raybould	5	10	0
T. F. J.	0	10	0
Mr. and Mrs. R. Hawkey	5	5	0
Miss Thorpe	1	1	0
Mr. Arthur Morris...	1	0	0
C. Y.	0	2	6
Mr. and Mrs. G.	2	2	0
Master C. A. G.	0	10	6
Mr. and Mrs. Joiner	2	2	0
Miss Emery and friend	11	0	0
Mr. G. Osborn Neal	1	1	0
Mr. George Andrews	2	2	0
Miss E. A. Gilbert and friend	5	0	0
Mr. G. H. Fisher	5	0	0

	£	s.	d.
Mr. and Mrs. John Dyer	5	5	0
Miss Smallridge	2	2	0
Miss A. Buswell	1	0	0
Miss K. E. Buswell	1	1	0
Mr. and Mrs. C. F. Alldis	2	2	0
A friend	0	10	0
Mrs. Ellwood	5	5	0
Miss Mary Mack Wall	1	0	0
Mrs. Higgs and family	50	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. William Higgs	25	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. R. Miller	10	10	0
Mr. Thomas Wall	5	5	0
A friend	10	0	0
T. W.	1	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. George Higgs, jun. ...	5	0	0
Pastor and Mrs. J. A. Spurgeon ...	5	5	0
Archie Spurgeon	1	1	0
Daisy Spurgeon	1	1	0
In Memoriam	1	1	0
Mrs. Read	1	1	0
Mr. Sydney A. Read	3	3	0
Miss A. R. Habershon	2	2	0
Mr. Alfred Wright...	1	1	0
Miss Easton	0	10	6
Miss Miller	0	10	6
Mr. C. C. Greenwood	0	10	6
Mr. Walter H. Willcox	5	0	0
Mr. G. C. Heard	5	5	0
Mr. J. R. Thomas and Miss Thomas ...	2	2	0
M. D.	0	11	6
D.	0	10	6
Miss. Wade	2	2	0
Mr. and Mrs. C. B. Bond	3	3	0
Mr. and Mrs. Frisby	10	0	0
Mrs. Mackey, sen.	0	10	6
Mr. and Mrs. Charles Archer	2	2	0
Mr. A. Pitts...	1	1	0
Mrs. Pitts	0	10	6
Mr. W. G. Attree	1	1	0
Mrs. Attree	1	1	0
Mr. J. Cowdy	2	2	0
Mr. A. L. Robinson	1	1	0
Mr. James Toller	2	0	0
Mr. R. Abraham	5	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Abraham	2	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. J. Barrett	2	2	0
Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Benson	3	3	0
Mr. Alfred Henry Baynes	5	5	0
Miss Grose	1	1	0
Mr. James Grose	3	3	0
Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Grose	5	0	0
Mr. J. C. Goslin	1	1	0
Mr. and Mrs. Goodhart	2	0	0
Mr. Alfred Norman	2	2	0
Mr. and Mrs. Essex	6	6	0
Mr. and Mrs. Masters	10	0	0
Mr. Rains	5	5	0
Mrs. Rains	2	2	0
Miss Rains	1	1	0
Miss Knowles	0	10	0
Pastor W. Stott	2	10	0
Mrs. Stott	2	10	0
"Scotland"	25	0	0
Mr. R. Pickworth	5	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. G. Finch	3	3	0
Mr. R. Collins	5	5	0
Mr. and Mrs. W. Gyles	3	3	0
Mr. and Mrs. C. Savage	2	2	0
Mr. C. Parker	3	3	0
Mrs. C. Parker	2	2	0
Mrs. Moore	1	0	0
Miss Burdett	2	0	0
Rev. J. M. Hewson	1	1	0
A. W. and J. L. Payne	1	1	0
Mr. G. H. Judd	3	3	0
Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Green	2	2	6
Mr. and Mrs. A. Clark	5	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. James Alderton	5	0	0
Mr. Geo. Gray	2	0	0
Rev. James and Mrs. Douglas	2	2	0
Mrs. B. W. Carr	5	5	0

	£	s.	d.
Mr. and Mrs. W. Norman	2	2	0
Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Irwin	2	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Lovell	1	10	0
Mr. R. Stocks	1	1	0
Mr. S. Edward Pedley	1	11	6
Mr. Wm. Olney	3	3	0
Mr. H. Kilvington Olney	1	1	0
Rev. W. L. and Mrs. Lang	25	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. George Higgs	5	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. A. Woollard	5	5	0
Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Hill	12	0	0
Mr. Edmond J. Hill	2	0	0
Mr. W. M. Hill	1	0	0
Miss Morrison	1	0	0
Miss C. E. Permain	1	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Fisher	5	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. William Stubbs	5	5	0
Mr. and Mrs. Kerridge	5	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Wollacott	5	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Dipple	5	5	0
Mr. H. L. Bartlett	1	1	0
Miss Bartlett	0	5	0
Mr. and Mrs. A. Davis	1	1	0
Mr. and Mrs. Brook	3	3	0
Mr. and Mrs. D. S. Miller	2	2	0
Mr. Geo. Wheeler...	2	0	0
Miss A. C. Jackson	0	10	0
Mr. John Meredith	5	0	0
Mrs. Rust	5	0	0
Rev. W. Y. and Mrs. Fullerton ...	5	0	0
D.	0	10	0
A. B.	0	5	0
Mr. H. Arnold	1	1	0
Mr. T. McD.	0	2	6
H. B. G.	0	2	0
Mrs. C. E. Garner...	1	1	0
In memory of the late Charles Davies	5	0	0
Mrs. Newstead	1	1	0
Mr. W. Mason	0	5	0
Mr. William Wilcocks	2	2	0
Mrs. Hellier	2	2	0
Mrs. Fielder	0	10	0
Mr. Opie Rodway	2	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. G. H. Hildyard	5	5	0
E. G.	0	2	6
Mr. and Mrs. Hayward	10	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Narraway	2	2	0
Mr. and Mrs. G. S. Everett	15	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Marsh	5	0	0
Mr. Henry Vercoe	2	2	0
Mr. and Mrs. Sortwell	4	4	0
The Misses Sortwell	2	2	0
Arthur Robert Sortwell	0	10	6
Mrs. Buckmaster	1	1	0
Mrs. H. Buckmaster	1	1	0
Miss Rosa Thomas...	1	1	0
Mr. and Mrs. S. Hutchinson	1	1	0
Mr. and Mrs. James Drake	2	2	0
Mr. Alfred C. Devine	2	2	0
Rev. A. A. and Mrs. Harmer	1	1	0
Miss Clarkson	1	0	0
Mr. Frank Buckmaster	1	1	0
Mr. and Mrs. Wayre	5	5	0
Mr. and Mrs. Potter	10	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. James Hall	20	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Warren	5	0	0
Mr. William Ackland	3	3	0
Mr. E. Romang	2	2	0
Mr. C. Gibbons	2	2	0
Mr. J. A. Arnold	2	2	0
Mr. E. Tanton	3	3	0
Mr. William Vinson	5	0	0
Mrs. Vinson...	1	1	0
Mr. J. Chamberlain	1	1	0
Mrs. G. H. Virtue	5	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Bigwood	5	0	0
Mr. Herbert Virtue	2	2	0
Mr. M. Romang	2	2	0
Mr. M. Romang, jun.	1	1	0
Miss Martha Romang	1	1	0
Mr. T. P. Coe	3	3	0

	£	s.	d.
Mr. A. Hollaware	0	3	0
Mrs. Tinniswood	3	3	0
Mr. E. Collins	3	3	0
Mr. J. Buswell	5	0	0
Mr. W. Sapsed	2	0	0
Mr. Thomas William Doggett	5	0	0
Mr. George Apthorpe	1	0	0
Mr. W. Harold Doggett	1	1	0
Pastor F. J. Flatt	1	1	0
Mr. and Mrs. E. M. Hammer	3	3	0
Per Pastor T. M. Medhurst, Cardiff :—			
"Hope" 4 9 9			
Alderman R. Cory 5 0 0			
Mr. S. Grey 1 1 0			
	10	10	9
Mr. Joseph Corpe	2	2	0
Mr. James Mote	1	1	0
Rev. J. L. Keys	1	0	0
Miss Minnie Hale	5	5	0
Rev. and Mrs. H. Rylands Brown ...	2	2	0
Mr. and Mrs. George Newland	2	2	0
Mr. J. T. Crosher	5	0	0
Mr. E. Graves	1	1	0
Mr. John Bygrave	1	1	0
Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Downing	3	3	0
Mr. W. T. Dives	1	1	0
Mr. J. Battos	0	10	0
Mrs. S.	0	2	0
Mr. Clarke	0	2	0
Mr. Robert Broomfield	1	0	0
Mrs. Robert Broomfield	0	10	0
Mr. and Mrs. Clewley	2	2	0
Mr. R. Evans	20	0	0
Mr. W. Evans	15	15	0
Mrs. William Evans	7	7	0
Pastor W. Cuff	1	1	0
Mr. W. H. Grace	2	2	0
Pastor William Williams	2	2	0
Mrs. Jenkins	5	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. F. Thompson	5	5	0
Mrs. Rogers...	1	1	0
Mr. J. J. Cook	2	2	0
Mr. T. H. Cook	2	2	0
Mrs. J. J. Cook	1	1	0
Mr. and Mrs. S. R. Pearce	5	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. George Harris	2	0	0
Miss Spliedt...	5	0	0
Mr. John Hall	5	0	0
Mr. W. Johnson	10	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Winckworth	5	5	0
Rev. R. Collins	2	2	0
Mr. Samuel Wright and family ...	4	4	0
Mr. John Wright	2	0	0
Mr. John Short	2	2	0
C. B.	1	0	0
Mr. H. Browne	1	0	0
Mr. Joseph Hall	0	10	0
Mrs. Wimbush	1	1	0
Mr. and Mrs. Henderson...	8	0	0
Mrs. Young...	2	0	0
Miss Cook	1	0	0
Mrs. Sale	1	1	0
Pastor E. J. and Mrs. Edwards ...	2	2	0
Mr. and Mrs. C. Goddard Clarke ...	2	2	0
Rev. J. G. Potter (Agra)	1	1	0
Mr. and Mrs. Henry Potter	2	2	0
Mrs. Cuthbert	1	1	0
Mr. G. Pedley	5	0	0
Mr. E. Pearce	5	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. W. Payne	5	5	0
Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Huntley	21	0	0
Mr. Frederick Hunt	5	5	0
Miss C. M. Potter	25	0	0
Mr. T. G. Graham	5	0	0
Mr. T. P. Munyard	2	2	0
Mr. W. Johnson	25	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Fox, for the support of one student for a year ...	50	0	0
Mr. W. H. Tyndall	5	0	0
Miss Heath	5	0	0
Mr. Martin Hope Sutton...	2	2	0

	£	s.	d.
Pastor J. W. Harrald	2	2	0
Pastor J. A. Brown, M.R.C.S.... ...	6	6	0
Mr. Arthur H. Cæsar	1	1	0
Mr. Egerton Burnett	2	2	0
Mrs. Newmarch	2	2	0
Mr. F. G. S. Norris	1	0	0
Mr. Walter Hinson	5	5	0
Mr. W. G. Nash	5	0	0
Mr. R. Watmore	10	0	0
Mrs. Vernell	5	0	0
B.	200	0	0
Mr. Packham	5	0	0
Mr. E. Townshend	10	10	0
Mr. W. H. Stevens	10	10	0
Mrs. Soady	5	0	0
Pastor J. J. Kendon	2	2	0
Mr. J. H. Field	1	1	0
Rev. W. May	5	0	0
Pastor and Mrs. C. H. Spurgeon ...	100	0	0
Mr. F. W. N. Lloyd	210	0	0
Per Mr. Lloyd :—			
Mr. Robert Whyte ... 2 0 0			
Mr. S. Thompson 2 2 0			
Mr. John W. Hose... ... 2 2 0			
	6	4	0
Rev. E. Wilkinson, D.D.	1	0	0
Rev. F. Luther	1	0	0
Mr. Francis Edmond	50	0	0
Mr. John Anderson	10	0	0
Mrs. Watts	2	2	0
Mr. and Mrs. Cowie, per Pastor H. Rylands Brown	5	0	0
Collections at South Street Chapel, Greenwich, per Pastor C. Spurgeon...	21	0	0
Mr. J. D. Link	2	2	0
Mr. Moore, per Pastor J. Wilkins ...	5	0	0
Mrs. C. Burt	5	5	0
Mr. A. Christie	2	2	0
Mr. W. Stevens	2	2	0
Mr. and Mrs. Williamson	4	4	0
Mrs. and Miss Atkinson...	10	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. James Stiff	25	0	0
Mr. W. C. Greenop	2	2	0
Miss Greenop	1	1	0
Mr. and Mrs. W. Price	2	0	0
Mr. H. R. Cooper	2	2	0
Mr. T. Freeman, F.G.S....	1	1	0
Mrs. Calder	20	0	0
Mr. F. Passmore	1	1	0
Mrs. Mills	2	2	0
Mrs. Pearman	5	0	0
Mr. J. Chennells	5	0	0
Mrs. Lane	1	0	0
Mr. James Smith	2	0	0
In memoriam, W. P. O....	5	5	0
Two friends...	15	0	0
Mr. George Lister...	2	2	0
Mr. Henry Thomas	1	1	0
Mr. G. F. Satchell...	10	0	0
Mr. John Coutts	5	5	0
Dr. Swallow...	3	3	0
Mr. J. C. Wadland	2	2	0
Church of England	5	0	0
Mr. H. E. Shepperd	1	1	0
Mr. Robert Ashfield	1	1	0
Mr. W. Abbott	5	0	0
Mr. John C. Fraser	6	6	0
Mr. and Mrs. B. I. Greenwood... ...	25	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. G. T. Congreve	25	0	0
Mrs. Aitken...	2	0	0
Mr. R. Laidlaw	5	0	0
Mr. E. P. Fisher	5	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. R. Johnson	5	5	0
Mr. David Elvin	1	1	0
Rev. E. J. Farley	7	0	0
Rev. B. Senior	1	1	0
Mr. and Mrs. G. H. Dean	12	12	0
Nameless	1	0	0
Mrs. Gray	0	2	0
Mr. E. W. Jacob	0	10	0
Postal order from Bournemouth ...	0	5	0

	£	s.	d.
A member of the Church of England ..	1	0	0
A servant	0	10	0
Mr. T. T. Price	0	10	0
Miss K. E. Cooper...	0	2	0
Mr. J. S. Watts	1	1	0
Mrs. Barker...	1	0	0
Mr. J. M. Wilson	0	10	0
Mrs. W. Hicks	1	1	0
Mrs. Belough	0	1	0
Mrs. Samuel	0	10	0
Mr. Peter Scott	0	10	0
Mrs. Pearson	2	0	0
Mr. C. F. French	0	10	6
Mrs. Coleman	1	0	0
E. P.	1	0	0
Miss S. Gould	4	0	0
Mrs. Milne	0	5	0
Mrs. Bamford	1	0	0
Mrs. Stocks	0	2	6
Mrs. Christie and family...	0	5	0
Mr. S. Cole	0	10	0
Mr. T. Gregory	1	0	0
Mr. Thomas Lewis...	0	5	0
"The Freeman" Newspaper Company dividend	0	10	0
Mr. A. Mackae	0	5	0
Well-wisher, Martock	0	2	0
Postal order from Warrington... ...	0	4	0
From Errol, Perthshire	1	0	0
One of your larger congregation, Bristol	1	10	0
Mr. I. McInnes	1	0	0
A sermon-reader, Northampton ...	0	10	0
Mrs. Johnstone, per Rev. Wm. Tulloch	1	0	0
R. S. T.	2	0	0
A well-wisher	1	0	0
A member of Mr. Spurgeon's larger congregation	1	0	0
A sermon-reader	0	10	0
Miss McEadnan	0	10	0
A sermon-reader, St. Leonards-on-Sea	0	2	6
A. B. C., Blackburn	0	7	6
"Target" sermon-reader	0	5	0
A reader of "The Sword and the Trowel"	1	0	0
A sermon-reader	0	5	0
Mrs. Hopkinson	0	5	0
Mr. J. P. Hamilton	0	3	0
A grateful sermon-reader	0	5	0
Mrs. Rouse	0	4	0
Mrs. and Mr. S. Bowen	0	10	0
Mrs. Ollard	0	10	0
Mrs. Taylor	0	5	0
Mr. John McMaster	0	5	0
Mr. James Wilson...	0	15	0
Mrs. Wilkinson	1	0	0
Mr. H. Driver	0	5	0
Mrs. Noble	1	0	0
Mr. H. Proctor	1	0	0
Mrs. Johnson	1	0	0
Miss M. J. Foster	2	0	0
Mr. J. Sumner	0	5	0
Mr. J. Fox	0	10	0
Mr. William Tennant	0	5	0
Miss Blake, per Mr. William Tennant	0	2	6
Mrs. Casson...	1	0	0
A. B.	2	0	0
Mr. John A. Arnold	6	0	0
Mr. J. Newman, per Pastor C. Spurgeon	2	2	0
Mrs. Baldwin	2	2	0
Mr. J. Crichton	0	5	0
Pastor F. R. Bateman	0	10	0
Rev. J. Moore, B.A.	0	5	0
Readers of "The Christian Herald" ...	26	8	3
Mrs. Norman and family	3	3	0
Pastor W. Coombs...	0	7	6
A. M. M.	0	3	0
Pastor G. K. Smith	0	10	0
Mr. James Collingwood	3	3	0
Mr. and Mrs. S. Perry	1	1	0
Mr. R. A. James	2	2	0
Mr. Walter Mills	10	0	0

	£	s.	d.
Friends at Leyton, per Pastor G. T. Bailey	1	7	3
Mr. R. J. Beecliff	0	2	6
Collection at Romney Street Chapel, Westminster, per Pastor George Davies	1	1	0
Mr. and Mrs. Whittock	5	0	0
A friend, per Pastor T. A. Judd ...	0	10	0
Pastor C. J. A. N. Padley	1	0	0
"East Suffolk"	0	2	6
Mr. W. W. Baynes	2	2	0
Mr. Joseph Edginton, per Pastor J. W. Campbell	2	2	0
Contribution from Talbot Tabernacle, per Pastor F. H. White	5	0	0
The late Miss Barwise, by Miss Rich ...	50	0	0
Mrs. Threlfall	1	0	0
Mrs. Joseph Toller	0	10	0
Thankoffering from Algiers	5	0	0
Mr. T. A. Denny	50	0	0
Rev. R. and Mrs. Dawson	25	0	0
Mr. W. H. Seagram	20	0	0
Mr. H. J. Atkinson, M.P.	10	0	0
Mr. Robert Lindley, per Mr. J. Maynard	5	0	0
Mr. T. S. Price, M.R.C.V.S.	4	0	0
Messrs. Alexander and Wood	2	10	0
Pastor F. J. Greening	1	0	0
Messrs. Alabaster, Passmore, and Sons	50	0	0
Mrs. B.	10	0	0
Mr. John Chapman	5	5	0
Mr. Joseph Wells	5	0	0
Mr. T. M. Ind	2	2	0
Mr. J. G. Priestley	2	0	0
Mr. B. Tice	1	0	0
Pastor H. O. Mackey	1	1	0
Messrs. Fisher Bros.	2	2	0
Mrs. Newell...	0	11	0
Mr. G. W. Russell, jun.	0	5	0
Weekly Offerings at Met. Tab. :—			
April 19	36	0	7
„ 26	5	14	0
May 3	25	0	0
„ 10	25	0	0
	91	14	7
	£291	13	6

Pastors' College Missionary Association.

Statement of Receipts from April 15th to May 14th, 1891.

	£	s.	d.
Miss Descroix	0	2	6
Mr. C. F. Allison	5	0	0
Mr. Francis Edmond	5	0	0
Teachers and scholars of South Street Baptist Sunday-school, Greenwich ...	5	5	0
Mr. and Miss Wood	5	0	0
	£20	7	6

Stockwell Orphanage.

Statement of Receipts from April 15th to May 14th, 1891.

	£	s.	d.
Messrs. Thomson Brothers	1	0	6
Mrs. E. Salt...	0	4	6
Masters F. and W. Newton and friend	0	5	0
Messrs. G. Townson and Son	0	3	6
Midway Place Sunday-school, per Mr. J. M. Wilkinson	0	17	6
Stamps from Falmouth	0	1	6
Maggie and Jack, Glasgow	0	8	6
Mrs. Poate	1	0	0
Mr. C. Ibberson	0	2	6
"One of his stewards"	1	0	0
Pastor A. G. Haste's Bible-class, Carrickfergus...	0	10	6
Scotch note, Aberdeen	1	0	0
Mr. P. Mackinnon...	20	0	0
Mr. J. C. Butterworth	1	0	0
Per Pastor R. B. Morrison :—			
Mr. Masters' boys... ...	0	5	0
Mr. Knight...	0	5	0
Pastor R. B. Morrison and friends	0	11	8
	1	4	8
E. W.	0	10	6
Mrs. Jones, per E. W.	0	5	0
A friend, per Pastor C. B. Sawday ...	0	10	0
Per Pastor T. Bullimore :—			
Gildencroft Sunday-school	0	7	0
Halfpenny collection ...	0	5	11
	0	12	11
H. M.	0	10	0
A working-man, Stockwell	0	2	6
In memory of Mrs. Macgregor, Glasgow	1	0	0
Young Women's Bible-class at the Orphanage, per Mrs. J. Stiff... ...	0	16	1
Mr. James Framo	1	0	0
Collected at Duke Street Chapel, Richmond, per Mr. F. A. Spriggs ...	1	2	0
Mr. John Horne	0	2	6
W. M. R.	0	5	0
Stockwell Orphanage Laundry-box ...	0	4	9
Mr. William Donaldson	10	0	0
Mr. T. G. Graham	5	0	0
Mr. T. P. Munyard	2	2	0
Nameless	1	0	0
A country minister	0	3	6
Collected by Master Herries	0	4	3
A thankoffering for mercies received...	1	1	0
Mr. James Gray	0	5	0
Mr. E. W. Jacob	1	0	0
Mrs. Cooper...	0	5	0
Mr. F. Dodwell	0	5	0
T. R. K.	2	0	0
A Primitive Methodist minister. ...	1	0	0
A thankoffering for mercies received from the Father of the fatherless ...	0	10	0
Mrs. Latta, per Mr. Allan	0	10	0
Mr. J. S. Watts	1	1	0
Per E. B. :—			
Mr. John Walker	0	10	6
Mr. Henry R. Walker ...	1	0	0
	1	10	6
Mr. R. Kirkby	1	0	0
Mrs. T. Thomas	1	0	0
Mrs. Gibbs	0	10	0
A thankoffering from three	0	5	0
Mr. Egerton Burnett	2	2	0
Rev. R. Tutin Thomas	0	2	6
E. L. H.	0	5	0
Miss E. Field	1	1	0
Collected by Miss E. Hardwick	1	1	0
Mr. A. Lang	1	1	0
Mr. Bastow and friend	0	3	6
Mr. George Ruffell	0	10	0
Mr. J. R. Norton	1	0	0
Collected by Mrs. R. C. Allen	0	7	0

	£	s.	d.
Per F. R. T. :—			
Mrs. Howard Blight ... 0 10 0			
Mrs. Collingwood 0 5 0			
	0	15	0
Mr. John Carter	0	2	6
Miss E. Morriss	1	1	0
Mr. T. W. Doggett	5	0	0
John xi. 26	1	0	0
Mrs. MacLeay	1	0	0
Collected at Old Baptist Chapel Sunday-school, Guildford :—			
Girls' box 1 18 9			
Boys' box 2 6 2			
Infant Class box 0 3 0½			
P. Pickett's box 1 5 7			
G. B. Pickett's box ... 0 9 8			
Mr. G. Walker's box ... 0 12 3½			
	6	15	6
Mr. John Cory	50	0	0
Mr. H. M. Willett...	5	0	0
Mrs. Court	0	5	0
Mr. Francis Edmond	20	0	0
A friend	0	10	0
Mr. A. G. Wing	1	0	0
Mr. W. Woolridge	0	10	0
A lover of orphans	2	0	0
Mr. George Gould...	2	2	0
Pastor A. W. Wood	0	10	0
Subscriptions from Stockton-on-Tees, per Pastor T. L. Edwards	0	15	0
Mr. Vickery	1	1	0
Napier Street Mission Hall Sunday-school, per Mr. W. J. Booer	1	1	0
Mrs. Rees	1	0	0
Mrs. Moore	0	2	6
F. G. B., Chelmsford	0	2	6
Townley Street Mission Hall box, per Mr. R. H. Tomkins	0	14	9
Mr. S. H. Baker	1	0	0
Mr. W. A. Harding	3	3	0
Mr. C. Boardman	5	0	0
A well-wisher, Louth	1	0	0
Mrs. Balls	0	5	0
Collected by Rev. R. Sturgess	0	4	3
B. A....	0	3	0
A friend, per Miss Hawke	0	7	0
Mr. E. K. Stace	0	10	0
Sandwich, per Bankers	2	2	0
Orphanage box at Tabernacle gates ...	1	10	9
Mr. S. H. Dauncey	0	5	0
Mrs. Whatley	0	3	6
Mr. William Brown	0	10	0
Mrs. Jones	1	0	0
Poor widow's mite...	0	1	0
F. W., Thame	0	5	0
Mr. and Mrs. Watson	0	5	0
Miss M. Cook	0	5	0
Postal order from Pontypridd	0	2	6
Stamps from Wigan	0	5	0
Y., Manchester	2	0	0
Mr. Henry Jackson	1	0	0
Rev. W. and Mrs. Pearce	0	5	0
M. W.	0	2	0

	£	s.	d.
Miss S. S. Davis	0	10	0
Collected by Mr. and Mrs. Bibby and a friend	0	10	0
Postal order from West Tytherley ...	0	2	6
Mrs. Bowie	0	6	0
Mrs. Pickering	0	5	0
Mr. R. Bithell	0	2	0
Mr. W. R. Deacon	5	0	0
Miss Adcock	0	5	0
Miss Harrison	0	5	0
Mr and Mrs. Rumsey	0	10	0
Pastor J. E. Cracknell	1	1	0
Mrs. Bridge	0	10	0
Mr. W. Lamb, per Mr. F. G. S. Norris	0	10	0
Postal order from Doncaster	0	1	0
Messrs. Alexander and Wood	2	10	0
Mrs. Hoare, per Mr. W. Wilcocks ...	0	10	0
Mrs. Webb, per Pastor A. J. Davies ...	2	0	0
Miss E. Emsden	0	2	6
Mr. J. A. Abraham	1	1	0
Mrs. Thomas White	1	1	0
Mr. J. G. Priestley	5	0	0
Mr. J. L. Evans	0	10	0
Sermon-reader, M. Y.	1	0	0
Teachers and scholars of South Street Baptist Sunday-school, Greenwich ...	2	2	0
Mrs. Randall	1	0	0
Pastor and Mrs. Clow	0	10	0
Rev. W. H. Rose	0	5	0
Postal order from Largs...	0	3	6
Mrs. Hall	0	10	0
An old Park Street member	0	10	0
For the late Mrs. Milligan	2	0	0
A friend	15	0	0
Mrs. Cockburn	1	0	0
Mrs. Smith	1	0	0
V. Y. C.	1	0	0
A friend, Edinburgh	1	0	0
Mr. H. Barrett	5	0	0
Coastguards and Coastguards' Sunday-school, Shellness, per Mr. T. McMahon	0	6	0
A friend, per Pastor T. A. Judd ...	0	10	0
Anon.	0	2	0
Meetings by Mr. Charlesworth and the Orphanage Choir :—			
Chatsworth Road Church, West Norwood	13	0	0
Wood Green (moiety)	9	16	7
Southgate (moiety) ... 3 3 10			
Sale of programmes ... 0 9 4			
	3	13	2
Denmark Place, Camberwell	4	0	6
Lewin Road, Streatham	4	18	0
Ilford...	2	0	0
Sale of programmes :—			
Balham	0	7	4
Mitcham	0	7	6
Congregational Chapel, Camberwell New Road...	0	7	5
Bermondsey	0	7	9
	£292	15	8

List of Presents, per Mr. Charlesworth, from April 15th to May 14th, 1891.—PROVISIONS :—30 lbs. Fresh Pork, 6 lbs. Sausages, Mr. Sparrow; 224 lbs. Rice, Mr. J. L. Potier; a quantity of Rhubarb, Mr. A. Parker; 2 sacks Flour, Messrs. J. and W. Attlee; 20 lbs. Tea, Messrs. Armstrong and Co.; 28 lbs. Baking Powder, Messrs. Freeman and Hildyard; 2 Pigs, 1 Lamb, Mr. W. J. Graham; 28 lbs. Lamb, a quantity Greens, Mr. J. Gwyer.

BOYS' CLOTHING :—12 Shirts, Mrs. M. Gray; 6 Handkerchiefs, Mrs. E. Parsons; 2 Shirts, The Working Meeting, Baptist Chapel, Newbridge, per Mrs. Phillips; 86 Bows, Mrs. S. E. Knight.

GIRLS' CLOTHING :—14 Articles, Mrs. M. Gray; 6 Handkerchiefs, Mrs. E. Parsons; 32 Articles, The Ladies' Working Meeting, Metropolitan Tabernacle, per Miss Higgs; 16 Articles, Mrs. C. Brown; 56 Articles, Miss E. Salter's Bible-class; 4 Garments, Mrs. Larduer; 25 Garments, The Working Meeting, Baptist Chapel, Newbridge, per Mrs. Phillips; 1 Apron, Mrs. S. E. Knight; 14 Articles, Mrs. Rees; 7 Straw Hats, 1 Jacket, F., Luton; a few Garments and a few Magazines, Mrs. Pankhurst.

GENERAL :—1 Large Rocking-horse, Mr. A. H. Barrett; 6 Mats, Mrs. W. Thompson; a few Magazines, Miss Butler; 1 Magic Lantern Apparatus, Slides, Sheet, &c., Mr. F. W. N. Lloyd; 6 Cushions, Mrs. S. E. Knight; 100 yards Calico, Mrs. Wainwright; half dozen each Knives and Forks, "A Dorset Friend"; 1 dozen Iron-holders, Mrs. Rees; 3s. 6d., pence for friendless Orphans, D. McP.

Colportage Association.

Statement of Receipts from April 15th to May 14th, 1891.

Subscriptions and Donations for Districts:—

	£	s.	d.
Ludlow District:—			
Mr. E. Fitzgerald	1	0	0
Per Mr. James Evans:—			
J. D. Allcroft, Esq., J.P...	2	2	0
Mrs. Allcroft	2	2	0
Rock Lane collection ...	1	18	6
Mr. J. Evans (quarterly)...	0	10	0
Mr. J. Evans (subs. added)	0	7	6
Brimfield Cross collection	0	11	2
Mrs. Slee (annual)... ...	1	0	0
Mrs. W. Marston and Sons	2	0	0
Mrs. Lloyd (annual) ...	1	0	0
Mr. John Valentine ...	0	10	0
Mr. Lang	1	0	0
Small amounts	0	17	0
	14	18	2
Portsmouth, per Miss Robinson ...	10	0	0
Oxfordshire Association—Stow and Aston District	10	0	0
High Wycombe, for 1890, per Rev. G. Wearham	40	0	0
Devon Congregational Union, for Newton Abbot...	10	0	0
Wolverhampton and Shipley, per Mrs. Thomas Bantock	10	0	0
Southern Baptist Association	50	0	0
Fairford, per Captain Milbourne ...	10	0	0
Sandown, per Major Justin	10	0	0
Western Baptist Association, for Tinkinhull	10	0	0
Calne, per Mr. H. Wilkins	7	10	0
Hadleigh Congregational Church ...	10	0	0
Kettering, per Mr. W. Meadows, sen.	10	0	0
Great Yarmouth Town Mission, per Mr. S. W. Page	7	10	0
Tewkesbury:—			
Per Mrs. White 2 10 0			
Per Mrs. Robinson... ... 5 0 0			
	7	10	0
Greenwich, per Pastor C. Spurgeon ...	10	0	0
	£227	8	2

Subscriptions and Donations to the General Fund:—

	£	s.	d.
Mrs. Percy, collecting-box	0	16	11
Mr. A. W. Penroso	5	5	0
E. S.	5	0	0
Miss Duncander	0	10	0
Collection at Annual Meeting	14	12	0
Mr. E. W. Jacob	0	10	0
Mr. Francis Edmond	5	0	0
Mrs. Whatley	0	3	6
A friend in Scotland	5	0	0
Mrs. Webb, per Pastor A. J. Davies ...	0	10	0
Mr. J. G. Priestley	3	0	0
A friend	5	0	0
Annual Subscriptions:—			
Mr. John Powell	1	1	0
Miss H. Newman	5	0	0
Miss A. E. Newman	2	0	0
Mrs. Raybould	1	0	0
	£54	8	5

Society of Evangelists.

Statement of Receipts from April 15th to May 14th, 1891.

	£	s.	d.
Thankoffering for Mr. Harmer's services at Portslade	1	1	0
Thankoffering for Messrs. Fullerton and Smith's services at Folkestone...	25	0	0
Mr. E. P. Fisher	10	0	0
Thankoffering for Messrs. Fullerton and Smith's services at Regent's Park Chapel	20	0	0
Mr. Francis Edmond	10	0	0
S. P., Stockton Heath	0	15	0
A friend in Scotland	10	0	0
Thankoffering for Mr. Harmer's services at Shirley, Southampton ...	2	2	0
Thankoffering for Messrs. Fullerton and Smith's services at Bethesda Chapel, Sunderland	20	0	0
	£98	18	0

Surrey Gardens Memorial Schools.

Statement of Receipts from April 15th to May 14th, 1891.

	£	s.	d.
Mr. Robert Morgan	0	10	0
Mr. F. W. N. Lloyd	100	0	0
Miss Desecroix	0	10	0
Mr. M. G. Hewat	1	0	0
Mr. E. P. Fisher	6	0	0
Mr. Francis Edmond	10	0	0
Mr. Churcher, per Mr. S. R. Pearce ...	1	1	0
Miss Wilkinson	3	0	0
Mrs. Hoye	0	10	0
Mr. T. Heath	0	5	0
Mr. W. Roff	0	5	0
	£123	1	0

3s. 6d., received from D. McP., will be given to the friendless Orphanage children, as desired by the kind donor.

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-FOURTH ANNUAL REPORT

OF THE

Metropolitan Tabernacle

COLPORTAGE ASSOCIATION,

1890.

President.

REV. C. H. SPURGEON.

Vice-President.

REV. J. A. SPURGEON.

Hon. Treasurer.

MR. C. F. ALLISON.

Committee.

MR. J. BUSWELL.
" J. J. COOK.
" J. T. CORSAN.
" G. EVERETT.
" G. GOLDSTON.
" J. HALL.
" S. JOHNSON.
MR. M. LLEWELLYN.
" WALTER MILLS.
" J. PASSMORE, Junr.
" S. R. PEARCE.
" F. THOMPSON.
" WOOLLARD.

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	1879	84	7,661	16	0	797,353	8,244
1867	6					1880	79	7,577	7	10	630,993	6,745
1868	6	1,139	16	3	91,428	1881	78	7,673	3	6	624,482	7,544
1869	11	1,211	10	6	127,130	1882	79	8,038	2	2	620,850	7,149
1870	9	1,056	11	4	92,868	1883	76	7,921	9	3	592,745	7,514
1871	10	1,110	3	4	85,397	1884	78	8,760	15	9	626,348	7,627
1872	12	1,228	10	11	121,110	1885	76	9,525	16	2	552,677	8,458
1873	18	1,796	2	2	217,165	1886	87	9,601	13	7	560,750	11,952
1874	29	2,937	1	7	217,929	1887	80	9,166	8	3	831,130	9,742
1875	36	4,415	8	7½	360,000	1888	80	8,916	11	1	624,989	9,352
1876	49	5,908	1	9	400,000	1889	84	9,688	13	7	698,272	9,866
1877	62	6,950	18	1½	500,000	1890	90	10,979	2	10	718,534	10,246
1878	94	8,276	0	4	926,290							

Cheques may be crossed London and County Bank, Newington Butts; 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-FOURTH ANNUAL REPORT, 1890.

THERE is little of a novel character to introduce into the Annual Report of a work like that which has been diligently prosecuted by this Association during the last twenty-four years. It persistently aims at the same fundamental objects which it usually seeks to accomplish by similar methods; and these having been amply justified by the test of time and experience, not much variation can be expected in the form of the Report, although the facts and figures themselves change.

The Committee, however, gladly record the continued and enlarged success of their efforts during another year, and their gratitude to the "Lord of the harvest" that he has both given a bountiful increase and answered prayer by "sending forth more labourers into the vineyard."

The average number of Colporteurs employed during the year was 90, compared with 80 in 1889, and at the time this report is issued 96 men are at work. What blessed results may be expected from the prayerful laborious efforts of so many devoted Christian workers!

The Sales, too, have increased in even a more satisfactory ratio than the number of Agents. The total monetary value during the year was £10,979 2s. 10d., compared with £9,688 13s. 7d. in 1889, being a clear increase of £1,290 9s. 3d.

The following totals afford some idea of the quantity of publications disposed of during the year:—

Bibles and Testaments, 20,154; Books and Packets, 342,816 (of which 133,087 were Penny Illustrated Books); Periodicals, 396,053; Scripture Texts and Cards, 339,445; the grand total for the year, 1,078,314.

These figures represent an immense amount of labour, and a large increase in the actual number of separate publications, altogether out of proportion to the advance in pecuniary value. This arises mainly from the continued multiplication of the Penny Illustrated Stories and other cheap serials, which have been found to do excellent service in displacing the obnoxious and evil literature still so widely circulated.

It will, however, be observed from the published cash account that a sum of £1,100 19s. 6d. has been expended in the work over and above the receipts for the current year. A considerable part of this deficiency has been devoted to the encouragement of friends trying to open new districts, with the view to making them eventually strong enough to raise the full annual subscription required.

The Committee again tender their best thanks to all friends and donors for kind aid rendered.

They would respectfully urge upon others that largely increased help must be given to the General Fund if the present number of districts is to be maintained. The amount contributed last year was £254 13s. 2d. less than during the preceding year, and is scarcely half the annual amount necessary. The Committee feel sure that to make known these facts will ensure a ready response from all who value the work of Colportage, combining, as it does, an antidote to the infidel and impure literature of the day, and an aggressive Gospel agency for visiting the people in their homes and preaching the glad tidings of salvation in a simple and earnest manner.

The Committees of the Religious Tract Society and the British and Foreign Bible Society have again rendered valuable help in grants, and in the supply of books on special terms, for which the Association is grateful.

More detailed accounts of the actual work of the Colporteurs will be found in the following extracts from their journals, which, it is hoped, will interest and enlist the co-operation of our friends.

EXTRACTS FROM LETTERS, COLPORTEURS' REPORTS, &c.

Mr. J. Ford, of Gildersome, Yorkshire, writes:—

"I have been here nearly twelve months, and during that time I have taken about £118. I am very fond of the work. The more I have of it, the more I like it. I never thought it was possible for so much good to be done by Colporteurs. I am now convinced it is a very important work, and I sincerely hope our numbers will be greatly increased. My friends here are very kind to me, and very considerate in regard to my work. My sales are steadily on the increase. My magazine order gets a little larger every month, and I am doing a good work among the sick and poor. My sick-visiting has been greatly blessed. I am out preaching almost every Sunday, and have occupied the pulpits of almost all the places of worship round about here, in my district. I am still very happy in my work, and earnestly pray that God will bless it in the future even more than in the past."

In reference to the work of Mr. Ford, and also of Mr. Powell, at Northallerton, the following weighty remarks of Rev. J. Haslam, Secretary of the Home Mission connected with the Yorkshire Baptist Association, are commended to similar associations:—

"God has greatly blessed this instrumentality. The chapels at Boroughbridge and Dishforth were about to be sold. Colporteurs have gathered a congregation of from 30 to 60 at Dishforth, and from 100 to 150 at Boroughbridge, with a church of 24 baptized believers. We have bought a chapel at Northallerton which the G. B's. were about to sell for a warehouse, and another at Brompton. Powell is

labouring here. Visits regularly 24 villages. Has drawn a congregation of about 40, and baptized two converts. *There seems no other way of reaching the people in sparsely populated districts*, or saving our old village meeting-houses. We thank God for the agency, and pray for a richer blessing. A fuller report shall be sent by-and-by. Ford, of Gildersome, is well received. He preaches nearly every Sabbath, and with growing power."

Mr. BUTCHER, labouring in Somer's Town, London, under the direction of Miss Griffith, reports:—

"Where sales have not been effected we have given a tract. I have conducted about 30 meetings in halls, chapels, and open air; some of them well attended. Many who attended seeming to be impressed under the Word. Sick people have been visited and read to in our daily visits. Open-air listeners have been induced to come inside our hall and hear more about Christ. One man, who had been imprisoned for beating his wife, was induced to sign the pledge three months ago, is still keeping it, and is quite a different man. He has also professed to be converted, but I am not sure of it, as I think he would make greater efforts to attend God's house."

Mr. BROOKER, one of the Colporteurs of "The Kent and Sussex Association," writes:—

COLPORTEUR VALUED IN ILLNESS.

"The Lord is still giving me some tokens of his presence in my work. When I first came here I was greatly opposed by a man named G———, living at N———. The beginning of the month of April, 1890, he was taken ill, and I was sent for, as he wanted the book-man. I went and found him very ill, and also greatly troubled about his soul. I visited him frequently, and had the joy of leading him to the feet of Jesus, where, I believe, he found peace and joy before his death. His last words were, 'God bless Mr. Brooker,' and then said, 'Blessed Jesus,' and so passed away."

CONVERSION THROUGH A LETTER.

"On April 30th I was greatly impressed about an old woman living at P——— G———, and as I could not visit her, I wrote a letter, which has been blessed of God to the salvation of her soul."

USEFUL BOOK.

"I sold 'The Cheque Book of the Bank of Faith' to a Miss R———, of C———, which has been a means of great blessing and help to three of the family."

Mr. COLMAN, of Sandown, Isle of Wight, is much encouraged, though in a weak state of health, and reports:—

CONVERSION THROUGH A SCRIPTURE TEXT.

"I sold a penny Scripture Text at a gentleman's house, to the servant, five years since. She went away, and has sent me word that the Text was the means of her conversion, for which she thanks the Lord."

VISITS VALUED.

"I called on one man many times, and spoke to him about the Lord. He was a worldly man when I first knew him, but I thank God that he is now a true believer, and he thanks God that there are men sent to tell of the Lord Jesus Christ in the lonely parts of the country. I have had many cheering words in the work, both with the sick and dying. One young man came to Sandown for his health, but he got worse, and the Lord used me as the instrument to take the Word to him, and he received it, and died happy in the Lord."

Mr. Bendall, of Great Totham, labours in a very needy district, and our good friend, Rev. H. J. Harvey, should be better supported in his efforts to raise the £40 a year. Mr. Bendall sends the following account of special work:—

WORK AMONG THE FRUIT PICKERS.

"I have again been out in the fruit field and spoken a word for the Master. It is a good time to speak for Christ, because people of all sorts are gathered who never come under the sound of the gospel, and, on the whole, I am received very well, and they are very attentive. This is how I manage: I ask them if they can sing, to which they say they can. So we sing one of Sankey's hymns, and then I speak to them about Christ and his love for about a quarter of an hour. I have seen many with tears in their eyes as I have told out the love of Christ and his sufferings on the Cross at Calvary for them. Then we sing another hymn, and so we close. There were about 300 present, and I made it a rule to go out to them in this way about three times a week, and very often in this way I was able to make sales, besides which, I gave away about 500 tracts and books, and they always wanted to know when I was coming again."

EVIL INFLUENCE OF BAD BOOKS.

"I am more convinced than ever of the great need of a society like our own. In this village a lad has murdered his uncle. I have called at the house many times, but could not sell any books, but gave away some tracts, and have been told that *the lad was always reading novels*, and that his mind was full of what he read. I believe if I could have persuaded him to buy some of the penny books, it might have done him good. I believe in pushing these penny books, and try and stop the sale of those novels which have led to this lad's ruin. I have tried to sell him some, but could not."

Mr. Holloway, of Peckham, is wonderfully blessed in his work. A few items are appended:—

"Although there has been so much distress, I am happy to say my sales have not decreased, but have rather increased, and trust they may continue to do so. I am thankful to say I am much better received every time I go around. God has been pleased to use me to speak words of comfort from his own precious Word to many sick and dying. I have also taken many meetings in chapels, mission halls, and cottages, and God has been pleased to own and bless the word spoken to the salvation of souls. On the first Sunday in the new year I took the meeting at the Rock Mission, in Southampton Street, and one dear man there and then gave his heart to God, and Mr. Bull, the Superintendent of the Mission, told me the other day that he is now one of the best workers in the Sunday-school. To God be the praise."

Mr. Hicks, of Thornbury, writes cheerfully, and the work done should bring increased help to our valued Superintendent, Mrs. Taylor.—

"Since sending you my last report, I have closed my fourth year's labour, and entered upon my fifth. In reviewing the past year's work, much seed has been sown, and although I cannot report any direct conversions, yet I firmly believe that the grace of God is working in many hearts. The seed has been sown in much weakness and prayer, but God can raise it in power. The sales have encouraged me to go on, trusting in God the harvest will be reaped. Value of sales, £120 4s. 8d. I, like Paul, thank God and take courage."

Cardiff District.—Our esteemed friend, Mr. Richard Cory, J.P., has supported a Colporteur here, and partly at Penrhiewceiber, for many years. Mr. Harris, the Colporteur, writes:—

"Our worthy President is thought highly of wherever I go. At the request of my Superintendent I am working up two valleys that have been very much neglected in the past, I mean Garw and Ogmore, and am doing very nicely amongst the people there. I have preached there twice, and have been blessed in the conversion of five precious souls."

Mr. HYATT, of Langham, is usefully employed under the kind direction of R. Scott, Esq. (Messrs. Morgan & Scott), who writes:—

"Our friend Hyatt is doing a steady, persevering, conscientious work, embracing a *very* wide district, and entailing an immense amount of bodily exercise and fatigue, not only disposing of a fair amount of literature, but, by reading and prayer, comforting sick ones as he comes across their path. At Cattawade, he has, at the request of Miss Sheard, conducted a most successful mothers' meeting in the afternoon, and a deeply interesting and full general meeting in the evening, but there is nothing of a stirring character to report, in fact, I grieve to say that there appears to be, throughout our neighbourhood, a spiritual lull at the present time, which nothing but the breath of God's Holy Spirit can awaken. We should only have been too glad to report any accounts of revival, had such existed."

THE WILTS AND EAST SOMERSET ASSOCIATION employs four Colporteurs. Mr. KING, of Warminster, our oldest agent, writes:—

"My mind is carried back to my first journey, in the pouring rain, on July 15th, 1867, being so near my twenty-third anniversary in the work, in preaching the Word, and in my visiting and working among the people; and I can say that to-day I meet with as hearty a reception, and in some cases more so, than ever; but to enter into, and give full details of the work, would be impossible. But instances and facts coming to mind yield joy and pleasure. Nearly a dozen to whom my labours have been blessed are now constantly preaching; and one, having been in the Pastors' College, is now in the stated ministry, and others engaged in useful labour for the Master. During these twenty-three years the sales amount to £3,025 9s. 4d.; services, about 5,255; and baptized 201; beside funerals, weddings, &c., &c."

THE HOME COUNTIES' BAPTIST ASSOCIATION takes a hearty interest in Colportage, and employs three men.

Mr. CANDER, one of them, reports:—

TASTE CHANGED.

"Glad to say the work of Colportage is still progressing, slowly but surely, in this dark district (the Thames Valley). Many are the testimonies I am constantly receiving of good being done by the books sold. One woman said, while looking over my books, that her husband was getting very fond of reading the penny series, and instead of going to a public-house on Sunday afternoons, he stayed at home and read one of my books. Another man, one day, seeing me with my books, asked me for 'a penn'orth of Dick Turpin.' I told him I could not supply that, but for a penny I would sell him a book that would show him the way to heaven. After a little persuading he bought several small books, and laying his hand on my shoulder, he said with great emphasis, 'You are right, young man, and I am wrong'; and when parting, he said, 'God bless you, and may you sell out.' Another, a lad who was constantly reading these 'penny horribles,' bought several of Horner's penny series, and read them. He was so struck with them that he gave up the former ones, and now he takes books from me. About a dozen boys in Hampton, who have been reading the same kind of unhealthy literature, are, after a chat with them on its evil effects, taking the *Boys' Own Paper*, and others."

Mr. H. G. BIRD, of the same Association, reports:—

"First year's work of Colportage at Egham. Notwithstanding difficulties, Colportage work has been very well patronized, and the work has been encouraging; while the Colporteur has been blessed, and made a blessing to many. I firmly believe that the books sold, and tracts given away, have been the means of strength, comfort, and help to many. It has been a time of sowing the seed: the harvest and results rest in the hands of the Lord and Master. Sales, £84 2s. 8d."

Mr. MEARS, OF BRENTFORD, still works on successfully, supported by our good friend, Mr. Thos. Greenwood. Mr. Mears writes:—

AN INFIDEL CONVERTED.

"About nine months ago I was led to speak to a man who called himself an infidel. I told him while speaking there was a free salvation for him if he would seek and accept it, but if he neglected to do this, the wrath of God would abide on him; but he scoffed at my Master, and what I said of him. After a sharp tussle with him I left, lifting up my heart to God to change the man's heart. A few weeks ago I received a message asking if I would look after a man (giving the address of his home) who had given his heart to God the Sunday before, and spoke of it as a grand conversion. I went, and to my joy found it was the same man. A change indeed had come over him; he welcomed me with tears of joy, and gladly told me what the Lord had done for his soul; and in prayer he entreated the Lord to forgive him for insulting me when I was trying to lift him up from sin and death to life. He told me the words I spoke to him had never left him, but were like a nail fastened in a sure place."

COWES, ISLE OF WIGHT. About to be discontinued, because no local subscription is obtainable. Mr. SALTER writes:—

"I am conscious of my own weakness, but in him is strength. I have just been looking back at the past, knowing that 'His word shall not return unto him void, but shall accomplish that whereunto it was sent.' I was thinking of many books and gospel tracts that I have sold in this district, which have been bought and sent to all parts of the world. They have been sent to France, Italy, Spain, Norway, Sweden, Germany, America, India, Africa, Australia, New Zealand and China. I have prayed that they may be blessed to the souls of those that read them. We shall never know here how the Lord has blessed the work of our hands. Truly, this Colportage work is a great and noble work. I believe that many will be able to thank God that such a Society as ours ever existed.'

Mr. Salter has a boat for use to visit vessels in the harbour.

Mr. JARVIS SMITH, of Eastchurch, Isle of Sheppey, is supported by a Christian friend, who prefers to remain anonymous. He reports:—

ISLE OF SHEPPEY.

"I am enjoying considerable success in my work now the people have got to know me, and understand my work. Besides which, the books I sell are being made a blessing to many. I have also many opportunities of visiting the sick, and speaking to the people in their homes. One old man, living at a village called Heartey, told me that no one had visited him for two years before I came to the district; he is always glad to see me, and when leaving asks me to call again. I also have many opportunities of preaching the gospel, as I am now almost the only preacher on this part of the island. I have not seen much fruit yet, but I keep sowing the seed, and believe God will give the increase."

COLPORTEUR ENCOURAGED AT MIDDLETON.

Mr. BIRD, of RENDHAM, SUFFOLK, writes:—

"I have preached in this village for twenty years. People pressed me to visit the village with my goods. Praise God, I find my labours there have not been in vain. I have taken more money to-day than I have taken on any other day since I have been in the work. They wish I could visit the village once a month. They would be delighted with my goods in other villages round the district, and are asking me to go. I visit twenty-one villages and towns, and I could make it thirty if I had time to go. I am glad, and very much encouraged, that this year's sales are £15 to £20 in advance of last year."

Mr. WITTON, of Dorking, writes:—

A YEAR'S WORK.

"Some two months ago I sold Mr. C., of this village, 'Around the Wicket Gate.' He sent it to his brother, and the following is an extract of a letter received from him after reading the book:—"Dear brother, I am greatly indebted to you for the books. The one—'Around the Wicket Gate,' opened my eyes, and caused me great joy. I never saw it so clear before. While I was reading it I felt I could jump up and shout out for very joy. What an unspeakable gift we have in a crucified Saviour—free pardon for all sins. I can't help feeling jubilant over it. I can leave it all to Jesus now, and put my trust in Him and not in myself. How well that hymn comes in—

'Just as I am—and waiting not
To rid my soul of one dark blot.'

I am glad I have found my Saviour, or rather my Saviour has found me. The doctrine of election used to be a stumbling-block to me, but I can see it all so plain now."

A YEAR'S WORK, FROM JAN. 1ST, 1890, TO DEC. 31ST, 1890.

SALES.—Bibles, 126; Testaments, 90; Books under 6d., 2,870: over 6d., 1,574; Magazines, 5,833; Books in Packets, 554; Cards, 5,382; Almanacks, 186; Scripture Texts, 1,339; Books Bound, 46; Tracts given away, 1,472. Total Sales, £203 18s.

Miles travelled with Pack, 2,488. Hours employed, 2,628. Visits, 6,955. Services conducted, 48.

Mr. MACDOWELL, of Yarmouth, writes:—

"During the month of September I spent much time amongst the visitors on the sands. Since then *I have visited a good number of the Fishing Boats* a few times. When the weather is not favourable for them to go to sea, I have a good opportunity to go on board and talk with the men whilst they are mending their nets, or down into the cabins when they are not doing anything. I have sold several books amongst them by this means.

"*My Stall in the Market* is well patronized, as may be seen on monthly statement. A few customers have given up the novels altogether, and read Horner's and other publishers' 1d. series. This they have told me.

"*My Mission Services* are good, and during the past few weeks the friends have been searching the Scriptures more than I have known them to do before.

"*Visits to the Sick* are looked forward to and much appreciated."

Mr. ATKINS, of Chard, writes:—

NOVELS DISPLACED.

"The report for August is a better one, in reference to sales, than the previous ones. I have visited Chard Fair, and have sold and given away books and tracts, and also preached the Gospel there. The demand for good reading seems to be increasing. A young woman who has bought several of Horner's penny series, said, 'I used to read bad novels until you came and supplied me with these.'

"'*Around the Wicket Gate*,' by C. H. Spurgeon. I sold this to a gentleman who was very anxious about spiritual things, and who has been seeking for the light a long time. The servant, who is a Christian, told me that the book had been read by him, and she thought it had been made a blessing to him.

"Wet days I devote to sick-visiting. Christians I seek to cheer and comfort; sinners I seek to point to Christ as the only Saviour."

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 1890:—

BOOKS.

	VARIOUS TOTALS.		INCLUSIVE TOTALS.
Bibles	10,301	Books under 6d.	184,069
Testaments (various)	9,853	Books over 6d.	83,406
Mr. Spurgeon's Book Almanack	1,639	,, in Packets	75,341
,, John Ploughman's do.	8,053	Scripture Texts	92,498
,, Books (various)	3,319	Cards in Packets	246,947
Almanacks (various)	7,968		
Penny Illustrated Books	133,087		

TOTAL BOOKS AND PACKETS	342,816
,, SCRIPTURE TEXTS AND CARDS	339,445

PERIODICALS.

Adviser	4,550	Mothers' Treasury	4,982
Appeal	2,785	National Temperance Mirror	3,014
Band of Hope Review	12,558	Notes on Scripture Lessons	4,976
Band of Hope Treasury	3,365	Our Little Dots	8,873
Child's Own Magazine	6,488	Our Own Gazette	6,323
Gospel Trumpet	2,643	Prize	10,911
Herald of Mercy	4,389	Sunshine	11,610
Baptist Messenger	4,778	Good Tidings	8,875
British Workman	9,230	Chatterbox	5,401
British Workwoman	8,033	Our Darlings	3,426
Child's Companion	7,849	Sword and Trowel	6,421
Children's Friend	12,488	Young England	3,907
Cottager and Artisan	7,802	Boy's Own Paper	6,190
Family Friend	21,225	Girl's Own Paper	12,955
Friendly Visitor	5,116	Quiver	15,907
Home Words	5,050	Sunday at Home	9,472
Infants' Magazine	5,495	Cassell's Family Magazine	4,511
Mothers' Companion	11,752	Miscellaneous Magazines	100,014
Mothers' Friend	5,028	Spurgeon's Weekly Sermons	27,661

TOTAL PERIODICALS	396,053
,, PENNY STORIES	133,087

These figures give some idea of the sales made by 90 Colporteurs. In addition to this, they distributed gratuitously upwards of 255,000 Tracts, made about 718,534 visits, and conducted 10,246 gospel services.

Value of Sales from the commencement of the Association:—

£142,469 3*s.* 0*d.*

LIST OF COLPORTEURS, WITH DISTRICTS,

OCCUPIED DURING 1890.

DISTRICT.	COUNTY.	COLPORTEUR.	OPENED.	LOCAL SUPERINTENDENT OR GUARANTOR.
Warminster ...	Wiltshire	S. King	1867	Mr. W. C. Toone.
Swindon	Do.	B. Slatter	1869	W. B. Wearing, Esq.
Ross	Herefordshire ...	W. J. Singleton...	1872	Thomas Blake, Esq.
Riddings and Ilkeston	Derbyshire... ...	Robert Hall ...	1872	Mr. Perriam.
Cheddar	Somersetshire ...	E. Garrett	1873	Rev. J. B. Field.
Dorking	Surrey...	H. Witton	1873	Mr. C. Peirson.
Maldon	Essex	J. Keddie	1873	Friends at Maldon.
Cardiff	Glamorganshire...	S. Shaw and Geo. Harris	1873	R. Cory, Esq., J.P.
Ryde	Isle of Wight ...	H. Mabey	1873	Mr. Jacobs.
Minchinhampton .	Gloucestershire ...	W. Ford	1874	Rev. W. G. Smith.
Kempsey	Worcestershire ...	R. H. Thorn ...	1874	Local Committee.
Alcester	Warwickshire ...	C. Skinner	1874	
Evesham	Worcestershire ...	T. Boulton	1874	
Droitwich	Do. ...	J. Wharmby ...	1874	
Downton	Wiltshire	C. Mizen	1874	Southern Baptist Association.
Brentford	Middlesex	H. Mears	1874	T. Greenwood, Esq.
Wellow	Hampshire ...	W. Hodge	1874	Southern Baptist Association.
*Witney	Oxfordshire ...	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.
Wolverhampton ...	Staffordshire ...	A. Frost	1876	Mrs. Thomas Bantock.
Ironbridge	Shropshire	J. Gilpin	1876	A. Maw, Esq.
Pewsey Vale ...	Wiltshire	R. Moody	1876	Mr. Sharman and Local Committee.
Wincanton	Somersetshire ...	A. J. Compton and S. Shaw	1876	Mr. W. Hannam.
Fritham	Hampshire	R. Bellamy... ...	1876	R. W. Griffith, Esq.
Lymington... ...	Do.	G. Botwright ...	1876	Rev. J. Collins.
Ludlow	Shropshire	S. Cornock	1876	James Evans, Esq.
Hadleigh	Suffolk	E. Paine	1876	R. H. Cook, Esq.
Halesowen and Harborne ...	Warwickshire ...	A. Gould	1877	Local Committee.

DISTRICT.	COUNTY.	COLPORTEUR.	OPENED.	LOCAL SUPERINTENDENT OR GUARANTOR.
Poole	Dorset	W. Lloyd	1877	Southern Association.
Salisbury	Wiltshire	T. Richards ...	1877	
High Wycombe ...	Bucks	D. Witton	1877	Rev. G. Wearham.
Newton Abbot ...	Devon	H. Turner	1877	Josh. Bolton, Esq., and (the late) J. Baker, 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	A. Wagon	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	W. Vinson, Esq.
Swaffham	Cambridgeshire ...	F. Collier	1880	Cambridge Association.
Repton	Staffordshire ...	J. P. Allen	1880	E. S., Anonymous.
Sandown	Isle of Wight ...	W. Coleman ...	1881	Major Justin.
Cowes	Do. ...	W. Salter	1881	Mr. G. Sparks.
Sellindge	Kent	J. W. Andrew ...	1882	Mr. Sharwood.
Tewkesbury ...	Gloucestershire ...	J. Hines	1882	Rev. E. J. Brett.
Thornbury	Do. ...	C. G. Hicks ...	1882	Mrs. S. Taylor.
*Tring	Herts	J. Appleby	1882	Metropolitan Tabernacle Sunday School.
Calne	Wilts	W. New	1883	J. Chappell, Esq.
Neatishead	Norfolk	W. Slaymaker ...	1883	Norfolk Association.
Great Totham ...	Essex	T. Bendall	1883	Rev. H. J. Harvey.
Penrikyber	Aberdare	J. W. Knee ...	1883	Messrs. J. and R. Cory.
Wendover and Aylesbury ...	Bucks	J. Smith	1883	J. E. Taylor, Esq.
Meyseyhampton ...	Gloucestershire ...	C. Macey	1884	Captain Milbourn.
Borstal	Kent	E. R. Nearn ...	1884	Lieut.-Col. Plummer.
Melksham	Wilts	A. Walker	1884	Rev. G. Webb.
Stratford-on-Avon	Warwickshire ...	S. Bartlett	1884	Mr. W. E. Edwards.
St. Luke's	London	E. J. Heath ...	1885	Rev. E. J. Farley.
Bromley	Kent	W. Hardiman ...	1885	T. Dence, Esq.
Okehampton ...	Devon	G. J. Whiting ...	1886	Mr. R. V. Bray.
Portsmouth Soldiers' Home ...	Hants	B. Neal	1886	Miss Robinson.
Thurlow	Suffolk	H. C. Waller and E. Dukesell	1886	Rev. G. Cakebread.

Littledale	Lancashire	F. W. Singleton...	1886	J. Dodson, Esq. (the late).
Uxbridge	Middlesex	S. Parkes	1886	D. White, Esq.
Greenwich	Kent	W. Beer	1886	Rev. C. Spurgeon.
Estover	Devon	H. Cope	1887	H. Serpell, Esq.
Peckham	Surrey...	J. Holloway ...	1887	Rev. F. M. Smith.
Langham	Essex	F. Hyatt	1887	R. Scott, Esq.
Somers Town ...	Middlesex	R. Edgson	1887	Miss Griffith.
Boroughbridge ...	Yorkshire	J. Powell	1888	Yorkshire Association.
Burstow	Surrey...	W. H. Chillman...	1887	J. J. Tustin, Esq.
*Bethnal Green ...	Middlesex	... ...	1888	Miss Macpherson, "Home of Industry."
Rendham	Suffolk	W. Bird	1888	Rev. H. Freeman.
St. Margarets ...	Kent	L. W. Reed ...	1889	Rev. E. J. Edwards } Kent and Sussex Association.
Cowfold	Sussex...	W. Brooker... ...	1889	Rev. J. S. Goale }
Hampton Hill ...	Middlesex	F. Cander	1889	The Home Counties' Baptist Association.
Egham	Surrey...	H. G. Bird	1889	Ditto ditto
Chard	Somerset	J. Atkins	1889	Western Association.
Corton	Wilts	Thos. Haines ...	1889	Thos. Harris, Esq.
Abercarne	Monmouth	H. J. Cornock ...	1889	D. W. James, Esq.
Barrow	Suffolk	A. Grant	1889	Suffolk Congregational Union.
Gildersome	Yorkshire	John Ford	1889	Mr. Sharpe.
Eastchurch... ...	Sheppey, Kent ...	Jarvis Smith ...	1890	Rev. J. Crompton.
*Henfield	Sussex...	Chas. Payne ...	1890	Mr. Johnson.
*Chesterton	Cambridge	Chas. Rudd... ...	1890	T. T. Ball, Esq.
Northallerton ...	Yorkshire	F. Fuller	1890	Yorkshire Association.
Hartest	Suffolk	C. Prentice	1890	Rev. J. Cole.
Haddenham ...	Cambridgeshire ..	H. L. Smith ...	1890	Rev. J. Palmer.
Horsforth	Yorkshire	F. H. Marshall ...	1890	W. H. Bilborough, Esq. (the late).
Arundel	Sussex...	H. Hewett	1890	Rev. C. Crouch.
Sittingbourne ...	Kent	J. Morey	1890	G. H. Dean, Esq.
Tintinhull	Somerset	J. Batt...	1890	Rev. S. Newnam.
Horsell	Surrey...	F. Bridger	1890	Home Counties' Baptist Association.
Southampton ...	Hampshire... ...	H. W. Hillman ...	1890	R. Beck, Esq.
Newington and Walworth ..	Surrey...	Walter Jones ...	1890	Metropolitan Tabernacle Sunday School.
Denmead	Hampshire	... ...	1890	Rev. J. C. Williams.
Malton...	Yorkshire	H. F. Cope	1891	Rev. J. Rigby.
Rockliffe	Bedfordshire ...	F. W. Bradford ...	1891	
Earls Colne... ...	Essex	T. R. Todd	1891	Rev. W. R. Foster.

No. of Districts occupied during 1890 :—97.

* District marked with an asterisk has been discontinued from lack of Local Subscriptions.

SUBSCRIPTIONS AND DONATIONS

Received from 1st January to 31st December, 1890.

FOR DISTRICTS.

	£	s.	d.
Abercarne District...	30	0	0
Aylesbury District...	15	0	0
Bethnal Green:			
Per Messrs. Fox 40 0 0			
Home of Industry ... 20 0 0			
	60	0	0
Bower Chalk District:			
Mr Butler 1 0 0			
Mr. Martin 0 10 0			
Miss Hardiman 0 10 0			
Baptist Church 5 0 0			
Mr. Thos. R— 12 0 0			
	19	0	0
Brentford District...	40	0	0
Bushton and Corton District:			
Per Mr. Thos. Harris	40	0	0
Borstall District	40	0	0
Bromley Congregational Church ...	40	0	0
Chesterton District	40	0	0
Cambridge Baptist Association... ...	40	0	0
Castleton, Cardiff, and Penrhiewceiber, per Mr. John Cory	80	0	0
Cardiff and Penrhiewceiber, per Mr. Richard Cory	40	0	0
Calne District:			
Per Mr. H. Wilkins	30	0	0
Cheddar District:			
Per Rev. T. B. Field	4	18	0
Devon Congregational Union for Newton Abbot...	40	0	0
Denmead District	7	10	0
Dorking District	30	0	0
Disley, per Rev. C. S. Macalpino ..	30	0	0
Essex Congregational Union for Pitsea	40	0	0
Estover District:			
Per Mr. H. O. Serpell	30	0	0
Fritham, per Mr. Griffith	40	0	0
Fairford District:			
Per Captain Milbourn	35	0	0
Freemantle, Southampton, per Mr. R. Beck	10	0	0
Greenwich, per Rev. C. Spurgeon ...	40	0	0
Gildersome, per Rev. J. Haslam ...	25	0	0
Great Totham, per Rev. H. J. Harvey	30	0	0
Great Yarmouth Town Mission, per Mr. S. W. Page	30	0	0
Hadleigh Congregational Church ...	80	0	0
Henfield	30	0	0
Horley, per Rev. B. Marshall	22	10	0
Harborne and Halesowen District:			
Per Mr. J. M. Harwood 15 0 0			
Per Mr. C. H. Clewes ... 10 0 0			
	25	0	0
Horsforth, per the late Mr. W. H. Bilborough	12	10	0
Home Counties' Baptist Association, late Surrey and Middlesex	90	0	0
In Memoriam for a District	40	0	0
Ironbridge, per Mr. A. Maw	30	0	0
Ilkeston, per a Friend, New Zealand ...	40	0	0
Kent and Sussex Baptist Association...	95	0	0
Kettering, per Mr. W. Meadows, Sen.	40	0	0
Ludlow for 1889, per Mr. Jas. Evans:			
Mr. Thos. Davies ... 5 0 0			
Mr. Lang 1 0 0			
Mr. E. Day 1 0 0			
Mrs. Slee 1 0 0			
Mrs J. B. Jones... ... 0 10 0			
Per Miss E. Fitzgerald:			
Mr. E. J. Fitzgerald ... 1 0 0			
Miss E. Fitzgerald ... 3 2 6			
	12	12	6
Langham and Dedham, per Mr. R. Scott	30	0	0
Littledale, per Mrs. Dodson	20	0	0
Melksham, per Mrs. H. Keevil	40	0	0
Minchinhampton, per Messrs. P. C. Evans & Sons	55	0	0
Maldon, Friends at	30	0	0
Metrop. Tabernacle Sunday-school:			
For Newington Butts ... 10 0 0			
For Tring 20 0 0			
	30	0	0
Newbury	40	0	0
Norfolk Baptist Association:			
For Neatishead and Buxton	60	0	0
Northallerton and Boroughbridge ...	55	0	0
Oxford Baptist Association:			
Stow and Aston 40 0 0			
Witney 40 0 0			
	80	0	0
Okehampton	30	0	0
Orpington District:			
Mrs. Allison's Bible-class 9 17 0			
M. A. H. 20 0 0			
Mr. C F. Allison ... 5 0 0			
Per Mr. Sedcole 1 15 0			
Per Mr. W Vinson ... 5 0 0			
	41	12	0
Portsmouth District:			
Miss Robinson 10 0 0			
Mr. Bevis 1 12 6			
Mr. Grundy ... 0 4 0			
Mr. Harmsworth ... 0 2 6			
Mr. W. Spelt 0 5 0			
Miss K. Dollman ... 1 0 0			
Soldier's Institute Band, Thanksgiving 10 0 0			
	23	4	0
Repton and Burton-on-Trent	80	0	0
Rendham District:			
Per Rev. J. Hollier ... 10 0 0			
Per Rev. W. Freeman ... 15 0 0			
	25	0	0
Ross District, per Mr. Thos. Blake ...	20	0	0
Sheppey, Eastchurch, for L. H. ...	40	0	0
Suffolk Congregational Union	90	0	0
St. Luke's, per Rev. E. J. Farley ...	40	0	0
Somers Town, per Miss Griffith ...	40	0	0
Stratford-on-Avon District	37	10	0
Southern Baptist Association	200	0	0
Sellindge, per Mr. Thos. R—	40	0	0
Sandown and Ventnor, per Major Justin	18	0	0
Thornbury District:			
Per Mrs. S. Taylor ... 20 0 0			
Per Mr. G. Whitfield, for 1888 ... ... 5 0 0			
	25	0	0
Tewkesbury District:			
Mrs. White 22 10 0			
Mrs. Robinson 15 0 0			
Mrs. Lawrence 4 0 0			
Rev. E. Brett 2 10 0			
	44	0	0
Uxbridge, per Mr. D. White	30	0	0
Weston Turville Baptist Church for Tring District	3	15	0
Wolverhampton and Shipley	30	0	0
Worcestershire Association	120	0	0
Wilts and East Somerset Baptist Association	104	3	7
Western Baptist Association	60	0	0
Wendover and Neighbourhood	20	0	0
Total ...	£3,026	5	1
Difference between arrears and advances at the beginning and end of the year	28	3	5
See General Account ...	£2,998	1	8

General Fund.

	£	s.	d.
An Old Independent	4	0	0
A Friend, Hackney	1	1	0
A Friend, Hackney	1	1	0
A Friend, Hackney	5	0	0
A Friend of the cause from Ireland	0	5	0
A Thank Offering for Special Favours	2	0	0
Beilby, Dr.	2	0	0
Billing, Mr. Joseph	1	0	0
Bayley, Mr. J. R.	1	0	0
Casson, Mr. W.	0	10	0
Collen, The Misses	0	10	0
Collection at Annual Meeting	17	6	9
"Christian, The," Readers of, per Messrs. Morgan & Scott	4	0	0
Drayson, Mrs	0	10	0
D. E. G., Wilts	0	5	0
E. K. G.	20	0	0
E. H.	0	10	0
Fennings, Dr. Alfred	5	0	0
Fleming, Mr. Peter, Glasgow	0	5	0
Fox, Mr. W. R.	5	0	0
Fox, Mr. C. E.	5	0	0
F. M. C.	0	10	0
Gibson, Mr. Robert	10	0	0
Gunn, Mrs.	10	0	0
G. T.	30	0	0
Gardiner, Mrs.	2	2	0
Hazell, Mrs. C.	1	0	0
Heelas, Mr. D., per Mrs. Jas. Withers	1	0	0
H. B.	50	0	0
Hadfield, Miss	5	0	0
In Loving Memory	50	0	0
J. S.	2	10	0
J. G.	5	0	0
Jarrett, Miss E. S.	0	7	6
Jacob, Mr. E. W.	0	10	0
J. M., Aberdeen	0	10	0
Kent, Mrs.	0	5	0
K.	2	10	0
Knott, Mrs.	0	5	0
Kitchin, Rev H. J.	2	0	0
Lang, Rev. W. J., and Mrs.	2	2	0
Lawrie, Mr. Wm.	0	10	0
Marsh, Mr. E.	2	10	0
Mule, Sale of, per Mr. Keddie	2	5	0
Miller, Mr. and Mrs.	0	10	0
M. W. R.	1	1	0
M. C. S. F.	0	10	0
N. B.	5	0	0
Newell, Mr. E.	2	10	0
Orphanage Account, Transfer from	1	16	0
O. B., per Mrs. J. A. Spurgeon	10	0	0
P. M.	5	0	0
Parry, Mr. J. C.	0	10	0
P.	10	0	0
Penrose, Mr. A. W.	5	5	0
Priestley, Mr. J. G.	2	0	0
Perrin, Mr. A.	5	0	0
Paton, Mrs. Robert	2	0	0
Pole, Van Notten, The Misses	1	0	0
Parken, Executors of the late Miss	4	6	4
Roberts, Mrs. C. W.	5	0	0
Reader of "The Sword and the Trowel"	0	10	0
Raven, Miss	0	5	0
R., Mr. Thos.	10	0	0
Raybould, Mrs.	3	0	0
R. P.	10	0	0
Scoular, Mr. Thos.	1	0	0
Townsend, Mrs.	1	1	0
V. S.	2	0	0
Webb, Mrs.	0	10	0
Websdale, Mrs., per J. T. D.	1	0	0
Watcham, Mr. H.	1	0	0
Watts, Mrs.	1	0	0
Williamson, Mrs.	0	10	0
Wood, Mr. H.	1	1	0
Willcox, Mr. W. H.	1	1	0
York, Mrs.	0	10	0
Sums under 5s.	0	12	0

Annual Subscriptions.

	£	s.	d.
Brown, Mr. and Mrs. J.	1	1	0
Bilborough, Mr. P. B.	1	0	0
Buswell, Mr. J.	1	1	0
Brayne, Mr. E.	0	10	6
Cook, Mr J. J.	1	1	0
Cassell & Co., Messrs., Limited	2	2	0
Calder, Mrs.	5	0	0
Ell, Mr. W. H.	1	1	0
Frearson, Mr. H. B.	15	0	0
Fishwick, Mr. F.	2	2	0
Hellier, the late Mr. R.	0	10	6
Hellier, Mrs. R.	0	10	6
Hall, Mr. J.	1	1	0
Hodder & Stoughton, Messrs.	2	2	0
Izard, Mr. W.	2	2	0
Jenkins, Mrs.	1	1	0
Liberty, Mr. Chas.	0	10	6
Lloyd, Mr. F. W. N.	10	0	0
Marshall, Mr.	1	1	0
MacGregor, Mr. W. G.	1	1	0
Newman, The Misses A. and E.	2	0	0
Newman, Miss	5	0	0
Norris, Miss	0	10	6
Olney, the late Mr. W.	1	1	0
Olney, Mr. Thos. H.	10	0	0
Olney, Mrs. John	2	2	0
Powell, Mr. John	1	1	0
Penstone, Miss	0	10	6
Palmer, Mr. Geo.	20	0	0
Payne, Mr. W.	1	1	0
Partridge & Co., Messrs. S. W.	2	2	0
Passmore, Mr. J., Junior	1	1	0
Pearce, Mr. S. R.	1	1	0
Rodgers, Mr. John J.	1	1	0
Spurgeon, Pastor J. A.	0	10	6
Simpkin, Marshall, Hamilton, Kent & Co., Messrs.	1	1	0
Satchell, Mr. G. F.	2	0	0
Stiff, Mr. Jas.	1	1	0
Tucker, Mrs.	0	5	0
Watts, Mrs. H. M.	0	5	0
Waters, Mr. Chas.	1	1	0
Wayre, Mr. W.	1	1	0
Woollard, Mr., 1889	1	1	0
Woollard, Mr., 1890	1	1	0
Total	£461	5	10

METROPOLITAN TABERNACLE COLPORTAGE ASSOCIATION.

General Account, December 31st, 1890.

Dr.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.	Cr.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.
To Colporteurs—			By Gross Profit on Sales		2,407 14 2
Wages	5,792 14 10		By Subscriptions and Donations—		
Expenses	508 19 3		For Districts	2,998 1 8	
New Packs and Repairs	30 0 0		For General Purposes	461 5 10	
		6,331 14 1			3,459 7 6
To Depôt and General Expenses—			By Interest on Deposit	47 3 2	
Salaries—Secretary and Assistants ...	555 5 0		Interest on Stock Victoria 4 %... ...	41 5 6	
Printing, Stationery, and Report	63 1 7				88 8 8
Postage and Telegrams	30 5 4		By Balance Deficiency		1,100 19 6
Cleaning and Alterations	33 9 9				
Advertising and Travelling	10 8 11				
Annual Meeting, &c.	22 1 2				
Tracts for Distribution...	10 4 0				
		724 15 9			
		£7,056 9 10			£7,056 9 10

Balance Sheet, December 31st, 1890.

	£ s. d.	£ s. d.		£ s. d.	£ s. d.
To Creditors—			By Stock—		
District Subscriptions (in advance) ...	179 14 2		At Depôt	669 5 4	
Publishers, Printers, &c.	1,752 9 7		With Colporteurs...	1,283 6 8	
		1,932 3 9			1,952 12 0
To Capital Account—			By Debtors—		
Balance, December 31st, 1889	4,700 9 1		Colporteurs' Balances (in transit) ...	765 18 7	
Balance Deficiency, December 31st, 1890	1,100 19 6		Book Agents' ,, ,,	13 9 8	
		3,599 9 7	District Subscriptions (due) ...	272 9 1	
					1,051 17 4
			By Investment—		
			Victoria 4 % Stock		1,200 0 0
			By Cash—		
			At Bankers and on Deposit	1,305 13 2	
			With General Secretary...	30 0 0	
				1,335 13 2	
			Less in Transit	8 9 2	
					1,327 4 0
		£5,531 13 4			£5,531 13 4

Examined with vouchers and found correct,

JAMES A. SPURGEON,
W. W. BAYNES, } Auditors.

W. CORDEN JONES, General Secretary.
April 24th, 1891.

THE

SWORD AND THE TROWEL.

JULY, 1891.

Peace! Perfect Peace!

A TALK IN A SICK ROOM IN MENTONE. BY C. H. SPURGEON.

AS we have met together in this sick-chamber, and you all wish me to talk with you, we will thoughtfully run over the hymn which you have just been singing. It is 730 in Sacred Songs and Solos, or 7 in the Christian Choir. May the Divine Teacher lead us into mines of truth, and show us the deep things of God!

"Peace! perfect peace! in this dark world of sin?
The blood of Jesus whispers peace within."

Peace, yea, perfect peace. What a heaven lies within! Peace gleaming with a heavenly light even in the midnight of this world of care. We cannot enjoy true peace as long as sin remains upon the conscience. As well might the ocean be quiet while tempest is raging, or the sea bird rest on the wave when the storm is mixing earth and sky. The more the conscience is enlightened, the more surely will it forbid peace so long as sin remains; for its honest verdict is, that sin deserves God's wrath, and must be punished. Every upright understanding assents to the justice of that dispensation by which "every transgression and disobedience received a just recompense of reward." To me, when convinced of sin, it seemed that God could not be God if he did not punish me for my sins. Because of this deep-seated conviction, that great gospel truth—"The blood of Jesus Christ his Son cleanseth us from all sin"—became a heavenly message, sweeter than the music of angels' harps. Then I saw, with glad surprise,

that God in Christ Jesus is "just, and the justifier of him which believeth." To me the glorious doctrine of substitution was a well in the desert; and it is so still. I believe it with my whole soul. An honest man, if he be in debt, will always be in trouble until the liability is removed; but when his debt is paid he leaps into liberty and gladness. When I learned that my enormous debt of sin had been fully discharged by the Lord Jesus Christ, who did this for all believers, then was my heart at peace. How much I wish that all of you may join me and Bishop Bickersteth in singing with emphasis—

"Peace! perfect peace! in this dark world of sin?
The blood of Jesus whispers peace within"!

The second verse goes on to speak of

"Peace! perfect peace! by thronging duties press'd?
To do the will of Jesus, this is rest."

This peace is a present possession, and may be enjoyed in the ordinary circumstances of life. Everyone who keeps house, every busy housewife, every man who is much occupied with his business, needs this verse.

"Peace, perfect peace, by thronging duties press'd."

To be closely pressed by a crowd of duties does not tend to peace of spirit. You do not know how to get through all you have to do, and there seems so much to be done all at once. If the duties would come in regular order, and you could take them as they come, you might be at peace, even though incessantly occupied; but when they come rushing in, helter-skelter—not only one thing, but twenty other things, all claiming to be done at once—then is the anxious soul apt to be disquieted. We are first wearied, and then worried. To be perfectly at peace amid the hurly-burly of invading cares is a very blessed condition of soul; and the only way to reach it is described in the next line of the hymn:

"To do the will of Jesus, this is rest."

To be sure that what you are doing is what Jesus would have you do is peace. Happy soul, that is doing what Jesus would have it do! I put up this little question in the Orphanage, for the children to read—"WHAT WOULD JESUS DO?" This, if we have spiritual minds, will be one of the best guides for us when we are in difficulty as to what is the next thing. We would do good, but too many good things are present with us, and which is to be first? To know the will of Jesus, and to do it, is to abide in the peace of God. What we cannot do we shall leave to him, being assured that our duty does not lie in the region of the absolutely impossible.

"When obstacles and trials seem
Like prison walls to be,
I do the little I can do,
And leave the rest to thee."

God comes in with his grace where the impossible shuts us out. There are two things we need never worry about—what we can do, and what we cannot do. What remaineth?

The next verse is very sweet:

"Peace! perfect peace! with sorrows surging round?
On Jesus' bosom nought but calm is found."

Oh, those sorrows!—sorrows of sickness in ourselves and others; bereavements, losses and crosses in daily life; inabilities to succour, and depressions of spirit. These last are at times the worst of all; for then the sorrow gets right into the heart, and becomes sorrow indeed! All the waters in the ocean are as nothing to the vessel, so long as they are kept outside; but when they break into the cabin of the heart's assurance, and begin to fill the hold of the heart, then are we in peril.

"Peace, perfect peace, with sorrows surging round."

This is the finger of God. It is not according to nature for a man to be just as happy when he is in adversity as in prosperity. Even when "sorrowful," to be "always rejoicing" is a paradox realized only by one who knows that next line—

"On Jesus' bosom nought but calm is found."

Wonderful position! We cease to marvel at the deep calm which comes of it. I have sometimes noticed very little chicks nestling under their mother's wings, thrusting out their little heads from under her feathers, looking so warm and cosy that they did not seem to know that it was cold in the big world outside. Near their mother's bosom they chirped quite happily, and were altogether unaffected by the frosts of the night or the chills of the day. So we read, "He shall cover thee with his feathers, and under his wings shalt thou trust: his truth shall be thy shield and buckler." We get to Jesus, and we find shelter and safety in him, even as the little chicks beneath their mother's wings. Is it so with each one of you? A present salvation should yield you present consolation; and it will do so if you act up to your position and privilege. Tell your sorrow to Jesus; leave your sorrow with Jesus. Bear your sorrow *for* him; bear your sorrow *with* him; and then see what peace, what perfect peace, you will enjoy, even "with sorrows surging round."

The next verse will suit us, who are for a while a thousand miles from home.

"Peace! perfect peace! with loved ones far away?
In Jesus' keeping *we* are safe, and *they*."

Yes, the dear wife is at home. We do not know how things are going there with the children, and the servants, and the work-people. All sorts of things are left as burdens upon the beloved ones at home. We leave our beloved with our God, and commend the household far away to God, who is present everywhere. A wandering son, a wayward daughter; we leave them all with Jesus. It is ordained by the providence of God that these loved ones should be far away, and therefore it is right it should be so. Yes, that which God appoints is right, and *must be right*. Distance ordained of heaven is better than nearness of our own choosing. How sweet that line—

"In Jesus' keeping *we* are safe, and *they*"!

They are safe, too. It is all well with them; we cannot see them, but they are under the eye of Jesus. They are as near to him as we are, and in his keeping they are safe as we are. When I was a very little child, I lived so long with my grandfather that he became everything to me, and when I left him it seemed like going among strangers; and I remember that grandfather tried to comfort me by saying, "Ah, child! you are going away from Stambourne; but the same moon will shine where you are going. It will always be the same moon." Often I looked at the moon, and remembered that grandfather was looking at it too, and we were not so very far away. It is a sweet comfort to think that there is the same providence watching over the loved ones far away on the other side of the globe, in Australia, as there is watching over us who are gathered here. The absence of friends must not break our inward peace.

Some are naturally anxious and fretful; and this comes out most in their thoughts of those who are away. I was just now talking to a friend who tries to leave her troubles with the Saviour, but very soon takes them up again and bears them on her own back. She casts her burden on the Lord, and then bows her own weary shoulders to the load. This she confessed she had done many times. I said to her, "Do you keep your money in a bank?" "Yes", she replied. "Then", said I, "it is well for both of us that I am not your banker." "Why?" she asked. "Why", I replied, "if you were to place £100 with me, and then come back in five minutes, and ask whether your money was safe, I should have to assure you that it could not be safer. Then you would probably want to see it, and I should say, 'There is your money. You can draw it out at once.' I should not be best pleased if the next day you came again, and repeated your question, and made a personal inspection. I am afraid I should say to you, 'You had better take away your money, and look after it yourself, for it is evident that you have little or no confidence in me.'" At any rate, however I might take it, it would be very provoking conduct. We must not talk of confidences in our Lord Jesus, and then withdraw at the first sign of trouble or difficulty. "We are safe, and they." Will not an assured conviction of this truth bathe us in seas of heavenly peace? The Lord make it so with us all!

Now for verse five—

> "Peace! perfect peace! our future all unknown?
> Jesus we know, and he is on the throne."

That is the end of all doubts about the future—"He is on the throne." His hand is on the helm, to steer the ship. He is in the place of sovereign government; nothing can happen but what he ordains or permits. Ah, dear friends! some of us have need to remember such a verse as this. We went home one year from this place, two of us, as happy as birds could be; and within a very few days one had lost his wife, and the other one dear friend, and then another. We will not try to peer through that telescope which would unveil the future. It may be that dark scenes will startle us before we reach the eternal light. We do not know, and need not wish to know, what is appointed for us, but this great and comfortable truth meets it all—

> "Jesus we know, and he is on the throne."

We can very well leave all things with our crowned Head. I suppose none of us would wish to contradict *him*, nor to have anything arranged otherwise than his loving mind appoints. If he stood by us this afternoon, and said to any one of us, "My child, I have arranged thy way in tender love and wisdom"; no one of us would wish it to be otherwise. If he said to us, "I have appointed so-and-so", should we say to him, as Joseph said to Jacob, "Not so, my father", and would we wish him to uncross the hands which he guides so wittingly? Would we not ask the cross-handed blessing? Let the King be a king, and do what seemeth him good! May we not only say that, but stand to it in the trying hour.

"Peace! perfect peace! death shadowing us and ours?
Jesus has vanquished death and all its powers."

Death is the last enemy; but more, he is "the last enemy that *shall be destroyed*." He cannot touch a child of God: only his shadow may fall upon us. How small a thing is this! The shadow of a sword cannot kill, the shadow of a dog cannot bite, the shadow of a lion cannot rend, and the shadow of death cannot destroy.

"Death shadowing us and ours."

Well, well, we are not silly babes, that can be frightened at a shadow; for

"Jesus has vanquished death and all its powers."

He did it by his own death and resurrection. That resurrection transformed death into quite another thing from what it was before. Death used to be as a black cavern in the mountains. Men said that many were the footsteps into it, but that there were none from it.

It was an awful, all-devouring cavern; but Jesus has, by passing through it, turned the cavern into a tunnel. He went in at the gloomy side, but he remained not in the heart of the earth: he re-appeared at the other side. So that now death is all on the way to heaven and immortality.

I have heard of an aged Christian sister at Plymouth, who had been for many years troubled with the fear of death, but she got over it, and was very happy and very cheerful when speaking about her departure. She lived in a room of her own, and one night she said to the friends in the house, "I believe I shall see the Lord to-morrow." It was on a Saturday night she spoke thus, and, according to her wish, they did not disturb her in the morning; but as they did not hear anything of her as the day passed on, they went to her room about mid-day, and sure enough she was with her Lord. On a piece of paper, which lay on her bed, they found these lines written—

"Since Jesus is mine, I'll not fear undressing,
But gladly put off these garments of clay;
To die in the Lord is a covenant blessing,
Since Jesus to glory through death led the way."

That is the way to look at it.

"Peace, perfect peace, death shadowing us and ours?
Jesus has vanquished death and all its powers."

Then comes the last verse—

"It is enough: earth's struggles soon shall cease,
And Jesus call us to heaven's perfect peace."

Dear friends, it is very essential that we, as Christian people, should not only talk about this peace, and believe in it, but that we should enjoy it, and exhibit it. I believe that to some of you the best way in which you can honour God, and win others to Christ, is by exhibiting a quiet, cheerful frame of mind, especially in sickness. Nothing is so convincing to ungodly men as to see Christians very calm in time of danger, very resigned in the hour of affliction, very patient under provocation, and taking things altogether, as Christian men should take them, as from the hand of God. They are struck with it, for it is so different from what they feel within themselves. When their earth shakes, when their foundations are removed, when their health is gone, when their earthly comforts are taken away; what have they left? But you and I have just as much left when all these things are gone as we had before. While we have earthly comforts, we have learned to see God in them all; and when they are taken away, we see them all in God. But the ungodly have not that wonderful sense of the full possession of all things, which is the peculiar delight of the heirs of salvation. You and I are like Jacob; the Lord said to him, "The land whereon thou liest, to thee will I give it"; you have only to lie down upon a promise, and you may claim it for yourself, and it is yours by the Magna Charta of faith. Go to the Bible, and whatever promise you find there addressed to a child of God, stretch yourself upon it, and so make it your own, and it will be so. Remember how the Lord spake unto Abraham: "Lift up now thine eyes, and look from the place where thou art northward, and southward, and eastward, and westward: for all the land which thou seest, to thee will I give it." Let us believe that God has given us all things in giving us his Son.

"This world is ours, and worlds to come,
Earth is our lodge, and heaven our home."

We must get this perfect peace of which we have now been singing and speaking. I admire in certain of the saints their self-command, their great quiet and deep restfulness of spirit. It is not everything; but it is a very great deal. It is all the more needful just now, because the world is in such a hurry. It is needful to us when we are weak, and suffering, and when we are surrounded by cares and sorrows. Yet it is quite as valuable when we are strong and young, and comforts would tempt us aside. Oh, that the world may see that we have a peace that cannot be taken away from us by force or fraud! I do not quite like that saying of Addison, "Come here, young man, and see how a Christian can die", it looks too theatrical; but I should like it to be so with us, that men might turn aside to see how a Christian can live. O Lord and Giver of peace, grant us thy peace, and grace to keep it, even to the end!

Holding the Ropes.

A MISSIONARY ADDRESS, BY THOMAS SPURGEON.

IT is not news to any of you that Andrew Fuller once said, "There is a gold-mine in India; but it seems almost as deep as the centre of the earth; who will venture to explore it?" You remember, also, that to this the intrepid Carey replied, "I will venture to go down; but, remember that you must hold the ropes." Of how he entered on his novel and hazardous mission, and of how some Christians at home, like-minded with himself, held the ropes, you know right well. Carey's successors have, thank God, gone deeper and deeper, and they are still exploring; while in all the years true-hearted lovers of the Lord's work have ministered to missions, the "ropes" have been lengthened and strengthened, and multiplied, till to-day there are more ropes in more hands than there have ever been before. But the need is not yet fully met, nor can it be till "all the ends of the world shall remember and turn unto the Lord." In what way can we, who are not engaged in the task of exploration, help in the not less necessary work of sustentation? How shall we, who are not going down the mine, hold the ropes for those who are?

1. *By earnest prayer for them.* Let us bring them believingly before the Lord every time we bend the knee. Let our bedsides witness that they are not forgotten. At the family altar, too, the missionaries should be often mentioned, if only that the children may learn to love the far-off heathen, and those who seek to save them. True friends of missions will find their hearts going up to God for these even in the midst of pressing duties. They will be ever and anon sending to the mercy-seat those hearty ejaculations of which it has been said that they reach heaven before the devil can get a shot at them.

Our public prayer-meetings should oftener hear the mention of the noble army of missionaries; and that meeting which is specially set apart to speak of and plead for foreign work, should be the largest and best of the month. This matter is one in which there can be no question as to the divine will. Our Father would have us pray without ceasing for Jesus and his kingdom, and for those who seek to spread it. "Brethren, pray for us", is still the cry of the distant toilers. Are they to solicit our prayerful interest in vain? God forbid! In our list of matters and persons to be prayed for, missions and missionaries shall henceforth have a place. Let us multiply these hempen ropes (I say hempen, because the prayers must be of the best quality, real, and full of faith); let men, women, and children—all who love the Lord—bear each a hand (nay, each a couple), and our friends, who are delving in the dark, will soon feel sure that someone is interceding. A thrill will run through the strands of the ropes from our hands and hearts deep down into the ruins to theirs.

2. *By generous support to them.* A more unselfish set of labourers never was, and scarcely could be. In no case do they unduly burden the societies which employ them. Yet many of these societies are in straits by lack of funds. I can conceive no more miserable intelligence than that which reaches us all too often, viz., that this and that hopeful

work has to be curtailed or abandoned because the needed support is not forthcoming, or that such-and-such a society is handicapped by an ever-increasing debt. Shame to the church of Christ that so it should be! Are we all doing all we can in this matter, by giving, by working, or by collecting? Dr. Talmage once remarked, "I knew a man twenty-five years ago who gave three cents to the Foreign Missionary Society, and he has sat in blank astonishment ever since that the world has not been converted." It is even so with many. We think that our odd coppers and disfigured threepennies suffice. Alas! alas! where is our loyalty to Jesus, our enthusiasm for his cause? The very heathen shame us; for over and over again the converts among them have stinted themselves, so that mercy's message might reach their brethren still in darkness.

Never shall I forget how, at a great meeting at the Dundee Conference of 1884, when the revered Mr. Paton was speaking of the Lord's wondrous works in the Islands of the Sea, a dark-faced girl from India stepped to the front, and handed up the silver bangles which adorned her ebon wrists. There were large contributors at that gathering (a gentleman, who sat next to me, passed in a promise of £100); but, surely, there was no offering more acceptable to God than the glittering wristlets of the Oriental maiden. I wonder, have we parted with any treasure for the sake of the heathen, or do we even give as much as we could easily afford to this Christ-appointed enterprise? I fear the ropes would drop entirely, and with the ropes the workers, were none more liberal than some of us. They hang all too slackly as it is. Dear reader, will you not resolve at once to be a regular contributor? Have a strand of your own in the rope, and a hand of your own upon it. Add, at least, a link, either of silver or of gold, to one of the chains which support the missionaries financially; then grasp the chain cable with all the greater zest, because you have helped to lengthen it.

3. *By loving sympathy with them.* The lot of these devoted servants of Christ is enviable only because honour is proportionate to hardship.

Suffering and sacrifice for Christ's sake and the gospel's, bring their own reward; but they should enlist our sympathy too. These "braves" should be often thought of, and constantly spoken about, and that with utmost kindliness. We ought to champion their cause; for they have detractors and calumniators enough. We do not suppose that they are infallible, not even the ladies among them; but we know them to be amongst the noblest and most gracious of our fellow Christians. We ought to be very generous in our criticism of them, and of their methods, since their motives are of the highest.

Christlike sympathy with these Christlike workers will open our eyes to see in themselves, and in their labours, far more to rejoice over than to challenge. A practical way of showing sympathy would be to write occasionally to these "miners." Only we should write hoping for nothing again. It is manifest that, if they are to reply, we do but increase their burdens. A loving letter, written under the promptings of the Spirit, might reach the weary worker just when a fainting-fit was threatening, and serve to prevent it. "As cold waters to a thirsty soul, so is good news from a far country." We must not forget nor neglect

those who have gone forth from among us. They deserve well at our hands. They have undertaken the harder task of descending the mine, and they look to us, and properly so, to hold the ropes. Grasp, then, afresh, and hold with greater tenacity, the hempen rope of prevailing prayer, the gold and silver chains of systematic liberality, and the silken cords of kindly sympathy.

"Rest in the Lord."

REST in the Lord,
Wait patiently for him, with steadfast mind
Commit thy way to him, and thou shalt find
That all thy heart's desire he will award:
Rest in the Lord.

Rest, weary one;
Lay down thy burden at his gracious feet,
Whose voice, than any human voice more sweet,
Has spoken for thy comfort that dear word—
Rest in the Lord.

Rest, sinful one;
He came the sinful to seek out and save,
For them he faced the shame, the cross, the grave.
Believe his promise, trust his pardoning word:
Rest in the Lord.

Rest, anxious one;
A Father's love provides thy daily store,
A Father's hand shall give thee less or more
As best shall with his purposes accord:
Rest in the Lord.

Rest, troubled one;
He knoweth all thy griefs, counteth thy tears,
And thine unuttered supplications hears;
He surely will his timely aid afford:
Rest in the Lord.

Rest, dying one;
For underneath thee, guarding from all harm,
Is placed Jehovah's everlasting arm,
And Jesu's presence comfort will afford:
Rest in the Lord.

Rest, sleeping one;
Within that narrow bed thy Saviour lay;
There, then, until the solemn judgment-day
When he shall come, by all his saints adored;
Rest in the Lord.

Sidcup. E. A. TYDEMAN.

Whitefield and Wesley's Britain.*

THE History of England was one of the projects of the late John Cassell, originally undertaken about thirty-five years ago; but in the Jubilee Edition, which has now progressed as far as Volume IV., the history appears with quite a new face. The text has been carefully revised throughout, and the magnificent gallery of new pictures, which now supersede the old ones, gives to the pages all the appearance of a new work. The text has been written by several hands; but, in the main, things are viewed from one standpoint. Read aright, the history of England is a wonderful story, and if the reader intelligently notes how each century had its own peculiar phases, the narrative becomes an absorbing one. How does it happen that people are content to spend their whole spare time in reading sensational fiction, while they remain ignorant of the history of their own country? In this case, the unstinted supply of the best engravings makes the present history one of the most interesting illustrated books in our language.

As it would be impossible, in our brief space, to take notice of the things contained in a volume treating of national events from the reign of Queen Anne to the latter years of George III., we will merely look at London as it was when Whitefield and Wesley set out as preachers of the Revival in the dull, dead days of George II. The time of awakening came when things appeared to be at their worst.

Our engraving is a picture of what people looked like a century and a half ago, and it is worthy of careful study. The little boy in front is almost a miniature of the squire, his father; and both show that there was more display in dress, on the part of the male sex, than is fashionable now. The two exquisites on the left outrival the squire in their notions of things; while the two imposing ladies on the right, with their fine aprons and surprising head-gear, afford a partial insight into the then woman's world. Then there are the common people, the lumbering hackney-coach, and so on; but we may remember that in the background was a greater proportion of ragged, dirty beggars than we are happily now accustomed to; and in addition to these, there were so many street robbers that the thoroughfares were unsafe for unarmed persons after dark.

It was the age when Grub-street could boast of its full complement of hack-writers. As regards the common run of those who wielded a wider influence, the historian tells us: "There hangs a tone of 'town,' of a vicious and sordid era, about them, of an artificial and by no means refined life, a flavour of the grovelling of the politics which distinguished the period, and of the low views and feelings which occupied and surrounded the throne during the greater portion of this term."

Turning from the main current of history to the more serious matter of religion, we find that, during the earlier part of the reign of George II., the clergy of the Established Church very largely promoted the growth of Pharisaism by confining their attention to what their defenders would call the practical side of the gospel. This means that

* Cassell's "History of England." The Jubilee Edition. Volume IV. Cassell and Company. Price 9s.



A LONDON STREET IN 1750. *From Cassell's "History of England."*

they turned from the gospel to preach virtue, character, &c., as being more honouring to human nature; just as too many are doing in the present day. What we are delighted to find is, however, that the true gospel had the same mysterious attractive power in the reign of George II. as it has in these days of Victoria. Thus, in the *Weekly Miscellany*, of January 10th, 1741, there is indignant reference made to the contrast between the scant assembly of forty-five, in St. Paul's Cathedral, to hear a discourse by a judicious divine of faultless propriety, and the tens of thousands "that two or three enthusiasts or impostors" were able to draw together. The enthusiasts, or "impostors", as they were thus called, were, of course, Whitefield, the Wesleys, and some of their more prominent helpers; their discourses are spoken of as "raving nonsense", while they who went to hear were "fools."

So long afterwards, it is saddening to come upon traces of the diabolic hatred with which the evangelical teaching was then regarded. Worldly persons blasphemed doctrines they could not understand; and made endeavours to insinuate scandalous suspicions concerning the preachers. We even find a grand jury referring to the Revival as "this villainous scheme." Human nature was the same then as now; but it had a rougher way of expressing itself.

In September, 1748, Whitefield was preaching in Scotland, and collecting for his orphanage; but although the barbarous crimes so oft repeated in country places, as well as in the towns, showed how sorely the people needed the gospel, the Synod of Glasgow and Ayr, which met at Glasgow on the 4th of October, looked on the great English evangelist with sore misgiving. At last it was resolved to discourage rovers "of unknown or doubtful character." A few weeks later the Edinburgh Synod condemned Whitefield's preaching as "an irregular practice, and recommended the not employing him for the future."

But what most irritated the gentlemen who flourished under George II. was the doctrine preached in the Revival relating to the depravity of fallen man. In the *Gentlemen's Magazine* for 1751 many references occur to this subject—"this shocking account of human nature", as one correspondent remarks, while thinking himself formed "for virtue, religion, and immortality." It was even suggested that everyone who believed in such a distasteful doctrine should have inscribed on his door,—

> "Here lives one by nature half brute and half devil,
> Avoid him, ye wise, though he speak kind and civil.
> The devil can seem like an angel of light,
> And dogs look demure, the better to bite."

It was very natural that such a humiliating doctrine should be the more vehemently opposed in an age when proofs of its truthfulness were apparent on every hand, and were happening every day. Still, the doctrine was one not to be tolerated by fine ladies and gentlemen, full of pride and self-satisfaction, Horace Walpole being their representative. "I have been amazed to find the discourses of some learned and elegant writers of our nation deeply tinctured with this Augustan doctrine", says one correspondent, to whom anything short of salvation by human merit seemed manifestly absurd. Thus the doctrines of grace were slighted, and mere morality was supposed to be sufficient, in an age

when even morality was laughed at, and held in little account by the majority. The preachers of morality were powerless to moralize the people. The effect of their teaching was practically illustrated on the first Sunday in July, 1757, when, as a news paragraph of the time tells us: "Mr. Whitefield preached in Oxamton-green, Dublin, to a mixed multitude; but when he had advanced pretty far in his discourse, the mob pelted him so unmercifully with stones that he barely escaped with life."

Bad as London was, Whitefield fared better in the English metropolis than this; and the news paragraphs show how he turned all things to account to get at the people. Thus, on Wednesday, April 30th, 1758, he preached at the grave of a man in Bunhill Fields who was executed for robbing his master, *e.g.*:—"This evening there was a prodigious concourse of people to hear Mr. Whitefield speak in Bunhill Fields, at the grave of Robert Tilling. There was no burial office; but after the corpse had been laid in the grave some time, Mr. Whitefield came into the burying-ground, and in a declamatory way, showed how the wages of sin was death; gave some account of the malefactor's penitence; exhorted all in general to turn from their vices and come to Christ; and pressed all servants in particular to take warning by the criminal's execution, and show all fidelity to their masters."

Though these and many other things could not well be noticed in an ordinary national history, a pretty full account of the times under George II., when the Revival first began to make way through the country, is given in Cassell's "History of England." Outwardly, London has vastly improved since those days; but though vice may not so openly exhibit itself, and crime may not be so daring, religion is really at a low ebb in the great city. When we think of the hundreds of thousands of young men who habitually neglect public worship, of the tens of thousands of criminals, of the 80,000 fallen women—to say nothing of drunkenness, destitution, and suffering, which abound—we see how greatly another revival is needed in these boastful times. There is still hope, however; for, amid the wreck, the signs seem to multiply that the coming of the Lord is near at hand.

Our Pastors' College.

A SPEECH, BY MR. C. W. GOODHART.

THERE is a little word in the English language which possesses a peculiar power. No sooner is it applied to an object, than it throws around that object a sort of kindly interest, not unmixed, perhaps, with a slight touch of patronage. I mean the word "our." Thus, you take lodgings, one summer, in a country village. Next morning, after breakfast, you see a young gentleman pass the window wearing a soft hat, a black frock coat, and an all-round collar. "Who is that?" you ask your landlady. She answers, "O sir, that's *our* new curate—a most *excellent* young man"; and looks after him in quite a motherly way. A little later you stroll down the village, and, mounting a little hill, you see before you what people call "a thoroughly English view."

It consists of three fields in the foreground—swedes, turnips, and oats—separated by low hedges. Next, by way of variety, come three other fields—oats, turnips, and swedes—also divided by low hedges. Then, some water meadows, bounded by straight ditches, with pollards all along them, like gigantic shillalahs, and cows dotted about here and there. Lastly, in what, I believe, painters call "the far distance," is a fine tract of marsh land, of a dull grey aspect, fading off into the distant horizon. Well, you don't linger long over the prospect, and, on your return, meeting your landlady in the little garden, are just beginning with, "I *must* say I don't think much of"—when she breaks in quite beaming, "O sir, I see you've been a-looking at *our view*. Be-autiful! ain't it? They do say as a gentleman as was an artist, who was here one year, put it all in a pictur', and sent it up to London to the 'Cadamy, I think they calls it." Well, you don't want to hurt the good lady's feelings, so you turn into the cottage, saying to yourself, "Wish to goodness he had; and then we might have got something better."

So, whether it is "our new curate", or "our view", or perhaps in this assembly I may add, "Our Own Hymn Book", you see the charm of the word "our." And I am sure that both the charm and the kindly feeling will be present on this the anniversary of Our Pastors' College.

Now, this Our Pastors' College, is one of a group of institutions which have gathered round their mighty mother, the Metropolitan Tabernacle, and which have a family likeness and peculiarity of their own. Somehow or other, *they all succeed*. And as I see around me some who have, and more who may have in future, similar institutions around a chapel of their own, it may be worth while to spend a few minutes in ascertaining, if possible, the cause of this uniform success.

But here I see, in my mind's eye, my friend John Practical, longing, like the guards at Waterloo, to be up and at me. J. P. is a very worthy man; but he has a perfect hatred of sentiment, or excitement, or enthusiasm. So he goes about, so to speak, with a large watering-pot in one hand, and a wet blanket in the other; and when he sees a little band of men, especially *young* men, all aglow with zeal for some Christian object, he first gives them a good drenching with his watering-pot, and if that fails to damp their energy, why, he throws the wet blanket over them, tucks it well in all round, and goes home with the air of a man who has done a virtuous action.

"My dear sir", says J. P., "you want to know the cause of this uniform success? Why, the cause lies in a nutshell. Here it is in one word—money, sir, money! That Orphanage is a most deserving institution—I don't deny it; but, *How did it begin?* Why, Mrs. Hillyard started it with twen-ty thou-sand pounds! Anybody could run an Orphanage, if you start it with twen-ty thou-sand pounds. Then, as to the Pastors' College. That, too, is an excellent institution; and the supper is first-rate! I don't mind telling you that I *always* go, if I can beg or borrow a ticket. But what *after* the supper? Why, *the plate goes round*. Now, there are plates *and* plates. The other day we practical philanthropists held a meeting; and though I went down myself, and spoke for an hour and half, you'll hardly believe me when I tell you, that there was only £2 10s. in the plate, and two bad half-crowns in *that!* But *here* the plate goes round with a vengeance!

And the sovereigns rattle in, and the cheques rain in, and the bank-notes rustle in by the dozen ; and the amount they get is perfectly prodigious. Instead of two pounds odd, it's two thousand pounds odd; and mark my words, sir, if they go on as they are going, before long they'll reach three thousand pounds; and I doubt if they'll stop even there ! No, sir : moderation in all things is my motto ! "

Now, friends, if any of you think—" For all that, there is a little truth in what John Practical says", will you, in sober seriousness, listen to a short anecdote which will, I hope, put the matter in a truer light ?

Some three hundred years ago, there lived a lady named Theresa—" Saint Theresa", I believe, she was called—and, from what I read of her, she deserved the name.

She was poor ; but spent all she had on those who were still poorer ; giving them, besides, her labour and sympathy and prayers.

One day she said to a friend—I think, in Madrid; for she was Spanish—" It goes to my heart to see so many poor neglected children running about the streets, learning nothing but evil. I wish—I *do* wish—I could build an orphanage, gather them in, and bring them up in comfort and the fear of God." " Oh, yes," said her friend, " I dare say you do ; but an orphanage costs a lot of money ; and you know you give away all you have. I should like to know how much you have in hand at this moment ? "

" Well", said Theresa, " if you ask me what I have to-day, here it is." And with a smile, she held out—three halfpence ! " There " ! said her friend, laughing, " I told you so. Three halfpence to build an orphanage ! "

And then Theresa made this remarkable reply—

" Yes", she answered, " Theresa and three halfpence can do nothing ; but God and three halfpence can do all things."

And in a few years the orphanage was built, and the children gathered in.

Now, I yield to none in love for your President ; and no one more appreciates his power of organization, and sanctified common sense. But I assert—and I think that he would be the first to endorse it—that Mr. Spurgeon and twenty thousand pounds *alone*, could do comparatively nothing ; but with God as chief Counsellor and President, they can do all things. And I tell you that the secret of the wonderful success of these institutions lies here : they were planned with prayer, begun with prayer, and carried on in prayer ; the very bricks of the Orphanage were, so to speak, cemented with prayer. And when a man, or a body of men, undertakes a good work in this spirit—when they call God into their council, and put him first ; when they carry all difficulties and perplexities straight to him, and leave them there ; when all praise and success, if such should come, is rendered in full measure to the Lord, without paring a little here, and clipping off a corner there, for self-glorification ; I tell you, there is hardly any known limit to what God will accomplish by their hands. This, and none other, is the true secret of the success of Our Pastors' College.

In what aspect shall we view the College this afternoon ? Let us look at it as a Staff College for the army of the great King.

You know that a Staff College does not profess to make civilians into soldiers; but it takes men who are soldiers already, and, by special training, fits them for higher positions, on the Staff, or otherwise. Just so, in the case of the Pastors' College. It is not a minister-manufactory. We take men who have had some experience in preaching, but little or no regular training; and after a strict and searching scrutiny of their motives and capabilities, endeavour, by a regular course of study, under the counsel and guidance of men whose experience and success are beyond all question, to fit them for higher service in the army of the great King.

For never let us forget that, men of peace though we be, there is one warfare in which we must all take part. As the wise man says: "There is no discharge in *that* war." And in this warfare there are two, and only two, opposing armies.

On the one side, is the army of the Prince of Light: its banner, the Red Cross Flag; its motto, Jehovah Nissi; its password, "Fight the good fight of faith."

On the other, the army of the Prince of Darkness: his ensign, the Black Flag; his motto, "Who is Jehovah, that we should serve him?" and the password, "Eat, drink, and be merry."

And under one of these two flags, everyone in this room, everyone in this mighty city, everyone in the whole world, is ranged. Each army has its own training schools. Those of the Black Prince abound everywhere. Public-houses, music-halls, gambling-saloons, racecourses —we meet them at every corner. The others are comparatively few and far between. Some there are, however; and not the least distinguished among them is this Our Pastors' College. It has sent out some eight hundred officers. They are hard-working, loyal to their King; men who know what they believe, and why they believe it; men who are not easily moved by the frowns of the world, or won by its smiles. And by God's good hand upon us, we hope, perhaps, once in a generation, to send forth a commander-in-chief. I say once in a generation; for both in earthly and heavenly armies such men are rare. The great war produced thousands of generals; but only one Wellington and one Napoleon. The piercing eye which sees dangers in disguise—ay, and blessings in disguise too—before they are visible to others, the faith that holds the promises with a grip of steel, the wide range of view which takes in the whole battlefield, the steadfast resolution which led old Luther to say, "If there be as many devils in the way as there are tiles on the housetops, I'll go to Worms in the teeth of them all!"—these qualities are not given to one man in ten thousand. True, we have some tried leaders—thank God for them!—men who have for years held up the good old gospel standard in spite of Rationalists, Ritualists, and the Down-grade generally. But these are not immortal. A day will come when the old standard-bearer will go forth to his last battle-field; when death, kept for so many years at arm's length, will spy a chink in his armour; and then the arrow flies, and he falls. Falls, did I say? Nay, friends: falls is not the word; say rather *rises*; leaves the church militant for the church triumphant; quits for ever the toil, and smoke, and tumult of the fight, and joins that great cloud of witnesses who bend over the golden battlements of heaven, and look

down with eager gaze on the conflict in which they once took part. But the fight goes on below, and we want at such a crisis a trusty and well-trained comrade, to catch the standard as it falls from the failing grasp, raise it on high, and bear it into the front rank, a rallying-point for friends and a defiance to foes. When the hour comes, the man will not be wanting. God will take care of that. But more unlikely things have happened than that he should be one who was trained for service in the Pastors' College.

"But," you say, "we cannot all be great leaders." No; but we can all be recruiting officers. And now let me sketch shortly what sort of men and women, we, as such, ought to be. Look at a recruiting sergeant of the guards. What do you see? You see a man upright as a dart, gloves and belt as white as pipe-clay can make them, clothes well-fitting, eyes looking you straight in the face, head well up, and that manly, straightforward, frank address, which is so pleasant in a military man.

Here is a model for you and me. The Christian should be, in the highest sense, an upright man. No apologizing for a doubtful practice on the plea that "everybody does it," or "it's the custom of the trade." His rectitude should be, like Cæsar's wife, above suspicion. His robes pure white. Not soiled here, and stained there—especially at the back, perhaps, where it is not so obvious to the eyes of the world. His clothes well-fitting. Don't forget that, friends, for it is important. A hypocrite, you know, might be described as a man whose clothes *never* fit him. You see he is making up for one character to-day, another to-morrow, and a third the day after. So his clothes have to be puffed out here, and drawn in there, and lengthened to-day, and shortened to-morrow; and, in fact, he doesn't know what a good fit is, for he can't for his life be natural. But many of us who are no hypocrites are sadly given to wear clothes too large for us. Our experience may be limited; and, in addressing our hearers, we may honestly think it is for their profit to piece it out by describing, in general language, the experience of some advanced Christians—a Rutherford, a Luther, a McCheyne. But I think this is often a mistake. Horace says well, to a would-be poet, "If you want to make me weep, begin by weeping yourself"; and the rule holds good in more things than poetry. David was too wise to put on the armour of Saul, who was a head and shoulders taller than himself; and, depend upon it, in most cases, a simple little bit of experience, fresh from our own heart, will be more likely to reach the heart of our hearers than the second-hand experiences of a far greater man. So let us lay it down as a maxim in recruiting, "Wear well-fitting clothes." Then as to the eyes. "Let thine eyes look right on," says the wise man. That is, I suppose, along the road before you. But you and I are going *upward*, whither our Leader has gone before us. So "eyes right," in the Christian drill, means, as Paul says, "looking off unto Jesus." Head well up! Yes. None of what Bunyan calls Muck-rake Christians. No stooping and raking in the rubbish below us for sticks and straws and tinsel toys. Not much of *that* will be left when the fire tries it.

Lastly, our speech should be frank and loving. We are told to be like children. What so simple as a child's speech? We use the phrase

enfant terrible, meaning that terrible child who brings out before company opinions or feelings which older people keep to themselves. Now the Christian should be an *enfant terrible* in the best sense. Not a whit ashamed of his belief on the one hand, and not obtruding it offensively on the other; but letting it flow out naturally. We are to be epistles of Christ, *known and read of all men*. Now if you and I are epistles written in a very crabbed hand, with a good many flourishes, the Master will read us, for nothing can puzzle him, but to ordinary Christians we shall be little better than hieroglyphics. I fancy most of us would have translated "Jonah," "self-willed sinner," instead of "perverse saint," which was the true reading. So let us seek to be epistles written in a good, bold hand, plain to all. Why, there are some men and women on whose faces you can read "Happy Christian," twenty yards off in the streets. Ah, friends! if it were only as easy to *be* all this as to describe it!

But never mind: let us not lose heart. And if sometimes we are a little discouraged, when we see no fruit of our labour; if we think, "I drop a word here, give a tract or a sermon there, try to influence this one or that one, pray and strive—but what comes of it all? I cannot count my converts by tens and twenties, as many can, much less by hundreds as some do. I'm almost weary, not *of*, but *in*, well doing"—let us yet be of good cheer, remembering this, that when the final victory, the Waterloo of the Ages, has been gained, when the grand army, united for the first and last time, is drawn up to answer to the roll-call, and the shout goes up like the sound of many waters, "HALLELUJAH! FOR THE LORD GOD OMNIPOTENT REIGNETH!" we, too, shall be there. And the man who will obtain the highest praise—for we read of none higher—the "Well done, thou good and faithful servant," will be, not the idol of this world, the millionaire with his hundreds of thousands a year; not the great statesman, the favourite of kings, who has swayed the destiny of a mighty empire; not the leader of modern-thought, who has, as the phrase goes, made his mark on the age, and been almost worshipped by his followers as an incarnation of Intellect; nay, not necessarily the man with splendid abilities and unrivalled opportunities, who has indeed done much for his Lord, but who might, had his zeal and earnestness been greater, have done far more; but the simple man or woman, who, whether their talents were few or many, has laid them out to the last farthing in their Lord's service, who has learned, by daily experience, the meaning of the apostle when he said, "To me to live is Christ," and who, when the time comes to cross the dark river, mount the mighty hill in company with the Shining Ones, and pass through the pearly gate into the Golden City, is able, as their eyes behold the King in his beauty, to say—very, very, humbly, but not untruly—"Lord, I have finished the work which thou gavest me to do."

Chinese Proverbs and Quaint Maxims.

(*Continued from page* 322.)

On Religion.

"WHAT *do* the Chinese *really* believe?" is a question frequently asked by home friends, whenever they can get five minutes with the poor missionary deputation; and unless a clear reply is forthcoming, it is possible the poor fellow will be thought somewhat deficient in general intelligence, or will be put down as one knowing very little of the social and religious life of those amongst whom he labours.

In acting thus we forget how difficult it must be to explain the "*San-kiao*", or three religions of China; nay, further, would it not be equally perplexing for a European to reply to John Chinaman, if he were to ask a similar question with reference to the many foreign doctrines in vogue? It is not merely a matter of three religions simply (which is difficult enough), but rather of *High Church*, *Low Church*, *Broad Church*, and no church at all; *Up-grade*, *Down-grade*, and no grade whatever.

The Chinese are a worshipping people. Go where you will, one may see evidences of this; from the rich mandarin, bowing before the sacred tablet of Confucius, right away down to the veriest pauper, burning three or four sticks of incense at the grave-side of his deceased relatives. The saddening part of it is, the rank and file of the Chinese race can give you no intelligent reason for their worship. Some little while back, I approached a poor devotee, performing worship at a certain grave. After lighting the sticks of incense, burning paper money, and going through the usual prostrations, &c., I kindly asked him the reason and use for it. Very surprised, he looked at me, and replied, he *didn't know;* it was their "*kuli-kii*," or custom, and so he was following the old plan. I then enquired of him if he hoped for anything in return. "No", said he; "there is really no advantage." "Then why continue?" I asked. "Oh", said he, "it is the *custom*." Of course, I followed with a word about the uselessness of such blind worship, and urging him to look to our only Saviour, the Lord Jesus Christ, &c. As I went on my way along the seashore, I saw him looking after me, doubtless wondering what *strange* people we foreigners are, to be taken up with a religion outside the *san-kiao* of their fathers.

Now, it is not my intention to attempt to write about the religions of China—it is too big a subject altogether; so I will be content to fill a more humble part, by introducing a few moral and religious sayings in daily use amongst all classes.

The objects of worship are—"heaven", "earth", "sun", "moon", "stars", "idols", and ancestors. More might be added, but for the present purpose these are sufficient. In their religious ceremonies noise and show are all important. The priests are ever on the alert for "*ch'ien*" (copper cash), and as a class they are dirty and dissolute. Still, the Chinese as a nation are deeply wedded to their systems of worship, and nothing but the Spirit of the living God can emancipate them from this thraldom.

They have one sentence running thus—"*Ch'ih-fan K'ao-T'ien*", or "Our daily bread depends on heaven." To *T'ien* the people are in the constant habit of ascribing many of the attributes and actions alone ascribable to the true God. It is most difficult to ascertain what they mean by *T'ien* (heaven). One would fain hope that, in their dense ignorance of the *one true and living Jehovah*, they may still have some thought of God. One old missionary says: "*T'ien* is very often confounded with the visible heavens." *T'ien* is stated to be *Li*, reason or principle; and oftener still the honour is divided between *T'ien* and *Ti*, the earth. One saying puts it thus, "*T'ien ti wei ta: fu mu wei tsun*"; *i.e.*, "Heaven and earth are great: father and mother are honourable." They recognize providence in the following, "*T'ien-sheng ih-ren, pi-yu i-lu*"; *i.e.*, "Heaven never sends a man without providing for him clothes and income."

The bounty of heaven is expressed thus,

"T'ien-yang-ren-p'ang su su;
Ren-yang-ren p'i-pao ku";

i.e., "When heaven rears a man, he grows very fat; when men rear one, he is nought but skin and bone." How true to fact is this with reference to spiritual matters in the home-lands! "Down-grade husks" will poorly satisfy the hungry soul; but the heavenly manna, with the water of life, will make a man grow in grace, and in the knowledge of God. The skin and bone of the new theology is but poor fare for a sin-burdened prodigal.

With reference to their strong belief in gods, we have, "*Huan-ping puh-hao, k'iu-shên shang-piao*"; literally, "When troubled with sickness and very bad, beseech the gods for health." Or this, "*Ren-woo shên puh-hsing; shén-woo-ren puh-ling*"; "Men without gods will never do; gods without men are useless." What a sad picture this!

They have, however, a very splendid saying with reference to rewards and punishments—

"Shan-yu shan-pao
Oh-yu oh-pao
Roh-shi puh-pao
Shï-heo wei-tao";

literally, "Good and evil shall be recompensed; if not already, the time has not yet arrived." One can often use this with effect upon a Chinese audience. They love to hear a well-known proverb or maxim trotted out; and though one may not know much Chinese, should you use one of these, they are apt to imagine you are a most wonderful personage.

With such sayings, one cannot but see that, amid the dense ignorance and superstition, the Chinese are not altogether without some knowledge of what closely resembles the true God.

What is to be? Shall they be left alone, to grope about in darkness and the shadow of death? I pray not. Who, then, is willing to fill the ranks? Who will say, "Lord, *send me*"? Do not hastily resolve. Missionary work in China is no child's play. Heathenism is real; Satan is real; but, blessed thought, *our God is real.* Be *God-sent*, and then *fear nothing.*

(*To be continued.*)

Praying Publicans.

(First Paper.)

"PLEASE, sir, my husband wishes me to ask if you would mind coming to see him? He heard you wore the blue, and thought perhaps you would not like to be seen entering a public-house."

This request came from the wife of a publican at the close of a service in a small village in Bedfordshire. Of course, I readily consented. Though I long since pledged my word that no public-house stuff should enter me, I did not promise never to enter the public-house; and, as here was a soul longing for rest, I dared not refuse to see him, despite the uncongenial surroundings.

I shall not soon forget the warm welcome and the sight which greeted me on entering his room. Stretched on the bed was a withered frame, the shrunken shadow of a once handsome, stalwart man. Hard work, poor fare, and then disease, had left their lines upon his features; and these lines were now deepened by distress and almost despair; for the ploughshare of conviction was driving furrows through his heart. For many weeks he had suffered anguish of body; but this was now forgotten in the more terrible anguish of soul. "O sir, I've been a dreadful sinner in my time! You don't know what my life has been, or you would not come to see such a *great sinner.*"

"Yes, I would, certainly, whilst I can bring news of a *great Saviour* for great sinners!"

He wanted to tell me in detail of his sins, but I would not hear it.

"You don't know, sir, the sins of my youth and early manhood."

"No, and have no wish to know; why should I? I am no priest nor confessor. God knows all about it."

"Ah, sir! *that* is just my trouble; the remembrance of them would not be so terrible to *me* if I only thought *God* would forgive and forget."

Text after text I quoted and explained, which he seemed to *comprehend*, but not to *apprehend*. Here was the difficulty: "I don't think I can ever be saved whilst I am in this business, sir."

"Then why not get out of it?"

"How can I, sir? Here I lie helpless, and have been for weeks; and my wife does not see with me in the matter, and feels this is her only livelihood when I am gone."

Then came a sad confession: "Just before I took to my bed, I called on the brewer (he is also a churchwarden), and asked him to allow me to close on Sunday, and have a quiet day of rest like other tradesmen. He turned smartly round and replied, 'You can have your Sunday if you like to leave the house; you'll draw beer on Sunday, the same as other publicans, or else make way for those who will.' Yesterday, sir, I told the vicar my trouble when he called, and he simply said, 'The people must have their beer; and if *that's* all you have to trouble about, my good man, you may die easy'. I told him, sir, it was not so much a question of the people having beer that troubled me, as my *selling it on Sunday*. 'Well', said he, 'can you afford to *give* it away? and if not, what are you to do? 'Tis one of God's good gifts, and the people cannot have it, unless you, or someone else, draw it; for if they got it in on Saturday, it would go flat, and do them no good; so how can you help yourself? My dear fellow, you are needlessly

tormenting your poor conscience! Rest contented, and die happily'; and then he knelt and read to me from the Common Prayer Book."

Sick at heart—saddened by this recital of "the blind leading the blind"—I preferred to hear no more, and proposed a song. Seeking to turn the sinner from his sins and surroundings to the Saviour, I commenced singing softly to a familiar tune,

"Just as I am, without one plea."

The poor old man had evidently heard this before; and though his memory could not recall the *verses*, the *refrain* was familiar to him; and it was touching to see and hear him, as, with hands clasped and eyes upturned pleadingly, while the great tears chased each other down his cheeks, he sang with quavering voice—

"O Lamb of God, I come, I come."

As I knelt and prayed by the bedside, that same trembling voice was frequently heard repeating the petitions, and responding at the close with a very fervent "Amen."

I left him with the firm conviction that I shall meet him again

"In the morning,
When the mists have roll'd away";

for He, on whose gracious word we rely, has said, "He that seeketh findeth"; "Whosoever shall call on the name of the Lord shall be saved"; "The blood of Jesus Christ his Son cleanseth us from all sin."

JOHN BURNHAM.

"Being let go."

WHEN the apostles, Peter and John, were set free by the Council, "being let go, they went to their own company", which was the company of "them that believed." When the carrier-pigeon is "let go", it flies to its home. When the needle is "let go", it flies to the magnet. When you are "let go" (that is, when you are free from your work, or business engagements, or other duties), where do you go to? What company do you naturally seek? Some have asked the question, "Where shall I go when I die?" Where do you go now you are alive? The answer to the first question may depend very much upon the answer to the second.

Peter and John, when they were freed from all restraint, "went to their own company." Which is your company? Some would feel like a fish out of water at a prayer-meeting. Others would feel just the same at a music-hall or a race-course. To some the coming of Christ would mean joy, and the thought of it brings happiness; to others the coming of Christ would mean terror, and the thought of it brings trembling.

If you see a man walking along, you know, from the direction in which he is walking, where he is going, if he does not turn.

"As the tree falls so must it lie,
As the man lives so must he die,
As the man dies so must he be
All through the days of eternity."

So the old hymn runs. In recent editions it has been altered; but it is a great question whether they can get any nearer the truth.

B. I. GREENWOOD.

The Parable of the Channel.

BY W. Y. FULLERTON.

THE parable can be read in any part of the Channel encircling these islands. I have crossed by a dozen routes, and read it in them all.

Standing yonder, on the other side the sea, and looking longingly towards home, how am I to reach it? My position and question both suggest a man standing in the world, desirous of reaching heaven, and asking, "What must I do to be saved?" Both are separated from home, both seeking to reach it, both asking the way.

"Get into that little boat, and row across", one says; and if I attempt it, I shall be swamped before I am half way; and the capsized, drifting boat will bear silent testimony to the stars of the irretrievable disaster which has overwhelmed me.

Now, hear the parable. The little boat is any merely human system of salvation; the man who seeks to row across is he who trusts only the organization, the church, the priest, the sacrament, or the philosophy; the wreck is the eternal ruin which overtakes all such.

So, we must renounce any faith in the little boat.

How, then, shall I reach the other side? "I have heard", says another, "that some men have been able to swim across. Why not swim?" To which, I reply that, while to swim from rock to rock is easy enough, to swim from shore to shore is to me impossible. Most of my swimming would be to the bottom, and soon, with strength exhausted, blood chilled, and limbs cramped, I should sink into the dark waters.

The parable speaks again. The man who swims is, spiritually, he who seeks to save himself by his own efforts—his morality, merit, prayers or repentances; and who would be far more likely to swim the Channel, than by the deeds of the law to be justified in the sight of God, or reach heaven at last. Our works may recommend us to each other, man to man, as swimming may take us from rock to rock in the bay; but our strongest exertions will utterly fail to bring us to the other side.

So, we must relinquish any hope of swimming across.

How, then, shall I reach the other side? A third man gives the fantastic advice, "Go over in a balloon." He might as well tell me plainly to commit suicide; but even if I did not perish, a balloon would be little likely to bear me to my destination.

The parable continues. Ask some people why they think they are Christians, and they will say, "Because I am so happy." These are up in a balloon, and some day the balloon will burst, or descend into the sea: that is, the happy emotions will disappear, or give place to darkness and anguish. Where, then, will be their vain confidence?

So we must refuse to trust the balloon.

What remains? How shall I reach the other side? There is one way—the ship. There she is, a noble vessel moored to the shore waiting for passengers, and ready to sail. I have but to step across the gangway on to the ship, and the ship will take me safely over.

"But have you not to make the ship?" If I had, I fear there would be little hope of my ever reaching the other side.

"Have you not to launch her?" No; there she is afloat already.

"Must you not put the boilers in?" No; they are there.

"Nor the engines?" They are there, too.

"And the freight—must you not put it aboard?" No; the stevedores have done that.

"Must you not mind the ropes?" No; the sailors do that.

"Must you not guide the ship?" No; the pilot does that.

"Nor command her?" The captain does that.

"What, then, have you to do?" Only to step from the shore to the ship. *One step from the shore to the ship, that is all.* The ship does all the rest.

Now, hearken to the parable. When a man sees the vanity of all human systems, efforts, and emotions, Christ is set before him in the gospel as the Way. Not only the Way upon which the man must enter and journey, but the Way which, when entered, bears him to his journey's end. Every man Christ-born is also Christ-borne. He who begins the good work finishes it.

Finishes the good work in us, as he has already completed the good work for us. Nothing is left for us to add to it, nor must we aught diminish; but just as I find every part of the work on the steamship looked after by other competent hands, who would only be hindered by my blundering help, we must learn that nothing in the matter of salvation is left for us to do. "Jesus did it, did it all; long, long ago."

Of course, the recognition of Christ as the Perfect Way, implies the rejection of all other plans whatsoever. When a man sees the ship, and is willing to trust himself to the ship and the captain, he ceases to think—if he ever thought—of crossing the Channel by swimming, or by the cockle-shell boat, or by the balloon. I put in the clause, "if he ever thought", because men, as a matter of fact, seldom do think of such methods, being much wiser about their bodies than concerning their souls.

For the salvation of souls, false hope must be renounced. "Asshur shall not save us; we will not ride upon horses: neither will we say any more to the work of our hands, Ye are our gods: for in thee the fatherless findeth mercy." For the sake of the parable, paraphrase Asshur as swimming; horses as the balloon; let the work of our hands be the little boat; and whichever simile you may prefer, be sure to give up any human confidence, and trust only and for ever in Christ the Way.

For, as one step from the shore into the ship gets me across the Channel, one step out of self into Christ will, at length, bring me into the haven of heaven. One step—nothing more; the ship does all the rest: the ship, that is, Christ.

But, surely, you object, I must do something when I trust Christ. A mere step, taken at one definite moment, is not enough to save me for ever. Is not Christianity a life, and not only a consent to a doctrine?

All of which is true; and the one step out of self into Christ makes it begin to be true in our experience. I may do much on board the ship, when I am on board; but it is not what I do, but the ship, and what the ship's company do, that get me to the home-land. I may do much,

and suffer much—and let not those who have never been thoroughly sea-sick smile, when it is called suffering—but it is not my doing, nor my suffering, which takes me over; it is the ship. The one step alters my life; for it alters my relation to the ship. The one step alters my life continuously; for the ship continues to move until the port is reached. The one step is only the beginning of a new attitude towards the ship, and the new attitude lasts. If it ceased, if I jumped overboard, or if the ship foundered, my one step would be of no value, of less than none. The initial step is effective, on my part, only as on the part of the ship the voyage is continued and ended in safety. That being assured, the one step from the shore to the ship is everything.

So with Christ. If he fail or his work—and I do not trust the Captain apart from the ship, nor Christ apart from his atonement, and neither apart from the Holy Spirit, who is the energizing power—if he fail, the step of trust is vain; but since Christ will never fail, since his work can never be wrecked, since his power will never be frustrated, my one step is everything, my one step is everything for ever; for it joins me to him who is all, who has done all, who does all, and who will do all for all the ages.

But, remember, it is one step *from the shore*. No man can be on the shore and in the ship at the same time, as no man can keep the old life and begin the new together. Repentance is the obverse of faith. To enter the ship means to leave the shore; to trust Christ means to quit sin. There is no middle way.

So, as one step from the shore into the ship takes me across the Channel, the parable says, and says truly, that one step from self into Christ takes me to heaven. One step. Yet, as in one case, it is not the step that does it, but the ship; so, in the other, it is not faith, but Christ, upon whom faith lays hold. To him be all the glory for every soul brought safely home, and for you, if you trust him, for ever and ever.

"Only a step to Jesus,
Then why not take it now?"

The Re-discovered Bible.

AN EPISODE IN THE HISTORY OF GENEVA.

LESS than the smallest of English counties, Geneva is also the smallest of Swiss cantons, though the city itself is the largest in the confederation. The population at present is probably somewhat over one hundred thousand, rather less than half being Protestants. The city is still one of the favourite holiday resorts of foreigners, the memories of the place, and the romantic beauty of its surroundings being the chief attractions, however, rather than grand buildings and artistic collections. With an absurdity only worthy of itself, the *Encyclopædia Britannica* thinks that the absence of "characteristic legacies of the Middle Ages and the Renaissance", is largely owing to "the artistic blight of that Calvinism which was too sternly enamoured with the beauty of holiness to be mindful of any other beauty." Though it may

be wanting in great buildings, the roll of illustrious persons born in Geneva is a long one, Rousseau being of the number; and the authorities had the good sense publicly to burn his works in 1762. The city has for centuries been a centre of education; and even before the Reformation, the people were lovers of good preaching as they understood it.

Some of the most stirring days in the history of Geneva occurred at the opening of the Reformation, when the Duke of Savoy, and its still more degraded bishop, "the Bastard of Savoy," sought to annihilate the popular liberties. How liberty triumphed in the end, and how wonderfully the way was prepared for the pastorate and rule of the great Reformer, may be seen in D'Aubigné's large and costly work—comparatively little known—"The Reformation in Europe in the Time of Calvin."

In the summer of 1523, the war of parties in the little city seemed to be approaching a crisis, and to many the victory of justice and liberty seemed doubtful. Some years before, or in 1518, the profligate bishop had had his victims in the persons of Blanchet and Navis; the more illustrious Berthelier followed about a year later; and now the duke was soon to become the murderer of Aimé Lévrier. It was a time of rapid changes, however, and no one could safely prophesy what might happen on the morrow. Luther had become somewhat established; the thunders of his condemnation of crimes and abuses under the cloak of religion were being heard even among the cantons of the Alps, so that Geneva, as well as other places, seemed to be awakened. Was the city really as attached to the papacy as was desirable? To the duke, to his young wife, Beatrice of Portugal, and to the Mamelukes, who were the adherents of the duke, and the champions of Romanism, the first duty of all was, at any cost, to maintain the Romish Church. Thus, it happened, that when Beatrice made a triumphal entry into the town, the haters of the Reformation got up a street performance to show that the Genevans still cared far more about Romish relics than about the more priceless treasure of the Word of God. Constantine and Eleanor are represented as seeking for the "true cross" in Jerusalem, and discovering it by its power of restoring a dead body to life. It plainly appears, that in that darkest hour before the dawn, more honour was actually paid to worthless sham relics than to the Redeemer himself. At that time, the Duke of Savoy was endeavouring to undermine the liberties of the city by the most effective means. The people were supposed to be proud and independent; but *fêtes* and balls were found to work in his favour, until he was able to say, "The flies are caught by the honey."

The flies might be caught in this way; but there were Huguenots who retained their patriotism all the more because they had faith in God. Such a faith in such an age would be expectant: a way of escape or deliverance would be expected, though the direction in which it would come might not be suspected. Who would have supposed that a humble colporteur, entering Geneva with a pack of New Testaments at his back, was destined in the good providence of God to become the agent who would disconcert all the Duke of Savoy's fine plans for enslaving the city?

At that time Jacobus Lefèvre, or Fabre, was between seventy and eighty years of age; and having patrons in the French king, Francis I., and Margaret of Navarre, he did distinguished service in translating the Scriptures, which entitles him to rank as the Tyndale of France. He was one of the most notable pioneers of evangelical teaching in his native land. He not only translated the Bible, but believed in it as the one standard authority by which all doctrines were to be tested; and in his preface to the New Testament, published in 1523, he showed that sinners were justified before God by faith in Christ alone.* According to the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, this great scholar completed his translation of the Bible in 1530; and it "at once took a high place, has often been reprinted, and has, indeed, been the basis of all subsequent French versions."

Lefèvre completed his version of the New Testament in the autumn of 1522; and it so happened that the persecution of the Huguenots in Paris had the effect of diffusing more widely the evangelical teaching. Lyons became a centre from whence the Scriptures went forth, and one Vaugirs, a merchant, and his friend Du Blet, were especially active agents in the work. There is a MS. among the State papers of Turin which tells how "some people called evangelists came from France"; and, of course, as these went from house to house, the Genevans "talked with them, and bought their books." They were bold men who thus invaded the city at such a crisis; but each, in his quiet confidence, while distributing the copies of the Word of life, exercised a greater power than a battalion of soldiers. People would now be directed to the cross of Christ as revealed in the Scriptures, and so would be turned away from the folly of trusting in the sham relics of Rome. The agents of the Pope regarded it as a singular thing, when lately "dejected rebels" became inspired with new hope through a book which came to them from the pack of an evangelical colporteur. They were actually hopeful enough to believe that Geneva would be saved from the slavery which threatened her. The New Testament came to them as a new charter of life and liberty direct from heaven; their astonishment in reading the Gospels was only equalled by their delight. Then, the omissions of the precious Book were no less extraordinary than what it contained; the tawdry paraphernalia of Rome were all wanting; but what was new to them was nothing less than the primitive teaching of Christ and his apostles.

We should not in these days countenance so-called Mystery-plays—we have no liking for stage representations of any kind; but at a time when people were groping their way out of the darkness in which Rome had enveloped them, the Huguenot patriots would occasionally even adopt such means to instruct the people. Thus, during the Geneva Fair, which took place about the time that Lefèvre's version of the New Testament appeared, there was got up a representation of *Le*

* Of course, Lefèvre, the great pioneer of Protestantism in France, will not be confounded with his contemporary, Johann Lefèvre, who, after favouring the Reformation, and even defending Luther from the attacks of Eck, went back to become an abject slave of Romanism. In the very year that his namesake's version of the New Testament appeared, Johann was opposing Zwingli at Zurich, and publishing a tract against Luther.

Monde Malade, and the Bible turned out to be the only prescription to cure the world's sickness.

The chief personage concerned was in a sad way; and, appearing to grow daily weaker, who could say what he would come to? There were certain monks who were unduly alarmed at the books which were coming from France; and so serious did the business appear, that the colporteurs who brought them were rather looked upon as forerunners of those last days when heaven and earth would pass away. Meanwhile, Mr. World was sick, and needed medicine: who should offer a remedy? A priest was, first of all, applied to, and he naturally offered masses. "Here's the thing for you!" he said, in confidence, pleased at being applied to; but masses, whether long or short, were of no account. The priest turns away disgusted, as from a patient who did not know what he wanted. The counsellor, who had a reputation for wisdom and skill in such a matter, then offered a remedy which was attracting attention on every hand, and which he said would be effective. "What is it? say!" asks the patient, somewhat impatiently; and then the counsellor answers, "A thing which no man dares gainsay, THE BIBLE." Still Mr. World does not comprehend; and then one endeavours to encourage him with, "Believe me, Mr. World, there's not a fool but knows it." Mr. World is not particularly charmed by the account of the abuses which abound; but as his physician advises, if he would be well, the shortest way to health is to reform all of these.

Thus the Bible is re-discovered; but as might be expected, Mr. World does not all at once see the value of the discovery. The great fact remained, however—Lefèvre had given the people the Scriptures in the vulgar tongue; and to not a few who had grace to use the Word aright it became an armoury which enabled them to take an undaunted stand before their enemies. Those enemies, in the persons of the Duke of Savoy and the Bishop, were at last defeated. The political martyrs, to whom reference has been made, did not die in vain. The alliance of Geneva with Bern and Freiburg strengthened the Protestant cause; and now, stimulated by Lefèvre's version of the French Bible, the great movement of the Reformation gained day by day, and twelve years after the colporteurs, of unknown name, had entered the canton, the Reformed faith became the religion of the State. A few months later, John Calvin became a citizen. Did the humble colporteurs compare their endeavours to sowing a grain of mustard-seed? If so, the growth had indeed become the greatest amongst trees.

We are apt to think ourselves superior, in many respects, to the pioneer Protestants of the sixteenth century; but it would be to our profit to learn of them in some things. Thus the doctor who prescribed the Bible to ailing Mr. World did not offer a remedy which he did not himself believe to be infallible. How many in these days have similar faith? Just so many as exercise a greater power in their life, conversation, or preaching than those who are weaker. The re-discovery of the Bible was the making of Geneva in the sixteenth century; and the re-discovery of the gospel, as the Reformers preached it, would in these days be as the very resurrection to life of many famished churches, which are being fed with stones instead of living bread from heaven. G. H. P.

Satan a Sifter.

HE sifted Peter as wheat; and it was not the first nor the last business of that kind that he had had a hand in. He has been prowling all the world over with his sieve; never far nor long from any place where there was anybody to sift. There are two uncomfortable things, and several comfortable things, about this agency of his, which I shall take the liberty to mention.

First. It is a sorrowful circumstance that the people of God should need sifting at all. The seed sown was good, and the sower did his work well, but in spite of all, the crop is not what it ought to have been. It cannot be taken directly to the granary; it is not fit for it without a separating process.

Second. It is sorrowful that there is not a more respectable character to do the sifting. But the disciples will not more than half do the work if left to themselves. It requires so much self-denial to penetrate the depths of one's soul with divine truth, explore its hidden recesses, and rigorously and impartially judge one's own spirit, that many are backward to do the thing thoroughly; and the disciples are too timid, or too indulgent, to do it for each other. Hence, rather than there should be no sifting, which would spoil the crop, Satan gets something to do. He has a bad name, and would be kept out of the vineyard were it not that somebody must use the sieve. Better there should be such a sifter than to have no sifting.

Now for the consolations.

First. The sifting is well done. There has been no complaint since the world began that any disciple Satan got fairly into his sieve did not have thorough work done with him. There is no mistake about Job's case, and none about Peter's. If he does not find out what manner of spirit a man is of, and make the man himself and all the world know too, I have given him more than his due. That old sieve of his—he has got the hang of it completely. He has shaken so many of the saints in it, that he understands the business perfectly. I never knew anyone that had been in the sieve that had a word of disparagement of Satan's skill in the use of it. They hated the old scavenger most cordially for his rough usage, but they had to give in that they had been well sifted.

Second. The sifting did the saint good. If he had not needed it, he would not have had it. There was pride to be humbled, covetousness to be rebuked, love of the world to be quenched, spiritual stupor to be broken up—some of these things, or all of them, were needed to make him a better disciple. Sifting was the thing; and fiend though he was that used the sieve, yet good was accomplished. The process, though painful, was humbling and purifying in the end; character was elevated, and spiritual joy and usefulness augmented.

Third. The church, too, got a blessing out of the sifted disciple. She gets a blessing by everything that makes any of her members wiser and better. Her light, beauty, and strength are those of individual members, and Satan never gave one of them a good sifting without doing the church a kindness. If his sifting showed there was no wheat at all, and caused the breaking off of the unfruitful branch, that was

a blessing. I should like to see a man who would deny that the sifting Peter had was not a blessing to the church.

Fourth. A well-sifted disciple is a blessing to the world. His light shines, his character is more fragrant and beautiful, and more effective in producing valuable impressions upon the minds of sinners.

Fifth. There is one comfort more about the sifting business, and that is, that Satan never does any work of this kind for the people of God that does not turn out for his own confusion. It is no benevolence in him to use his sieve; and he never got a saint into it whose piety he did not mean to shake out of him. Look at Peter once more. The old sifter thought that he could give him such a tossing that, if he could not spoil his Christianity utterly, he should, at least, so bewilder him that he would discern the truth less clearly, and use his spiritual weapons less skilfully. But what strength, after that sifting, did he bring to his bow, and how surely directed were his arrows! Satan sifted his timidity and worldliness out of him, and transformed a feeble and irresolute disciple into one with a lion's heart. He thus caused one who had previously emitted sparks only to send firebrands into his own camp. Disciples can learn from all this how to buffet Satan.—*From the Christian Penny Magazine of* 1846.

An Infallible Bible, or None.

ONCE admit the principle that the writers of the Bible could make mistakes, and were not, in all things, guided by the Spirit, and I know not where I am. I see nothing certain, nothing solid, nothing trustworthy in the foundations of my faith. A fog has descended on the Book of God, and enveloped every chapter in uncertainty! Who shall decide when the writers of Scripture made mistakes, and when they did not? How am I to know where inspiration ends, and where it begins? What I think inspired, another may think uninspired! The texts that I rest upon may, possibly, have been put in by a slip of the pen! The words and phrases that I love to feed on may, possibly, be weak earthly expressions, in writing which the author was left to his own private uninspired mind! The glory is departed from my Bible at this rate! A cold feeling of suspicion and doubt creeps over me as I read it. I am almost tempted to lay it down in flat despair. A partially inspired Bible is little better than no Bible at all. Give me the "plenary verbal theory", with all its difficulties, rather than this. I accept the difficulties of that theory, and humbly wait for their solution; but while I wait, I feel I am standing on a rock.—*Venn.*

The Upper Room.

A NUMBER of villagers were brought into the town of —— to witness the baptism of some of the converts from the Mission Station. Amongst the visitors was an elderly woman, who had never been so far from home before, and the excitement of the occasion, and the stir and bustle of the town, imposed a severe strain upon her nervous system. Not that the town was remarkable for its activity: indeed, in its normal condition, it was considered somewhat sleepy. Compared with many provincial towns, it was decidedly quiet, if not somnolent; but compared with the near villages, it was really brisk, if not lively. Judgments are modified by standards of comparison: absolute worth is affected by relative merit.

The good old lady was one of a select few to be entertained to tea at the house of the principal deacon, a prosperous grocer, who had taken great interest in the village station. Tea having been duly served in the back parlour, an adjournment to the drawing-room was proposed till the time announced for the service. As the affable hostess rose to escort the guests to the drawing-room, which was situated on the first floor over the shop, the ancient villager expressed her surprise at the novel arrangement of the house, by the remark, "What! do'ee live upstairs as well as down?" Assured that such was the case, they all proceeded to the comfortable apartment, where an interesting conversation was maintained till the party adjourned to the chapel to witness the ordinance of believers' baptism.

The remark of the simple villager is not one to be easily forgotten, and it may lend itself to a little heart-searching homily.

"Do'ee live upstairs as well as down?" Dropping metaphor, may I ask you, dear reader, if you have a chamber of communion? Is there a spot dearer to you than all others, because there you are shut out from the world, and shut in with the Lord Jesus Christ? Is there a sanctuary to which you resort, where angels hover, and where "things unseen and eternal" are more real to you than those which are "seen and temporal"? Nothing cools or soothes heated and troubled spirits like the sequestered scene which Jesus sanctifies by his presence, and where he speaks to the wistful heart. The Christian, to whom communion with his Lord is a privilege coveted and enjoyed, may sing—

"Alone with thee! alone with thee!
My softened heart
Floats on the flood of love divine,
Feels all its wishes drowned in thine;
Content that every good is mine
Thou canst impart!"

Alas, that we should live so much downstairs, busy and bothered, pained and perplexed about a thousand petty things; and that we know so little of the solace of the sanctuary, and the holy balm of the divine presence!

May I ask, in the second place, if you are rising to higher ideals of attainment in divine things? Down-grade in doctrine is bad enough, and cannot be too seriously deplored; but the low level of Christian

experience is worse. Ground-floor Christianity, however, is not to be despised; but it is the upstairs experience which must be commended. Why should we be content to grovel when we might graduate in the higher attainments of the divine life? Why should we rest when we ought to rise? Excelsior is surely the motto of those to whom "the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus" is the goal of Christian endeavour, and should prove the object of an all-absorbing quest. A full-orbed Christian character is not like the prophet's gourd, the growth of a night; it is only reached and realized as the result of persistent effort to "put on the Lord Jesus Christ."

Getting upstairs is not expected of babes and weaklings: that so few Christians maintain an upper-room experience augurs stunted growth or feeble knees. To such, the exhortation, "Grow in grace," should quicken resolution, and arouse to action; and the promise, "They that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength," should determine the soul's constant attitude. The Christian life should be like the Song of Degrees, ascending at every stage till the highest altitude is attained. "*Sursum corda*" should not be a spoken motto only: it should be the fixed resolve, justified by strenuous effort, till we "see the King in his beauty," and "are changed into the same image from glory to glory."

When the Saviour was conducting his disciples from the shadows of the old to the substance of the new dispensation, the terminal and the initial feast was spread in "a large upper room furnished": and when the Spirit descended to consummate his mighty work, he came to those who were assembled in "an upper room." Communion with Jesus, and the baptism of the Spirit, are the basis and the bond of the Christian character: the benediction which crowns the feast, and the benison which concludes the fast, are the inspiration and the equipment for all true Christian service.

"Go up, go up, my heart,
Be not a trifler here;
Ascend above these clouds,
Dwell in a higher sphere!"

But let us not forget our duty in our indulgence of this precious privilege of Communion. Remember it was during the time that Moses spent on the mount, that the people were bowing down to the golden calf, and that while the disciples were gazing upon the glory of their transfigured Lord, a poor demoniac in the valley was writhing in agony under the domination of the devil. Idols and demons still hold sway: the calf must be broken, and the devil driven out. "But who is sufficient for these things?" Surely it is those who have discovered their own impotency in the struggle, and who have gone into the presence-chamber of the King to "put on the whole armour of God." Our equipment is for service and conflict; and we must "be strong in the Lord, and in the power of his might" if we are to come off "more than conquerors." If we fail in our equipment, the spectacle of a people "joined to idols" will be our rebuke, and the sight of the miseries of the devil-possessed and devil-driven sons of humanity will sadden us well-nigh to despair.

V. J. C.

Samuel Garrioch, Pastor and Working-man.

THERE has recently passed from the labour of a well-spent life to the enjoyment of a well-earned rest, one whose memory shall linger long in the affections of all who had the happiness of his friendship, and who deserves that some account of his quiet and useful life be given to a wider circle. Samuel Garrioch was born, in December, 1843, in the island of Holm, one of the Orkneys, where he lived till about his twentieth year. His parents were members of the United Presbyterian Church, and in their faith he was early instructed. Before leaving his early home, his heart was opened to receive Jesus as his Saviour; and the study of his gospel, and the proclamation of its truth, became henceforth his abiding and increasing delight.

At that time, Baptists in Scotland were but few. The remarkable thing, however, is, that wherever God's Book is read, and its truths appreciated, Baptists come into existence without organization or propaganda. So it was with Mr. Garrioch. His early study of the New Testament led him to dissatisfaction with the Pædobaptist position, with the result that in a little time, after undertaking a journey of several miles, by *land* and *sea*, he professed his faith in Jesus Christ by undergoing baptism in a loch in the island of Eday.

Some time after, he went to Aberdeen, where he became a member of the Strict Baptist Church, then worshipping in Silver-street Chapel. He was made superintendent of the Sunday-school connected with the congregation; and his preaching ability having been early recognized, he was also frequently called on to undertake the Lord's-day services. Some time after, owing to causes of which the writer's knowledge is but scant, the Silver-street congregation, or a part of it, for some time worshipped in a private dwelling-house. Thanks mainly to Mr. Garrioch, they were soon able to remove to better quarters; and by-and-by found themselves in their present chapel, in Academy-street, where they have met for the last fourteen years. About nine years ago, through the withdrawal from fellowship of one whose contributions had been a mainstay of the church, the little flock found itself shepherdless. Mr. Garrioch was at this time engaged in the humble occupation of an assistant in a tea warehouse, by which means he earned his livelihood while in Aberdeen. The congregation was unable to pay a minister, for the reason above stated, and to Mr. Garrioch they made their appeal. He nobly stepped into the breach, as he had done on former occasions; and for a period of eight years, with little interruption and little help, he put his stout heart to the steep hill, working seven days a week, and it would be difficult to tell how many hours a day. Nor was his work unblessed. In spite of the continual efflux of members through death and departure to other spheres, the congregation tended to increase. After about seven years' labour in the way indicated, Mr. Garrioch was formally called to the pastorate; but after a short term of further labour, he felt compelled, by reason of declining health, to resign his pastoral duties. Between seventy and eighty new members were received into fellowship during his last seven years' labour.

In Mr. Garrioch, a strong tireless spirit was wedded to a frail tabernacle. His exertions were ceaseless, his courage dauntless, his devotion strong; but withal he was never robust in health or constitution. Truly, in his case, "The spirit was willing, but the flesh was weak." He was a man of culture as well as of piety. His library was a wonderful collection of wonderful books, such in kind and in number as are to be found in the homes of but few working-men. His delight in and devotion to literature were remarkable, and raised him far above the common conventionalities of men. He recognized the value of time, and made the most of his few opportunities.

On his way to and from business he perused, among other works, the whole of Dr. Kitto's eight volumes of "Bible Illustrations" twice over. Above all things he was a theologian; he revelled among the Puritans, and had all the outs and ins of Scottish church history at his fingers' ends. He knew all about the Lifters, the Anti-lifters, the Glassites, and the hundred and one theological controversies and religious communities that have flashed and faded in the sky of our northern ecclesiastical life. He was often asked to undertake the compilation of a history of the Baptists in Scotland, and had such a work in view, but the necessary leisure was not granted him till too late. He was a decided Calvinist, a thorough Baptist, and a firm believer in the principle of strict communion. When drawing near his end, his eldest son asked him about some nice point in theology. He attempted to give the needed answer, but finding his strength failing him, he sank back with the words, "Man, it's wonderful how little theology I need now." His end was such as all might covet. On the last evening of his life, he gathered his family round his bed, and after Scripture reading, apologized for continuing on his bed while leading their devotions, remarking that the Lord understood his weakness. In a prayer of singular beauty and impressiveness he committed his beloved ones to the care of their heavenly Father. After the close of this exercise, he scarce regained consciousness, and his spirit passed into rest ere dawn. The last recollections of this good man are associated with that throne of grace at which he had often tarried, and whence he had gathered that inspiration which alone could have sustained him in the midst of his abounding activities. May your last end and mine be like his! A. D. G.

Notices of Books.

C. H. Spurgeon's Tracts, Illustrated in Colours. Passmore and Alabaster.

OUR publishers issue assorted packets of tracts, with coloured pictures, at one shilling the hundred. They send them post free for 1s. 2d. The advantage of the colour is that receivers are more likely to preserve them, and so they get read again and again.

Gambling—a Common Snare. More about Gambling. By C. H. SPURGEON. Passmore and Alabaster.

THE two tracts on gambling are appropriate to the present hour. The world seems to be gone mad on one form or other of this vice. Princes dishonour thrones, and peasants disgrace their smock-frocks by partaking in betting and carding. Even the professedly religious do not keep their hands clear of this greedy, time-devouring, soul-destroying sin. Had we time we would produce more of these plain protests; and we shall take it as a bounden duty to do so if these tracts find a ready sale. Price 1s. per hundred.

The Old Gospel Way: or, the Marrow of what Old Divines have said upon the Gospel. Edited by Rev. ANDREW A. BONAR, D.D. Partridge.

YES, this is truly a marrowy book. A thousand tons of modern divinity, if squeezed under hydraulic presses, would scarcely yield a drop of that good wine of grace which here flows freely. Justification by faith, and salvation by grace, are set forth in plain language, and pervaded with that unction which is from above. Though the little book costs only ninepence, it is not to be valued with fine gold.

Help from the Hills: Thoughts on the Mountains of the Bible. Religious Tract Society.

VERY pleasant reading with Ararat, Moriah, Horeb, Sinai, Hor, Pisgah, Carmel, Calvary, and Olivet as the chief subjects. These shilling illustrated books for adults make up quite a library, well got up both within and without.

The Pulpit Commentary. Romans. Exposition by Rev. J. BARMBY, B.D. Homiletics by PROFESSOR J. RADFORD THOMSON, M.A. Kegan Paul, Trench, and Co.

WHEN one of the writers of this compound commentary ventures to say of Rom. ix., "The election dealt with in these chapters has no reference whatever to the election of individuals to eternal salvation", we know in what hands we are; and henceforth we are not disappointed when we see warps and twists in all manner of places. For what it is the exposition is very good, and the homiletical notes are passable; but we cannot say more. He who reads with discretion must read to profit. There is so much that is good that we wish all of it were better: there is so little that is bad that we wish there were none at all.

Reasons for the Hope that is in us. Brief Essays on Christian Evidences. By the VEN. ARTHUR E. MOULE, B.D. Hodder and Stoughton.

To candid minds, not seeking food for their unbelieving pride, but labouring to cast off the slough of doubt, this work will render the best of help. The author shirks no difficulty, but meets it like a man, and in the meeting ends it. Every page is on the right side. Not with blind submissiveness of an inherited faith; but with the willing acquiescence of a trust which sees the ground on which it stands, Mr. Moule follows out the road struck out by the Word, and the reader may safely follow him. We trust that such scholarly pages as these may hold the drifting, and moor still faster to the quay of certainty those who already believe and are sure.

The Blessed Dead in Paradise. With some Reply to Canon Luckock's "After Death"; and a Preface by the Rev. Canon Bell, D.D. By J. E. WALKER, M.A. Stock.

The Intermediate State. By HERBERT MORTIMER LUCKOCK, D.D. Longmans, Green, & Co.

FOR convenience, we place these works side by side, though in the views presented they lie far apart. The former is entirely to our mind, being soundly Protestant; and while the note of interrogation abounds, and speculation, with no half-fledged wing, ventures as far as is possible for one still in the body, yet there is no presumptuous note sounded: the treatment is reverent, and is consistent, in our judgment, with the analogy of Scripture throughout.

No one can read this volume without feeling that one of the great books of the century is here,—the live blood of a great soul upon one of the most vital of subjects. Mr. Walker is evidently a master of the books of the Fathers and also of mediæval writers, and he quotes them abundantly; but he takes care to peel off the rind of superstition from the apple of their divinity. His book will be a standard work on its own subject. The reading of it must, under the divine blessing, be a great enjoyment and benefit to the believer.

The Intermediate State aptly defines Canon Luckock's theological position. Having renounced the teaching of the Church of the Reformation on the subject of which he treats, he adopts a middle path of his own, sustained by dubious inferences from the Fathers, and by still more dubious inferences from Scripture. We see no reason why, having gone so far in the direction of Rome, he may not, on similar lines, go farther. The present work is an advance on his former volume, *After Death*. Then the line was drawn at "Prayers for the Dead"; now a doctrine of Purgatory is added. We are not surprised at this. Despite what Canon Luckock says to the contrary, "Prayers for the Dead", if maintained, logically compel belief in Purgatory, and on whatever grounds either is held, the other must follow suit. We believe neither dogma has a shadow of Scriptural justification, and that by whatever works of man's device they may be supported, they shall perish in the fire that shall try every man's work of what sort it is. We regret that there is so much of the *bane* in Dr. Luckock's book, but are glad that Mr. Walker in his *Blessed Dead in Paradise* has contributed the needed *antidote*.

How to Read Isaiah. By BUCHANAN BLAKE, B.D., Clydebank. T. and T. Clark, Edinburgh.

HALF-A-CROWN is a cheap investment to understand aright the Chrysostom among the prophets. Here we have the various prophecies arranged according to their subjects, with parallel or connected Scriptures, with the historic groundwork or setting which so often lights up what is otherwise obscure. The author, perhaps rather the editor, makes his plea for rearrangement, that the prophecies were first *spoken*, and "that writing took place on parchments, or skins of great value", and thus "the longer prophecies might run into two pieces, and shorter ones be placed in to fill up the remaining spaces." If it be so, the sense is in no wise affected, since each utterance is stamped with its own purpose and destination. The admission is made, not of two Isaiahs, but of "several prophets", gathering round Isaiah's master-mind; but no proof is adduced. We agree with the author, that it is well to read Isaiah in the light of his own times; to this his help is timely and appropriate. We do not agree with him that that is all we need. We learn from 1 Peter i. 10-12, that it is the divine purpose we should understand the earlier by the later revelation. The division dealing with Isaiah's religious conceptions, chronology, and glossary of terms, is clear, concise, and well-done.

The Ideal of Man. By ARTHUR LOVELL. Chapman and Hall.

THIS is not a book we can commend. Its primary postulate is, that God is in every man, and all that is needed is the development of this idea to reach the ideal state. Jesus is admitted to be the ideal Man, but with no recognition of his Deity. Though assuming to be a Christian book, it is from first to last opposed to the divine claims and infallible teaching of our Lord. Evolution is accepted as definitely true, while the supernatural is classed with the Atonement to be outgrown. One passage will suffice to show how far gone is the writer from revealed truth. "If we believe that the kingdom of heaven is somewhere above in the clouds, and that our salvation depends on an event that took place two thousand years ago, . . . we are liable at any moment to lose our faith." It seems to us the faith here inculcated is in scientific fictions rather than in the God of truth.

The Critical and Expository Bible Cyclopædia. By Rev. A. R. FAUSSETT, D.D. Hodder and Stoughton.

WE commended this Bible Dictionary when it was 18s., and we cannot now too warmly express our pleasure at finding the price reduced to 7s. 6d. Some thousands have, we suppose, been printed from the plates, and so the publishers have been recouped for their outlay, and are able to lower the cost. It will well suit men who cannot afford a fuller cyclopædia.

Much Fruit, and how to Bear it.
The Door, and how to Enter it.
Well Waters for the World's Thirst. By the Rev. HENRY WINSOR. J. F. Shaw and Co.

WE are pleased to see our brethren of the Conference handling the pen, that they may win souls through the press. Yes, friend Winsor, these are a capital beginning, and we hope your three penny books will have a large sale. They will be sure to do good. Up in the North there must be a sharp conflict for the truth, and blessed are they who shall be found faithful.

Heart-Ease, and How to Get it. By Rev. G. W. CLUTTERBUCK. Stock.

ANOTHER smash at Professor Drummond's *Pax*. The game is hardly worth the candle, if that dim light may stand for the professor; but a brave defence of the eternal verities, and a pleading with men to see rest given in Jesus, is never a superfluity. This work will do good service.

"*The Christian*" *Bible Readings.* Genesis to Deuteronomy. Morgan and Scott.

SOME expositions are "nothing but leaves"; but these bear fruit: we wish there were more of it. It is fitted to be a real help to true Bible students. It says much for "*The Christian*" that such excellent matter should have first seen the light in its pages.

The Pulpit Palladium of Christendom. Being Lectures on the Fundamental Essentials of Man's Personal Salvation. By J. HENRY SKEWES, Vicar of Holy Trinity, Liverpool. Partridge and Co.

OUR theology, at certain points, diverges greatly from that of J. Henry Skewes; but in many points we are vitally in agreement. He is always honest and outspoken, and this is a cardinal virtue in these days. The spirit of unbelief finds no patron in him. He seeks mainly for that which is spiritual and inward, and he believes in justification by faith. He is fighting for many of the same vital principles as we are; and in these days, he that is not against us, is with us; and much more is he with us whose main points are ours. Mr. Skewes takes a line of his own, and follows it out vigorously, dashing aside everything that opposes. He says a great many good things—timely, and needing to be spoken; and he speaks them boldly, as he ought to speak them. Here is a morsel upon justification by faith:—

"The justifying of the sinner, by faith, was the leading tenet of Luther, and was pre-eminently the doctrine of the English Reformers. Call them uncouth, prejudiced, narrow-minded, and fanatical (very fashionable of late), still, they had New Testament light concerning one of the greatest blessings which can be bestowed upon the guilty and the condemned. It is this light which I earnestly desire for every pulpit of Christendom. This earnest desire is founded upon an ever-present conviction that many pulpits are without it, and that even some which have it, are hiding it under the bushel of doubt, or timidity, or a sinful subservience to fashion and popular taste. It is not the Romanist, merely, who is benightedly believing and teaching the anti-gospel doctrine. Large numbers outside that poor, priest-ridden church, are governed by the same delusion.

"Amongst these, in the first place, is the anti-Protestant party within the pale of the National Church. Of set purpose do they set forth before the congregations the efficacy of the sacraments, and a certain round of duties. And these are presented in such a form as either to lead one to suppose that there are no unjustified people in the congregation, or else that they can all be justified by their own deeds. I will not speak of the latitudinarian views enunciated from Protestant, or so-called Protestant pulpits, outside of the Church of England. Reader of these words, test what I say. From your own experiences, and those of your friends, count how many are the pulpits which are true to the teachings of the New Testament. Suffice, if I say, that the 'advanced thought' is not making men and women so spiritually-minded as were vast numbers of their parents and grandparents.

"But, secondly, it is deplorable how stanch Protestants, full of abhorrence of anything that savours of Romanism, fall easily into the trap of self-merit. From their sick-beds and dying pillows have I heard them dwell upon their do-no-harm lives, or their past deeds of kindness in one place, and their charitable works in another. Worse still, they have been total strangers to what is implied in these words—'Being justified by faith, we have peace with God' (Rom. v. 1). Thus, one may see (if he possesses a glimpse of God's mode of forgiving a sinner), that there is constant need to faithfully stand by the teaching of the New Testament—nay, that of the Old Testament also. In his Epistle to the Galatians, the apostle speaks of the 'Scripture' as 'foreseeing that God would justify the Gentiles by faith' (chap. iii. 8). And need I emphasize these words of St. Paul, 'To him that worketh not, but believeth on him that justifieth the ungodly, his faith is counted for righteousness' (Rom. iv. 5)? Let this doctrine be preached, and preached distinctively, and we shall not see the vain attempt to promote a system of good works without a central soul of life. Let this be done, and we shall no longer see that church, which is, before all, the church of salvation through good works, so wofully powerless to regenerate most of her adherents, and to prevent them from being living

contradictions to even a respectable code of morals.

"Again, I repeat, let this be done, and daily life would have a good commencement; its successive rounds a healthy, stimulating force; a weary soul a pillow for its head, and death's swelling Jordan, an unshaken rock. I thank and bless God for a justification which is through faith.

'Believe in him that died for thee,
And, sure as he hath died,
Thy debt is paid, thy soul is free,
And thou art justified.'"

Messianic Prophecies in Historical Succession. By FRANZ DELITZSCH. Translated by SAMUEL IVES, Curtiss Professor in Chicago Theological Seminary. Edinburgh: T. and T. Clark. 5s.

A DELIGHTFUL study by a devoted student. As the preface was dictated only five days before its author's death, the work will have an added interest to the many friends of Delitzsch. Beginning with the primitive promise of Gen. iii. 15, the successive predictions of the Seed of the Woman, the Seed of Abraham, the Lion of Judah's tribe, the prophet like unto Moses, the Star and Sceptre out of Israel, the Son or descendant of David, and the many Old Testament anticipations of Messiah, are treated with critical care and discrimination. The examination given to Hebrew words and idioms makes it more a book for Hebrew scholars than for common use. In some passages the author departs from the accepted reading. He takes Shiloh, in Gen. xlix. 10, to mean *the place* to which Judah shall come, and not the person of Messiah. For the "Desire of all nations" (Hag. ii. 7), he renders, "The desirable things of all nations shall come", in allusion to the silver and the gold, the divine provision for the glory of the latter house. Concessions are made to modern criticism for which no grounds appear. Two Isaiahs were startling enough, but here we have "Deutero-Zechariah." The date of the Book of Daniel is assigned to 168 B.C., notwithstanding that Pusey's Defence has not been overthrown. One wonders whether the later views of Delitzsch on such points (for he was a faithful teacher in the main) were due to the weakness of age or to the worth of impartial investigation. However, the general argument is calm, scholarly, and devout. One passage is worthy of note to those who take the prophet's *rôle* to-day, and fix the dates of coming wonders:—"If prophecy afforded a chronological knowledge concerning the course of the future, it would render faith, hope, and effort lame, and would aid fleshly security." We may add, the translator appears to have done his work with fidelity and skill, notwithstanding the difficulty that most of the Hebrew words in German are unpointed.

The Larger Hope: Is it Scriptural? By JAMES MACPHERSON. J. B. Knapp, 6, Sutton St., Commercial Road, E.

OUR author reasons well, and proves his point. Of course, as he is an Arminian, his reasoning is from that point, and is addressed to those who hold similar theology; none the less, a Calvinist will remark with pleasure the force of his argument. Whether Calvinism or Arminianism should prevail, the great question of future punishment will not be decided by the result. We are glad that among Primitive Methodists a voice so clear should speak truth so ably. Nothing better on the subject can be desired for Methodists than this most trenchant treatise. If we cannot agree with all that is said, we are very grateful for the end aimed at, and the powerful reasoning employed.

Original Songs and Readings. By JOHN H. L. CHRISTIEN. Partridge and Co.

HYMNS and poems written with right good intent. We have seen better, but we have far oftener been wearied with worse. It speaks well for this little book of poems that it has reached a second edition.

The Christian Traveller's Continental Handbook. Edited by the Rev. R. S. ASHTON, B.A. Elliot Stock.

MOST useful to a tourist who wishes to know where he can find an assembly of his fellow-believers.

Weeds from a Wild Garden. Elliot Stock.

THESE better deserve the name of "flowers" than most of the verses which strew our path. As a rule, the making of poetry is the least useful of the arts, save only in rare cases when a writer rises out of the sea of mediocrity, like a rock out of the ocean. In this instance there is pathos, heart, scenery, point, and somewhat of the true minstrel's music. Still, for all that, these "weeds" will smoulder upon that fire of forgetfulness which smokes in the waste corner of the garden. Haply some hand will gather a posy of these children of nature, and therein will bless itself. Alas, that so much labour and genius should in these unpoetic ages die in the coming to our shores, or expire upon our inhospitable beach!

Once Hindu: now Christian. The Early Life of Baba Padmanji. An Autobiography. Edited by J. MURRAY MITCHELL, M.A., LL.D. Nisbet and Co.

A CHOICE biography. One sees how similar the work of grace in a Hindoo is to the like work in our own souls. Our Indian friend had trials from which the most of us are exempt, but grace made him a conqueror, and he held fast the faith against every assault. We do not quite see how he was justified in leaving his heathen wife, and marrying a Christian woman; but he seems to have had no question upon the matter. Dr. Murray Mitchell has allowed the convert to speak for himself, and tell his tale as it really occurred; and this gives it an interest all its own. We do not regard it as one of the best written of missionary books; yet it is one which we should have been sorry to have missed. If it helps to fan our zeal for the salvation of the heathen, it will not have been written in vain.

Portugal. ["The Story of the Nations" Series.] By H. MORSE STEPHENS. T. Fisher Unwin.

THIS is equal in interest to any volume of the series, and we cannot give higher praise. Here we see how one of the smallest of kingdoms, by the excellent rule of its early kings, and the bold enterprise of its people, rose to a leading place among the nations. The navigators produced by the Portuguese race were foremost in traversing the ocean in their frail barques; and by perseverance they found their way round the Cape of Good Hope to India. They behaved to the people, among whom they formed colonies, far better than the Spaniards towards the races of America; and as this is not saying very much, we may add that, upon the whole, they did better than any other conquering people in those ages ever thought of doing. The history also shows how Portugal overdid its foreign enterprises, and met with the fate of all who attempt too much. Catholic bigotry also helped to hurl down the nation to a low position, and the lesson is worth being learned by our own countrymen, who seem fascinated by the same golden cup of witchcrafts.

England has been Portugal's best friend; but at the present time there is a coolness, which will become an arctic winter of unfriendliness unless the policy of the lesser state becomes more reasonable in Africa; and we may add, unless the Portuguese traders and settlers act more like civilized men, and rise in the scale of morals. It is to be hoped that this reform will come about, and that England will maintain a conciliatory spirit; for it would be a matter greatly to be regretted should this sensitive nation be goaded into enmity of its best ally. In its present condition it cannot afford to have an enemy anywhere; much less in the person of an ancient comrade.

We scarcely know of a national story more instructive than that of Portugal. We have read Mr. Morse Stephens' work with pleasure and profit; and commend it to all lovers of history.

John Howard. ["Men with a Mission" series]. By Rev. JAMES J. ELLIS. Nisbet & Co.

VERY well written. The subject has been so frequently before the public that we feared Mr. Ellis might fail to excite interest, but there was no reason for the anxiety. This is as good a book as could be selected for our rising youth. A first-rate purchase for one shilling.

The Arab and the African. Experiences in Eastern Equatorial Africa during a Residence of three years. By S. TRISTRAM PRUEN, M.D. Seeley and Co.

A PARTICULARLY readable and enthralling book of travels. Its author saw for himself, and he has taken his own measure of things. On the relation of the Arab to the negro he has much to say that is worthy of more notice than Stanley's opinions. We have derived much pleasure from the perusal of this live book, and we judge that it will be very popular. One of the author's biblical illustrations we give as a sample of many good ones. "A leopard will risk a good deal to get a dog, but a kid he seems quite unable to resist. A friend told me that one once jumped into his kitchen through the window, after dawn, and pulled out a kid. At the same station, whilst I was there, another burst open the door of the hut in which two of the mission men were sleeping, caught up a little kid that was just inside, and hastily retreated. I see now the force of associating these two animals in the verse, 'The leopard shall lie down with the kid.'"

Saving Wonders: being Incidents in the Manchester Mission. By WALTER SACKETT. With an Introduction by Rev. HENRY J. POPE. Charles H. Kelly.

A CHEERING shilling lot of true stories of sinners saved. Real music to the ear. Our Methodist friends do not talk in our way; but when we use our pinch of salt with kindly discretion, their meaning is plain enough. The chief worker in this case uses means which are not at all to our liking; but it is evident that the Lord uses them, and therefore we waive objections. It is a neat and readable shilling book, and the more of such the merrier.

The King's Highway: a Journal of Scriptural Holiness. Vol. XIX. C. H. Kelly.

WE should object to a good many of the phrases used in this organ of the Higher-Life brethren; but, after all, there is a good deal in the magazine which is calculated to make the reader more holy. If men *are* more holy, we rejoice; if they only *say* they are, we mourn for the boasters, and for those round about them. When a man is rich, he seldom talks about it: to exhibit your gold is a sign of poverty. Our friends can read our parable: we hope they may never need to make a personal application of it. Probably, the worst judge of a man's spiritual condition is the man himself. The Pharisee thought himself a superior saint; but none of those who knew him said "Amen" to his self-laudation.

The Normans; told chiefly in Relation to their Conquest of England. By SARAH ORME JEWETT. T. Fisher Unwin.

WHO does not wish to know a story so intimately interwoven with our own? Only cubs of the same wolves that bare the Anglo-Saxon people could have crossed the channel, and subdued that unconquerable race. Who those Normans were, and how like the rest of the hardy Norsemen, whose blood is in our veins, this chronicle will tell. It reads to us as if it had been written for the young,—which we say not to its detriment. The record is not long, but it is full of deeds of daring and freaks of fury. This is No. 29 of the "Story of the Nations." These books ought to be a mine of wealth to those who own the copyrights: at any rate, we view them as mental treasures out of whose depths we may dig gold.

The Little Garden of Roses. Translated from the original Latin of Thomas à Kempis.

The Valley of Lilies. A Companion Volume to "The Little Garden of Roses." Glasgow: David Bryce and Son.

SWEETLY devotional, and, to some readers, most helpful. To us, however, these sentences of Thomas-à-Kempis are more luscious than nourishing. We acquiesce in his statements; but they make no impression by their own power. Put into covers made of imitation wood, these little works will be bijoux to many who might not else have cared for them.

Marion West. By MARY E. SHEPHERD. Charles H. Kelly.

A VERY long love story, or, rather, *two* love stories, the chief points of which are the certain misery which follows engagements with a view to marriage between believers and unbelievers; and the unhappiness of those married couples who, though they have religion about which to differ, are, nevertheless, unequally yoked as to tempers, tastes, and moral character.

The Tenants of Paradise Row. By the Author of "Constable 42Z," &c. Religious Tract Society.

PERSONS acquainted with the street nomenclature of our great towns would at once conclude that Paradise Row was one of the ugliest and most unsavoury localities. Our story describes such a spot, and two of its tenants, "who have seen better days", and are not a little dubious of the dictum, that "sweet are the uses of adversity," until they are called to exchange Paradise Row for a home of more sweetness and light. It is a strange story from beginning to end; but it holds in solution a measure of Christian teaching, and not a little that is helpful and stimulating to young fellows who want "to make the best of themselves." To such we commend it.

His Young Neighbour. By ELLEN LOUISA DAVIS. Religious Tract Society.

A NOVELTY in novels—a love story quite unique. To particularize would be to rob prospective readers of one of the pleasures of a new story. As it is refined in tone, contains but a reasonable proportion of saccharine, and has some spiritual truth in it, we put it in our list of accepted stories for the elder girls.

Ida Hatherly at School. By CONSTANCE EVELYN. Religious Tract Society.

A HANDSOME volume, which would be appreciated by a sensible girl in her teens. Many a high-spirited or giddy girl will receive correction, or reproof, thus obliquely presented in a story form; and others, too shy to seek help and counsel from their teachers and friends, may find help in doubt and difficulty by reading such books as these of the Tract Society.

Notes.

THERE were many other matters upon which the Editor intended to write; but at the time that the magazine had to be completed he was too ill to think of any of them. They must, therefore, wait until next month. Meanwhile, will all the readers of *The Sword and the Trowel* pray very earnestly for the Editor's complete recovery, if it be the Lord's will? *On Lord's-day morning, June 7*, though still weak, he preached at the Tabernacle. The following day he went into the country for rest and change; but unhappily took a chill, which was followed by gout. At the time of making up these "Notes", he is still confined to his bed, and suffering greatly. Friends can help his permanent restoration if they will abstain from asking him to take any service away from the Tabernacle at least for the rest of the present year. During this illness he has been convinced that he must not, for a long while to come, attempt anything but his ever-growing home-work. It is a great aggravation of his pains when he has to refuse requests for services which he is utterly unable to render.

DR. MOMERIE delivers his soul against the Church and her teachings, but he remains in the Church still. He does not attempt to prove that this is consistent conduct, but yet he declares that the Bible itself is self-contradictory. Many are amazed at this. Let them be still more filled with wonderment at the many who are in the same position as the pretentious doctor, but have not the audacity to confess that they are so. Surely there is enough law, if not gospel, in the Church of England to dislodge such an open opponent of the fundamental doctrines of the Anglican body. He was morning preacher at the Foundling Hospital: we do not know who now enjoys that position; but we are sure that the congregation cannot have worse teaching than that which Dr. Momerie poured forth in his oration at Prince's Hall, Piccadilly.

SURREY GARDENS MEMORIAL SCHOOLS.—In consequence of the Pastor's illness, the opening services were postponed from *June* 2 to *June* 23. During this interval the balance of the money required for the purchase of the land and the erection of the buildings has been contributed, so that the teachers of the Carter Street Schools are

able to take possession of the premises without even a shadow of debt hanging over them. For this result we heartily thank our gracious God, and every donor who has helped to make up the amount. We are especially grateful to the Council of the Sunday School Union for the grant of £20 worth of books for the library. Now let us all pray that the Lord may richly bless every effort put forth in the new schools for his glory, and the good of the children and others who will gather there for work and worship.

It was earnestly hoped that, by June 23, the Pastor would be well enough to preach the opening sermon; but his renewed illness made it impossible for him to be present. His brother, Pastor J. A. Spurgeon, occupied his place in the afternoon; and in the evening a public meeting was held, at which the chair was taken by Samuel Barrow, Esq., who was present at the Surrey Gardens Music Hall on the night of the accident. Addresses were delivered by Pastor H. O. Mackey, and Messrs. Morgan and W. Olney.

COLLINGWOOD STREET MISSION. — The fourteenth annual meeting of the Mission superintended by the Brothers Young was held on *Wednesday, June* 3, under the presidency of our esteemed friend, F. W. N. Lloyd, Esq., of Bromley. Addresses were given by the Chairman, and Messrs. W. Olney, John Kirk, and Thomas Young; a letter was read from Mr. Young, senior, who was too ill to be present; and Mr. Ashton presented the annual report. This stated that open-air services have been held, all the year round, on the Lord's-day and on week-nights, and that many will have cause to remember with gratitude the work carried on both inside and outside the hall. At the close of the year 276 persons remained in fellowship. The Mission includes a Sunday-school, children's services, Tuesday evening school, Gospel Temperance work, lodging-house visitation, eighteen tract distributors, a soup-kitchen, and various other agencies, with a branch Mission at York Street, Walworth. The work is carried on with great vigour, and deserves to be supported by all who wish to see how working-men will come to listen to the gospel preached to them with simplicity and earnestness by their fellow working-men. There is need of financial help just now. Mr. Thomas Young's address is, 1B, Vowler Street, Walworth, S.E.

COLLEGE.—The Conference *Day of United Prayer, Monday, June* 15, appears to have been widely observed by our brethren. The President is deeply grateful for the many petitions presented on his behalf.

The following brethren have removed, or will shortly do so:—Mr. A. C. Chambers, from Rhyl, to Belvedere, Kent; Mr. Joseph Clark, from Norbiton, to Nottingham Tabernacle; Mr. E. A. Hobby, from Birmingham, to Macclesfield; Mr. G. W. Robert, from Weston, to Kingsthorpe, Northampton; and Mr. J. Young, from Ilford, to Waterfoot, Lancashire.

Mr. A. Read has gone from Frewsbury to Galion, Crawford County, Ohio; and Mr. J. J. Irving, from Morris, to Belvidere, Illinois, U.S.A. Mr. A. R. Morgan, who came back from the United States some months ago, has returned to his former pastorate, at Fairford, Gloucestershire.

Mr. Good sends us an interesting account of the opening of the Falkland Islands Tabernacle. After long, but unavoidable delays, the building was ready for the worshippers on March 29, when the Pastor preached in the morning, and Consul Lasar in the evening. On the following day the first tea-meeting ever held in the islands attracted a large company, including the Governor, and the Colonial Secretary, Doctor, Chaplain, and Church of England Mission Pastor. A very happy and enjoyable evening was spent, and Mr. Good was much encouraged. The cost of the chapel is not all raised, so there is an opportunity for friends who wish to help our brave brother in holding the fort at the Falklands.

Another of our brethren, whose position is almost as much isolated—Mr. Young, of St. Helena, reports the result of his two years' ministry in that island. The people continue to leave, so that it is difficult to keep up the congregation, but during Mr. Young's pastorate there has been an increase of fifteen members. We wonder if any of our readers will be touched by the following extract from our brother's letter:—

"At the present time we are making a special effort to raise £50 to repair the chapel. The white ants have destroyed part of the ceiling, together with some of the joists, and the necessary repairs and cleaning will cost the above sum. Money is not got here the way it is in England, and it will be some time before even this small sum will be raised. I read in one of your sermons that one of the best ways to beg is simply to show one's poverty. Well, sir, I am not displaying the poverty of this church with the intention of begging, for I am sure that the Lord will send enough for the carrying on of his work without our going into debt."

COLLEGE MISSIONARY ASSOCIATION.—Mr. and Mrs. Patrick have been to Spain for a short holiday, as they both required rest before the hot weather commenced. They have returned greatly invigorated, and recommenced the Spanish meetings, which were not held during their absence. Mr. Patrick writes:—"When in Spain we saw two previous attendants at the Café meetings, and rejoiced to find them both ready to testify that they were still the followers of Jesus Christ."

Dr. Churcher has written an interesting letter to the Orphanage children in acknowledgment of the amount sent by them for

the College Missionary Association. The following extract may convey a message to many of our readers, as well as to the orphan boys and girls:—

"Suppose there was a big field belonging to the Orphanage, and suppose Mr. Spurgeon, when he had to go away to France, said to Mr. Charlesworth: 'I should be so pleased if by the time I come back you would have all that field cleared, and planted with flowers and fruit trees, and here is the money for the work;' and suppose half of the field was already a garden, but the other part was quite wild, having nettles and furze and briers all over it, and when Mr. Spurgeon had gone, Mr. Charlesworth said: 'Now, boys and girls, the dear President wants ALL this field cleared, and planted with flowers and fruit trees before he comes back;' and so off you all went, and took the trees and flowers, and planted them *all* where the garden ground had been before, but none of you went to the half that was wild. When Mr. Charlesworth came to see how you were getting on, I think he would say: 'I say, this won't do at all; you are all working in the easy part; a lot of you had better go to work on the wild half.' But if the big boys said, 'Please, sir, we are busy; may not the little ones go there?' and the little ones said, 'Oh, sir, that part is very hard, those briers have thorns on them, please make the big boys go there?' and the girls said, 'Really, sir, we could not go, because it is not fit work for girls to do;' *and so nobody went*, but all the while the whole 500 of you were crowded on only half of the field, often getting in each other's way, and sometimes one pulling up what another had planted. I don't think Mr. Spurgeon would be very pleased when he came home; one half of the field would be still covered with thorns and weeds, and the other would not be well planted either; and yet this is what people have done with the gospel. Jesus said the field is the *world*, and not half the world has ever heard the gospel yet, and we believe that very soon our dear President the Lord Jesus is coming back; and don't you think that he will be grieved to find that his command has not been obeyed, because he said, 'Go ye into ALL the world, and preach the gospel to EVERY CREATURE'?"

EVANGELISTS.—We have received the following joint letter from our brethren whose names are appended to it, to all of whom we are deeply grateful for their loving sympathy and supplications:—

"Beloved President,—It will gladden you to know that in the recent visit (10 days), of *Brethren Fullerton and Smith* to our three Churches (Redditch, Studley, and Astwood Bank), the Word of God grew mightily and prevailed. The two evangelists had great favour with the people, and proved themselves to be, indeed, workmen that needed not to be ashamed, rightly dividing the Word of Truth. Often there was a very Bochim of weeping, a rain of tears; and again and again the Cross was the manifest and glorious magnet of souls. At Astwood Bank nearly a hundred were pricked to the heart, and most of these, there is reason to believe, have found the Lord. In Redditch and Studley, hallowed seasons of divine presence and power were experienced, and many pressed into the kingdom. Everywhere the people of God have been stirred up, and a general awakening and quickening have taken place all round. Praise be to our Triune God! 'The Cross, it standeth fast: hallelujah!' After the departure of the brethren, we held a praise-meeting at Redditch, and with the thunder rolling overhead, and the lightning flashing across our hymn-books, we re-consecrated ourselves to the Lord Jesus. You, dear President and friend, will rejoice over all this. To you our hearts go forth in loving solicitude; in your afflictions we are afflicted; we joy in your joys; we sorrow in your sorrows. We thank God upon every remembrance of you; we cease not to give thanks for you, making mention of you in our prayers; remembering without ceasing your work of faith and labour of love and patience of hope in our Lord Jesus, in the sight of God and our Father.

We remain,
Beloved President,
Yours in the Lord Jesus,

E. W. BERRY, Redditch,
R. J. WILLIAMSON, Studley,
W. WRIGHT ROBINSON, Astwood Bank."

Pastor R. W. Ayres sends us a long account of our brethren's mission at St. Helen's, from which we extract the following paragraphs:—

"Previous to their visit we held preparation gatherings, when from the chamber of pain and sickness, busy factories, noisy machine-rooms, noonday and evening prayer gatherings, importunate pleadings with God ascended to the throne of grace. Having very earnestly been praying for great things, our faith led us to expect great things at the hands of our conquering Prince; and praised be his holy name, we have already found the Lord able to exceed our petitions, and do for us exceeding abundantly above all that we ask or think.

"All the services have been splendidly attended. Mr. Smith conducted a children's service in the afternoon of Sunday last, when the Baptist and Congregational Sunday-schools mustered nearly two thousand. The touching incidents and telling anecdotes will long remain in the minds and hearts of the dear children: a number of the older scholars have come out, and given themselves to Jesus. Brother Fullerton has at every service preached the gospel with great clearness, kindness, and force; and right nobly rung out the old doctrines of salvation by the grace of God. Again has evidence been given that the old gospel has lost none

of its ancient force, but is still the power of God unto salvation to all that believe."

The evangelists have since been at Morley, Yorkshire. This month they go to Malvern and Abergavenny; in August they hope to have their well-earned rest.

Mr. Burnham has been preaching at High Wycombe, Langham, and Markyate Street, during the past month. Early in July, he and Pastor F. J. Flatt hope to sail for the United States. They are going to the Northfield Convention, and will combine holiday and work by taking services as far as time will permit. Letters may be addressed to them to the care of Mr. D. L. Moody, East Northfield, Massachusetts, U.S.A.

Mr. Harmer's Mission, at Looso, near Maidstone, was well attended, and resulted in the conversion of several of his hearers. The Sunday-school received a rich blessing, which was acknowledged by a special thankoffering.

At Ufculme, Devonshire, Mr. Harmer also had good services, although they were somewhat hindered by the return of influenza, from which he has previously suffered. Pastor W. Gillard writes:—"The gracious presence of the Holy Spirit was with us throughout the mission. Several persons have decided for Christ."

This month Mr. Harmer is helping Mr. Harrald, at Thornton Heath, while Mr. H. Thomas, of the College, is away for his holiday.

ORPHANAGE.—Notwithstanding the serious illness and consequent absence of the President, the Festival of 1891 was one of the most successful gatherings yet held at Stockwell. Everyone missed Mr. Spurgeon, and no one could make up for the loss of his personal presence; but all tried to do their utmost to fill the gap, and lighten the disappointment of the friends from far and near who had come to show their sympathy with the President and the other Trustees in their work of caring for the widow and the fatherless. The weather was just perfect. The attendance was not quite so large as last year; but, including the orphans and the staff, over eleven thousand persons were on the grounds, and the total receipts amounted to between £1,400 and £1,500. All the usual items were included in the programme, and everything passed off most happily, from the opening procession of the children to the closing concert by the Southwark Choral Society—this year, alas! without our faithful friend, Mr. John Courtnay, who has been called up to join the choir celestial. The great attraction for many of our visitors is always found at the two public meetings on the lawn. The new summer-house for sick children, presented by a generous lady, made an admirable platform, and those who were on or in it witnessed a pretty sight in the massing of thousands of hearty helpers of the Orphanage, who appeared to hear better than usual the addresses of the brethren who came at the President's request to plead for continued and increased support for the institution. We say, advisedly, continued and *increased* support, for during the past year the expenditure has exceeded the income, and we have had to draw slightly upon our invested funds.

C. J. Whittuck Rabbits, Esq., was an admirable chairman for the afternoon public meeting, and he was ably supported by the Vice-President, upon whom, in his brother's absence, the burden of responsibility fell. Prayer was offered by Pastor H. O. Mackey, and addresses were delivered by the Revs. T. W. W. Moeran, Dr. Donald Fraser, and E. J. Farley (the donor of the new drinking-fountain for the girls' side of the Orphanage). The presence of the Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress gave special interest to the evening meeting, at which prayer was presented by the Rev. Ernest Savory (the Lord Mayor's brother and chaplain), who also spoke in advocacy of the claims of the Orphanage. The other speakers, in addition to the right honourable chairman, were the Vice-President, and the Revs. W. F. Clarkson, B.A., W. Stott, D. J. Hiley, and C. E. Stone. The Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress remained some time, watching with much interest the musical drill of the boys, and before leaving congratulated Mr. Charlesworth on all that they had seen at the Orphanage. The result of the day's proceedings was such as to make all concerned deeply grateful to the Lord for his great goodness.

Will any friends, in town or country, who are able to take either boys or girls who have no relatives to receive them during the holiday in August, communicate with Mr. Charlesworth, Stockwell Orphanage, Clapham Road, London?

COLPORTAGE.—There is no new feature to report this month, but the work is being steadily prosecuted in nearly one hundred different districts. This means a very heavy drain on the resources of the Association, as a number of these districts were started at a lower guarantee than £40 per annum, with the understanding that local friends would bring their subscriptions up to the full amount after the first year. It therefore will depend largely upon them, in the first instance, whether the present staff can be maintained; and, next, whether a sufficient number of new friends can be secured, who will largely increase the General Fund.

Some persons appear to think that, if £40 is given for a district, the work will be self-supporting; but in the majority of cases this is not so, and a considerable sum has to be drawn from the General Fund to pay the wages and expenses of the colporteurs. Testimony to the value of the work is uniform from those who have tried it; while it is evident that no more economical agency is

possible. The taste for reading is elevated, and an enormous circulation of moral and evangelical literature is assured, while the opportunities for preaching the gospel in spiritually dark and neglected places are very extensive.

A strong appeal is therefore made to friends of good literature and evangelical truth to rally to the help of this old-established Association, which is now in its twenty-fifth year. The Annual Report and full particulars may be had on application to the Secretary, W. Corden Jones, Pastors' College, Temple Street, Southwark, S.E.

PERSONAL NOTE.—One of our College brethren writes:—"Beloved President, it delights me to find, as I go from house to house, that so very many of your sermons and books are read to profit. Not a single week passes without some one calling my attention to one or other of your works. Only last night I met a shopman who *tried* to tell what *All of Grace* had done for him. He said that his master gave a copy to each employé at Christmas. Another merchant in the town has told me that *All of Grace* proved such a help to himself that he bought *one hundred copies*, and gave them to his friends in business!"

Baptisms at Metropolitan Tabernacle:—May 28, six; June 4, six.

Pastors' College, Metropolitan Tabernacle.

Statement of Receipts from May 15th to June 15th, 1891.

	£	s.	d.
Mrs. Roxburgh	0	5	0
A friend, per Dr. Usher	1	1	0
Mr. E. J. Preston	10	10	0
Friends at Westbourne Baptist Chapel, Bournemouth, per Pastor G. Wainwright	2	10	0
Mrs. Darling, per Dr. Jamieson	25	0	0
Mr. P. C. Rutherford	5	0	0
P. L. F.	25	0	0
Mrs. Halcrow	0	5	0
H. M.	0	5	0
Pastor W. Whale	5	0	0
Prayer-meeting offerings at Mansion House Mission, per Pastor G. W. Linnecar	0	12	6
Mr. J. Holt Skinner	10	0	0
C. A. M.	50	0	0
A friend, Berwick	0	10	0
J. F., 1869	0	10	0
Mr. H. R. Kelsey	2	0	0
Pastor and Mrs. R. Hughes	2	0	0
Miss Fastier, per J. T. D.	1	0	0
Mr. R. J. Beecliff	0	2	6
Mrs. Neville	0	2	6
Mr. G. D. Forbes	0	2	6
Mr. Arthur Briscoe	10	0	0
Miss Adderley	2	10	0
Rev. R. Maplesden	1	0	0
E. R.	5	0	0
Miss Pavey	0	10	0
Nurse Rickwood	0	2	6
Mrs. Wells, and Bertie and Norman	1	0	0
Readers of "The Christian," per Messrs. Morgan and Scott	0	10	0
R. P.	10	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Robert Paton	10	0	0
Mr. Dennison, per Mr. J. Tansley	0	10	0
Baptist Church, Folkestone, per Pastor R. F. Jeffrey	3	10	0
Mr. John Smith	1	0	0
Mr. Thomas R——	5	0	0
H. V. L.	5	0	0
Miss Marsh	0	4	0
Weekly Offerings at Met. Tab.:—			
May 17	26	9	0
„ 24	3	2	3
„ 31	23	10	0
June 7	30	9	10
„ 14	6	13	5
	90	4	6
	£287	17	0

Pastors' College Missionary Association.

Statement of Receipts from May 15th to June 15th, 1891.

	£	s.	d.
Mr. James Hall	5	0	0
Miss Descroix	0	2	6
Miss Dickerson, per Pastor F. Thompson	0	5	0
Mr. J. W. Eales	1	14	0
C. A. M.	10	0	0
Mr. Arthur Briscoe	10	0	0
Miss Pavey	0	10	0
Rev. H. Halliday	1	0	0
A little help from Australia	2	0	0
Mr. Thomas R——	5	0	0
Anonymous	50	0	0
	£85	11	6

Stockwell Orphanage.

Statement of Receipts from May 15th to June 15th, 1891.

	£	s.	d.
Collected by Miss Sherrard	0	5	0
Miss C. Spear	0	5	0
Mr. A. J. Greenland	1	0	0
Mr. J. Hodges	1	0	0
Battersea Park Tabernacle Sunday-school, per Mr. F. W. Mitchell	1	0	0

	£	s.	d.
Mr. F. Arthur	0	4	0
A reader of "The Sword and the Trowel," Aberdeen	0	2	0
Mrs. T. W. J. Watson	1	1	0
Mrs. MacGregor	1	0	0
Mr. Jas. Page	0	10	6
Mr. W. Newton	0	5	0
Christian Police Association, per Mrs. Dorin	0	10	0
Collected by Mr. T. E. Inwood... ...	0	18	6
Mrs. Ferne	1	1	0
Miss Rose Bousfield	15	0	0
Executor of the late Miss N. Cox ...	100	0	0
Mr. Joseph Wheateroft	100	0	0
Rev. J. E. C. Welldon, D.D.	10	0	0
Mrs. Halcrow	0	5	0
A friend	2	0	0
Mrs. Chapman	1	0	0
Mrs. Barry	1	1	0
Mr. John Gaull	2	0	0
Mr. C. Ibberson	0	2	6
A. B., Teddington	0	5	0
Collected by Miss Harding	0	10	0
Sillyearn Sabbath-school, Grange, Keith	0	9	6
M. N. W., Berbice...	2	10	0
Per Pastor W. Whale:—			
City Tabernacle Sunday-school 2 0 0			
Mr. J. C. Keith 3 0 0			
	5	0	0
Collections at Surrey Square Mission, per Mr. C. A. Pavey	3	0	0
Miss Tilley	5	0	0
Mrs. Higham	4	0	0
Collected by Mrs. Clacy	0	8	6
Mr. H. Donkin	1	0	0
Sale of a pet chick...	0	2	6
Mrs. Gunn	5	0	0
Mrs. Beattie...	1	0	0
Collected by Master Herries	0	4	10
Miss I. Hubbard	1	1	0
Mr. J. Holt Skinner	10	0	0
J. W....	2	0	0
A well-wisher	0	4	0
A friend, Berwick	0	10	0
Mrs. Atwell...	1	0	0
Nemo	1	0	0
J. F., 1869	0	10	0
Mrs. Maunder	2	0	0
Mr. John Dowding	2	0	0
Mr. H. R. Kelsey	5	0	0
Per Mrs. J. A. Spurgeon:—			
Mr. Alderman Haggis ... 1 0 0			
Mr. Alderman J. W. Hobbs 1 1 0			
	2	1	0
Mr. Edwin Reynolds	0	2	6
Mr. T. Muir Dalziel	5	0	0
An aged widow and her son	6	0	0
Collected by Mrs. J. Withers:—			
Mr. M. J. Sutton 3 3 0			
Mr. M. H. Sutton 1 1 0			
Mr. Alfred Sutton... ... 1 0 0			
Mr. T. Gregory 0 15 0			
Mr. E. Harvey 0 10 6			
Mr. Herbert Sutton ... 0 10 0			
Mr. Alfred Palmer... ... 0 10 0			
Mrs. C. Simonds 0 10 0			
Mrs. Lawsley 0 5 0			
Mr. W. Cowslade 0 5 0			
Mrs. Collier... ... ... 0 5 0			
Mrs. J. Davis 0 2 6			
Mr. W. Ravenscroft ... 0 2 6			
Mrs. W. Shepherd... ... 0 2 6			
Mr. Brigham 0 2 6			
Mrs. Parfitt... ... ... 0 2 6			
	9	7	0
Collected by Miss Spall	0	11	2
Mr. G. D. Forbes	0	2	6
Collected by Miss H. Wood	0	6	6
Orphanage-box at Tabernacle gates ...	1	6	4

	£	s.	d.
F. G. B., Chelmsford	0	2	6
Collected by Mrs. Gregory	0	8	0
Miss B. D. Lewis	1	0	0
A friend	2	0	0
Mrs. Slodden	0	2	6
Mr. A. Edmeades	1	1	0
Executors of the late Mrs. Mary Maria Ruck	200	0	0
Miss Trotter	1	0	0
Mrs. Knapp...	1	0	0
Mr. S. Coxeter	0	5	0
Mrs. Spindler	5	0	0
Collected by Mrs. Potter...	0	8	3
Rev. Charles Miller	0	10	0
Mr. Thos. H. Howell	5	0	0
Mrs. Goff	0	5	0
Collected by Mrs. Terrell...	0	11	8
Mr. J. C. Wadland	1	0	0
Rev. W. Parry	0	5	0
C. J.	0	2	6
Mr. R. J. Moffat	5	5	0
C. G. C.	0	1	0
Miss A. A. Roberts, per Miss Maxwell	2	2	0
Mr. R. Parsons	0	5	0
Young Women's Bible Class at the Orphanage, per Mrs. J. Stiff... ...	0	15	4
Miss Janet Wood	1	0	0
Staines Baptist Sunday-school, per Mr. J. McKee	1	5	0
Mr. W. Kelley, per Mr. S. Wigney ...	0	10	0
Mr. E. K. Stace	0	10	0
Sandwich, per Bankers	2	2	0
Mr. Arthur Briscoe	10	0	0
Collected by Miss E. Botting	1	17	6
Mr. E. Ridgway	5	0	0
A poor woman at Melbourn, Cambs. ...	0	1	0
Eythorne, Ashley, and Woollage Green Sunday-schools	4	10	0
Mrs. Bell	1	0	0
Mrs. Knott	1	0	0
Mrs. White	0	2	6
Mr. G. B. Underwood	0	10	0
Mrs. H. W. Thompson	0	2	6
J. R. T., Edinburgh	0	5	0
J. W....	0	10	0
Mr. T. L. Hankin	1	1	0
Miss Williams	0	2	0
Mrs. Wells, and Bertie and Norman ...	1	0	0
Mr. Lawrence Shepherd	0	10	0
Mr. Henry Smith	0	5	0
Executors of the late Mr. J. H. Tarrant (4th instalment of legacy)	10	0	0
L. O. J., Brighton	0	5	0
Enclosed in parcel from Watford ...	0	10	0
In memoriam, 17th July, 1885	1	0	0
Mrs. Watts	5	0	0
R. P.	10	0	0
Mrs. Withers	0	5	0
Messrs. John F. Shaw and Co.... ...	2	0	0
B. B., Winchcombe	0	5	0
Mr. R. T. Fletcher...	2	0	0
Mrs. Bousema	2	10	0
Mrs. Charles, per Mrs. Bousema ...	0	2	6
Miss Mason	1	0	0
Bessells Green Baptist Sunday-school	1	4	0
A friend, through J. Bloomfield ...	40	0	0
Miss E. Clover	0	5	0
Mrs. Rennard	1	0	0
Miss I. Keay...	0	2	6
Straw plaiters, Ivinghoe Aston... ...	0	2	9
Mrs. S. Dunn	0	10	6
Miss S. Gould	3	0	0
Miss Lizzie Hamblen	0	2	6
A Midlothian farmer	5	0	0
Miss Symington	2	0	0
Mr. J. M. Wilson	0	7	6
Mr. and Mrs. Woolidge	0	10	0
M. Sale	0	5	0
Mrs. G. Colyer	0	10	0
Mr. Thomas D. Galpin	10	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. T. A. Kelly	2	2	0

	£	s.	d.
A widow's mite	0	2	6
Eskdale shepherd	0	10	0
Mr. W. R. Scott	0	5	0
Mr. E. F. Pringle	1	0	0
Mr. Charles E. Tidswell	0	5	0
A friend, per Mrs. Wright, Kingston...	0	5	0
T. T.	0	2	0
Mr. and Mrs C. Scruby	1	0	0
Mrs. Fryer	1	0	0
A. P.	0	2	0
Mr. and Mrs. Williamson	2	2	0
Mrs. D. Sharpe	0	10	0
Mrs. Aaron Brown...	5	0	0
Mrs. Dodwell	0	10	6
Mr. and Mrs. Baker	1	0	0
Mrs. Munro and friends	1	0	0
Mr. G. W. Slater	0	10	6
E. C., and A. R. C.	1	0	0
I. Gray	0	2	6
Mrs. Robins...	0	1	0
Mrs. Everett, per Mrs. Cattell	5	0	0
Mrs. Newman	0	5	0
Mrs. Johnstone, per Rev. W. Tulloch...	2	0	0
Mrs. Boyle	0	5	0
In memoriam	0	5	0
Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Fox, for the support of one child for a year ...	20	0	0
Mrs. Calder...	21	0	0
Collections at Beulah Baptist Chapel, Thornton Heath, per Pastor J. W. Harrald	3	6	0
Mr. Thomas R——	5	0	0
Mrs. Garroway	5	0	0

	£	s.	d.
Meetings by Mr. Charlesworth and the Orphanage Choir:—			
Tooting	1	19	4
Waterbeach...	17	6	0
Hounslow 11 6 0			
Sale of programmes ... 0 14 0			
	15	0	0
Bishop's Stortford	6	2	8
Sawbridgeworth	7	7	0
Cottenham	20	0	0
Littleport	12	17	0
Willingham...	12	8	2
Cambridge 10 2 8			
Donations:—			
Mr. R. J. Moffat 2 2 0			
Pastor T. G. Tarn 0 10 0			
Mr. C. Scruby 0 10 0			
Mr. T. Scruby 1 1 0			
Mr. G. Apthorpe 1 1 0			
Mrs. G. Apthorpe 1 1 0			
Messrs. F. and A. Doggett 1 0 0			
Mrs. Leonard 0 5 0			
Mr. Plant 0 5 0			
Mrs. Berry 0 5 0			
Mr. Barker 0 10 0			
Mrs. Bolden... ... ... 0 5 0			
Mr. Gentle 0 2 6			
	19	0	2
Baptist Total Abstinence Association, per Mr. J. T. Sears (less expenses)...	2	15	6
	£876	0	2

List of Presents, per Mr. Charlesworth, from May 15th to June 15th, 1891.—PROVISIONS:—66 lbs. Salt Butter, Mr. E. Sparrow; 40 lbs. Tea, Messrs. Armstrong and Co.; 24 lbs. Butter, Mr. F. Barnes; 1 New Zealand Sheep, Sir A. Seale Haslam; 5 Stilton Cheeses, Mr. J. T. Crosher.

BOYS' CLOTHING:—6 Shirts, Mrs. Rettie; 6¾ yards Cloth, Mr. P. Norman; 34 Articles, friends at Kingston Baptist Chapel, per Mrs. Wright; 33 Articles, Mrs. East.

GIRLS' CLOTHING:—31 Articles, a Juvenile Working Class, per Mrs. G. Griffiths; 8 Articles, 2 Hats, 1 pair Boots, Mrs. Muir; 102 Articles, The Ladies' Working Meeting, Metropolitan Tabernacle, per Miss Higgs; 6 Articles, Mrs. Rettie; 6 Caps, 1 Scarf, M. L.; 40 Articles, Mrs. M. Brake; 1 Dress, The Working Meeting at the Baptist Chapel, Newbridge, Mon., per Miss Daniell; 12 Articles, Miss Milner; 9 Articles, Miss L. Salter; 1 parcel Worn Clothes, Mrs. Allen; a few yards Trimming, "A Dorset friend"; 19 Articles, Messrs. R. V. Bray and Son; 21 Aprons, The Juvenile Working Society, Metropolitan Tabernacle, per Miss Woods; 2 Pinafores, Miss King; 106 Articles, The Friends at Kingston Baptist Chapel, per Mrs. Wright; 25 Articles, Miss Mears; 111 Articles, Mrs. East; 112 Articles (Girls' and Boys'), The Reading Young Ladies' Working Party, per Mrs. James Withers.

GENERAL:—1 Box of Flowers, Mrs. E. Parsons; 58 Articles, Mrs. Lott and Miss Cæsar; 50 Articles, 1 Quilt, Miss Marsh.

Colportage Association.

Statement of Receipts from May 15th to June 15th, 1891.

Subscriptions and Donations for Districts:—	£	s.	d.
Uxbridge District:—			
Mrs. D. Grimsdale... ... 0 10 0			
Mrs. A. Wakefield... ... 0 10 0			
Mr. W. M. Harris 0 10 0			
Mr. O. Buckingham ... 0 5 0			
Mr. S. T. Gregory 0 5 0			
Mr. Chaney 0 5 0			
Mrs. Grimsdale, Cowley Road 0 5 0			
Mr. F. Wood 0 2 6			
H. J. A. 0 2 6			
Mr. Higbed 0 1 0			
Miss Finch 0 1 0			
A friend 0 1 0			
	2	18	0
Malton, per Rev. J. Rigby	7	10	0
Wilts. and East Somerset Association...	25	0	0
Somers Town, per Miss Griffith... ...	10	0	0
Bromley Congregational Church, for West Wickham	10	0	0
Cambs. Baptist Association	10	0	0

	£	s.	d.
Western Baptist Association	10	0	0
Earl's Colne, per Mrs. Tawell	10	0	0
Mr. R. W. S. Griffith, for Fritham ...	10	0	0
Borstall District	10	0	0
The late Mr. Bilbrough, for Horsforth	6	5	0
Orpington, per Mr. W. Vinson... ...	5	0	0
Mr. John Cory, for Castleton, Cardiff, and Penrhikyber	20	0	0
Peckham Rye Tabernacle, for Peckham and East Dulwich	10	0	0
Exmouth, per Rev. J. Thomas... ...	2	2	0
Rev. E. J. Farley, for St. Luke's ...	10	0	0
Rendham District	7	10	0
Worcester Colportage Association ...	30	0	0
Mr. R. Scott, for Langham	10	0	0
E. S., for Repton and Burton-on-Trent	20	0	0
Mrs. Dodson, for Littledale	20	0	0
M. A. H., for Orpington	5	0	0
	£251	5	0

Subscriptions and Donations to the General Fund:—

	£	s.	d.
Mr. Fulks	1	1	0
Mr. F. Fisher	1	1	0
Mrs. Southwell	0	5	0
Mrs. Gunn	10	0	0
H. B.	50	0	0
C. A. M.	10	0	0
Readers of "The Christian," per Messrs. Morgan and Scott	2	0	0
R. P.	10	0	0
Mr. Thomas R——	5	0	0
Annual Subscriptions:—			
Mr. Thomas H. Olney	10	0	0
Messrs. Simpkin, Marshall, Hamilton, Kent, and Co., Limited	1	1	0
Mr. W. G. Macgregor	1	1	0
Mr. G. F. Satchell	2	0	0
Mr. W. Izard	2	2	0
Mrs. John Olney	2	0	0
Mr. W. Payne	1	1	0
Miss Norris	0	10	6
Mr. William Olney	1	1	0
	£110	3	6

Society of Evangelists.

Statement of Receipts from May 15th to June 15th, 1891.

	£	s.	d.
Mrs. Glass	50	0	0
Mr. B. W. B., per Mr. G. Finch	3	0	0
Mr. J. Brockie	1	0	0
Thankoffering for Messrs. Fullerton and Smith's services at Kettering	15	3	4
Thankoffering for Mr. Harmer's services at Loose	0	10	0
Thankoffering for Mr. Harmer's services at Loose Baptist Sunday-school	0	7	0
C. A. M.	10	0	0
R. P.	10	0	0
Readers of "The Christian," per Messrs. Morgan and Scott	0	10	0
Thankoffering for Messrs. Fullerton and Smith's services at Redditch, Dudley, and Astwood Bank	13	12	0
Mr. Thomas R——	5	0	0
Anonymous	100	0	0
	£209	2	4

Surrey Gardens Memorial Schools.

Statement of Receipts from May 15th to June 15th, 1891.

	£	s.	d.
Collections at Metropolitan Tabernacle, May 24	67	0	0
Mrs. Glass	50	0	0
Mr. J. W. Grose	5	0	0
Mr. W. C. Greenop	1	1	0
Postal order from Cambridge Street, Pimlico	0	5	0
Miss Newman	5	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. F. Blackwood	1	1	0
Mr. and Mrs. Peter Anderson	5	0	0
J. B. G.	5	0	0
Mrs. Buick	1	0	0
Pastors' College Evening Classes	5	5	0
Rev. Thomas Yates	1	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Barnett	0	5	0
Mr. Thomas Scott	0	5	0
C. A. M.	10	0	0
Rev. W. L. and Mrs. Lang	5	0	0
Postal order from Eastern District office	0	2	6
Mrs. S. Dunn, per J. T. D.	0	10	6
Mrs. Dee	0	2	6
A. S.	0	5	0
J. McI.	0	5	0
E. C. A.	0	5	0
A. Knock	0	2	6
Mr. A. O. Nelson	2	0	0
Mrs. Fairey	0	10	6
Mrs. Robert Gladstone	1	0	0
Miss Heath	5	0	0
Mrs. Shearman	10	0	0
Mr. James Knight	2	0	0
Mr. Arthur Briscoe	20	0	0
E. R.	1	0	0
Miss Ware	0	2	6
Mrs. C. Carter	0	10	0
Mrs. Scott	0	10	6
Mr. James Wilson	0	10	0
B. B., Winchcombe	0	5	0
John F. H.	1	0	0
Mrs. Field	0	10	0
Miss Husk	0	10	0
Miss E. E. Jones	0	5	0
Mr. James Baxter	1	0	0
Mrs. Rees	0	5	0
Mr. William Hamilton	1	0	0
Mr. William Crawford	0	10	0
An aged friend, Dunmow	1	0	0
Mrs. D. Sharpe	0	3	0
Anonymous	50	0	0
Mr. James Stiff	5	0	0
Mr. Thomas R——	10	0	0
Mr. G. Shaw	5	5	0
E. H.	1	1	0
Mrs. Jenkins	2	0	0
Mrs. W. Olney and family	5	0	0
	£291	14	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.

AUGUST, 1891.

Pruning the Vines.

A PRAYER-MEETING ADDRESS, BY C. H. SPURGEON.

THE prayer of one of our brethren, just now, made me think of something upon which I will say a few words to you. I have recently watched, more carefully than ever I did before, the treatment of vines; and I have observed how true are the Saviour's words: "Every branch that beareth fruit, he purgeth (or pruneth) it, that it may bring forth more fruit." All fruit-bearing trees, or all that I am acquainted with, more or less need the knife to cut away the superfluous shoots from the wood; but the vine is probably selected by the Saviour, among other reasons, for this fact, that it has to endure the pruning-knife more than any other tree. When I saw the vines, the gardeners had cut them back dreadfully; there seemed to be nothing left but old, dried stems, with a few knuckles, as it were, sticking up here and there, like swans' necks; but to all appearance hard, and withered, and dead.

As I looked at them, I thought they were just like myself. I have been cut back terribly.* I hoped to have had many branches, from which there might have come large clusters of luscious fruit for my blessed Master; but, instead of that, the knife has been used upon me, and

* Readers will, of course, understand that this address does not relate to the illness referred to in another part of the Magazine. It was delivered at the Tabernacle after the Pastor's recovery from one of the many illnesses from which he has suffered, and it seemed peculiarly timely to issue it just now that he is altogether unable to write or think of anything either for the pulpit or the press.

there has been the cutting-away of a shoot here, and a branch there, until I wondered what would be left when the Vine-dresser had finished his pruning.

While a vine is being pruned, or after the pruning process is over, there is a wonderful change in its appearance. You would hardly know it to be the same as when it was covered with leaves and laden with fruit. On our journeys to Mentone, we pass through some of the principal vine-growing districts of France, and the view of the vines that we get in the winter is by no means charming. As we look at them, we understand why the Saviour was likened to "a root out of a dry ground", of whom many say, "He hath no form nor comeliness . . . . . no beauty that we should desire him." I was told, when at Mentone, that the best vines were cut back the most. The vine-dressers pruned them until I thought they might as well root them up out of the ground; they seemed quite destroyed; but they told me that they would not yield one-half such sweet and choice grapes if they were not thus cut. They said that there are coarser vines, which can grow upon trellis-work, and climb over arches; but that the grapes they produce are very poor, compared with those that are brought forth upon the other vines. The scenery gains in beauty; but the fruit loses in sweetness and flavour. The best vines must be cut back most. I am sure this is a rule which applies both in nature and in grace. I do not say that it is a proof that we are the best Christians because we suffer most; but I do say that we ought to try to be the best branches of the true and living Vine if we have been the most cut back.

Notice the exact words of our Lord: "Every branch that beareth fruit, he purgeth it, that it may bring forth more fruit" (John xv. 2). This pruning must be personal. "*Every branch* that beareth fruit, he purgeth *it*." The pruning of any other branch will not avail; the knife must be used upon this particular branch. This pruning process must be applied to you, my brother, and you, my sister, who are in Christ, and who are bringing forth fruit because of your union to him. It is not sufficient to be a member of a fruitful church, or class, or family; each one must be fruitful if we are to accomplish the end for which we were elected by our Lord. He said, "I have chosen you, and ordained you, that ye should go and bring forth fruit, and that your fruit should remain."

And note, that it is *the fruit-bearing branch* that is to be pruned. Fruitless branches are cut off; but those that bear any fruit are cut, that they may bring forth "more fruit" (verse 2), and "much fruit" (verses 5 and 8). The heavenly Husbandman takes away the fruitless branches, and he takes away from the fruit-bearing branches everything that would hinder them from being full of fruit. The clinging tendrils of self-conceit, the too-luxuriant foliage of outward profession, or anything that would prevent the fullest possible production of fruit, must be pruned with unsparing hand.

"He purgeth it." However sharp the knife may be, it is held in the hand of unerring wisdom and infinite love. "Shall not the Judge of all the earth do right?" Ay, that he will, even though the pruning makes the branch to bleed, as if its very life were being taken away. He will not prune either too much or too little. Be thankful if the

Vine-dresser thinks you worth pruning, and does not cast you away with the fruitless branches that are thrown aside for burning.

"He *purgeth* it." The Revised Version has it, "He *cleanseth* it." In speaking to his disciples, our Lord explained how the purging or cleansing is effected. "Now ye are clean through the word which I have spoken unto you." Many godly people speak of affliction as the Lord's pruning-knife; and, doubtless, the Vine-dresser often uses it for that purpose; and if he wills it to be so, it is a most efficient instrument for effecting his divine purposes. I bear my willing testimony to the blessing that affliction and trial have been to me. I owe more to the fire and the file than I can ever describe. Still, the teaching of this passage is, that it is *the Word of the Lord* which is to purge and cleanse believers. Affliction may be the handle of the pruning-knife, or the ladder by which the gracious Gardener reaches every branch of the vine; but it is the Word itself which is used to accomplish the needed purging or cleansing.

The great end that the Vine-dresser has in view, in pruning the fruit-bearing branch, is "*that it may bring forth more fruit.*" Other trees may be useful for various purposes; but the vine exists that it may bear "fruit." Before we were converted, we brought forth evil fruit; but now, by the grace of God, we bear "fruit unto holiness, and the end everlasting life." Writing to the Galatians, the apostle Paul makes a catalogue of the fruit of the Spirit—"love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance." Men are not to be judged by their profession, or by their appearance; the Lord's test is, "The tree is known by his fruit." If we are bearing fruit, it is an evidence that we are abiding in the true Vine. Our Lord Jesus said to his disciples, "As the branch cannot bear fruit of itself, except it abide in the vine, no more can ye, except ye abide in me." The purging, pruning, cleansing, is only to make us abide still more closely in the Vine, that all the vital sap flowing into us may be used in the formation of fruit. "He that abideth in me, and I in him, the same bringeth forth much fruit: for without me (*margin*, severed from me) ye can do nothing." The more fruit we bear, the more will God be glorified, and the more shall we prove that we are Christ's followers, to whom he can say, "I am the Vine, ye are the branches."

This is just what has happened to the vines that I have watched. If I had not seen it so often, I could not have believed that such a change could have been wrought. The vines that were cut back so terribly before my illness, are now adorned with lovely leaves, and, better still, there are flowers from which the clusters will come, and the branches have grown marvellously during the time that I have been laid aside. It looked like a miracle to see the poor, dried vine again springing up, and throwing out hopes of abundant fruitage by-and-by. This ought to encourage all of us who are being pruned. If we have been cut back by the Lord, it is only that we may gather strength that shall not be spent to waste in producing wood and leaf, but that shall be used in bringing forth fruit for our dear Lord and Master. That ought to be the case, and will be the case, with each branch of the living Vine.

Our friend prayed that, now that I am better, I may have strength I

never dreamed of. I hope every one of you will have strength you never dreamed of! It would be a blessed thing if every branch in the true Vine should bear clusters as large as that which came from Eshcol. Oh, to bear for King Jesus such fruit, to abide in him so closely, and to glorify him so completely, that no more could have been done by us! I fear we do not, any of us, reach that standard; but let us all seek to get as near to it as we possibly can.

You must have noticed, in reading the lives of men who have been very fruitful unto God and the church, how much they have been cut back. You remember how it was with Martin Luther. At the very time that he seemed to be most wanted in the world, when he was returning from the Diet of Worms, and hoping soon to be again preaching in his beloved Wittenberg, he was surrounded by a band of soldiers, and carried off to the castle of the Wartburg, and there he was shut up for a while, and unable to mix with men, as he longed to do. He was not confined as a prisoner, for he went out hunting and riding; but he was always attended by guards; and the rest of his time he spent in reading and studying. He wanted to be preaching and thundering away against the evils of the Papacy; and he said that he believed it was the devil who had come and shut him up just when he wanted to be in the thick of the fight. It was the act, not of Satan, out of his faithful friend the Elector Frederic, who knew that at that time his life would be in great danger if he were out abroad; so he kept him out of the way of harm, and in that castle of the Wartburg he was able to do more for the cause of God and truth than if he had been at liberty. It was there that he threw the inkstand at the devil's head, and it was there that he began to throw the inkstand at the devil's head in another sense by his translation of the Bible, and by his other writings. It was a good time for Luther, and it was a good time for the whole world. He was able to take active exercise, and also carefully and prayerfully to study the Scriptures, thus preparing himself for future service.

Luther was also cut back in another fashion. That faithful servant of God—the bravest of the brave, I think I might call him; one who seemed dauntless as a lion before the Lord's enemies—was throughout his whole life tormented by such doubt, unbelief, and horrible attacks of Satan, that I suppose there has scarcely existed a man who has gone through a more trying experience. No barque that ever rode the waters endured fiercer tempests than Martin Luther when he was driven before the blast of Satanic assaults. He would get down his violin and play, in the hope of driving away the foul fiend; he would talk with Catherine von Bora, his wife—his queen, his empress, as he called her; and she would reason with him, and sometimes scold him. But it was of no use: poor Martin went down, down, down, till he cursed the day of his birth, and wished himself in his grave. Imagine, if you can, what he would have been without all these trials. With such a spirit as he had, he would have been like a wild boar, rooting up everything that was growing in his pathway; and he would have acted towards a great many people in a way that would not have been for their comfort, or his own good name. So he was cut back, and was not allowed to grow according to the vigour of the sap that was in him, and thus was enabled to render such noble service to the

great Protestant Reformation, with which his name will be eternally associated.

I have spoken this in the hope of cheering any of you who are being tried, you that have been doubting, you that have been troubled in your minds. Cry to God that this pruning process may make you fruitful in every good work, and cheerfully submissive to the will of the Lord. Do not so much ask for deliverance from trouble as for the sanctified use of it; and may the Lord bless you all, and save any unsaved ones who may be present! Amen.

"'Tis good to tread the dear old ways."

BY WILLIAM LUFF.

"Ask for the old paths, where is the good way, and walk therein, and ye shall find rest for your souls."—Jeremiah vi. 16.

'TIS good to tread the dear old ways,
Where we have gone before:
They seem endeared by many days,
We love them more and more.
We know each tree, and stile, and gate,
Each bank of lovely flowers;
And where the choicest views await
Our long accustomed powers.

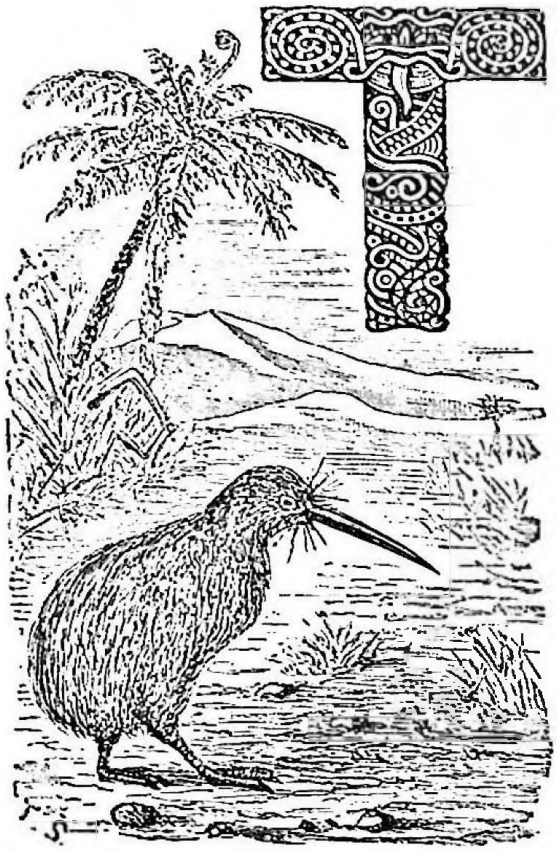
We know where we can calmly rest
Beneath the shading boughs—
Oh, yes! we love the old paths best,
That heard our early vows.
There we are safe, and cannot stray,
We know they lead us home;
For we have trod them many a day,
And do not wish to roam.

'Tis good to tread God's dear old ways
Of promise and of grace,
To spell the word our Father says,
And ancient footprints trace.
We've read the chapter many times,
And love it still the same,
Its music's like the village chimes
That in our childhood came.

Who wills may seek for pathways new,
I love the dear old tracks,
Where I have often caught a view
A newer pathway lacks.
I know the spots of welcome shade,
And where the wild-bird plays:
I care not for the paths new-made,
I love the dear old ways.

The Kiwi.

BY THOMAS SPURGEON.



THE birds of New Zealand are not very numerous in comparison with those of other countries, but they are admittedly remarkable. Maori carvings are hardly more curious than some of the birds of Maoriland. As songsters, they must be content to be anywhere but at the top of the tree, nor can they plume themselves, save in a few instances, on the brilliancy of their plumage. This is doubtless to their advantage, just now at all events; for, while the present fashion is "in," fine feathers not only make fine birds, but fine bonnets. They thus escape the slaughter of the innocents.

The moa, as everybody knows, is extinct—I had almost written "is no *more*." Well do I remember being invited by a loquacious showman, at an exhibition in Queensland, to "walk up and see the only living specimen of the New Zealand moa, long supposed to be extinct!" But I contented myself with gazing at the picture outside, and imagining that some poor unfortunate emu was being palmed off as the last of the moas. Quite a number of sightseers stepped up to see the show, and came out looking as if they had been taken in. Then there is the tui, or parson bird, who openly declares himself to be of "the cloth" by wearing a suit of bluish black, with two tufts of white feathers on his throat. He rejoices in a very musical voice—one of the best gifts a parson can have. There is no authority for supposing that he plays the part of parson to his fellow birds; but I may say that, if he does, and his matter is as good as his "mouth", happy are the birds that sit under him!

Nor must I forget, among many others, the kea, who has secured an unenviable notoriety by attacking sheep, and feeding upon them while yet alive. Strange is it that birds that in summer time sip the sweets of honey-bearing flowers should at other seasons find their victuals in the vitals of living animals.

But the characteristic bird of New Zealand, in my judgment, is the kiwi, or apteryx. Its portrait is honoured with a place on the Bank of New Zealand notes—that "filthy lucre" of which even the wealthiest are always "asking for more." The kiwi is certainly a curiosity, not that it boasts gorgeous colours, or gigantic stature, or mellifluous

voice, or untiring wing. Its suit is as grey as a Quaker's; its feathers are more like hairs; its size is that of a barn-door fowl; its only song is a prolonged whistle (hence its name, kee-wee); and, strangest of all, *it is wingless!* A bird without wings! A living contradiction. What is the good of being a bird if flying is impossible? To "flee as a bird", assuredly means to fly. I had almost rather be a snail, and creep as it is expected to, than be a bird that can only flee by running.

But why waste our pity on the kiwi? Is there not greater reason for regret that so many Christians too closely resemble it? Wings are an emblem of faith. At least, they were so to Bunyan. You remember his pretty rhyme:—

> "That little bird—see how she soars and sings;
> But could she do so if she had not wings?
> Her wings bespeak my faith, her songs my peace:
> When I believe and sing, my doubtings cease."

Oh, yes, if we had but faith, we might be as the birds which flit and float above our heads, escaping at their will the smoke, and dust, and fog! More constancy in believing prayer, more real waiting upon the Lord, would cause us to mount up with wings as eagles. Alas! how many Christians are of the apteryx or wingless order!

> "Their souls can neither fly nor go
> To reach eternal joys."

I sincerely wish I might write of doubting saints what is recorded of the subjects of my paper: "They are only found in New Zealand, and even there they are becoming scarce."

Some savants say that the rudimentary wings which the kiwi has point to the probability that it was not always wingless, and that disuse has caused them to become so small that they are hidden beneath its plumage. However this may be, it is a solemn fact, that those who are now faith-flown were trustful once: they have cast away their confidence. They failed to exercise their faith, and being unused it gradually disappeared. I have heard it said that we should not pray with the disciples, "Lord, increase our faith." I think not so; but when we pray thus, we should not forget that the Lord may answer our prayer by directing us to use the faith we have, that it may grow thereby. The kiwi may never have had a very strong pinion at any time. There was therefore the greater need that use should develop it. As it is, disuse has destroyed it. Doubting heart, do not resign yourself to doubt, or it may turn to black despair. Cry daily, "Lord, I believe; help thou mine unbelief." Your rudimentary faith may yet increase. Do not hide what little you have under the feathers of fear. Try to fly. God helps those who help themselves. Cultivate the happy habit of believing, and ere long you will be able to mount and soar away. I noticed lately, in a shop window, a large ticket marked thus:

WINGS

ONE PENNY EACH.

and all around and above it was a stock of pinions of all sizes, and shapes, and shades. Who would not have wings at such a price? Thank God, we can have faith at a far cheaper rate. It is "ask and have." We are not without it already, so we have but to go to the Author of it to find that he is prepared to be the Finisher of it too. Now let us cast our fears away! The miracle is proceeding! Our wings are growing! The little faith which vainly beat the air will soon be braving if not breasting the breeze!

"Faith wings my soul to Thee,
This all my hope shall be,
Jesus has died for me,
Jesus my all!"

The kiwi cannot sing. Wings and songs seem to be closely connected. Soaring and singing generally go together. So, spiritually, there is joy in believing. "Being justified by faith . . . . we rejoice." The kiwi can do no more towards "making music for the rest", than repeating its own name.

Its only song (?) is a sustained whistle, slightly ascending and descending. This is about as much as we ought to expect from a wingless bird. As to those poor saints who have no faith, what wonder that they have no joy! Their own sorrows, and griefs, and woes are all their theme. Sometimes the mournful whistle goes up the scale a little, but it soon drops down again. And it is "Kee-wee, kee-wee, kee-wee" (or, more strictly speaking, "Ah, me!") all the time, from morn till night, from Sabbath to Sabbath. "Well, we do our best," say they, "but we are not of the singing sort." Just so. But why not? Is it not because the wings are clipped, or left untried? "Have faith in God," and you will have some songs in your souls, and some Hallelujahs on your lips.

The wingless bird has other disadvantages. It must inhabit the bush for safety's sake. Indeed, it has to be a bird of the night. In so sunny a land as New Zealand, it seems a thousand pities to have to live in the dark. So it is with too many of us. What sunshine there is in Jesus, and in his Word, and in his ordinances! Yet we miss much of it because we are fearful and unbelieving. We are a prey to dogs and traps because we keep to the ground. We are burrowers and grovellers when we should be soarers and singers—dwellers in darkness instead of children of the day. Am I thus? Lord, end for me this state of things! Speak the word only, and this apteryx shall be transformed into an albatross!

Sweet Singing.

THE song of faith begins on earth. It is often like the uneven twitter of the lark, as she leaves her nest; but, as the lark's song waxes louder and more full, the higher she soars, and the further she reaches into the deep blue sky, so the song of faith becomes more sweet and loud, as the believer enters higher and higher into the truths of the divine Word, and into the exhaustless fulness of the love which passeth knowledge.—*From Witherby's "Scripture Gleanings."*

"Pray! always Pray!"

BY W. Y. FULLERTON.

LAST month we had in these pages a meditation, fragrant with the breath of heaven, upon Bishop Bickersteth's beautiful hymn, "Peace! perfect peace!" That message, first uttered in a sick room, has brought blessing to many, while the speaker of it has been again called into the chamber of suffering—suffering intense and prolonged; and all over the world the intercessions of God's people have ascended on his behalf, entreating for him, if such be the Master's will, a continuance of that life so filled with holy impulse and power. It has been thought, under these circumstances, that the companion hymn, "Pray! always pray!" by the same author, might afford food for sacred thought. It is to be found in "The Hymnal Companion," "The Christian Choir," and elsewhere. May it inspire us to more constant prayerfulness, and more earnest devotion!

Nothing is more wonderful than the power of prayer, except perhaps the little use we make of it. God has placed in the hands of his people this key, which will unlock all his treasuries; this weapon, which will defeat all our foes. Why, then, should we be ever poor, or ever vanquished? The Arabian story, with true Oriental exaggeration, speaks of the wonderful lamp which the Chinese Aladdin found, and which, when it was rubbed, brought him almost anything he desired. Through it he was fed when he was hungry, enriched when he was poor; by its aid he overcame his enemies, built his golden palace studded with gems, married the princess, retrieved disaster, lived in glory and honour. Prayer is our Aladdin's lamp. Nor is there the least exaggeration in saying that, by prayer, we can have anything, if we will fulfil the conditions of it. That great word "whatsoever" covers all our desires, "and no good thing will he withhold from them that walk uprightly." For this is one of the conditions of true prayer: we cannot live as one man, and pray as another; to pray aright, we must live aright. If we would have the desires of our heart, we must delight ourselves in the Lord; if we would ask what we will, and have it done to us, we must learn to abide in Christ, and let his words abide in us; if we would talk with God, we must walk with him; if we would, concerning the work of his hands, command him, we must ourselves live under his authority. This beautiful hymn admirably sets forth the privilege within our reach.

"Pray! always pray! the Holy Spirit pleads
With thee and for thee; tell him all thy needs."

Always pray. Acts of prayer, set occasions for supplication, special seasons of intercession, are necessary: the morning hour, which is as the rudder of the day, devoted to meditation, is good; but to pray always is best of all. At once we rise to the mountains, and dwell with God. Prayer becomes our life, our vital breath, our native air; and as the body never ceases to breathe, we may learn to pray without ceasing. Even in our work we can lift up our hearts to God. *Laborare est orare;* and when the bow is unbent from the task, it may instantly spring back to its attitude of devotion. "Praying always with all prayer and supplication in the Spirit."

"Pray! always pray! the Holy Spirit pleads."

Every true prayer is God-given. When he means to give a blessing, he first of all, by his Spirit, *inbreathes* the desire for it; and that desire *outbreathed* is prayer. Like the rain, the prayer is given to us, and refreshes our hearts, watering them and making them to spring forth and bud—this is what they speak of as the reflex blessing of prayer—that accomplished, the prayers are drawn up by the sun, and again descend upon us in showers of blessing. When he gives the desire, he will fulfil it; he will fill it full.

"The Holy Spirit pleads
With thee and for thee."

Have we noticed enough this twofold work of the Spirit of God? He pleads *with* us, drawing our hearts away from the world, gently wooing us to converse with the Eternal. Suddenly, amidst the engagements of the day, our hearts are softened, and a strong impulse seems to urge us to be alone with God. Let us be careful to seize these times, and seek the throne of grace, lest we should grieve the tender Spirit who prompted the desire. Are we frail when we kneel before God? Do our thoughts wander? Are our words few? He helpeth our infirmities. If the over-burdened body has a tendency to sleep, he helpeth our infirmities. And by his teaching we learn to pray, sometimes praying most when our utterance is most broken, the groanings which cannot be uttered prevailing more than the well-ordered petition, which, like some civic addresses, is perhaps, after all, pretty much a matter of ceremony. We are not heard for our much speaking. A little simple faith is much more effective than a great deal of earnest unbelief.

Thus the Holy Spirit pleads with us. He also pleads *for* us, "making intercession for the saints according to the will of God." He who leads us to pray, himself prays for us. To be introduced to the King by One all powerful, and allowed to urge our own suit, is much; but to have also his advocacy ensures the success of our plea. And the Holy Spirit is the Divine Paraclete, our Advocate in prayer.

"Pray! always pray! the Holy Spirit pleads
With thee and for thee; tell him all thy needs."

Since the Spirit never leaves us, we need never cease to pray. We may not only pray *in* the Spirit, but we may pray *to* him, asking him still to carry on his gracious work, to dwell with us, and make us like himself—holy, gentle, pure, strong; to cause his fruit to appear in our lives. We may tell him all our needs; and if there is anything we want which we cannot tell to him, we may be sure we do not need it. Do not run about telling all your needs to other people. If you are a wise man, you will remember to "still keep something to yoursel' ye dinna tell to ony." But tell him all, laying bare the inmost recesses of the heart. If half the effort we spend in seeking the vain help of man were put into our dealings with God, we should have untold riches in our lives.

"Were half the breath thus vainly spent,
To heaven in supplication sent,
Your cheerful song would oftener be,
'Hear what the Lord has done for me!'"

Tell thy God all thy need, for he is able to supply all thy need according to his riches in glory by Christ Jesus our Lord. In everything let your requests be made known to God.

"Pray! always pray! beneath sin's heaviest load
Prayer sees the blood from Jesus' side that flowed."

When sin presses heavily on our conscience, we are strongly tempted to refrain from prayer, just as evil men come not forth in the light of day; but it is then we need to pray most. It is true that the sacrifice of the wicked is an abomination to the Lord, and if we regard iniquity in our hearts the Lord will not hear us; but to wicked men who thus regard iniquity sin is not a load. When we feel our sins, we are welcome at the throne of grace; for is it not grace that is there dispensed? Even an ungodly man may pray; and he who hears even the young ravens when they cry, though they cry but for carrion, will hear the prayer of the man who smites upon his breast, and cries for mercy. Yet it would be better for such a one to remember that for these years God has been praying him to be reconciled to him; better that he should answer God's prayer than wait to pray again to God. Still, it is true that whosoever shall call on the name of the Lord shall be saved; and confession of sin is the condition of its forgiveness. O soul, burdened with guilt, shrink not from God's presence! The light that will reveal your sin in its awful hideousness will also show the blood which cleanses. Even were the glory of God to smite you as you draw nigh, you can but perish; and you will certainly perish if you stay away. Bow humbly, and plead the merit and death of the Lord Jesus, and rise delivered from your guilt.

Sometimes, when we kneel in prayer, our sin is shown to us. Something we have hidden up in our life is laid bare, some heart's darling is shown in its deformity. How often we seek to shirk such discoveries, and keep the doubtful thing! Shrink not, open out the whole, let the exploring light chase away the darkness. "Be ye holy, for I am holy," saith the Lord.

"Pray! always pray! though weary, faint and lone:
Prayer nestles by the Father's sheltering throne."

Prayer is the salve for all heart sorrow. Let not your weakness or weariness drive you away from God: he meant that it should drive you *to* him: turn the care over to him, saying, "O Lord, I am oppressed, undertake for me," and he will undertake to ease you of your pain. When you are tired of the gilded shows of this tinsel earth, weary of its boasted joys, faint under the burden of the day, misunderstood, lacking sympathy, lonely though surrounded by crowds—pray! always pray! Your Father will neither misunderstand nor mock you. Pray! always pray!

Very lovely was the answer of that little girl, whose mother and father had been taken from her, and who was left in charge of the other children. When asked what she would do, she answered that she would go to the Lord Jesus; "He was mother's Friend, and he is mine." "But", continued her questioner, to test her faith, "the Lord Jesus is very busy, and has many people to attend to; do you think he will be able to look after you?" In quiet confidence she replied, "He says he

will, and that's enough for me." Yes, that is enough, thank God Pray! always pray!

"Thou who hast trod the thorny road
Wilt share each small distress!
The love that bore the greater load
Will not refuse the less."

We often need to pray when we want nothing from our Lord, but when we want himself.

"Prayer nestles by the Father's sheltering throne;"

and if any prayer is more pleasing to him than another, this nestling prayer must be it. "What do you want?" I said to one of my children when she came into the room. "Nothing, father", she said, in some surprise; "I only want to be with you." Is it not a strange thing that, being children of God, we do not oftener wish to be at our Father's side? This was the spirit of Chrysostom, when he told the persecuting emperor that he could not banish him, nor make him poor, nor kill him; because he was at home in Christ, rich in Christ, living in Christ. This was the spirit of Peden, the godly Covenanter, who, pursued by his enemies, and unable to elude them, lay down on the hill as by the throne of God, and prayed the Lord to spread his garment of mist over him, and was thus delivered. This was the spirit of the sainted Bengel, who, after a long day spent in writing his "Gnomon", at length, late at night, put down his pen, and watched, unknown to him, by one who wished to see how he maintained his spirituality, knelt a moment ere he lay down to rest, and only said, "Lord Jesus Christ, we are on the same old terms." This nestling prayer is even a better thing than that wrestling prayer, though both are good.

"Pray! always pray! amid the world's turmoil;
Prayer keeps the heart at rest, and nerves for toil."

The perfection of machinery is to obtain much motion and little friction; and amidst all the rush of life, prayer accomplishes a like purpose. A tram-car runs easier than an omnibus, for this reason—the carefully-laid line lessens the friction; and even thus, instead of jolting through this uneven world, the man of prayer has a smooth path. The newly-invented water-railway is a better illustration still. Without wheels, the carriages are supported on a thin film of water, and the friction almost destroyed; and then, by jets of water, the train is kept in motion—poised and propelled by the same element, as—

"Prayer keeps the heart at rest, and nerves for toil,"

hand busy, because heart resting; others' burdens shared, because our own is laid down.

We may pray about everything. Nothing is too small to bring to God, that is great enough to trouble us. The first lesson I ever learned about prayer was as a little lad, when a hair-brush was lost, and sought for in vain. How well I remember sorrowfully going down one flight of stairs, and suddenly thinking I should pray about it! The whole scene is before me, as, leaning against the window on the landing, looking out on to the cistern, over a garden beyond, and along the main

road, I asked God to show me where the missing article was. Like a flash the answer came; and, running back again, I put my hand on it in an instant; so quickly, indeed, that the others blamed me for having hidden it. I did not undeceive them. I was too glad with the thought that I had touched God; and I kept the matter hidden in my heart. That was a coincidence, you say. I prefer to think it was an answer to prayer; and as it has been followed by hundreds of other such "coincidences", it would be very difficult to alter my opinion.

We may pray anywhere, even in the busy streets. I have often found it a good plan to pause at a shop window, and, while nobody notices, thinking you are looking at the display of goods, lift up the heart to God. The Pharisees of old prayed at the *corners* of the streets to be seen. When the Spirit pleads with you, you may pray at the windows, so as not to be seen.

Would it be drawing the curtain too much aside, if I asked you to look into the study of the busy Editor of this Magazine, and to see him, as brother ministers drop in, laying down his pen, and, with those in the room, seeking God's guidance on some important matter, scarcely ever writing a letter without putting up prayer for help, praying, not once a day, but all day long?

> "Pray! always pray! amid the world's turmoil;
> Prayer keeps the heart at rest, and nerves for toil."

"Much work and little prayer is hard work," said the wife of a Scotch minister to her husband, who came in worried and fretful from his labour, cumbered with much serving. It was the turning-point in his career. A husband, noticing his wife was fretted with the housework, read one morning, at prayers, how Jesus cured Peter's wife's mother; and that woman began to pray to Christ. "He touched her hand, and the fever left her." "By prayer . . . . . with thanksgiving . . . . . the peace of God shall keep your hearts."

> "Pray! always pray! if joys thy pathway throng;
> Prayer strikes the harp, and sings the angel's song."

If only we did not forget the Giver in the gift, perhaps joys would always throng our pathway, for God will never teach us anything in the darkness we are willing to learn in the light. He means us to value his gifts, for "he giveth us all things richly to *enjoy*"; but full often we are like that child who said she only prayed at night, and asked God to take care of her then, for in the daytime she could take care of herself. Happy is the man whom prosperity does not spoil, who prays in the light as well as in the darkness, who waits not until he is whipped to his knees. It is said that the apostle James' knees grew like the knees of a camel, he spent so much time upon them; if they did, rest assured that like the camel which kneels to receive its burden, he carried away rich merchandise from the hand of God. And how much better to have hard knees than to have callous hearts!

> "Prayer strikes the harp, and sings the angel's song."

As every sacrifice was salted with salt, every prayer should be perfumed with thanksgiving. As Mr. Spurgeon says, "Praise is the plural of

pray"—praise for mercies past, gratitude for gifts enjoyed, "glory to God for all the grace we have not tasted yet." So do we join the choir invisible, and take our part in heaven's song.

"Pray! always pray! if loved ones pass the veil;
Prayer drinks with them of springs that cannot fail."

God often reaches us through our human affections. Our little love reaches up to his, is seized by it, and wrapped round about with the love that passeth knowledge.

"God gives us love: something to love
He lends us."

And it is when these loved ones seem to be passing away that we learn the true art of prayer. What tenderness at such a time! What entreaty! What humbling of ourselves in God's presence! What forgetfulness of all petty rivalries! What fear! What patience! Oftentimes, blessed be his name, our prayers are permitted to draw our friends back when they had almost passed behind the thin veil which hides so many from our sight! But often it is not so. Then, earth is poorer, and our treasure increases beyond the skies; we follow those we love, and find God, in whose bosom they rest. We need not sorely grieve for the little one whose head rests on the Shepherd's heart. Think, rather, that now you will have in heaven a child for ever. We need not rebel if the friend, who was more to us than life—to us, and many others—is called to higher service above. Let us pray! We may not pray for them; for their pains and temptations are past; but we can pray with them. For surely, even in glory, the saints shall often come to the Father's throne in prayer: prayer will not be lost in praise, as we hear sometimes; but will be mellowed with it. Then, let us pray, always pray! Yonder they drink of the upper springs, here we drink of the nether springs; but it is the same river, and the river of God is full of water. Stanley drank of the water of the Nile as it took its rise at Ruwenzori, and eight months afterwards drank perhaps some of the same water as it poured past Cairo. Pray, and perhaps your lip will touch the same water of life which the lip of your beloved touched nearer its source.

"All earthly things with earth shall fade away;
Prayer grasps eternity: pray! always pray!"

The prayerless heart knows nothing that abides: flowers fade, riches have wings, pleasures burn out, fame passes, even friends fail us; but the prayerful heart has laid hold of the substance. The unseen is eternal. The man who lives a life of prayer, has passed beyond the passing life; he has entered on his eternity; his head is in heaven, though his feet be on earth. Does it seem at all strange to you when you read of some of the old saints praying until they "got access"? It was very real to them; and that prayer seemed lost which did not give them "boldness and access with confidence by the faith of him." As Dr. John Brown says, no good is done until we come to the "close grips."

"Prayer grasps eternity: pray! always pray!"

Do you see that boy flying his kite? In his hand he holds the string. The kite is but a speck in the distance. The eye can only follow the

string a little way. Ask him whether he is sure the string reaches the kite; whether he is sure it is not broken, and he will tell you he is quite certain. Why? "Why, sir, because I feel it pull!" When we get access in prayer, *we feel it pull*, we know our cry comes before our Lord, even into his temple; it moves the hand that controls all things; brings every blessing from above; reveals the ladder which stretches from earth to heaven; changes the bargaining Jacob within us to a prevailing Israel; teaches us to stand still and see the salvation of God; sweetens all our Marah waters; causes us to prevail over Amalek; reveals to us the glory of God as he passes by: opens our eyes to see the mountains full of horses and chariots of fire; brings our dead joys to life again; builds up the walls of Jerusalem; restores the captives to their free home; beholds the Lord sitting on a throne high and lifted up; gets visions of God through the opened heaven; learns the secret of the Lord; understands the times and seasons; comes daily into the temple to wait the appearing of Messiah; brings our Peters out of prison; saves us from the storm; hears the voice of the Alpha and Omega; catches glimpses of the glory God hath prepared for them that love him; and, at last, leads us to the marriage feast.

Therefore, pray! Pray so much, and so earnestly, that, at last, as the madder which some animals eat at length makes their bones red, you may become so saturated with the spirit of devotion, that you may not only pray, always pray, but may be able to join the Psalmist, and say, "I am prayer" (as Psalm cix. 4, may be rendered). Thus reaching the climax of our life we shall dwell with God for ever.

What is it for?

THE above is a common question. Let one go to a manufactory, and become interested in the machinery, and he is almost sure to ask the question—"What is this for?" Have we ever asked ourselves the question, "What was God's purpose in saving us, who believe in Christ?" The following is a sevenfold answer:—

1. *God-ward.* That we should obey him (Deut. v. 15; viii. 1, 2; xv. 15; xxiv. 18, 22; John xiv. 21).
2. *Christ-ward.* That we should have fellowship with him (1 Cor. i. 9; 1 John i. 3).
3. *Spirit-ward.* That we should be occupied by him (1 Cor. vi. 19; Eph. i. 13, 14; iv. 30).
4. *Saint-ward.* That we should love each other (John xiii. 34, 35; xv. 12; 1 John iii. 14).
5. *World-ward.* That we should be separate from it (John xvii. 16; 1 John ii. 15-17).
6. *Satan-ward.* That we should overcome him (1 John ii. 14; v. 18; Eph. vi. 11).
7. *Self-ward.* That we should deny it (Luke ix. 23; John xii. 25, 26).

Sunderland. F. E. MARSH.

Copper Christs.

ON taking up my French railway time-table, for the purpose of arranging a portion of the way of life, I was surprised to find how numerous and varied were the announcements of "articles of religion" for sale. I did not for a moment presume that any, or, indeed, all the good people making these offers were the authors of the historical "Thirty-nine"; but the novelty of these announcements excited my curiosity, and led to further perusal of what the advertisers had to say.

I had recently read the so-called "revelations" of an Englishman concerning Christians being "Christs"; but I was scarcely aware that in infidel France there was such a demand for articles bearing the sacred name of our Lord Jesus. It appears that there is considerable competition in this strange branch of trade, and, as a consequence, many new designs in "Christs," &c., are being made. One dealer announces that he is prepared to supply "Christs" in copper. This appears to be the newest thing of the season; at least, so far as material is concerned. But the inventive genius of another manufacturer has suggested a further novelty. He proposes to use copper as the material for his "Christs", but leaves his patrons to provide their own designs. Are these materialists really parodying the votaries of modern thought, or are the latter copyists of the former? Clearly we have, in either case, a sad picture of the lengths to which men are led, or driven, when they forsake the fountain of all truth, and take to hewing out broken cisterns, which can hold no water. How much lower they may descend, in their degradation of the sacred person of the Son of God, and in their ideas of what is acceptable as worship by the true God, we do not know. But whether such depths are reached by way of modern thought, or by the ancient popish materialism, the result seems to be the same.

These extremists, though they appear to differ in their methods, yet are at wonderful accord. Both are intent upon *making* their own christ, instead of humbly accepting him whom the Father hath sent with such a gracious purpose. For this manufactured *thing* they ought, in all honesty, to find some other name, seeing *it* can have no saving value, and is nothing less than a sacrilegious caricature of God's Anointed One. The Catholic manufacturer of "religious goods" has surely caught the tendency of the age; hence he offers his assistance in producing a "Christ" from his patron's own mould. We have felt, for a long time, that something like this must be at the bottom of the confusion concerning our Lord Jesus Christ among the advocates of modern thought. A cheap material, and your own mould: how convenient! Not long since it sufficed these gentlemen to select some generally received pattern, the more popular the better; but now the "Christs" of the "thoughtful" are as varied as are the continental "Notre Dames", and from the same cause. May this state of things soon come to an end, and Peter's confession, "We believe and are sure that thou art that Christ, the Son of the living God," be universal! W. L. L.

Sir William M'Arthur, K.C.M.G.*

ON a winter afternoon, some ten years ago, we needed an order to go over the old city prison of Newgate; and as the Lord Mayor was the person to apply to, we called at the Mansion House, and were ushered into the presence of Mr. M'Arthur, who then occupied the civic palace. The Lord Mayor, who was then upwards of seventy years of age, handed us the required permit, and spoke with that genial kindness which showed him to be the Christian gentleman. It was a small incident; but it revealed the character of the man.

The biography which Mr. M'Cullagh has prepared of his friend is, so far, a valuable contribution to our Christian literature, that the subject of it is an example to all young men who have to make their way in business. His own confession was, that he owed his prosperity to his Christian training. As the narrative shows, the Christian life commenced with him while he was yet a child; and during his long career of nearly eighty years, or rather, from the time of his conversion to the day that he was found dead in a carriage on the Metropolitan Railway, his life was pre-eminently that of a Christian. He was not only a liberal contributor to the funds of many enterprises, but was himself an active Christian worker.

The fifth child of a poor Wesleyan minister, and born in 1809, at Malin, in the county of Donegal, William M'Arthur inherited few of those advantages which are supposed to ensure worldly success. He had, however, the priceless advantage of a Christian home; and the piety of his mother was made the more charming by her strong commonsense. As regards the locality itself, one well acquainted with Malin and its surroundings is quoted as saying that, "Perhaps there is not in Ireland wilder or more majestic scenery; and although the mountains of Knockamany and Knockbrack are bleak and bare, yet the village itself nestles snugly amongst the trees. On a summer evening, if one looks across the narrow waters of Strabregagh, and sees the precipitous, cone-shaped peaks of the Clonmaney hills rising in crowded masses sheer up into the light of the setting sun, the sight cannot but inspire with admiration, if not with awe."

The M'Arthurs soon after removed to Stranorlar, a town of Donegal, and there William's first school-days were spent; but though he was a sharp lad, with gifts which promised to repay for a liberal education, the school training he received was very meagre. Shortly before his death Sir William wrote as follows:—"I have a vivid recollection of the pride I felt when I had the good fortune of gaining a prize in every class in which I was placed. At twelve years of age I was sent to business, and had to complete, in the best way I could, by my own exertions, the smattering of education I had received;" adding, "I had the advantage, in the house where I was placed, of an excellent library, which I turned to good account, being a hardworking and industrious student. '*Elegant Extracts*' I used to revel in, and thus early became acquainted with our best poets."

* "Sir William M'Arthur, K.C.M.G. A Biography, Religious, Parliamentary, Municipal, Commercial." By Thomas M'Cullagh. Hodder and Stoughton. Price 7s. 6d.

His mother had already taught him to love the Bible, and had so imbued his mind with its principles, that he was never anything else but honest, truthful, and straightforward. In point of fact, he had early learned to make the best of his opportunities; and when this is done, and there is the fear of God in the heart, success is sure. The capital which William took with him into business-life at twelve years of age, was the third chapter of Proverbs, which his mother had been careful that he should know by heart. There are some who seem disposed to make Benjamin Franklin's sayings their business Bible; but how dwarfed do those worldly precepts appear, when matched against that wonderful third chapter of Proverbs!

It so happened, that while young William M'Arthur was at school, one Hugh Copeland, a draper at Enniskillen, whose father had lodged and entertained John Wesley, wanted an apprentice. The draper, who was a godly man, had taken a liking for Master William; and when the offer to take his son reached pastor John M'Arthur, he gladly fell in with the proposal. The lad was therefore highly favoured in passing from one Christian home to another, in which the training commenced by his mother would be continued. He had now a good master, cheerful companions, and a fair supply of books, which he used as only few boys would have used them. At the chapel, William was the snuffer of the candles; he helped in taking the collection, and, finally, he kept the circuit accounts. This may have been a good preparation for future service; it is thought to have been in reality a "training for the stewardships and treasurerships sustained in abundance in subsequent years."

During the time of his apprenticeship, William gave evidence of first-rate business capacity; but when out of his time, he refused an eligible opening in the town, because he would not seem to work in opposition to the Copelands. He, therefore, in 1827, at the age of eighteen, took a clerkship of £45 a year at Lurgan. He was now in the tobacco and spirit trade; and he soon took to travelling in the interest of the firm, his companion being "an old black horse, which he made the subject of a rather long poem." There appear to be two aged persons at Lurgan who still remember Mr. M'Arthur as he appeared in the chapel on Sundays—"a thin, dark young man, who led the singing." Thus early he threw great energy into whatever he undertook, whether in connection with business or religion; and he succeeded because he tried to do his best. He was the leader of a company of young men who met at his rooms on Sunday afternoons. He was fond of singing psalms and hymns, and already showed that interest in foreign missions which never waned. A characteristic anecdote of these early days at Lurgan, and one showing the young man's zeal and courage, is told: "A collector wished to obtain a subscription from a magistrate, but feared to approach so awful a functionary. The commercial traveller, more used to appear in places to which he was not invited, accompanied the timid one, and so pleaded for the heathen, that the stern dignitary relaxed his severity, and gladdened them with a handsome subscription." That was a moral victory more bracing to him who won it than if he had merely secured an advantage for himself.

He did the work of a commercial traveller for three years in Ulster;

and those times being so different from our own, he frequently enjoyed the privilege of being lodged in private families who knew and respected the M'Arthurs. William then returned to the drapery business, in Dublin, meanwhile being glad to escape from the moral perils of "the road", which he had already discovered to be both many and formidable. "I find no situation so unfavourable to personal piety as that of commercial traveller," he wrote. "There is so much to engage the attention, and to lead the heart away from God, that without constant watchfulness and prayer, the enemy will be sure to have the advantage." The ways of "the road" may have improved in the course of sixty years; but, notwithstanding, the above may be commended to "commercials" of to-day as ringing out a timely note of warning.

We see, also, that William M'Arthur had an eye to see the dangers and responsibilities of life on the one hand, and the opportunities to be improved on the other hand. He saw, further, that he could not stand alone—he must have God on his side. Hence, convinced of his own "total and absolute helplessness", he drew up a number of rules for daily conduct, resolving, at the same time, to cast himself for support and strength upon that God who had desired him, "by prayer and supplication", to make known his requests. He already showed the strength of a man who had discovered his own weakness. He gave his leisure time to Christian service; and as the teacher of the first class of boys at the chapel he attended, he threw great energy into the work.

In 1831, William M'Arthur and Joseph Cather commenced business together, as woollen drapers, at Londonderry. Though only twenty-two years of age, William had already served successively under three employers, each of whom would have done anything to serve him. He was now his own master; and with the wide world before him, he went forward with the confidence of one who knew his own power. "His energy was almost sufficient for half-a-dozen men," remarks Mr. M'Cullagh. "His activity, industry, and enterprise were intelligently directed, and were regulated by a regard for divine guidance, which he constantly sought. His integrity won for him respect and confidence, so that prosperity followed; and in a few years his capital quadrupled." While thus diligent in business, his zeal in Sunday-school work and in foreign missions was as great as ever. In 1835, Mr. Cather left the business, and settled in Canada. From that date, Mr. M'Arthur became of more and more importance in the old historic town of Londonderry; and at the age of thirty-four, in 1843, he married Marianne M'Elwaine, who was about nine years younger than her husband.

Some time before this happy alliance took place, Mr. Alexander M'Arthur, being in delicate health, went to Australia as a partial invalid. The traveller not only improved in health, but found that, by some small trading transactions, he was able to pay the expenses of his journey. He then resolved to make the Colony his home; and, accordingly, commenced business in Sydney. That was the origin of the great trading concern, in which the brothers M'Arthur were chief partners, Alexander being the head of the business in Australia, and William at Londonderry, where he soon ranked as a chief merchant of the town. At length, in 1857, he found it necessary to settle in London, where he soon became known as a supporter of all kinds of Christian work, in which he himself, also,

engaged with all the ardour of former days. He gave new attention to the publications of his denomination, to chapel building, and to foreign missions. The shadow of his wife's affliction began to darken his home soon after the settlement in London ; but, although this never departed, faith in God still sustained the husband, while he never slackened his hand in all that pertained to daily duty.

When we consider the magnitude of his business, it is remarkable how large a proportion of his time Mr. M'Arthur was able to give to the affairs of his denomination. He was especially interested in collecting funds for chapel building, always taking care to give liberally himself. In 1866, he visited America; that year being the centenary of the introduction of Methodism to that Continent. It was during this tour that Mr. M'Arthur met Alexander Stuart, once a poor boy at Belfast, but then, probably, the largest trader in the world. While Stuart left ten millions sterling behind him at his death, however, he was not in reality so successful a man as his visitor from England, who must have listened to his fellow-countryman's story, and looked over his gigantic stores, with genuine amazement. "The trade done is extraordinary, and amounted last year to £10,000,000," wrote the visitor in his diary ; "his annual income is about £1,000,000 sterling. He told me his whole history, and invited me to dine with him." The dinner came off on the following day ; and Mr. M'Arthur added, concerning his host:—"His house is a beautiful one, full of paintings and statuary ; amongst the latter the *Greek Slave*, so much admired at the first Great Exhibition. He is building a mansion, which will cost £100,000." All this is very surprising to read about; but still the question to be answered is, What good came of it all, and what satisfaction did the money yield ? As was inevitable, the owner died, and his wealth was scattered to the winds. On the other hand, what grand opportunities for benefiting his fellows a man with an income of £1,000,000 a year must have had within his reach !

As he grew in years, Mr. M'Arthur seemed to become more and more useful in the Christian world. When he became sheriff, and then alderman, of London, he made any extra influence he could command redound to the extension of effort for the good of the poor; and although he did not enter Parliament until he was sixty years old, he did admirable service to the cause of missions and of humanity, by promoting the annexation of Fiji to Great Britain. He also had a main share in freeing certain London bridges from tolls, which was, at least, a boon to working people.

When he was elected Lord Mayor of London, in 1880, Mr. M'Arthur was said to be the first Irishman who had ever held that office. If so, the fact was significant; but it was not so singular as Lord Mayor M'Arthur's bearing under his civic honours. The surroundings of the Mansion House would test the religion of many people ; but, in this instance, no compromise was made with the world. Sunday-school teachers, home and foreign missionaries, as well as others engaged in Christian work, were entertained. On the other hand, the chief magistrate refused to offend conscience by allowing to take place, in his official residence, aught which he regarded as being inconsistent with his Christian profession. Thus, when a thousand children were invited to the Mansion House, "a few carping critics complained that dancing was

not included in the programme of amusements"; but the guests enjoyed themselves none the less. The critics outside, meanwhile, "proposed that the Lord Mayor, instead of *Right Honourable*, should be styled, *Right Reverend*; and that the Mansion House should be called the City Tabernacle." This did not affect William M'Arthur, who, in every sphere of life, remained the consistent Christian, and thereby won the respect of all, whether they were in sympathy with his views or not.

Though his wife for long remained an invalid at Sandown, Sir William M'Arthur never lost his interest in life, and never wearied in those works which he thought to be his own. When nearly seventy years old, he travelled round the world, visiting, for the first and last time, his houses of business at the Antipodes. When nearer eighty than seventy, he made a tour in Bible lands. His useful and consistent life ended on the morning of November 16th, 1887, when he was found dead in the carriage of a City train on the Metropolitan Railway.

We commend the life-story of Sir William M'Arthur to the study of young men, because it affords one of the best examples of genuine success with which we are acquainted. In him we have the successful merchant, but nothing of the mere money-getter. In all the relationships of life, he was the Christian first. Many things contribute to an all-round success such as his; and he seems to have combined them all. His early Christian discipleship saved him from having any youthful follies to lament in after life; and when fairly embarked in business on his own account, he was industrious, shrewd, and liberal. It should be carefully observed, that he considered his Christian training at home, and afterwards at the house of Mr. Copeland, as his chief earthly advantage. His education at school was meagre; money with which to start in the world his father had none to give him; but, notwithstanding, he lived to verify the truth of every verse in the chapter which his mother taught him, and which begins,—"My son, forget not my law; but let thine heart keep my commandments: for length of days, and long life, and peace, shall they add to thee. Let not mercy and truth forsake thee: bind them about thy neck; write them upon the table of thine heart: so shalt thou find favour and good understanding in the sight of God and man."

G. H. PIKE.

God's Fences.

SOME years ago I was enjoying a ramble on the Portsdown Hills, a favourite resort of the Portsmouth people, and commanding a delightful view of the sea. They are all open to the public, except a few places which are carefully fenced off. Are these the most luxurious spots, where the grass is softest and the moss most green? No, indeed; these are the broken and precipitous parts, where serious accidents might occur. God's laws are just like those fences. Satan would persuade us, when we come to a part fenced off, that God has forbidden it because it is peculiarly enjoyable, and because he has a tyrant's delight in interfering with our happiness. But that is Satan's lie. God's love has placed that fence there to keep us from hurting ourselves.—*From "Old-fashioned Christianity," by Rev. F. S. Webster.*

"Mr. Spurgeon's Confession of Faith."

QUITE a stir has been caused lately by the publication of the following document, which has been erroneously called "Mr. Spurgeon's Confession of Faith," or "Manifesto":—

We, the undersigned, banded together in Fraternal Union, observing with growing pain and sorrow the loosening hold of many upon the Truths of Revelation, are constrained to avow our firmest belief in the Verbal Inspiration of all Holy Scripture as originally given. To us, the Bible does not merely *contain* the Word of God, but *is* the Word of God. From beginning to end, we accept it, believe it, and continue to preach it. To us, the Old Testament is no less inspired than the New. The Book is an organic whole. Reverence for the NEW Testament accompanied by scepticism as to the OLD appears to us absurd. The two must stand or fall together. We accept Christ's own verdict concerning "Moses and all the prophets" in preference to any of the supposed discoveries of so-called higher criticism.

We hold and maintain the truths generally known as "the doctrines of grace." The Electing Love of God the Father, the Propitiatory and Substitutionary Sacrifice of his Son, Jesus Christ, Regeneration by the Holy Ghost, the Imputation of Christ's Righteousness, the Justification of the sinner (once for all) by faith, his walk in newness of life and growth in grace by the active indwelling of the Holy Ghost, and the Priestly Intercession of our Lord Jesus, as also the hopeless perdition of all who reject the Saviour, according to the words of the Lord in Matt. xxv. 46, "These shall go away into eternal punishment,"—are, in our judgment, revealed and fundamental truths.

Our hope is the Personal Pre-millennial Return of the Lord Jesus in glory.

C. H. SPURGEON.	J. A. BROWN, M.D.	F. B. MONTI.
A. G. BROWN.	J. R. COX.	J. S. MORRIS.
J. DOUGLAS, M.A.	E. J. FARLEY.	H. SINCLAIR PATERSON, M.D.
W. FULLER GOOCH.	A. FERGUSSON.	FRANK M. SMITH.
G. D. HOOPER.	FINLAY GIBSON.	CHARLES SPURGEON.
J. STEPHENS, M.A.	CHARLES GRAHAM.	J. L. STANLEY.
FRANK H. WHITE.	J. W. HARRALD.	H. E. STONE.
J. H. BARNARD.	W. JACKSON.	W. THOMAS.
J. WESLEY BOUD.	W. R. LANE.	GEORGE TURNER.
W. H. BROAD.	H. O. MACKEY.	W. WILLIAMS.

Because Mr. Spurgeon's name was appended to this avowal of belief, it was supposed that he wrote it, and issued it to the world. Some *very* wise people even discovered that this was the creed that Mr. Spurgeon wanted to force down the unwilling throat of the Baptist Union! Poor souls, it is really a pity to be obliged to dispel such blissful ignorance! Yet dispelled it will be, as soon as the simple but true story of the manifesto is told.

About eighteen months ago, the seven brethren, whose names appear at the head of the above list, banded themselves together as a "Fraternal"; and from time to time they have invited other like-minded brethren to join them. Membership is not confined to Baptists. Dr. Sinclair Paterson belongs to the brotherhood, as did the late Dr. Adolph Saphir, until he was called to the presence of the Lord he had so long and faithfully served. Several public meetings have been held, at which clear testimony upon the fundamental doctrines of the

gospel has been given by various members. In addition, many private gatherings for prayer and consultation upon the Word and work of the Lord have taken place. At one of these, it was suggested (*not*, however, by Mr. Spurgeon) that the time had arrived when attention should be called, through the religious and secular press of the country, to certain truths which, in many quarters, are either ignored or rejected. The suggestion met with general approval, a committee was appointed to prepare the document; in due time it was submitted to the whole company, and when the exact wording had been settled, each member signed it in the form in which it has been published to the church and the world. It might just as well be called "Mr. Archibald Brown's Confession of Faith," or Mr. White's, or Mr. Hooper's, or Dr. Paterson's. It is as much theirs as it is Mr. Spurgeon's, and as much his as theirs; but no more appertaining to any one of the thirty than to all the rest.

It is certainly a "confession of faith" in this sense, that the brethren whose names are appended to it do *believe* what they there state, and they are not ashamed to *confess* their faith before any number of witnesses; but no one of them would think of regarding this short statement as a full declaration of all that he believes about the great verities of God. As for "Mr. Spurgeon's Confession of Faith," any one who wants to read *that* will find it "writ large" in the thirty-six volumes of *The Metropolitan Tabernacle Pulpit*. If the reading of two thousand two hundred sermons is too great a task for the searcher after "Mr. Spurgeon's Confession of Faith," he will be able to get a condensation of it in the President's Address delivered at the last College Conference.* We venture to repeat here almost the last words written by Mr. Spurgeon before his illness:—

"*The Greatest Fight in the World* is our testimony for the present moment. It is to be had in a neat form, and at a very small price—namely, sixpence. Nothing would please us more than to see it scattered by scores of thousands, and rousing a controversy on essential truths. . . . . Those of our readers who abhor modern heresies, will be our true allies if they will help us in scattering this bombshell where it may do execution. In this address we speak without bitterness, but also without reserve. The present policy of the Down-grade men is to be quiet and cautions; but we shall no more copy their method than their doctrine. Our speech is outspoken. Friends will be pleased to know that the demand for the first edition far exceeds our expectations. Why not go in for fifty thousand?"

A translation of "Mr. Spurgeon's Confession of Faith," that even men of the world can understand, will be found at the Stockwell Orphanage, where living faith shows itself in works of mercy for the widow and the fatherless (James ii. 14—18).

The manifesto has not met with universal approval. *The Christian World* ridiculed "The 'Faithful' Few," by the quotation marks in the heading of a short article, in which it said:—"It is a document which few will read without a feeling of perplexity and sadness. These thirty gentlemen appear to regard themselves as a little band of faithful adherents to the truth amidst a faithless church. The profoundest thought,

* *The Greatest Fight in the World.* By C. H. Spurgeon. Passmore & Alabaster.

the highest learning, the devoutest inquiry, are by implication branded as treason to the truth, if they have reached conclusions different from those propounded in this manifesto. Infallibility would seem to be the reward of the resolute refusal to allow the light of science and scholarship to fall upon the divine Word. All must be wrong except the few who can pronounce this Shibboleth." Thank you, dear *Christian World;* but your censure is a choice compliment and commendation to every member of the Fraternal! *The Echo* called the manifesto "A Voice from Dark Ages." A northern newspaper wrote as follows:—"No one who does not possess the power to an alarming extent of persuading himself anything, can possibly, if he have any real acquaintance with the controversy, hold *the views as to the sense in which the Bible is divine revelation which prevailed in almost all the churches fifty years ago,* It is not that theories have been formed; but facts have been brought to light which must modify old-fashioned opinions, and have already modified them to a considerable extent. It did not, however, require any new discoveries of criticism to disprove the dogma of verbal inspiration upon which Mr. Spurgeon and his friends insist as one of the prime essentials of Christianity. If it be an essential, then Christianity is no better than a myth. And these men, with all their boasted loyalty to religion, ought surely to see that in associating the Christian belief with unnecessary, unprovable, and directly disprovable dogma, they are doing the work of the atheist and unbeliever, who stand by smiling to see the process of destruction going on from within. If religion and verbal inspiration must stand or fall together, then it is the latter alternative which will happen—assuredly they will fall." The italics are ours.

The Baptist, in publishing the manifesto, said:—"It is perhaps remarkable, not so much for the signatories, as for the names which are conspicuous by their absence." Similar remarks have been made by other papers; but the writers of them appear not to have noticed the first words of the document:—"We, the undersigned, banded together in Fraternal Union." It is just what it professes to be, an avowal of belief made by the members of a Fraternal. If it is asked, "Why is Mr. So-and-so's name not there?" the answer is, "He is not a member of the Fraternal, and therefore his name has no right to be there." Many clergymen and ministers have written, expressing their willingness to sign the manifesto; and various signs indicate that there is a very widespread desire for some kind of union in which lovers of the old faith might join with brethren like-minded, without being compromised by association with those who are not one with them in the faith. That, however, was not the object of those who signed this paper. Fraternals have been used often enough for the spread of Down-grade error; it therefore seemed right to make use of a Fraternal for the declaration of belief in Up-grade truth. If any Down-graders are not satisfied with what has been done, let them accept the challenge of the editor of *Word and Work*, himself one of the signatories of the document:—"Such a manifesto as this is at least timely, and the men who sign it make no secret of their creed. Is it too much to expect that those who have changed their beliefs will be honest enough to express in language similarly plain the extent of the change, that all the world may see clearly where they stand? It is a fair challenge; will it elicit a fair response?"

Chinese Proverbs and Quaint Maxims.

(*Concluded from page* 396.)

On Business.

PASSING on from the subject of religion, to that of buying and selling, is truly passing from the grave to the gay. Most people have heard it stated that the Chinese are a nation of shopkeepers, and this is verily true. Buying, bartering, exchanging, and selling, seem to be the order of every day; for in China, alas! there is no Sabbath.

Ch'ien, Ch'ien, Ch'ien (money, money, money) is the Chinese god. It is the *one* subject, and their poor dark hearts are full of it. Speak to a Chinaman about his soul ever so earnestly, he will probably look at you for a little while, and *assent* to everything you say; but the first moment at his disposal he will be at his beloved subject—Where was this bought? How much did you give? &c., &c. Two or three days ago I was in company with a senior C. I. M. Missionary in the native street, talking about the Saviour of sinners. In a moment, one of our congregation touched my arm, saying, "Teacher! How much did you give for those boots you have on?" Having told him the cost of these (English) shoes, the word was quickly passed round that they were *dear*, because they had cost "five precious dollars." Looking at the long list of every-day proverbs, we should say that the ideal Chinaman is born with a genius for trade.

It is most laughable to read the various sign-boards hanging in straight rows outside the shop doors. For instance, outside a vile, filthy opium den, passers-by are informed that it is the "*Delightful Abode of Virtue and Happiness.*" Should you wish to purchase a new hat, you won't be long in finding the "*Everlasting Increase Hat Shop*", where head-gear is made of tribute satin, &c. If medicine or birds' nests are required, the "*Hall of Perpetual Spring*" is just the place to patronize; for it is added, "Medicines are compounded according to the ancients." Should you be so far on the Down-grade as to require tobacco, there may be found the "*Three Fairies' Tobacco Shop*", where the "vapoury vista of the brilliant spring is retailed to perfection." Time fails to speak of the "*Righteous Prosperity Shop*", for chinaware, or the "*Infinite Prosperity Old Established Cotton Shop*", or even of the "*Delightful Harmony Establishment*", where pongees and satins may be purchased. And last, but not least, the hotel for the weary traveller, called the "10,000 *Happinesses Inn.*" Of course, readers will understand all these fine, flowery sentences to mean simply nothing.

The Delightful Abode of Virtue, &c., is a small hell upon earth, where men and boys are ruined from quite early days, and the abode of "10,000 *Happinesses*" is a place full of dirt and vermin, with earth floors, unclean food, and unwashed waiters. Outside your paper windows are the pigs, asses, and mules to keep you well awake during the night. Therefore, I venture to predict 10,000 *miseries* for the first European seeking *happiness* in this direction.

Before passing on, shall we not plead for China as never before? If cash and trade be *her gods*, will you not, on behalf of Sinim, cry to heaven for labourers who shall exalt a risen, exalted Christ, to take the place of this terrible love of money?

John Chinaman is both shrewd and prudent. Two maxims will explain this clearly. *Siao-ch'ien puh-K'ü, ta-ch'ien puh-lai:* meaning, "If you do not expend a little money in the entertainment of your customers, you will get none." Here is another. *Ren-woo-hsiao, lien-hsiu K'ai-tien:* "A man without a smiling face must not open a shop." Bad trade is thus expressed: *San-t'ien mai liang-t'iao huang-Kua:* "To sell a couple of cucumbers in three days." You cannot trade without some capital, is, *literally*, "You must have a couple of grains of rice in order to catch fowls." To lend without prospect of repayment, is, "To throw a fleshy bone at a dog." Each man to his calling, may be *understood* by, "The priest reverts to his monastery, and the merchant to his shop." Your space will not admit of more. But even by these examples one may judge how full the Chinese are of quaint business expressions.

By the sign-board sayings, one is reminded how, in our home churches, deception is practised and followed. Our beloved brother, Archibald Brown, has clearly exposed that fact. The young people in our families are enticed to a gospel which is not *the* Gospel. Questionable plans are suggested for amusement, in order to make the young folk happy! At services, stones are given for bread, and scorpions for fish, &c.

The Lord bless the faithful ones who are setting their faces like flints against this mass of error! Praise God, we may have ten thousand happinesses in Christ, everlasting increase of blessing in his work, and perpetual spring in our heart of hearts, if we do but serve

"JESUS ONLY."

Chefoo, N. China. JOHN ASH STOOKE.

Hearing the Word.

IN India, merely hearing the sacred books is an act of merit that secures untold benefit in another state of existence. Perhaps, if it were a belief in England, small congregations and empty pews would never be heard of. Professor Monier Williams tells us that to illustrate and prove the immensely meritorious efficacy of constant recitation of the Law among Buddhists, very strange stories are told. Five hundred bats lived in a cave where two monks daily recited it; and we can imagine how the slumbers of the helpless creatures were disturbed by the holy men. All of them, it is said, heard at least some parts of the sacred texts; and they gained such merit by it that, when they died, they were all reborn as men, and ultimately as gods.

Surely those who are not "doers of the Word", but "hearers only", are "deceiving themselves" with some fancy as wild as that of the Buddhists. What are they at? The preached word is of no avail, if it be not "mixed with faith" in them that hear. But when that faith exists, the "profit" is great indeed. Men are to-day "being born again by the Word of God"; "for it is the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth." Not as in a cave to owls, but in various languages to men, is this gospel preached. Not as a meritorious act, but as a duty to God, let him that hath ears to hear, hear. Not with a hope of some change of state in a future existence, but desiring a present salvation, let men hear, and their souls shall live.

Barisaul, Bengal. ROBERT SPURGEON.

Praying Publicans.

(Second Paper.)

IT was the "Sunday-school Anniversary" of a certain chapel in East Anglia. This is usually a "great event" in our country towns and villages. The publican opposite the chapel knew it, and therefore extemporized a counter attraction. With a powerful organette he entertained himself and a few friends; and all through the service the congregation could hear distinctly the strains of Sankey's hymns from the public-house parlour over the way.

From this it will at once be inferred that the publican was not simply indifferent to the claims of the gospel (as too many are), but violently opposed to all that was good; indeed, he had more than once been heard to exclaim (pointing to the chapel), "I would give £20 any day to see *that* place burnt to the ground."

Notwithstanding his organ-ized opposition, his passionate love for music drew him across the road as we played a portable organ, and sang in front of the chapel before the first service. One of our workers "button-holed" him, and secured his promise to come inside to the service on condition he was allowed to keep on his hat. As he had never before entered the chapel, his appearance caused no little surprise; and the more so to those not in the secret, as he kept his hat on throughout the service. During the address, I happened to make some reference to the Pharisee and the publican. He began to get restless, and at length exclaimed excitedly (evidently ignorant of the Scriptural meaning of "publican"), "What is that fellow talking about me for?"

"He is not talking about you," said one by his side.

Unblushingly he rose, and took a good survey of the company, and then said: "Yes, he is; for I'm the only publican here."

"But Mr. Burnham does not know you; he knows nobody in the place but the pastor."

"Perhaps not," said the publican surlily, "but I expect *he* has been telling him about me!"

After this strange interruption I naturally felt curious, and wishful to come into closer touch with this character; hence, on the following morning, I made my way to the "Brown Bear."

As I entered, I met the publican in the doorway, and at once opened conversation. "You came to see me last evening; so I thought I'd be fashionable, and return the visit."

"Come in, sir," said he, leading the way down three or four steps into a side parlour. Here let me make my confession; I trembled violently, and wondered *how* to commence my errand; but circumstances favoured me at this point. In descending the steps he slipped, and but for my prompt grasp would probably have fallen.

"You seem rather weak, sir."

"Yes, I have been very ill; everybody thought I was going to die; the doctor gave me up."

"Did *you* think you were going to die?"

"Ah, sir! I *did*, and no mistake."

I need not further detail the conversation ; I simply mention this circumstance as opening the way that I feared was barred.

Presently, I saw that he was beginning to feel uncomfortable, and gave me sundry hints that he "preferred my room to my company."

Hint No. 1 : "Will you take a glass of ale, sir ?"

"No, thank you," I replied, pointing at the same moment to "a bit of blue" on my coat. At once he waxed warm, and exclaimed, "'Tis a good job for you, you didn't come here preaching *teetotalism* to me, or I would have turned you out, quickly."

"That's very good, as far as it goes ; but I came with a *better* message than teetotalism—the message of the *gospel*, that brings *salvation*."

"And a good thing you did," he answered tartly.

As I had not taken *this* hint, he tried again: looking out of the window, he said to me, "It looks as though we're in for a storm, presently, sir; I want to get out for a drive while the sun shines."

"Very well, I won't hinder you; but I want to pray with you, before I go."

"Be quick about it, then."

He did not shift from his seat, as I knelt by his side, and briefly pleaded for him. When I rose, he was trembling like an aspen-leaf, and quietly said, "Will you come and see me again, sir?"

"Yes; you come to the meeting this evening, and I will come and see you in the morning."

He came, and sat as a respectful hearer, night after night; and morning after morning I called on him. Knowing some small places are cursed with gossip, and fearing lest any stray word might reach him, and spoil the work we sought to do, I strictly refrained from naming the matter to anyone, save the pastor, whose prayers I valued.

But my daily visits to the public-house were not unnoticed, as the following rumour soon reminded me: "There's that fellow preaching to us every night with a bit of blue in his coat, and he cannot keep outside the public-house; he goes in every morning for his eleven o'clock !"

I have no reason to believe the publican was converted during the mission, but his prejudice was so far overcome that he attended every meeting; and when the time came for "good-bye", he expressed his regret that he would see me no more.

Meantime, before the "farewell", the pastor (eager to follow up the work), accompanied me, and secured a "footing" ere I left. He pulled out his pocket Bible, and was about to read, when the publican (who evidently regarded the Bible as a "Nonconformist Book", and unsuited for him as a *churchman*—if anything) handed him a copy of the Prayer-book, that he might read from *that* version of the Psalms.

Months passed, and I heard no more, till in the midst of work at Weston-super-Mare. During service a black-bordered letter was handed to me. I hurriedly opened it, wondering what it meant. It was from the faithful pastor, who had persistently followed this case, to tell me the man had just passed away. He had seldom missed a service or meeting since the mission, till he had recently taken to his bed again. During his illness, of some weeks, the pastor was constantly by his side, and had no doubt whatever that the publican was gradually led into the

light. He left behind a clear testimony that he was "a sinner saved by grace." The minister closed his letter thus: "You will find, on the enclosed memorial card, his last words, which I think will confirm and justify my hopes concerning him." Eagerly I opened the card, and read—

"He saw me ruined in the fall,
Yet loved me, notwithstanding all;
He saved me from my lost estate—
His lovingkindness, oh, how great!"

Well may Paul say, "Where sin abounded, grace did much more abound." Hallelujah!

JOHN BURNHAM.

In Memoriam of Mrs. A. Judson.

EXTRACTED FROM A LECTURE ON "THE APOSTLE OF BURMAH" BY THOMAS SPURGEON.

When first he toiled on Burmah's strand,
A stranger in a stranger land,
Lest faith should fail or hope grow dim,
"An angel ministered to him."

And when the showers of blessing fell,
And Buddha owned Messiah's spell,
His joy-cup overflowed its brim:—
"An angel ministered to him."

In Ava, bound with tenfold chains,
Midst frightful scenes and fearful pains,
E'en in the death-jail, ghastly, grim,
"An angel ministered to him."

Three weeks alone of all she missed,
Then brought a blossom to be kissed!
With *mother's* tears her eyes were dim;
"An angel ministered to him."

Then, banished from the "Golden Face"
To Oung-pen-la, that dreadful place,
His frail frame racked in every limb,
"An angel ministered to him."

And who will say she ceased to tend
When all *her* toil was at an end?
Perchance from midst the cherubim
This angel ministered to him!

Richard Alleine.

ONE of the many disadvantages of a country pastorate is the limited range of your library. Who was R. A.? Although possessing an average collection of religious works, they are silent about him. Not even Dr. James Hamilton, in his "Christian Classics," has a word to say of him. Joseph Alleine I can trace, and, for lack of better knowledge, conclude that Richard was of the same family, and possibly a brother.* What specially interests me in him, is the fact that, from four old volumes published 1663—1684, I have often derived spiritual stimulus and valuable suggestion. The thought is as quaint as the type and spelling; but whatever the shape of the comb, the honey is undeniably sweet. Why these old authors have fallen so much into disrepute, is a mystery. They have a style by no means despicable, while for matter and flavour, they provide the finest of the wheat and honey out of the clefts of the rock. As for a knowledge of the human heart, in its antagonism to God, or the way of a sinner back to his favour, or rapturous description of the renewed man's delight in the provision of the Father's house, one fails utterly to find their equals among present-day teachers. There is a weight and a wit, a quaintness and a soberness, that convinces as it charms.

"Where you look back on sin and see its face, for *sin carries its face in its back*, you'll fear it the more whenever you meet it again."

Such a sentence makes the reader ponder and reflect. Which is the right side of sin? Where does it carry its face? Is it as agreeable in the fulfilment as in the promise; or does it carry a sting near to its honey-bag? In any case, sin has to be considered both before and behind; and, rightly seen, will be shunned and abhorred.

Its dangers, too, and the way of escape, are earnestly and eloquently presented. "Adventure yourselves with Christ, cast yourselves upon his righteousness as that which shall bring you to God. As a poor captive exile, that is cast upon a strange land, where he is ready to perish, and having no hope either of abiding there or escaping home with life, meeting at length with a pilot that offers to transport him safely home, embarks with him, and ventures himself and all that he hath in his vessel—do you likewise." . . . . . "But you can never, you will never cast yourselves on him alone till all your self-hopes have given up the ghost." No clearer gospel-ring could be sounded forth than this, nor has the call lost anything by time. Fallen humanity is much the same in all ages, and the message which Alleine delivered is the only saving message to a lost world. Jesus Christ, in the love of his heart, the strength of his arm, the merit of his shed blood, and the eloquence of his intercession—"five bleeding wounds he bears"—is still the theme of a ministry that designs to win the world from sin to holiness, from the swine-troughs to the rich provision of the King's table. And what a contrast is there! It is only one of the worldling's foolish notions that he has the best things. Blinded by this false notion of

* The Editor, happily, has at hand *Darling's Encyclopædia Bibliographica;* and from the information therein given, it does not appear that Richard and Joseph were brothers; the presumption is quite the other way, *i.e.*, that they were not even near relatives.

worldly happiness, the atheist said he would not barter his present Paris for the Christian's prospective Paradise, forgetting that heaven is sown in our nature.

"The hill of Zion yields
A thousand sacred sweets,
Before we reach the heavenly fields,
Or walk the golden streets."

Hear what Richard Alleine says on this subject:—"This is all one as to say that God hath put more sweetness into creatures than is in himself; that the basest and vilest uses of the creature do yield more true content than the soul exercising itself on God; as if the *thorn* should yield more *sweetness*, the *bramble* more *fatness*, than the *fig-tree* and the *olive*. The gleanings of the Christian's joy are better than the vintage of sinners; and you cannot so much slight the glory of their Sun as they despise the glory of your sparks." This is speaking like a child of the light, who delights in the radiance of the sunshine. It is holding up the worldling's rushlight, with its fitful glimmer, to the glory of the sun. It is speaking as one who has heard "the choirs of singing angels overshone by God's clear glory", and has himself caught the strain of that new song. It is contrasting a present Paradise with a present Paris, and the thought puts a singing bird in the heart. "I will sing of the mercies of the Lord for ever: with my mouth will I make known thy faithfulness to all generations." (Ps. lxxxix. 1.)

Crawley. J. McAUSLANE.

The Church's Unbelief Temporary.

THERE is consolation in the remembrance, that, in the Christian church, as a whole, the questioning and disbelieving mood cannot be continuous and final. It has its day, and except in certain semi-Christian societies, is then displaced by re-assured convictions. Some time since, I was at Lake Varese, in Northern Italy. I was disappointed with the scenery. I had not suspected what was concealed on the horizon. Through one day and night there were bursts of tempest-thunder, and lightning, and rain. At five o'clock in the morning I looked out of my window. The storm was gone. From horizon to horizon the chain of the western Alps was unveiled, the snows bathed in orange red in the early morning light. It was a stupendous apparition. Through the day the eternal snows were dazzling white. Not a film dulled their radiance. The five peaks of the majestic Monte Rosa towered above them all. The experience recalled me to our generation. To not a few, the sublimest truths have grown dim, and have passed out of sight altogether. The central verities of Holy Scripture have become invisible. But unbelief is always temporary and transitional. It can never be permanent. The time is not far distant when the sceptical haze will scatter. The great realities of the Christian faith shall again fill the heavens of human thought, and feeling, and hope, with their transcendent and entrancing splendours. — *Henry Batchelor on "Rationalism."*—(*See June Sword and Trowel, page* 348.)

A Word for the Irish Mission.

WHAT Ireland would be under Home Rule we do not know; but the Irish Baptist Home Mission has certainly gained by its severance from the London committee of the Baptist Union. Fears have not been realized, and the hopes that were cherished have not proved illusory. Pastor Hugh D. Brown, and his noble band of fellow-workers, have risen to the occasion, and the Mission has been consolidated and extended. "While other portions of Great Britain," says the report, "are mourning over the decline of adherents, we in Ireland have to rejoice that God has helped a weak and feeble band to the furtherance of his great cause. The alteration in the management of the Irish Mission has worked well, and has been, under God, a complete success, spiritually and financially. It has drawn the brethren scattered over Ireland closer together in the sacred bonds of a holy alliance." In this record we rejoice, and our readers will share our joy. Ireland needs the gospel, and the gracious influence of the ministry of saintly men.

Subscriptions to the extent of two thousand pounds have been raised; of this sum upwards of five hundred pounds have been contributed by friends in Ireland. A legacy of five hundred pounds has been paid, so the treasurer has been able to discharge all the liabilities for the year, and to close the first year's accounts with a balance in hand. With a steady increase in the income, the operations of the Mission will be extended. Already several new stations have been planted, and three tents have been pitched for aggressive gospel work during the summer season. Sixty-three persons have been baptized, and the work at all the centres has been vigorously maintained. The need of an adequate staff of preachers is felt; but the Mission is decidedly advancing in the type of missionaries, and numbers already a fine band of earnest soul-winners. Several churches are without settled pastors; but, then, they are not able to offer adequate support. In the course of time, as the churches develop, they will become self-supporting, and the subsidy, now granted by the Mission, will be applied by the committee to open up new centres. The field for usefulness is practically unlimited; and, with men and means at command, the committee may anticipate the future with increasing hopefulness. Anxious as our Irish friends are to extend the Mission, they are pledged not to incur fresh liabilities until they can see the way to their full discharge. This will be reassuring to our friends, and will stimulate their gifts. The travelling secretary, Mr. Warner, is devoted to the cause; and his visits to churches will do much towards securing the needed funds. Whenever our friends can do so, we hope they will arrange for a collection in aid of the Irish Baptist Mission. Any sums entrusted to us, will be forwarded to the treasurer (Pastor Hugh D. Brown), whose work in Dublin grows in interest and importance. The church in Harcourt Street, of which he is pastor, is a recognized power, and its influence is widening at a rapid rate. In the beginning of 1889, Mr. Brown, in dependence upon God for the necessary means, engaged one evangelist, and now there are six fully employed. The Evangelists' Association which has been formed, has for its defined object, "The dissemination of gospel and New Testament principles in Ireland." With Dublin as a centre, and the coast lines of the whole island for the boundary of the area of service, the society should rejoice in a rich harvesting of precious souls. The evangelists are men in whom the church and pastor can have the fullest confidence for their character and their fidelity to the old gospel, and for their zeal and aptness for the work.

There are many who will rejoice in the triumph of the gospel in Ireland; and we most heartily commend to the sympathy and prayers of our readers the Baptist Irish Home Mission, and the Harcourt Street Baptist Chapel Evangelists' Association.

Notices of Books.

Ezra and Nehemiah: their Lives and Times. ["*Men of the Bible*" *Series.*] By GEORGE RAWLINSON, M.A., F.R.G.S. Nisbet and Co.

THE interesting period of Ezra and Nehemiah is set forth in Canon Rawlinson's clear, instructive manner. It is a great luxury to study such a work. The silly theories of the invention of parts of the Pentateuch by the leaders of the return from exile have no influence upon our Canon; and they would never affect any other rational men, were they not looking out for falsehoods with which to cast a slur upon the writings of the Most High. We cannot give full expression to the indignation that we feel against these ready believers of a lie. But we feel that candid remarks, like those before us in this half-crown volume, are a happy preservative for the faith of those who read with desire to learn. More of the stern fidelity of Nehemiah is greatly needed just now. If the churches would demand honesty in their preachers, they might not get it; but they might get rid of a set of cunning impostors who are just now ruling the roast.

The Transfigured Valley. By the Rev. W. MILLER, Lenzie, Glasgow. Hodder and Stoughton.

A DRINK of the brook by the way. Those subject to bondage through fear of death may here, through the Divine Comforter, change their mind, and even long for evening to undress, that they might rest with God. The incidents, quoted from many sources, light up the pages of the little work, and at the same time lay a solid basis of fact for the comfort of those who have yet to ford the Jordan. We mark the following as a choice bit: "On recovering from an illness which was, in a way, the beginning of the end with him, Dr. William Robertson said to a friend, 'Once I felt the joy of the thought of awaking to hear the blowing of the golden trumpets on the grand Easter morning.' When afterwards he was actually dying, he remarked to his only surviving sister, 'I think the gates are closing in.'"

"When a niece of his was dying in San Remo, he said to her one Sabbath morning, 'It's a long time now since you've been at church'; whereupon she gently replied, 'Perhaps I'll be there before you to-day; to the general assembly and church of the firstborn.' And it was even so, for the words had not long been uttered, when she passed into the heavenly sanctuary."

"'Shall I offer prayer with you?' said James Balfour, of Dron, to his cousin John Balfour, of Brokley, when the latter was dying. 'Not prayer, but praise,' was the prompt reply. Thereupon, those beside the dying man sang, as best they could, the one hundred and forty-fifth Psalm, beginning,—

> 'O Lord, thou art my God and King;
> Thee will I magnify and praise.'

And just as the singing went on, he passed from the worshippers at the footstool, to those before the throne."

"Of another, who had long gone regularly to church, to whose ears no sound had been more welcome than that of the Sabbath bell, and who had also taken a great delight in thinking of heaven as a place of worship; it is related that, in dying, when one asked him how it fared with him now, he, with his expiring breath, replied, 'It's just ringin' in.'"

My Comfort in Sorrow. By HUGH MACMILLAN, D.D. Cassell & Co.

A RICH little work. Some men give nothing to their patients but bitter pills; they quite forget the draughts with which the sick man washes them down: Hugh Macmillan is more in danger of giving all the sweets, and omitting the medicine. His fly is often drowned in amber; but what amber it is! We are half afraid that the sorrowful will think this book too flowery to meet his case. In his sickness of heart, he will think that the doctor singeth songs unto him, and will not lend his ear; but this feeling once subdued, he shall hear the voice of harpers harping with their harps. For deep, far-reaching analogies, no one hath a clearer eye than Hugh Macmillan.

Songs of the Church. Edited by J. B. LITLER, M.A., Oxon. Elliot Stock.

As the editor calls this "A Supplemental Book of Sacred Song", it is evident that he does not intend to supersede any existing work. The hymns are carefully classified as Songs for Pilgrims, Church Songs, Songs of the Night, Songs of the Heart, Songs of Grace, Songs of Praise, and Songs of Home; and in the appendix there are Hymns for the Seasons. The Songs of the Church are for the most part in praise and defence of the Church of England. Here is a specimen verse:

"From the church of our fathers we'll never depart,
She's entwined round each fibre, each nerve of our heart.
The church of our fathers, our glory and crown,
We will, unimpaired, to our children hand down."

Of the general run of the hymns nothing much can be said; they are such as may be found in any ordinary collection.

The editor appears to be an industrious composer, and most of the tunes in the book bear his name. Beyond the statement of the fact, nothing more need be said, unless we call attention to the faulty accent in several instances. If the composer's taste is satisfied, it is for the patrons to determine whether or not they are prepared to accept the new departure.

When the editor takes liberties with the harmonies of well-known tunes, it is another matter; and we cannot allow a notice to issue without a word of protest. This tinkering of tunes has gone far enough; and it is quite time editors were content to allow the harmonies to stand exactly as they were given to the world by the composers. Even if alterations are corrections or improvements, it is an impertinence to revise the compositions of the great writers.

The volume contains some Elizabethan melodies; but they have very little interest excepting that which attaches to them for their age. The specimens given in this book may be put away with other musical curiosities. They are of very little use now. Exquisite they may be, in the editor's judgment as a musician; but they are too exquisite for our taste or for Congregational use.

The Vicar of Hayton, in publishing this book, has the satisfaction of seeing his compositions in print; but we fear he is not likely to have the pleasure of knowing that his labours will be generally appreciated. Probably some other editor may come along and cull a selection for another book; and so, after all, it is quite as well that the "Songs of the Church" have been published.

Samoa, Past and Present. A Narrative of Missionary Work in the South Seas. By Rev. CHARLES PHILLIPS, of the London Missionary Society. John Snow and Co.

IN less than one hundred pages, Mr. Phillips has contrived to give, in an interesting style, a very large amount of information about Samoa and its people; including "the former condition of heathenism, the wonderful transformation effected by the gospel, and the work which Samoa is now accomplishing as a missionary church." The chapters on "native missionaries and their adventures", and "incidents of missionary life", will furnish several good illustrations for addresses; nor must we forget the modern instances of the persecuting character of the Romish church. The book is liberally supplied with woodcuts, and is a marvel of condensation.

The Daily Treasury of Practical Thoughts. By W. J. SPRIGGS SMITH. "The Church Monthly" Office, 30 and 31, New Bridge Street.

HERE temperance holds its own, and is brought well to the front. Selections from the best writers and speakers are brought together into a treasury of daily readings. There are things new and old well worth bringing forth.

Daily Food for the Inner Man. The English Publishing Company, 73, Ludgate Hill.

ANOTHER compiled book for daily reading, now in its second edition. Where there is a keen appetite, this daily food will be appreciated.

"Always Abounding;" or, Recollections of the Life and Labours of the late George Brealey, the Evangelist of the Blackdown Hills. By his son, W. J. H. BREALEY. Second Edition. J. F. Shaw and Co.

OF this brief biography of a zealous servant of Christ and winner of souls, we could not say more in commendation than we did upon its first appearance. In the Introduction, his friend, Mr. Groves, says: "Many fail to do anything, because they will be doing something great. It was not so with our brother Brealey. He realized, as few do, that he was not his own—that he belonged to One who had redeemed him to himself; and whether in the humbler lines of his early beginnings, or in the higher lines of his after service, he sought to be ready at the Master's call for every service, however insignificant."

Lord Lawrence. ["Men with a Mission" Series.] By Rev. JAMES J. ELLIS. Nisbet & Co.

IN reviewing previous volumes of this series, we recommended our young readers to get these shilling biographies as fast as they appear, and to read them with great care. We repeat the advice. Mr. Ellis makes his heroes live again as he writes their life-stories. The volume before us is exceedingly well done, and its perusal ought to make many a young man resolve, by the help of God, to leave as good a mark on his age as Lord Lawrence did.

Life and Work of David Livingstone, the Factory Boy who became a Great Missionary. By J. J. ELLIS. Holness.

ANY boy or girl, worthy of the name, who begins to read this lively little life of Livingstone, will want to keep the book open until the last page is reached. Other writers have described the great African *traveller*, but Mr. Ellis here brings into prominence the *Christian* and the *missionary*. The story is told mainly in the words of Dr. Livingstone and his friends; and as we read we seem to hear him relate how the chief, Sekomi, wanted "something to drink that would change his heart", while another dusky ruler, Sechele, said to him, "Do you ever imagine that the people will be converted by your preaching? I can make them do nothing for me without thrashing them; but, if you like, I will call my herdmen out; with our whips of rhinoceros hide we will soon put them right. I'll make Christians of the lot in a very short time." The Apostle of Africa could afford to smile at the ignorance of his dark friends, but he was pained by some of the complaints from home. He said to his wife, "They seem in London to wonder that I cannot convert men. I preach the gospel to them, and I am sure that the people love me; but they are not willing to become Christians." One of the most charming chapters in the book is the one which relates the conversations upon religious matters between Livingstone and Stanley. It is delightful to hear the prematurely aged man saying to his friend, "All that I am I owe to Christ Jesus, revealed to me in his divine Book. O Stanley, Stanley, here is the source of strength, and the transforming power! How magnificent Christ is, and how marvellously sweet is his divine love! If you can realize that love to you, I am sure you will not be able to keep back your heart's affections from him.'

Memorials of Robert T. Cunningham, M.A. Edited by Rev. DAVID MILLER, M.A. Edinburgh: Andrew Elliott.

THESE memorials concern a young and gifted minister, cut off in the bloom of his early manhood; and will be valued mostly by the circle of friends who mourn his loss. Mr. Cunningham, like the majority of the young ministers of this generation, belonged to the progressive school, and indulged in optimistic ideas of modern departures from the faith, which we are far from cherishing. We willingly subscribe to all that was excellent in the character as portrayed; but we confess to more than uneasiness in regard to the theological trend of the progressive school. May God raise up ministers of gift, of whom it shall be said, when their record is written, that they have stood in the old paths, and upheld the faith which the immutable doctrines of grace enshrine!

The Church of the New Testament: What it was, and how it worshipped. A Text-book for members of Churches. By R. H. CARSON. Belfast: Circle Co-operative Printing Company. One Shilling.

IN this book, Mr. Carson has given much labour to an important subject. Many of our church-members are greatly in need of a manual which gathers up, and presents in a simple and concise form, the teachings of the New Testament, on the constitution and worship of the body to which they belong. The author has striven to meet this want, and, in many respects, he has succeeded well. Almost every question of church-life is touched, while the more important topics are treated with great thoroughness, and often with much acuteness and power. Throughout, there is shown a thorough knowledge of the points at issue, and the reader is invariably referred to Scripture as the one and only ground for each conclusion. The well-known name of Carson is a sufficent guarantee for a reverent regard to the teachings of the Inspired Word; here, nothing is authoritative but the teaching of the Holy Spirit as shown in the utterances of the apostles and in the practice of believers in apostolic times.

The chapter on the ministry is of inordinate length, contains much repetition, and is largely taken up with polemical remarks, directed now against Presbyterianism, and now against Brethrenism; but it is specially valuable as setting forth the constitution and practice of the New Testament Church.

This book is full of truth with which every Baptist ought to be acquainted, and contains very little indeed with which the majority of Baptists will not heartily agree.

To such commendation we are sorry to be obliged to add any remarks of depreciation; but this, also, is due to our readers. The volume is very badly printed, and badly edited. The spirit of the book is contentious throughout. The reasoning is often partial and unfair, showing that the writer has little or nothing to do with what may be said on the other side.

It is a pity that an otherwise excellent volume, affording much valuable teaching, and with Scripture proofs most carefully appended, should be spoiled by faults like these. And yet, spoiled it is. A Text-book, at least, might be less militant.

Balaam: and other Sermons. By the Rev. ALFRED OWEN SMITH, B.A. Elliot Stock.

TEN sermons by a curate of the Church of England, and all of them good. The style is simple and pleasing, the subjects are well varied, the plan of each discourse is clear, the doctrine thoroughly evangelical, and the preacher shows a heart full of love to Christ and perishing men. There is much fidelity, too, in stating that side of truth never pleasant to "them that are at ease in Zion", and often considerable power of personal appeal. Preaching of this kind leaves Nonconformists much to love in the Church of England still, in spite of such Catechisms as that of "The Kilburn Sisters," exposed by Mr. H. H. Fowler, M.P., towards the close of June, in the House of Commons. The volume is worthy of a large sale. Mr. Smith's congregation should feel thankful for so helpful a ministry, and his bishop might do worse than say, "Friend, come up higher."

The Nature and Method of Revelation. By G. P. FISHER, D.D. T. Fisher Unwin.

A BOOK not without ability and culture; but disappointing and unsettling in its character. The learned professor is so eager to conciliate the destructive critics, that he gives away the best part of the Revelation of God. Did we not know that he was a believer in the Scriptures, we should sometimes imagine him to be attacking them vigorously; so successful is he in looking at things "from the other side." Those who still believe the Book to be the perfect revelation of God will have no taste for this volume; and those who have set up their own reasonings, in place of the Bible, will count the author a very timid and hesitant guide. "Laodicean and lame" will, therefore, be the general verdict.

The World of Faith and the Everyday World, as Displayed in the Footsteps of Abraham. By OTTO FUNCKE, Pastor of the Friedens Kirche, Bremen. Translated from the German by SOPHIA TAYLOR. Edinburgh: T. and T. Clark.

THIS book is written in a bright, vivacious, and somewhat anecdotal style, and is pleasant reading. The writer is clearly not a recluse, but is an inhabitant of the everyday world he seeks to depict. We are sorry, amid so much that is excellent, that evil spots should appear. There is a distinct bias which from time to time shows itself in favour of a "larger hope." Thus (p. 225) we are told that "The intercession of Abraham" for Sodom and Gomorrah "hovers like a cloud of holy and fragrant incense over the deep waters and the ancient ruins." Pastor Funcke gives it as his belief "that the supreme revelation of divine love to the Sodomites has not yet appeared", and that "a fresh day of grace is coming for them." Our conviction is that such teaching has no shred of Scriptural support, and that its influence on the times is evil in the extreme.

We join issue also with the author as to what is intended by justification through faith. According to this author, all the merit bestowed in justification is faith's own. His view is, that the merit imputed through faith is wrought out by faith. But it is not so. Faith justifies because of the merit in another which it appropriates. The Lord himself is our righteousness, and his is the merit in which, by faith, we stand complete.

Other points of somewhat great difference emerge: but we forbear. This work shows considerable gift, is popularly written, and is distinguished by practical point; but the blemishes are too serious to admit of a general commendation.

The Creed in Scotland: an Exposition of the Apostles' Creed. By JAMES RANKIN, D.D. Blackwood and Sons.

THIS is a scholastic, rather than popular volume, on the subject of the Apostles' Creed, representing immense labour and solid research. Dr. Rankin has conceived the utmost enthusiasm for the creed in question, and seeks to gain currency for it in the Established Church of Scotland, to which he belongs, and also among Presbyterians generally. He has availed himself, he tells us, of his Presbyterian freedom to introduce it into his own service, and would like to see this creed become the recognized bond of Presbyterian union. We fear the ideas entertained and expressed of Presbyterian freedom will defeat any such hope. Those who break loose from the bands of the "Westminster Confession", will not care to be ruled by the less articulated, but more antique device of the Apostles' Creed. Scotland has had a creed in the past, and it may have a creed in the future; but, meanwhile, the drift seems to be anti-credal. If this exposition should be the means of helping to stay the general tendency to theological flux in the land of Knox, we shall heartily rejoice.

Tries at Truth. By ARNOLD WHITE. Isbister and Co.

MR. WHITE is an enthusiast for the new "Social Gospel"; and whilst very decided in opinion, is courteous and restrained in his expressions. He has little or no sympathy with that robbery that nowadays dubs itself Socialism; and yet, apparently, as little with the New Testament method of salvation. There is much with which we most cordially agree. Manful, sympathetic, breezy, both in belief and utterance; and yet, somehow, it stops far short of what is needed for the true regeneration of man. In nothing is Mr. White more outspoken and timely than in his strictures on the ordinary pursuits of Royalty. The great defect of the book is, however, its failure to touch the heart, and change it. The old and eternal truth is, "Make the tree good, and the fruit will be good"; the new nostrum is, "Give better physical surroundings, and men will evolve into saints." Those who believe this latter theory will find Mr. White a writer after their own heart.

Threefold Salvation. Drummond's Tract Depôt, Stirling.

TWELVE gracious chapters, in a neat volume, nicely illustrated. These chapters have done good service as separate tracts, and in each the writer puts God's way of life in plain and homely language. This little book is likely to be richly blessed in the winning of souls.

Glimpses of Christ. By H. K. WOOD. Drummond's Tract Depôt, Stirling.

A SOMEWHAT general little work; but healthy in its tone. There is much in it to comfort and help seeking souls. Jesus is the theme; and the writer evidently loves to speak of him. An apt quotation is given from Dr. Taylor, of New York, upon washing the disciples' feet. We give an extract:—"There are three things I would like to say, and I will put them in the quaint way in which they were put to me by a friend—1st. *The water must not be too hot.* You must not scald people in your attempt to do them good. Remember that you go about it tenderly, lovingly, kindly. Do it with the humble and loving spirit that the Master did when he washed his own disciples' feet. 2nd. *Your own hands must be clean.* In Scotland, when a young man is going to be married, there is a little play between him and his companions; on the night before the marriage, they waylay him somewhere when he is off his guard, and lead him away, and pretend to wash his feet; but they leave him dirtier than they found him, because their hands have been covered with soot. 3rd. *You must be ready to submit your own feet to the process.* The washing is to go all round. We are to '*wash one another's feet.*' We are very ready to point out the mistakes, and errors, and sins, of another; but when it comes to our own, that is another matter."

The Witness of the World to Christ. By the Rev. W. A. MATTHEWS, M.A. Nisbet and Co.

THIS is a book of the religious and scientific order. It is the work of a scholarly and thoughtful man, and is in some respects of quite unusual value. For the most part the teaching is sound and loyal to Christ. We do not, however, believe for a minute that God's truth, or human differences about it, are to be settled by processes of mere reasoning. On the author's own ground, divine illumination ought to stand for something; instead of this, it counts for little or nothing. The book shows a shallow knowledge of Calvinism, and a deep antipathy to it, and proposes to get rid of it by translating ἐκλόγη as "selection" instead of "election." Carrying a mountain away on the point of a needle would be a small business compared with the effort to banish Calvinism by prefixing an "s" to election! In spite of grave errors like these, the book is an able one.

Our Dead: Where are they? A Symposium. Edited by T. H. STOCKWELL. Elliot Stock.

THIS is a case of many minds, many views. Some of the writers have scarcely anything to contribute on the question proposed, but confine themselves rather to points that are cognate, such as, Whether our dead exist? or, Whether there shall be recognition in heaven? Dr. Thain Davidson, we find, endorses the view, which we believe to be a mistaken one, that "we who are still pursuing the Christian race on earth are in full view of the blessed whose own probationary course is ended." The word "witnesses" in Heb. xii. 1, partakes in no respect of the meaning of spectator here assigned to it. The conclusion most generally favoured by the contributors to this volume—that the blessed departed are now with Christ—is in our judgment the true one. Heaven, and not the inferior paradise, is, we believe, the teaching of Scripture as to their location. Both views have, however, advocates in this volume.

Pictures of the Early Methodists. By F. ELLEN GREGORY. C. H. Kelly.

YOUNG Methodists should read these lives of early Wesleyan preachers; indeed, it will be a good and pleasant exercise for any of our growing folks. Oh, for more men and women like John Nelson, Adam Clarke, Hopper, and Staniforth! The book costs only ninepence.

Eastward Ho! A Story for Girls. By EMMA MARSHALL. Nisbet and Co.

"As far as the East is from the West" has been, until recent days, the personal knowledge and practical sympathy of the denizens of the West End, for the dwellers in the courts and alleys, cellars and garrets of London East. Among the minor helps to a better and more Christian state of things have been the touching stories of little ragged, starving cripples, to whose necessities of body and soul Christian love has ministered. Such a story is this; and the writer directs it to the children of the wealthy, in order to incite them "to think of the privations and sufferings of those who are so near them in any great town or city." We hope that it will be useful in other ways also: first, to those unladylike young ladies who do not "order themselves lowly and reverently to all their betters", but have fits of sulks and tantrums. To such, several of these chapters are prescribed as Teachem's pills. Next, they are recommended to those guardians and governesses whose ignorance of child culture, and lack of love and sympathy, are largely responsible for the ill-conduct and unhappiness of thousands of young people.

The Duke's Page; or, "In the Days of Luther." A Story for Boys. From the German. By SARAH M. S. CLARKE (Mrs. PEREIRA). Nisbet.

A HANDSOME book with sixteen well-executed illustrations.

It is a praiseworthy work to collate and translate important, but little known, facts bearing on the Reformation, and to present them to young people in an attractive form; for they ought to be better informed as to the history as well as the doctrines of the Reformation. Our story opens within a few years of the death of Luther, whom the chief personages in the narrative are supposed to visit, for the purpose of seeking counsel, or spiritual help. We say "supposed", though we can well believe that such conversations as those described were very real, names perhaps being changed. How Wolf, the mischievous schoolboy, becomes page to Duke Maurice, Elector of Saxony, will make him a favourite with "our boys"; but they must follow his fortunes and misfortunes in order to get some knowledge of such historic personages as Charles V., Emperor of Germany, Philip of Hesse, and the Duke of Alva, of infamous memory. The book abounds in incidents, tragic, tender, dramatic, daring, and true, about the councils, battles, and sieges that affected the religious belief, and shaped the political opinions and geographical boundaries of the many principalities which now form one united Germany.

Kibboo Ganey; or, The Lost Chief of the Copper Mountain. A Tale of Travel and Adventure in the Heart of Africa. By WALTER WENTWORTH. Nelsons.

WE guess that the amiable and adventurous American colonel—ought it not to be "kurnel"?—and his two smart boys, who "saw snakes" in the Soudan, are myths; and that Mr. Wentworth made it all up out of his own head, and the heads of travellers, whose brains he sucked, and whose books he assimilated. Here are stories indeed of caravans in the desert, sand storms, slave traders and Arab raiders, elephant, lion, and boa-constrictor hunting, and a score of thrilling adventures, forming a mosaic of African life. Boys will be delighted with it; and it may incite them to read the stories of African explorers and missionaries; and, though it is in no sense a religious book, we trust it may be a link in the chain of providence which will reach from some English home to a Congo mission station.

Miss Brown's Basket. By Mrs. H. CHARLES. Nisbet.

SHOWS how powerfully even the humblest service, faithfully rendered, may tell for good.

Of all Degrees. By LESLIE KEITH. Religious Tract Society.

WRITTEN evidently with the object of awakening the reader's sympathy with that most suffering of all classes, the "genteel" poor; and it is well calculated to secure the writer's aim.

The Churchwarden's Daughter. A Present-Day Methodist Story. By J. W. KEYWORTH. Methodist Sunday-school Union.

ONE of the best stories we have read for a long time. Its style closely resembles that of our friends, Mark Guy Pearse, and Jackson Wray (whom may the Lord soon restore to perfect health); especially in the humour of the irony and sarcasm employed in dealing with inconsistency and hypocrisy in members of Christian churches.

The churchwarden is the big, bumptious brewer of the little town, and a justice of the peace to boot. How his only daughter paid a visit to the Methodist Chapel, got converted, and "joined the Society", to the disgust and chagrin of her ignorant and bigoted father, is told to the life. Better still is the recital of her prayerful anxiety to conform her life to the "Rules" drawn up by the saintly brothers John and Charles Wesley. The consideration of the drink traffic naturally occupies a front place in the story, as it does in the "Rules of the Society"; for which see Appendix to the book. There is not a dull page in the book; and yet we dare to pronounce the heroine held up for admiration and imitation a Puritan of the Puritans. May God bless this contribution to juvenile Methodist literature, and multiply the number of such consecrated, because consistent, maidens as Agnes, who is described as so nearly perfect, that if her attention had been directed to the Scriptures about baptism, there is no question but she would have been baptized, and "walked in *all* the commandments and *ordinances* of the Lord blameless." We commend the study of the characters of Agnes, and her friend, Tommy Beamish, the class-leader, to all our young people.

The Two Cousins. A Tale. By FRIBA. Charles H. Kelly.

ANOTHER Methodist novel, much the same in method, but very different in style to the foregoing. At a friendly meeting, a rector and a Methodist minister are made to discuss the creeds and polity of their respective communions. The Nonconformist has a good deal to say by way of rectifying the rector's church history, as to "the historic episcopate", the validity of his orders, Wesley's sinful schism, &c. In this manner, the principles of the Society are made plain in a pleasant manner. Some of the current objections of unbelievers are also judiciously met, and, best of all, the necessity of a personal knowledge of saving truth is insisted upon. A *bête noire*, which the author calls "Calvinism", comes in for a little banter; but the bogey is of Arminian manufacture; for while holding the Scripture doctrine of the divine sovereignty, we as firmly hold that of man's responsibility. We do not deny to Jehovah, at least, as much free will as Arminians lay claim to for themselves. Personally, we need that the Lord should work in us "both to will and to do." However, this little hit at the straw effigy does not cause us to disparage a book so well intended and well executed. One further remark is necessary. One of the characters introduced is an attractive woman, whose antecedents are shrouded in mystery for a time, until she is discovered to be a courtesan. This part is treated with delicacy; and, evidently, the purpose is to put young people on their guard against insidious evil. Opinions differ as to how much or how little it is advisable for young people to know of the dangerous state of society; but we mention this that the book should not be classed with stories suitable for mere boys and girls.

Tuke. A Story for Boys. By ISABEL HORNIBROOK. Nelsons.

A TOUCHING little plea for the homely-featured, unattractive boy, commonly snubbed and looked down upon as "the dull one of the family." Poor Tuke was all this, and more; but he responded to kindness and sympathy, and was, at last, the acknowledged centre of the circle in which he moved.

Birdie's Resolve. A Story for the Young. By EVELYN EVERETT GREEN. Nelsons.

A PRETTY, but improbable, story; written in the author's somewhat sensational style.

Notes.

THE EDITOR'S ILLNESS.—Possibly, some readers of *The Sword and the Trowel*, as they open the present number of the Magazine, will exclaim, "Now, we shall get the latest information about Mr. Spurgeon." That may be the case with dwellers in far-away places, where daily and weekly newspapers are not read; but our friends who have been eagerly waiting for the bulletins in the morning and evening editions of London and provincial papers, will necessarily have much later intelligence than can be published in these pages, which must be in the hands of the printers several days before the end of the month. We will get the authorities at Fann Street to wait as long as they can for their last "copy"; but even then, it must be clearly understood that the reports here given can only apply to the condition of the dear sufferer up to about July 23.

It was not possible, last month, to let our readers know how seriously ill Mr. Spurgeon was; but just as the Magazine was passing through the press, his symptoms became so alarming, that Dr. Kidd was called in to consult with Dr. Miller, of Upper Norwood, who had been in attendance since May 18. At the beginning of July, there appeared to be good ground for believing that the disease was being subdued, although our poor patient's pains were very acute; but on the evening of Saturday, July 4, the delirium, which had passed away for some days, returned, and it was evident that a most serious state of affairs had been reached. From that time, Dr. Miller has slept at "Westwood" every night, and Dr. Kidd has been in consultation with him every morning. At intervals, a few bright rays of hope have shot through the dense darkness which has surrounded the sick chamber; but these have been followed by periods of most painful suspense, in which the precious life has seemed to reach the very verge of the unseen world. All that medical skill, patient watching, and careful nursing could do, appeared, for a while, to be of no avail. It ought to be stated, however, to the honour of God, that even when almost the last hope of recovery had to be given up, those who were most deeply concerned in the issue of the terrible trial had one source of consolation left. Among the letters that poured in daily, from all quarters, there were many from godly men and women who wrote, not merely to say that they were praying for Mr. Spurgeon's recovery, but that it had been impressed upon them most powerfully, that this sickness was "not unto death", and that the Lord would raise up his servant even from the very gates of the grave. This assurance was a great comfort to the weary watchers, and enabled them, like Abraham with Isaac, to give up the loved one without reserve to the divine will, "By faith . . . accounting that God was able to raise him up, even from the dead."

In such a struggle between life and death, hope and fear alternate with sorrowful frequency. Sometimes the morning has brought manifest improvement, which has not been maintained through the day. On other occasions, the night has closed in with the most gloomy forebodings (not for Mr. Spurgeon: for him to depart and to be with Christ would be far better, yet many feel that it is needful for them that he should for a while abide in the flesh). When the morning has come, all has been changed, and gladness has taken the place of sadness. It was so on July 16 and 17: on the Thursday afternoon and evening, the bulletins had been truly alarming; but on the Friday morning, a slight improvement was reported; this was confirmed in the afternoon, and again on the following day, and also on the Sabbath: but alas! even the sacred hours of the Lord's day were invaded by the dreaded delirium, and day after day, the most trying suspense continued. At the moment of writing these "Notes", there appear to be some signs of slight improvement; but the dear sufferer's condition remains exceedingly critical. Even if all should go well from this time, it must be a long while before he can fully recover; but the Lord has so graciously answered prayer in sparing him to us until now, that faith is encouraged to continue pleading for his complete restoration to health and strength; if it be the Lord's gracious will. "With God all things are possible."

The prayers presented for Mr. Spurgeon have been almost, if not wholly, without parallel in the history of the church of Christ. The inspired record concerning the apostle Peter might be truthfully repeated, in a far wider sense, with regard to him; for prayer has been made, without ceasing, of the church, unto God, for him. As soon as the critical condition of the Pastor was made known, the church at the Tabernacle constituted itself into one great protracted prayer-meeting. Not only did thousands gather together for a day of prayer; but for weeks, special prayer-meetings have been continued three times daily, and extra opportunities for supplication have been sought wherever they were available. In addition to the officers and members of the church at the Tabernacle, clergymen and ministers, and missionaries of all denominations, have been present at the public gatherings for prayer; and many, who have been altogether out of sympathy with the Pastor in his contention "for the faith once for all delivered to the saints", have been most earnest in their petitions on his behalf. Those who have attended the meetings have testified, over and over again, that they never had witnessed such mighty wrestlings before.

With strong crying and tears, the Angel of the covenant has been held with an unyielding grip, while the pleader has cried with the patriarch, "I will not let thee go." Bethel has become Bochim, the house of God has been the place of weeping; and it has been the Peniel where Jacobs have been transformed into Israels, prevailing with the Lord in prayer. The record of the *private* prayers of believers in this trying time can only be found in the divine "book of remembrance"; but day and night the throne of grace has been besieged by earnest suppliants, who have felt that they could take no denial unless the King should plainly intimate that it was his will to call his servant to his well-earned rest.

Day by day reports have come to hand, telling of prayer-meetings for Mr. Spurgeon's recovery being held all over the country; and already intimations have been received, which go to prove, as one expressed it, that "the whole Christian world has been gathered in supplication around his couch." In St. Paul's Cathedral, and Episcopal churches almost without number; and in chapels, school-rooms, and mission-halls, belonging to all denominations, as well as those which are not connected with any denomination, special meetings for prayer have been held, or the ordinary gatherings have been almost entirely devoted to intercession for the dear sufferer at "Westwood," and his beloved wife, and family, and friends, and church. During the occasional intervals between the delirium, Mr. Spurgeon has been able to get just a glimpse of the crowds of suppliants gathered around the mercy-seat on his behalf; and, on one occasion, as he was reminded of the interest taken in his illness by Christians of every name, he exclaimed, with deep solemnity, "GOD BLESS THEM ALL!" To those about him, a very painful part of his sufferings has been the fact that, to a great extent, he has been unaware of the sympathy evoked by his illness, or the prayers presented for his recovery. It has, therefore, been a special joy when there has been an opportunity of conveying to him some idea of the world-wide supplications offered for him.

A whole number of *The Sword and the Trowel* would scarcely suffice for an adequate acknowledgment of the *telegrams, letters, messages, and resolutions of sympathy* that have been received by Mrs. Spurgeon from all parts of the world. It is impossible, in the brief space available for "Notes", to attempt to give even a list of the various Associations, Conferences, Conventions, Committees, Institutions, Missions, Societies, etc., that have expressed their esteem for the dear sufferer, and their anxiety and prayers on his behalf. Such a list would include almost all the great religious and philanthropic agencies of the Metropolis, as well as many in the provinces and abroad. Cablegrams have come from the Baptist Young People's Convention, Chicago; the Young People's Society of Christian Endeavour, in convention at Minneapolis; the Ontario Baptist Home Mission Board; the Northfield Convention (the message being signed by Mr. D. L. Moody and Dr. H. L. Wayland); the Baptist Union, Sydney, New South Wales; and the brethren of the Pastors' College in Queensland. "Son Tom" also telegraphed from Auckland, sending the glad news of the birth of a son at the same time that he asked anxiously about his dear father. The Baptist Union of New Zealand has been represented by the Rev. Alfred North; and the chairman of the Jamaica Baptist Union, Rev. A. G. Kirkham, has written in the name of his brethren.

Baptist, Bible Christian, Congregational, Presbyterian, Wesleyan, Primitive, New Connexion, and Calvinistic Methodist ministers and churches have sent in great numbers; while, the Salvation Army, Brethren, Society of Friends, Roman Catholics, and even Unitarians have contributed their quota of sympathy and regard.

Among those who have personally called at "Westwood", or written, or telegraphed, have been the Prince of Wales, the Earl and Countess of Aberdeen, Earl Fortescue, the Countess of Seafield, Lord Brassey, Lord and Lady Kinnaird, Lord Kilmaine, the Dowager Lady Abercromby, Lady Massy, Lady Peto, Lady Wright, Sir John Burns, Sir Charles Lawson, Sir Wilfrid and Lady Lawson, Sir A. H. Layard, Sir Frederick Perkins, Sir Henry Peto, Sir John and Lady Simon, the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone, M.P., the Right Hon. Hugh Childers, M.P.; Messrs. T. A. Denny, W. J. Evelyn, F. W. N. Lloyd, D. McLaren, E. Rawlins, J. Herbert Tritton, and George Williams; Dr. Barnardo; a long list of the clergy of the Church of England—"High," "Low," and "Broad"—headed by the Archbishops of Canterbury and York, the Bishops of Liverpool, Ripon, Rochester, and Winchester, the Dean of Westminster, the Archdeacon of Llandaff, Archdeacon Taylor (Liverpool), and Canons Bell, Bullock, Fleming, Jenkins, Palmer, and Wilberforce; while the Reformed Episcopal and the Free Churches of England have been represented by Bishops Dicksee, Richardson, and Sugden; and the sympathy of the Jews has been most kindly expressed by their Chief Rabbi, Dr. Hermann Adler. Letters, telegrams, &c., have come from nearly the whole of Mr. Spurgeon's Mentone circle, as well as from other parts of France, and from Holland, Germany, Switzerland, Italy, Norway, Russia, Canada, United States, North Africa, &c.; while, doubtless, communications are on the way from all quarters of the earth.

Mrs. Spurgeon cannot express the deep gratitude that she feels to all who have shown their sympathy with her in this season of indescribable trial. She can only join with her beloved husband in saying, "GOD BLESS THEM ALL!" In her weak state, the

labour of opening and reading so many extra letters has been a heavy burden; but it has also been a great blessing. She has found it quite a means of grace to be brought into communication with so large a number of the Lord's praying and believing children.

Those who are jointly responsible with Mr. Spurgeon for the carrying on of the work which the Lord has committed to him, wish to remind readers of the Magazine that *the needs of the various Institutions* are just the same as if he were well. Though the President of the College is laid aside, the students will assemble as usual (but not at "Westwood") at the beginning of this month. The Evangelists are resting now, for the summer is not the best time for special services; consequently, thank-offerings from the places visited will not be coming in, but salaries must be paid. The President's illness casts a gloom over the brethren in North Africa, the orphans at Stockwell, and the Colporteurs all over England; but the expenses of the various works go on, whoever is ill or well. Mr. Spurgeon has been very mercifully preserved from anxiety about the Tabernacle, or any of its institutions, during his illness; and, when he is getting better, as we still trust he may, we are quite sure that friends will not permit him to have a moment's care about the support of any of the work entrusted to him by the Lord. We believe that "the Lord will provide"; and we know that the Lord does provide, by touching the hearts of his stewards, and opening their pockets. The publication of the Annual Report of the Orphanage, in the present number of the Magazine, will let friends know the portion of work for which Mr. Spurgeon most needs help at this time. The expenditure last year exceeded the income by £2,658, mainly in consequence of the very heavy cost of repairs, alterations, and new sanitary arrangements; but partly because the legacies received during the year were unusually small. What is required is a permanent increase in the regular income, so as to provide for such contingencies, should they occur again.

Will all donors kindly note, that it will save Mrs. Spurgeon unnecessary labour if contributions are addressed to C. H. Spurgeon, Beulah Hill, Upper Norwood, or the Secretary, Stockwell Orphanage, Clapham Road, London?

College.—Mr. H. A. Tree has settled at Malborough and Salcombe, Devonshire.

The following brethren have removed:—Mr. J. Cottam, from St. Helens, to Earlestown, Liverpool; Mr. G. D. Evans, from Bristol, to Totnes; Mr. J. C. Hewson, from Hornchurch, to Gurney Road, Forest Gate; Mr. I. Near, from Dorman's Land, to Desborough, Northamptonshire; Mr. J. Ney, from Church, to Melton Mowbray; and Mr. J. Palmer, from Haddenham, to Ridgmount, Bedfordshire.

Mr. E. H. Ellis has had a hearty welcome to his new sphere at Albert Street, Melbourne, Victoria. Mr. W. Page, who sailed for the Antipodes several months ago, has settled at Grafton, New South Wales. He writes as follows:—"For nearly twelve months the church was without a pastor. Only one service was held on the Lord's-day; none through the week. The Sunday-school was allowed to disappear. I have been here for about seven weeks, and have had good congregations. We have revived the Sunday-school, having over fifty on the roll; and we have a week-evening service attended by over thirty. The people seem very hopeful, and are very kind. They have given me a unanimous call to take up the work, and I have accepted, feeling that God has strangely led me here, and believing there is a good work to be done. I am determined to preach Christ, and him crucified. I bless God for permitting me to be in your College, and under your influence: and shall always pray for your work, and seek to live in the spirit of it."

Mr. Robert Spurgeon writes from Barisaul:—"We are having great encouragement in our work here, though there is more than appears upon the surface. Natives are so fearful. Last Sunday I baptized two youths, and this morning five young girls were baptized. At one of our stations others are waiting. But we look earnestly for the fulfilment of Joel's prophecy. Surely the time is approaching in this vast continent."

College Missionary Association.—Mr. Patrick writes:—"I should have sent you a few lines for the 'S. & T.' before this, but we had only been back from Spain a week, when I had to go to bed with a very severe attack of influenza; and there I remained for a fortnight. It has left me very weak indeed, as I had much fever, and I must own to feeling somewhat down and depressed. Our meetings were closed, in consequence, for nearly four weeks; and we are finding it hard work to get the people together again. We are just doing a little special visiting."

Dr. Churcher writes:—"Having been here now some time, the Hospital having been built, and the work going steadily forward, there seems to be a call to push out into 'The Regions Beyond'; for although patients now come freely to us from all the tribes round, yet there are districts, quite close to Tangier, which are considered so dangerous that they have never been visited by Europeans. In answer to prayer, God has sent a very devout and able successor in Dr. Terry, B.A., to whom I am handing over my work in Tangier. My thought is, that the Lord would have me now break up fresh ground, not staying so much at *one* place, as moving about, travelling or staying, just as weather, circumstances, and opened doors indicate.

"I draft this note, while seated on a gravestone in a Moorish Cemetery; and can hear the funeral chant, as another soul is borne from this region to swell the unsaved multitude, of whom it must be written, '*These all died in . . . . darkness.*' May the Lord speedily send more messengers to carry the light of the gospel, which alone can dispel this darkness!"

EVANGELISTS.—Pastor C. Welton writes as follows concerning the mission of *Messrs. Fullerton and Smith*, at Morley, Yorkshire:—"The meetings increased in interest day by day, and also in numbers and results. The smaller gatherings were held with us at the Tabernacle, and the large evening services in the church of St. Mary; and very interesting it was to see this historic sanctuary crowded to overflowing at the closing service, and to find scores seeking after the Lord. As to the methods of our brethren, they were earnest, simple, direct, and rousing. Both by song and speech, our dear friends gave us a full gospel out of full hearts. The sum of £10 8s. 2d., sent as a thankoffering, is but a small expression of gratitude for services full of blessing both to saints and sinners. A sovereign of the above amount was given me by a godly mother, as a thankoffering for the conversion of an only daughter; and ten shillings, the offering of our children, after a very bright, useful service conducted by our brother Manton Smith."

The evangelists have since been at Malvern, and Abergavenny; and they are now taking a much-needed rest.

It was a very providential arrangement that *Mr. Harmer* was at home, and able to help Mr. Harrald, at Thornton Heath; for the President's serious and long-continued illness has kept his secretary so fully occupied, that he has had to leave all pastoral work for the time to Mr. Harmer, who has most efficiently filled his friend's place.

COLPORTAGE.—Testimony to the value of this work is constantly received. In a recent letter, Rev. A. Kluht, of Billericay, Essex, writes, after many years' superintendence of the district:—"The Colporteur has now been honourably called to undertake an Evangelist Pastorate at one of our village churches. The work he has been enabled to do, under the auspices of your Association, has had largely to do with his present efficiency as a preacher and a pastor. Colportage has been not only a valuable auxiliary, but also an educational influence. I wish cordially to acknowledge the value of your Association, in the service of Christ and men."

Are there not many more districts where the services of such an agency are much needed? £40 per annum will start one.

The Secretary, W. Corden Jones, Pastors' College, Temple Street, St. George's Road, Southwark, will gladly correspond with friends wishing to establish a Colportage district; and he will cheerfully acknowledge donations or subscriptions to the general fund, which are much needed.

PERSONAL NOTES.—A young man, a native of South Africa, writes:—"My dear Mr. Spurgeon,—It is eight years since I was converted to God; and your sermons reached me when my little faith was still six years old, and my knowledge of God was not so fully developed as it now is.

"The first of your sermons which I read was the one entitled, 'Up from the Country, and Pressed into the Service' (No. 1,853). I read it with much interest; *but* 'Robinson Crusoe's Text' (No. 1,876), oh, it was just like a mine of hidden treasure (I mean what I say)! There are others of equal interest and comfort, such as, 'Grace for Grace' (No. 2,087), the 'Gospel of the Glory of Christ' (No. 2,077), 'God's own Gospel Call' (No. 2,092). Oh, to single them out would swell my letter into a large volume! The two volumes, *Morning by Morning*, and *Evening by Evening*, afford me a great deal of comfort."

A missionary in China writes:—"Dear Mr. Spurgeon,—I want to tell you that your sermons, which I get regularly from home, have been a great help and refreshment to myself and my fellow-workers in this great heathen city. We are three ladies, living together in the middle of a great Chinese city. Our medical missionary is the only other European in this district; and we have not any of the usual helps Christians at home have in the way of services, &c.; but the weekly sermons have been so helpful to us, that we would like to thank you. One of our most promising Chinese preachers lived with us here for over two years, and I used to translate the greater part of the sermon to him, week after week; now he has gone to be teacher of our Training College, and he still begs to have an outline of the sermons in Chinese weekly, saying he finds it so helpful. Lately, one of our Chinese pastors, in a city near this, wrote and asked me if I would do the same for him; and only a week or two ago, a young Chinese, who knows a little English, asked me to order a copy to be sent to him weekly, as he was so interested in one he had read. So, you see, you are preaching Christ in China, to a Chinese audience, as well as to the Tabernacle congregation."

Baptisms at Metropolitan Tabernacle:—June 25th, eleven.

Pastors' College, Metropolitan Tabernacle.

Statement of Receipts from June 16th to July 14th, 1891.

	£	s.	d.
Miss Tunbridge	0	10	0
A friend, Ferryden	10	0	0
Mrs. Shearman	3	0	0
Mrs. Morden	0	2	0
Mrs. Walters	0	5	0
Mrs. Clements	1	1	0
Mr. C. J. Curtis	0	10	0
Mrs. Elgee	0	10	6
Teachers and scholars of the Almshouses Sunday-school	7	0	0
Mrs. Drayson	0	10	0
Pastor J. F. Avery	0	10	0
Anonymous	890	0	0
Mrs. Websdale, per J. T. D.	2	0	0
Mrs. R. Paton	2	0	0
Broad Street Church, Ross, Hereford, per Pastor W. A. Wicks	1	1	0
Mr. and Mrs. Grange, per J. T. D.	3	3	0
Mr. G. Harris	1	0	0
Mr. R. J. Beecliff	0	2	6
Mrs. Henry Welch	0	5	0
Adelphi	1	10	0
Mr. Brazil, per J. T. D.	1	0	0
Miss Taylor	0	2	6
Mr. T. Harrison Evans	3	3	0
Mr. R. Abraham	100	0	0
Salem Chapel, Boston, per Pastor W. Sexton	1	0	0
Miss E. Cross	0	5	0
Mrs. Brown	0	15	0
Mrs. Yates	0	10	6
Mr. J. Wilson	1	10	8
Mr. John Hosie	1	0	0
Weekly Offerings at Met. Tab. :—			
June 21	34	0	0
„ 28	27	1	0
July 5	23	10	0
„ 12	30	0	0
	114	11	0
	£1053	17	8

Pastors' College Missionary Association.

Statement of Receipts from June 16th to July 14th, 1891.

	£	s.	d.
Mr. W. Higgs	5	0	0
Mr. R. K. Juniper	5	0	0
Miss Down	5	0	0
Mr. D. John Pillai	5	0	0
Miss E. S. Preston	0	5	6
	£20	5	6

Stockwell Orphanage.

Statement of Receipts from June 15th to July 14th, 1891.

	£	s.	d.
Mr. James Hill	1	1	0
Collected by Miss M. Neil	0	4	0
Collected by Mrs. Penning	0	7	0
Collected by Mrs. Whitehart	0	2	0
Mr. G. Shippey	1	1	0
Mrs. Dales	0	10	0
Mr. J. Newcombe	0	5	0
A thankoffering from three	0	5	0
Mrs. Watson	0	9	6
Mr. J. Cooper	1	1	0
Miss Ivimey's Mothers' Meeting at the Metropolitan Tabernacle	1	10	0
Mrs. Tebbutt	0	10	0
Collected by Miss Sharp	0	11	0
Mrs. Puttock	0	5	0
Mr. James Johnman	0	5	0
Mr. William Smith	0	10	0
Miss Dallas	5	0	0
Collected by Mrs. Jarman	0	2	6
Collected by Mrs. E. S. Roberts	0	8	0
Mr. E. J. Brown	0	6	6
In memoriam, E.	1	0	0
Collected by Mrs. Welford	0	10	0
Mrs. Cooper and friend	0	12	6
Mrs. Robson	0	2	0
Mr. Thomas Weir	0	10	0
Collected by Miss M. Knights	0	9	0
Miss Blinkhorn	0	2	6
Mr. W. Hooker	0	5	0
Collected by Miss Wain	8	10	0
Collected by Mrs. J. L. Blake	2	6	0
Collected by Miss Little	0	5	0
Miss. A. Pratt	1	0	0
Collected by Mrs. Burton	0	10	0
Collected by Mr. J. Harman	0	6	0
Collected by Mr. T. Stringer	2	1	0
Mrs. Angell	0	4	0
Collected by Mrs. Coles	0	5	0
Collected by Miss A. Boultwood	0	9	0
Collected by Mrs. Gallyon	2	10	6
Collected by Miss A. Smith	0	2	6
Collected by Miss J. Pearce	0	7	6
Collected by Mrs. Fakeley	0	4	0
Collected by Miss C. M. Stevenson	0	14	6
Mrs. Ferguson	5	0	0
Collected by Miss M. Bennett	0	7	6
Miss M. A. Deane	0	10	0
Collected by Miss H. W. Clayton	4	6	0
Wishaw Baptist Chapel, per Pastor George Whittet	2	3	10
Mrs. G. Buik	0	3	0
Collected by Miss Kate Sivers	0	9	4
Collected by Mr. A. Webb	0	2	0
Mrs. Mackenzie	2	0	0
Mrs. F. Pool	0	5	0
Mrs. Couttie	1	0	0
Mr. Thomas Pask	0	5	0
Collected by Miss F. E. Greenop	1	0	0
Mrs. Jones	0	4	0
For the late Mr. J. Briers	1	1	0
Collected by R. S.	0	4	0
Mr. A. Pearson, sen.	1	1	0
Miss Janet Chalmers	0	5	0
Collected by Mrs. Bullock	0	7	6
Mrs. Harris	0	5	0
Mr. J. H. Padgett	0	10	0
Miss S. Brown	0	10	0
Collected by Mrs. P. Wooltorton	2	0	0
Collected by Mr. G. H. Ward	0	2	7
Collected by Mrs. Robotham	1	0	0
Collected by Miss Luxford	0	15	0
M. J.	0	5	0
Miss L. Caffyn	1	0	0
Collected by Master Gordon Roberts	0	6	0
Mrs. Gwillim	0	2	6
Mr. A. G. Prior	0	8	0
Collected by Miss Frost	0	15	6
Collected by Miss C. M. Bidewell	0	5	6

	£	s.	d.
Collected by Miss Bagshaw	0	4	6
Collected by Miss A. Soloman	0	7	0
Mrs. C. May...	0	5	0
Messrs. Loveland Bros.	0	5	0
Mr. A. B. Peirce	0	5	0
Mr. C. Cox	0	10	0
Collected by Miss S. H. Pickering ...	0	9	0
Collected by Mr. W. A. Bragg	2	10	0
Collected by Miss E. Stokes	0	5	0
Mr. B. Carey	0	10	0
Collected by Miss E. S. Girdlestone ...	1	0	0
Collected by Miss N. Sortwell	1	1	0
Teddington Baptist Sunday-school, per Mr. F. W. Rose	1	4	0
Collected by Miss E. G. Comber ...	0	7	6
Collected by Miss A. L. Boyd	0	10	0
Collected by Masters H. C. & B. Curtis	0	15	0
Two young friends	0	1	0
Mrs. Upton	5	5	0
Collected by Mrs. Davis	0	15	0
Mr. and Mrs. Harris	0	5	0
Collected by Mrs. G. Wilmot	0	6	6
Mr. James Jackson	1	1	0
Mr. S. Barrow, jun.	10	10	0
Mr. R. Turnbull (in addition to 2/6 for friendless orphans)	0	17	6
Per Pastor J. Rankine :—			
Collected by Mrs. Macdonald 0 9 6			
Collected by Mrs. Rankine 0 8 0			
	0	17	6
Mr. F. Betts, per Mr. T. Morris ...	1	0	0
Mr. R. Beck...	0	5	0
Mr. G. H. Quincey	2	0	0
Mr. George Gibbs	1	1	0
Mr. John Woodward	10	0	0
Mr. J. Pavey	0	4	0
Mr. J. F. Verry	0	5	0
T. I. B.	1	0	0
Collected by Mr. Nicholson	0	2	1
Collected by Miss E. Lock	0	11	6
Mr. H. J. Deacon	1	1	0
Collected by Mrs. Perry	0	7	6
Collected by Miss E. Clarke	0	15	0
Collected by Miss M. Goetz	0	7	0
Miss P. White	0	2	0
E. S. and E. Rutty	1	16	3
Collected by Miss D. Sutherland ...	0	12	9
Collected by Miss E. E. Epps	0	4	0
Collected by Mrs. W. Medland... ...	0	14	6
Mr. John Hodges	1	0	0
Mr. John Handy	1	10	0
Collected by Mrs. Bennett	0	10	0
A reader of "The Sword and the Trowel," King's Lynn	0	2	6
Mr. C. Ibberson	0	2	6
H. E.	0	2	6
A Hendon mite	1	1	0
Mr. R. Jeffery	0	5	0
Mr. Alexander Christie	5	0	0
Mr. W. N. Finlayson	0	5	0
Mr. E. Longmore	1	0	0
Miss Tunbridge	0	10	0
Miss Sloss	0	2	0
Rev. A. Tessier	0	10	0
Mr. George Wood...	0	2	6
Mr. J. H. Church	1	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Watson	2	2	0
Mr. and Mrs. Phillips	1	0	0
Mr. F. A. Fawkes...	1	1	0
Collected by Miss A. H. Rust	0	8	0
Mrs. Keevil...	10	0	0
A friend, Ferryden	10	0	0
Collection at Cochrane Street, St. John's Wood, per Dr. Biss	13	8	0
Mr. and Mrs. Hewat	2	0	0
Mr. Daniel Thomas	2	10	0
H. E. S.	10	10	0
Miss Stedman	0	5	0
Mr. James Trickett	0	10	0
Mr. and Mrs. Robbins	5	0	0
Miss M. A. Hardy...	0	3	0

	£	s.	d.
Sunday dinner gatherings, per Mrs. Lutley	1	3	6
Miss H. Jacob	1	0	0
Mr. James Campbell	2	0	0
Mr. D. Stewart, per Mr. James Campbell	0	10	0
Mrs. Fraser	0	7	6
Mr. and Mrs. Baker	0	10	0
Miss M. Smith	1	0	0
Mrs. Johnson	2	0	0
Mrs. Shearman	3	0	0
Pastor R. T. Sole	0	10	6
Mr. Philip Martin...	0	2	0
Miss Ellis	0	10	0
Mrs. Fletcher	0	5	0
Mrs. Warriner	0	2	0
Mr. George Tingey	20	0	0
Mrs. Goosey	0	10	0
Sunday-school teacher	0	2	6
M. T., Westergate...	0	5	0
Mr. E. Mounsey	5	0	0
Mrs. Morden	0	2	0
Mr. C. F. Alldis	1	1	0
Miss Morrison	1	1	0
Adelphi	2	12	6
Mr. John Robinson	0	5	0
Mr. H. R. Cooper	2	2	0
Pastor F. R. Bateman	0	5	0
Mrs. Skelly	0	5	0
Mr. E. Williams	2	2	0
Mr. Wm. Davies, per Mr. E. Williams	0	10	0
Mrs. Belough	0	1	0
Collected by Miss Zurhorst	10	13	0
Mrs. Underwood	0	5	0
Mr. and Mrs. Jeffery	1	1	0
Collected by Walter Butler	1	0	0
Rev. J. M. Hewson	0	10	0
Mrs. F. Dodwell	0	5	0
Mrs. Smith	0	1	0
Mrs. Smalley	0	5	0
Mrs. Ware	1	0	0
A. K....	5	0	0
Ernie and Clarries' Sunday collection	1	1	0
Mr. Robert Ryman	5	0	0
Miss M. Hay	0	5	0
Miss Adams and her Boys' Bible-class	0	5	0
Mr. Martin Hope Sutton	5	0	0
Collected by Miss Katie Lockett ...	0	13	0
Miss Jackaman	0	3	6
Collected by Mr. H. Snellgrove... ...	1	1	0
Mrs. Clements	1	1	0
Mrs. Romanis	0	5	0
Miss Roleston	1	1	0
Mrs. Bubb	0	8	0
Miss Eveline Davies	1	0	0
Miss Lydia Smith	0	10	0
Miss Mary Dupont	0	10	0
Mr. H. Proctor	1	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Essex	1	1	0
Mrs. Mills	2	2	0
Collected by Mr. W. Dixon	1	1	6
Proceeds of presentation Almanacks, per Mrs. Baker	0	13	2
Mrs. J. Lord	0	6	0
Mrs. Watson and Mr. J. A. Watson ...	0	7	6
Mrs. Halcrow, jun.	0	10	0
Mr. Thomas Scott...	0	10	0
Miss Ware	0	5	0
Mr. C. J. Curtis	1	0	0
May and Bernard Turner	1	0	0
Mr. C. Barker	1	1	0
Mr. Robson, per Mr. C. Barker... ...	1	1	0
Mr. A. Pitts...	1	0	0
Mrs. and Miss Bayley	3	0	0
Miss Mayse	0	5	0
Miss Barker...	1	0	0
Mr. A. C. Johnstone	0	5	0
Miss Spliedt...	1	0	0
Postal order from Elizabeth Street, W.	0	10	0
A thankoffering from four orphans ...	0	5	0
Mrs. Heffer	2	0	0

	£	s.	d.
Mrs. Walker	1	0	0
Mrs. Walker's box	4	1	3
Mrs. Williams	0	6	0
Miss Sarah Gray Hill	2	2	0
Miss Lennard	0	10	0
Miss Yockney	0	7	6
Rev. J. C. Spurr	1	0	0
Miss J. Allan	0	2	6
Mr. S. Tutcher	2	0	0
Mrs. Lamb	0	5	0
Mrs. Elgee	0	10	6
Miss M. I. Maynard	0	5	0
Miss M. Jones and her class	1	0	0
Miss M. Fairweather	0	5	0
E. Y. B. C.	2	0	0
Mr. N. Leeder	1	0	0
Collected by Mrs. McSkimming	1	4	6
Rev. John Spurgeon	1	1	0
Mrs. Popplewell	0	1	0
Hampstead	1	0	0
James v. 16	0	10	0
Postal orders from Gloucester	1	10	0
A friend, Glasgow (with ring for Sermon Distribution Fund)	1	0	0
Mr. T. Mullis	1	1	0
In loving memory of Frankie Joscelyne	1	0	0
Mrs. Drayson	1	0	0
J. R. B., Belper	2	10	0
Mr. William Simmons	2	0	0
Collected by Mrs. Henry Critch	2	2	8
Mrs. Royle	0	5	0
Mr. F. W. N. Lloyd	10	10	0
Rev. John Bond	2	2	0
Mr. A. Glastonbury	1	0	0
Mrs. Sale	0	5	0
The Misses Porter	0	5	0
Collected by Mrs. Porter (spots on tablecloths)	0	10	0
Miss M. C. Irwin	0	3	0
Mr. John W. Bell	3	0	0
X. Y. Z.	10	0	0
A reader of "The Christian Herald"	0	1	6
Mr. Robert Fergus	10	0	0
Miss Gregg	0	2	0
Mrs. Green	1	0	0
Mrs. Taylor	0	5	0
The Misses Marlow	0	10	0
Mrs. H. W. Thompson	0	2	6
Mr. George Smith	0	5	0
Mr. John Wood	0	10	0
Mr. S. Maidstone	0	2	0
Postal order from Cardiff	1	0	0
Mr. W. Hillier	0	5	0
Mr. T. B. Sutton	5	0	0
Mrs. Morris	0	2	0
Miss E. Thompson, per Mr. J. Blythe	0	5	0
Collected by Mr. J. Langton	1	5	0
Mr. William Ings	5	0	0
Mrs. J. V. Ambler, per Rev. H. L. Wayland, D.D.	5	8	7
Half-yearly Dividend on £5,000—Debenture Bonds—Cory Brothers and Co., Limited (less Income-tax)	121	17	6
Executors of the late Miss Rachel Anthony (Balance of Account)	0	1	1
Sandwich, per Bankers	2	2	0
Mr. E. K. Stace	0	10	0
The Misses M. P. and E. W. Horton	2	0	0
Dr. Cowdy	2	0	0
Mrs. Way	0	3	0
Messrs. T. and F. Stevenson	0	10	0
A reader of Mr. Spurgeon's Almanacks	0	1	0
Collected by Miss Oxford	0	13	6
Mr. J. Walker	0	2	6
Stamps from Berwick	2	0	0
Mr. J. Strapp	0	10	0
Collected by Miss D. L. Martin	0	5	0
Young Women's Bible-class at the Orphanage, per Mrs. J. Stiff	0	11	0
Mr. George Harris	1	0	0
Maggie Toovey	0	2	6
F. G. B., Chelmsford	0	2	6
Mrs. C. J. Whittuck Rabbits	10	10	0
Mrs. M. A. Eaton	0	5	0
Mr. John Ramsay	0	10	0
Mrs. Berry	1	0	0
Collected by Mr. J. Whittaker	0	10	0
Miss Searle	0	1	0
Mr. R. Greenwood	0	15	0
Mrs. Stewart	0	5	0
Mrs. Thompson	4	0	0
West Croydon Baptist Sunday-school, per Mr. W. S. Durrant	5	5	0
Young Men's Bible-class at Bromley, per Mr. R. Alexander	9	1	0
Mr. J. W. Mottershead	0	10	0
Mrs. Stodden	0	2	6
Collected by Mrs. Leigh	2	14	6
Mrs. Newmarch	1	1	0
Mr. H. J. Yeldham	1	1	0
Collected by Miss L. Staveley:—			
Mr. and Mrs. F. J. Gardiner	0	10	0
Mr. J. F. Tyars	0	2	6
Mr. M. Le Pla	0	5	0
Mrs. Gardiner	0	2	6
Miss Gardiner	0	2	6
Mr. A. W. Staveley	0	10	0
Mrs. Boulton	0	2	6
Mr. John Cockett	0	5	0
Miss C. M. Bellars	0	2	6
Miss Staveley	0	5	0
Miss I. R. Staveley	0	2	6
Mrs. G. Dawbarn	0	2	6
Pastor J. W. Campbell	0	2	6
Mr. and Mrs. A. Southwell	0	10	6
Mr. I. Edgington	0	10	0
Mrs. E. A. Hewitt	0	2	0
L. S.	0	2	6
	4	0	0
Mr. F. Freeman	10	0	0
P. C.	0	10	0
Mr. S. Morrison	1	0	0
Collected by Misses L. and J. Cairns	1	5	0
Mrs. Sparrow	0	10	0
Mrs. Hewlett	0	4	0
Collected by Miss C. Barnard	1	12	10
Mrs. R. Paton	3	0	0
Miss Geikie	2	2	0
Mr. Waters	1	1	0
Mr. Denham	1	0	0
Mr. Brazil, per J. T. D.	1	0	0
Mr. J. Payne	5	0	0
Mr. J. Warren	0	10	0
Lilla, Bertie, Jessie, Arthur, and Winnie Nash	1	16	6
Mrs. Pate	0	10	0
Mrs. M. A. Bucknell, per Mr. C. H. Shelton	2	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. E. G. FitzGerald	1	0	0
B. G., Norwich	1	0	0
E. W.	1	0	0
Mrs. J. G. Blake	0	5	0
Stamps	0	5	0
Mr. F. H. Brown	0	5	0
Mr. Charles Foster	0	2	6
Mr. H. C. Bridgman	0	3	0
Mr. R. Abraham	100	0	0
Mr. H. Coghill	100	0	0
Mr. George Palmer, J.P.	50	0	0
S. and N.	10	0	0
Mr. E. Brown, per Pastor Robert Spurgeon	2	10	0
Bessie and Gerty Keylock	0	2	6
From Clifton	0	10	0
M. A. M.	0	5	0
"A cup of cold water in the Master's name"	0	5	0
Miss E. Cross	0	5	0
Mr. C. Day	0	5	0
Miss M. C. Munro	0	6	0
Miss A. Milner	1	0	0
P. and P.	0	5	0

	£	s.	d.
Per F. R. T.:—			
Mr. Joseph Benson ... 0 5 0			
Mrs. Joseph Benson ... 0 5 0			
Master Cecil Benson ... 0 5 0			
Miss Grace Benson... ... 0 5 0			
Mr. Jonas Smith 0 5 0			
	1	5	0
Mr. James Smart	0	10	6
Mrs. Brown...	0	15	0
Mr. W. H. Clark	1	5	0
Miss C. Walls	2	0	0
Mrs. Clews	1	0	0
Miss E. S. Preston...	0	2	6
Mr. W. Phillips	1	0	0
Mr. W. D. Crowhurst	0	10	0
Pastor R. E. Sears...	0	7	0
Mrs. Yates	0	10	6
Mr. J. Wilson	0	10	0
Mr. W. Graham	1	0	0
Mr. S. H. Dauncey	0	5	0
Miss E. Tanner	0	2	0
Miss E. B. Robinson	9	2	9
Miss A. Cossey	0	6	0
Collected by Mrs. R. C. Allen	0	10	0
Mr. J. Smalley	0	10	0
Miss A. Mead	0	5	0
Mr. Charles Barker	1	0	0
Collected by Miss O. Rossiter	6	6	6
Postal order from Bury St. Edmund's	0	5	0
Mr. A. Jones	1	1	0
Miss M. E. White...	1	10	0
Mr. J. Fellows, sen.	5	0	0
Mr. H. Barnes	0	12	0
Half proceeds sale of work, Wellington Street Baptist Chapel, Stockton-on-Tees	28	0	0
M. E.	1	0	0
From a friend	0	16	0
A mite for the Orphanage	0	5	0
Mrs. Cooper...	0	5	0
Mrs. Smith	0	10	0
Mr. John Hosie	0	10	6
Mr. W. J. Baxter	1	0	0
Mabel, Jan, and Duncan Matheson ...	1	0	0
M. T.	0	5	0
A friend of the orphans	1	3	0
Meetings by Mr. Charlesworth and the Orphanage Choir:—			
Mitcham	2	15	0
Crouch Hill	1	4	7
Received at the Annual Festival, June 18th:—			
Collecting Boxes:—			
Anthony, Mrs. 0 7 0			
Abbey, Miss... ... ... 0 1 3			
Ansell, Mrs.... ... ... 0 6 8			
Ashwell, Mrs. 0 8 8			
Atkinson, Miss M. 0 1 0			
Amor, Master W. 0 1 6			
Arlotte, Miss K. 0 6 2			
Austin, Miss 0 8 6			
Armstrong, Mr. T. G. C.... 0 10 8			
Attwater, Miss E. 0 8 9			
Apted, Mr. 0 14 4			
Allen, Mrs. 1 2 10			
Ansell, Miss 0 3 11			
Baber, Mr. G. R. 0 17 4			
Barnes, Mr. T. 1 0 0			
Butler, Mrs.... ... ... 0 8 5			
Buswell, Miss 1 8 1			
Brazier, Mrs. 1 8 7			
Beardsworth, Miss P. ... 0 2 2			
Beale, Miss J. 0 12 9			
Brown, Mr. I. 0 11 11			
Boot, Miss N. 0 18 6			
Bown, Miss 0 5 10			
Ballands, Miss A. 0 7 2			
Barnden, Mrs. 0 13 1			
Bucknole, Miss 0 8 9			
Branscombe, Master R. ... 0 1 2			
Boggis, Miss F. 0 1 2			
Burgess, Miss H. 0 1 3			

	£	s.	d.
Bloomfield, Master R. ...	0	3	0
Bown, Master C.	0	6	4
Burgess, Misses A. and E.	0	4	2
Baskett, Miss	0	9	1
Brook, Miss	0	10	5
Bates, Miss	0	17	0
Butler, Miss E.	0	1	6
Belleini, Miss C.	0	5	7
Buckman, Master W. ...	0	1	8
Bowles, Mrs.	0	1	4
Brewer, Miss L.	0	1	1
Barnard, Mrs.	0	8	2
Beaven, Mrs. A.	0	2	5
Belleine, Miss P.	0	4	5
Bell, Mrs.	0	7	7
Burbridge, Miss K. ...	0	2	3
Brewer, Misses A. and L.	0	6	6
Blackman, Miss	0	3	3
Bellefontaine, Master ...	0	1	4
Box, Miss J.	0	2	4
Box, Miss J. H.	0	3	5
Barber, Miss	0	3	8
Clover, Mr. (Romang Road Band of Hope, West Norwood)	0	10	6
Chapman, Miss E.... ...	0	5	10
Charles, Miss L.	0	2	10
Callingham, Mrs.	0	3	1
Clay, Mrs.	0	3	7
Crisp, Master Percy ...	0	8	3
Conquest, Mrs.	0	5	2
Cartwright, Mrs.	0	4	0
Cooke, Miss...	0	4	10
Cowell, Mr.	0	7	0
Collier, Mrs....	0	3	8
Crawford, Mrs.	0	7	9
Collins, Master S. J. ...	0	1	6
Cox, Mrs.	0	9	3
Chance, Master E.... ...	0	2	10
Castell, Mrs.	0	1	1
Cranch, Master B.... ...	0	1	2
Cowles, Miss A.	0	6	0
Crow, Mrs.	0	1	6
Crickmer, Mrs.	0	19	9
Chance, Master M.... ...	0	2	0
Court, Master F.	0	4	1
Curtis, Master A. G. ...	0	1	5
Cook, Miss A. M.	0	4	6
Chamberlain, Miss L. ...	0	12	7
Coombs, Miss	0	5	10
Crane, Master W.	0	10	0
Chapman, Master E. ...	0	2	0
Cooper, Miss	0	8	11
Call, Mrs.	0	12	0
Cartwright, Miss G. ...	0	1	0
Clark, Miss	0	5	0
Cockshaw, Miss J. (pupils)	0	6	6
Dolling, Master A. ...	1	18	8
Dale, Mrs.	0	5	7
Dolman, Master	0	1	3
Debenham, Mrs.	0	4	9
Dury, Mrs.	0	4	9
Davies, Master T.	0	4	7
Davey, Miss...	0	8	0
Davie, Mr. H.	0	7	8
Dennish, Master A. ...	0	6	2
Ellmore, Mrs.	0	5	6
Everitt, Miss	0	12	9
Eldridge, Miss A.	0	5	7
Edmonds, Miss A.... ...	0	1	0
Eallett, Misses E. and G.	0	0	11
Everett, Miss E.	0	8	0
Ford, Miss G.	0	7	7
Fathers, Mrs.	0	6	1
Fletcher, Miss G.	0	6	7
Field, Mrs.	0	5	8
Fuller, Miss E.	0	4	6
Finch, Miss A.	0	4	0
Fellowes, Mrs.	1	3	11
Fish, Miss E.	0	5	10
Finnis, Miss L.	0	3	8

	£	s.	d.
Fisher, Masters B. and H.	0	8	10
Fraser, Miss...	0	6	11
Fuller, Miss M.	0	9	2
Fremlin, Miss	1	1	9
Forsdyke, Master S. ...	0	8	3
Farmer, Miss E.	1	2	2
Forsdike, Mrs.	0	9	5
Frisby, Miss A.	0	10	3
Gubbins, Mr.	1	15	8
Grimes, Mrs.	0	2	2
Goodwyn, Miss	0	11	5
Gowers, Mrs.	0	17	4
Gage, Master S. V. L. ...	0	4	8
Goslin, Miss A. E.... ...	0	6	11
Grant, Miss...	0	10	0
Gant, Mrs.	0	3	4
Green, Miss (No. 39) ...	0	16	1
Giles, Master H.	0	6	0
Grose, Master V.	0	3	0
Gardner, Master A. ...	0	1	8
Gardner, Master A. ...	0	2	7
Green, Miss (No. 70) ...	0	15	1
Graves, Master P.	0	3	0
Goslin, Master P.	0	5	4
Gilbert, Miss	0	6	1
Greening, Mr. T.	1	6	0
Hinde, Master A.	0	0	10
Hudson, Miss	1	11	6
Holland, Master J. ...	0	0	10
Hillier, Mrs.	0	9	0
Huitt, Master W.	0	5	5
Hollobone, Mr.	0	19	1
Harris, Miss...	0	12	7
Herbert, Mrs.	0	9	6
Herman, Mrs.	0	8	6
Harrald, Miss Lily ...	4	5	2
Harrald, Miss May ...	4	2	4
Harrald, Masters C. and E.	1	4	0
Harmer, Miss A.	0	14	7
Hughes, Miss S.	1	19	9
Hawgood, Mrs.	1	6	11
Huitt, Miss L.	0	4	6
Hudson, Mr.	0	2	4
Hammerton, Mrs.... ...	0	7	6
Jago, Mrs.	0	12	0
Johnson, Mr. and Mrs. ...	1	3	0
Jones, Miss E. E.	1	14	5
Johnson, Mrs. S. J. ...	0	6	9
Jephs, Miss...	0	5	7
Jones, Master H.	0	4	6
Johnson, Miss S. A. ...	0	5	0
Jarvis, Miss...	0	2	8
Jones, Mrs.	0	4	5
Jordon, Miss M.	0	2	1
Jones, Miss	0	3	6
Johnston, Miss N.... ...	0	10	9
Keevil, Miss L.	0	7	0
Keys, Misses M. and C. ...	0	8	1
Kerridge, Master J. S. ...	0	11	7
Kirby, Mrs....	0	3	9
Kaines, Miss	0	2	0
Luckhurst, Mrs.	1	2	7
Langford, Master R. ...	0	1	1
Lane, Miss K.	0	1	6
Lansdale, Miss A.... ...	0	5	5
Lansdale, Master P. ...	0	6	8
Lansdale, Master A. ...	0	0	8
Lovegrove, Miss L. K. ...	0	2	10
Lummis, Miss	0	2	3
Lilley, Miss	0	3	7
Lachner, Miss E.	0	9	0
Larkman, Miss B.... ...	0	5	6
Ling, Master H.	0	1	4
Lapthorne, Master A. ...	0	1	1
Lilley, Master F.	0	9	10
Marshall, Miss C. (young women at Messrs. Freeman and Hildyard's) ...	1	12	2
Mulley, Miss	0	2	1
McCallam, Miss	0	2	7
Morris, Miss H.	0	5	4
Mills, Mr. W. R.	0	6	11
Mackay, Mrs.	0	11	7
Moppett, Miss J.	0	2	4
Merritt, Mrs.	0	14	11
Mills, Miss L.	0	4	10
McCombie, Mrs.	0	17	5
Middleton, Mrs.	0	3	10
Marriott, Mrs.	0	3	8
Mills, Mr. F. C.	0	4	1
Matthews, Miss F.... ...	0	2	3
Mitchell, Miss L.	0	2	4
Moore, Miss E.	0	2	5
Mandrell, Mrs.	0	4	5
Morgan, Mr. J.	0	17	11
Mills, Mrs.	0	17	4
Madell, Miss	0	8	3
Morgan, Mrs.	0	16	0
Mansfield, Mr.	0	1	5
McGregor, Mrs.	0	8	1
Nevill, Mrs....	0	2	6
Northcroft, Mr.	0	9	3
Neap, Miss J.	0	5	8
Narroway, Master H. ...	0	11	2
Noble, Miss	0	1	2
Oxenford, Mrs.	0	15	8
Ottaway, Mrs.	0	2	1
Oliver, Miss T.	0	5	2
Pearce, Misses C. and P....	0	8	3
Price, Miss E.	0	4	5
Perkins, Master W. ...	0	3	9
Pearce, Mrs	0	16	0
Plummer, Mr.	0	2	4
Platt, Miss	0	4	0
Prebble, Mr.	1	1	2
Pegg, Mrs.	0	4	6
Parker, Miss L.	0	2	8
Porter, Mrs.	0	5	2
Pitt, Mrs.	0	1	2
Pankhurst, Mrs.	0	10	0
Pavey, Mrs....	0	4	8
Powell, Miss F.	0	5	5
Pawsey, Misses A. and E.	0	11	9
Payne, Miss A.	0	4	9
Pavey, Miss	0	10	6
Pearce, Misses J. and L....	1	2	2
Parker, Mrs.	3	16	0
Probyn, Miss G.	0	3	2
Parker, Master H. ...	0	2	2
Parker, Master W. ...	0	2	0
Pinnegar, Mrs.	0	5	1
Perry, Master J.	0	1	2
Quennell, Master P. ...	0	3	8
Robert Street Sunday-school	0	17	5
Reverley, Mrs.	0	10	2
Robson, Masters B. and F.	0	3	6
Raiman, Mrs.	0	8	6
Robin, Mrs....	1	2	5
Ransom, Miss E.	0	3	3
Ridley, Mrs....	0	2	8
Richardson, Mr. W. ...	2	7	7
Reavell, Miss M.	0	10	4
Roberts, Mrs.	0	4	6
Robertson, Mrs.	0	6	8
Ricketts, Master S. ...	0	3	6
Roberts, Mrs.	0	18	6
Rogers, Mrs. G.	1	0	5
Round, Miss L.	1	3	10
Roper, Mrs....	0	4	3
Ricketts, Master W. ...	0	5	9
Reading, Mr.	0	3	0
Raddenbury, Master G. ...	0	0	7
Rose, Miss B.	0	2	4
Rawlins, Miss	1	0	6
Ramsay, Master D. ...	0	6	3
Rumsey, Rev. G. H. ...	0	16	7
Rugg, Mrs.	0	14	10
Russell, Mrs.	0	3	4
Swain, Mr.	0	5	10
Stewart, Mrs.	5	5	0
Selth, Miss	0	3	8

	£	s.	d.
Smith, Master A.	0	4	11
Smee, Miss C.	0	4	0
Soar, Master W.	1	15	11
Simmons, Mrs.	0	2	10
Shoults, Miss M.	0	1	0
Smith, Mrs.	0	0	6
Sanders, Miss E.	0	2	7
Spooner, Mr. G.	0	5	6
Smith, Master A.	0	0	5
Sheard, Miss F.	0	2	6
Stevens, Mrs.	0	10	4
Staines, Mr.	0	3	4
Skinner, Mrs.	0	9	5
Shepperd, Master J. C. ...	0	11	6
Stump, Miss K.	0	0	8
Saunders, Miss N. ...	0	1	7
Staines, Miss	0	7	5
Smith, Mrs. W.	0	3	8
Spink, Mrs.	0	12	4
Stocks, Miss	1	14	6
Shelton, Mrs.	0	4	2
Smith, Miss R.	0	2	11
Syrett, Misses F. and K.	0	2	2
Senechal, Mrs.	0	2	7
Smith, Miss E. and Master J.	0	8	7
Sarel, Mrs.	0	13	0
Swain, Miss	0	17	4
Speh, Miss	3	4	4
Slade, Miss	0	11	1
Spiller, Mr.	0	19	0
Standing, Master F. ...	0	11	5
Soulsby, Miss	0	11	9
Sidery, Mrs.	0	10	0
Sullivan, Master H. ...	0	0	10
Stockbridge, Miss O. ...	0	4	1
Sillitoe, Mrs. A.	0	3	6
Shepherd, Master H. ...	0	6	8
Stockbridge, Miss G. ...	0	3	8
Smith, Mrs. E. H. E. ...	0	5	8
Simmonds, Miss	0	3	1
Shenton, Mrs.	0	3	6
Spurgeon, Miss M. ...	0	5	0
Sayers, Miss	0	7	0
Thomas, Mrs.	0	1	9
Thomason, Miss	0	6	4
Tomms, Miss	0	4	5
Taylor, Miss H.	0	4	11
Trim, Mrs.	0	3	1
Turner, Mrs.	0	5	0
Thomas, Miss A.	0	3	1
Turney, Miss E.	0	9	6
Terry, Miss	0	1	10
Turner, Miss M.	0	5	2
Taplin, Master F. G. ...	0	8	9
Thompson, Master A. ...	0	4	6
Tyson, Mrs.	0	6	4
Taylor, Master A.	0	1	1
Unwin, Mrs.	0	3	1
Vander, Master A. ...	0	4	10
Vears, Mrs.	0	13	0
Vander, Miss M.	0	2	4
Watts, Mrs.	0	4	11
Watkins, Mrs.	0	6	7
Webster, Mr. W.	1	6	0
Warrington, Miss A. ...	0	1	1
Woods, Miss	0	14	5
Weare, Mrs.	0	16	5
Ward, Miss	0	12	8
Wilkins, Mrs.	0	15	11
Waite, Mrs.	0	4	0
Waddell, Mrs.	0	6	6
Wiseman, Miss H.	0	3	3
Wessell, Mrs.	0	18	0
Waterman, Miss	1	19	0
Warren, Miss M. A. ...	0	7	1
Wyld, Miss M.	0	1	11
Weare, Mrs.	0	3	7
Williamson, Miss E. ...	0	3	8
Ward, Miss M.	0	1	4
Warmsley, Miss	0	5	9
Williams, Miss E.	0	1	0
Wellard, Miss E.	0	4	5
Wingate, Miss N.	0	2	5
Willway, Master W. ...	0	0	9
Watling, Mrs.	2	6	0
Wright, Mrs.	0	4	9
White, Mrs.	0	14	0
Wilkinson, Mrs.	0	7	1
Willis, Miss	0	3	10
Weeks, Mrs.	0	5	7
Walker, Mrs.	0	3	10
Watson, Mrs.	0	4	11
Weeks, Miss	0	6	5
Westwood, Mr.	1	4	11
Weeks, Miss F.	0	8	0
White, Miss A.	0	4	4
Weeke, Miss J.	0	8	1
Wicks, Master W.	0	1	1
White, Miss	0	1	6
Walker, Miss	1	0	0
Young, Mr. A.	0	0	10
Name erased from box ...	0	6	10
Odd halfpence and farthings	0	14	3
			168 7 6
Collecting Books:—			
Allum, Mrs.	4	10	0
Alderton, Miss	0	12	0
Bonser, Miss	0	12	6
Broughton, Mrs.	0	10	6
Barnard, Pastor J. H. ...	0	10	6
Brown, Miss J. H.	1	9	6
Barrett, Mr. H.	2	5	0
Chew, Miss E.	0	5	0
Cockshaw, Miss J.	1	0	0
Cockshaw, Miss	0	10	0
Charles, Miss F. B. ...	0	10	0
Colley, Mr. A.	0	5	0
Crumpton, Miss	1	6	6
Cobley, Mr. E.	0	8	6
Cornell, Mrs.	0	7	0
Coleman, Mrs.	0	5	6
Dee, Mrs.	0	10	1
Duncombe, Mrs.	1	1	0
Edwards, Miss	0	11	6
Evans, Mr. W. J.	2	8	1
Fish, Miss E.	0	5	6
Ferguson, Miss A.	0	10	0
Fowler, Miss N.	0	16	3
Fryer, Miss S.	0	11	0
Godbold, Mrs.	0	15	0
Gentry, Mrs.	0	17	0
Goslin, Mrs.	0	5	6
Good, Miss	0	5	0
Gosling, Mrs.	0	4	6
Horn, Mr. J.	1	12	0
Hunter, Miss	2	8	6
Hinton, Miss E.	0	7	6
Honour, Mrs.	1	10	0
Jephs, Miss	1	7	0
Keys, Master C. S.	0	6	0
Knight, Mrs. J. E. ...	0	5	0
Lawson, Miss	1	6	0
Long, Mrs. R. N.	2	6	0
McDonald, Mrs.	0	18	0
Miller, Mr. C.	1	0	0
Mott, Mrs.	1	0	6
Mann, Miss J. H.	6	6	6
Miller, Miss H.	0	12	0
Narraway, Miss	0	6	0
Pettman, Master E. ...	0	8	6
Pettman, Master C. ...	0	6	1
Smith, Mrs. E. H. E. ...	0	9	6
Saunders, Mr. E. W. ...	2	10	0
Taylor, Miss	0	4	0
Tiddy, Mrs.	2	4	0
Walters, Miss	2	0	0
Wilson, Miss	1	16	0
Webb, Mrs.	1	1	6
			56 18 6
Donations:—			
A well-wisher	0	4	0
Anderson, Mr. W.	1	0	0

	£	s.	d.
A friend	0	1	0
A friend	0	2	6
A friend	1	1	0
A country visitor	0	3	6
A widow's mite	0	1	6
A. T.	0	2	6
A friend	0	5	0
A friend	0	1	0
Burnham, The Misses ...	1	10	0
Batty, Mr. R.	0	2	6
Bridgman, Mr. James ...	1	1	0
Biddle, Mr. and Mrs. ...	1	0	0
Bartram, Mrs., per Mr. G. Redman	1	0	0
Buckmaster, Mrs.	1	1	0
Cracknell, Martha... ...	0	4	6
Croose, Miss...	1	1	0
C. B.	0	2	6
Carse, Miss	0	5	0
Collected in a business-house	0	5	0
Dunn, Mrs.	0	14	0
Dice, Mr. A.	3	0	0
Dunbar, Dr....	1	0	0
Davies, Mrs., per Mrs. Mott	1	0	0
Earish, Mrs., per J. T. D.	5	0	0
Evans, Mr. R.	20	0	0
Earl's, Mr., Bible-class, Clapton	0	10	0
E. A. S.	1	1	0
E. C.	0	2	0
E. D.	0	2	6
Frisby, Mr. Elisha... ...	2	2	0
Found in a box	0	2	8
Friend	0	1	0
Gordon, Mrs.	2	0	0
Grose, Mrs.	1	1	0
Hall, Mr. James	5	0	0
Hewkley, Mrs.	1	1	0
Hawkey, Mrs.	2	2	0
Hobbs, Mr. A.	0	10	0
Hoare, Mr.	0	10	6
Hillen, Mrs....	1	1	0
Infant-class, Baptist Chapel, Chipping Norton, per Mr. Burbidge	0	17	0
Ives, Mrs.	0	5	0
Ingle, Mr. James	1	0	0
Ingle, Dorothy and Bertie	0	10	0
Jones, M. (halfpence and farthings)...	0	4	0
Jenkins, Mrs.	5	0	0
J. C.	0	5	0
J. F.	0	12	0
Lumley, Mr.	1	0	0
Matthews, Miss N. ...	0	10	6
Martineau, Miss	2	2	0
M. N....	0	10	0
Maynard, Mrs. J.	1	0	0
Mannock, Mrs.	0	2	0
M. E.	1	0	0
M. E.	0	2	0
Norris, Mrs....	0	5	0
Olney, Mr. T. H.	10	0	0
Olney, Mr. W.	2	2	0
Perrett, Miss	1	1	0
Pearce, Mr. Edward ...	3	3	0
Pearce, Mr. John	5	0	0
Raybould, Mrs.	1	1	0
Romang, Mr.	0	10	0
Rabbits, Mr. C. J. Whittuck	100	0	0
Rogers, Mrs.	1	0	0
Stenning, Mr. and Mrs. ...	1	0	0
Scattergood	0	1	0
Smithers, Mr., per Mr. F. Cockrell	1	1	0
Scard, Mrs.	1	1	0
Speh, Misses A. and E. ...	0	10	0
Tanton, Mr. and Mrs. E....	3	3	0
Townsend Street Sunday-school	4	3	2
Turley, Mr.	1	0	0
Tinniswood, Mrs.	1	1	0
Tasker, M.	0	5	0
Thoday, Mr. E. S.... ...	1	0	0
Websdale, Mrs., per J. T. D.	1	0	0
Wooden, S. (family box, W. Dulwich)	0	17	9
W. G....	0	3	0
Wayre, Mr. and Mrs., and family	3	3	0
Williams, Mr. H.	0	10	0
			217 15 7
Bookstall, per Mr. J. Passmore, jun....			11 1 7
Ladies' Stall (Sale-room goods, &c.) ...			37 13 5
Perfumery Stall, per Mr. Hines ...			2 5 9
Confectionery Stall, per Mr. Pascall ...			8 4 0
Received by Mr. Harrald, at the Orphanage, on June 18th:—			
Pastor E. J. Farley ...	5	0	0
Mrs. C. Knight	10	0	0
Per B., friends at Clapton Hall	30	0	0
Mr. Cornborough	5	0	0
Miss Larkman	0	10	0
Miss H. Newman	5	0	0
Miss A. Newman	5	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Blackwood...	2	0	0
Mrs. James Chapman ...	2	2	0
A friend of Mr. Stott ...	0	2	6
Mrs. June	0	0	6
A friend	0	10	0
Miss White	0	1	0
Miss C. Warwick	0	1	0
Mr. Blackford	0	1	0
Rev. Rabie	0	10	0
Mrs. Rabie	0	5	0
Mrs. Campbell	0	5	0
Mrs. Ely and A. E. W. ...	0	2	0
A young friend	0	3	6
Mr. Charles Mackson ...	0	5	0
Mr. R. Underwood ...	0	2	6
Teresa Walker	1	10	0
Collected by Miss K. E. Buswell:—			
J. E. P.	1	1	0
Mr. J. Henderson	1	0	0
Mr. Pocock	1	0	0
Mr. Micklem	0	10	0
Smaller sums	0	9	0
			72 11 0
			£1522 3 9

List of Presents, per Mr. Charlesworth, from June 15th to July 14th, 1891.—PROVISIONS:—12 Cream Cheeses, Mr. Henry Hopkins; 1 New Zealand Sheep, Sir A. Seale Haslam; 1 hamper Bread, Mr. Nelson Read; 224 lbs. Rice, Mr. J. L. Potier; 10 bushels Peas, Mr. J. Cooper.

BOYS' CLOTHING:—2 Shirts, Mr. R. Oakley; 2 Worn Suits, Anon., Croydon; 2 Night-shirts, 2 pairs Stockings, from M.; 15 Shirts, Mrs. Holcombe; 2 Suits, W. H. S.

GIRLS' CLOTHING:—6 Articles, 20½ yards Dress Material, 1½ yard Twill Cloth, Miss C. Smither; 52 Articles, The Fleet Baptist Chapel Working Party, per Mrs. Aylett; 1 pair Cashmere Shoes, Miss Bennett; 64 Articles, The Ladies' Working Meeting, Metropolitan Tabernacle, per Miss Higgs; 1 dozen Pinafores, Mrs. Moss; 2 Dresses, Mrs. Staines; 6 Articles, S. H. L.; 25 Articles, The Cheam Baptist Working Society, per Mrs. E. Cox; 12 Articles, The Ladies' Working Meeting, Wynne Road Baptist Chapel, per Mrs. Dowen; 10 Articles, Miss Salter.

GENERAL:—2 Fancy Articles, Miss M. B. Cooper; 9 Fancy Articles, Mrs. Hitchman; 57 Whirls, Mr. J. Cooper; 1 box of Beads, Collarette, &c., Miss L. Reynolds; 1 Doll, Miss Fish; 2 Table Covers, Mrs. Chun; a quantity of cut Flowers, Mr. Wickerson and friends.

Colportage Association.

Statement of Receipts from June 16th to July 14th, 1891.

Subscriptions and Donations for Districts:—

	£	s.	d.
"In memoriam"	20	0	0
Bethnal Green :—			
Mr. C. E. Fox 5 0 0			
Mr. W. R. Fox 5 0 0			
	10	0	0
Newbury District	10	0	0
Home Counties Baptist Association ...	30	0	0
Mr. R. Cory, J.P., for Cardiff and Penrhikyber	10	0	0
Disley District	10	0	0
Exmouth, per Pastor J. Thomas ...	2	10	0
Mrs. Keevil, for Melksham	10	0	0
Norfolk Baptist Association	20	0	0
Aylesbury District...	15	0	0
Sellindge, per Mr. Thos. R——... ...	10	0	0
Great Totham District	5	0	0
Ross District	10	0	0
Corton, per Mr. Thos. Harris	10	0	0
Kent and Sussex Association	27	10	0
Suffolk Congregational Union	30	0	0
Portsmouth District, G. B.	1	1	0
Thornbury, per Mrs. Taylor	5	0	0
Mr. G. Hall, for Uxbridge	1	1	0
Stratford-on-Avon District	7	10	0
Mrs. White, for Tewkesbury	2	10	0
Mr. Thos. Greenwood, for Brentford ..	10	0	0
Essex Congregational Union, for Pitsea	10	0	0
	£267	2	0

Subscriptions and Donations to the General Fund:—

	£	s.	d
Mrs. Websdale, per J. T. D.	1	0	0
Mr. William Laurie	0	10	0
Mrs. Morden	0	2	0
An octogenarian clergyman	3	0	0
Mrs. Watts	1	1	0
Annual Subscriptions:—			
Mr. Charles Liberty	0	10	6
Miss Penston	0	10	6
Mrs. Jenkins	1	1	0
Mr. George Palmer, J.P....	20	0	0
	£27	15	0

Society of Evangelists.

Statement of Receipts from June 16th to July 14th, 1891.

	£	s.	d.
Mr. J. Everett	2	0	0
Mrs. Charles Walter	10	0	0
Mr. Robert Fergus	10	0	0
Mr. Daniel Thomas	2	10	0
Mrs. Shearman	2	0	0
Mr. E. Mounsey	5	0	0
Mrs. Morden	0	2	0
Thankoffering for Mr. Harmer's services at Uffculme	2	0	0
Mrs. Elgee	0	10	6
J. R. B., Belper	2	10	0
Mrs. J. V. Ambler, per Rev. H. L. Wayland, D.D.	0	0	0
A. K....	4	0	0
Mr. R. Dawson	0	10	0
Thankoffering for Messrs. Fullerton and Smith's services at Morley ...	10	8	2
Miss E. Cross	0	5	0
Mr. Morgan...	5	0	0
A sermon-reader, Wilts	0	10	0
Mrs. Robert Wilson	2	0	0
Mr. W. Smellie, jun.	1	1	0
Mrs. Websdale, per J. T. D.	1	0	0
Mr. Brazil, per J. T. D.	1	0	0
	£68	6	8

Surrey Gardens Memorial Schools.

Statement of Receipts from June 16th to July 14th, 1891.

	£	s.	d.
A Hendon mite	1	1	0
Mr. C. W. Roberts	5	0	0
Miss Spliedt...	2	0	0
Mr. W. G. Brown	0	5	0
Miss Swain	1	0	0
Carter Street Sunday-school—Mr. S. R. Pearce	50	0	0
Miss Ivimey	0	10	0
Mr. Williamson, per Mr. Chas. Foster	0	2	6
Miss Janet Wood	2	0	0
	£61	18	6

The following articles have been gratefully received :—Two guinea piece, for the Pastors' College; from C. B. R., Newport, Fife, 1 pair ear-rings, 1 "Mizpah" ring, to be sold for the benefit of the Orphanage; and from B., Glasgow, a pearl ring, for sale on behalf of the Sermon Distribution Fund.

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

Subscriptions will be thankfully received by C. H. Spurgeon, "Westwood," Beulah Hill, Upper Norwood. Should any sums sent before the 13th of last month be unacknowledged in this list, friends are requested to write at once to Mr. Spurgeon. Post Office and Postal Orders should be made payable at the Chief Office, London, to C. H. Spurgeon; and Cheques and Orders should all be crossed.

ANNUAL REPORT

OF THE

STOCKWELL ORPHANAGE,

1890-91.

Trustees and Committee of Management:

C. H. SPURGEON, *President and Treasurer.*

J. A. SPURGEON, *Vice-President and Acting Treasurer.*

JOSEPH PASSMORE.
THOMAS H. OLNEY.
CHARLES SPURGEON.
CHARLES F. ALLISON.
JAMES STIFF.
WILLIAM HIGGS.
JOHN BUSWELL.
JAMES HALL.
JAMES E. PASSMORE.
WALTER MILLS.
FRANK THOMPSON.
SAMUEL R. PEARCE.

Hon. Consulting Physicians:

HENRY GERVIS, Esq., M.D., &c.
JAMES HERBERT STOWERS, Esq., M.D., &c.

Hon. Consulting Surgeon:

ARTHUR E. DURHAM, Esq., F.R.C.S., M.B., &c

Hon. Consulting Ophthalmic Surgeon:

E. NETTLESHIP, Esq., F.R.C.S., &c.

Hon. Consulting Aural Surgeon:

A. H. TUBBY, Esq., M.S., M.B. Lon., F.R.C.S., &c.

Dentist:

W. O. HINCHLIFF, Esq.

Medical Officers:

WILLIAM SOPER, Esq., M.R.C.S.E., L.S.A., &c.

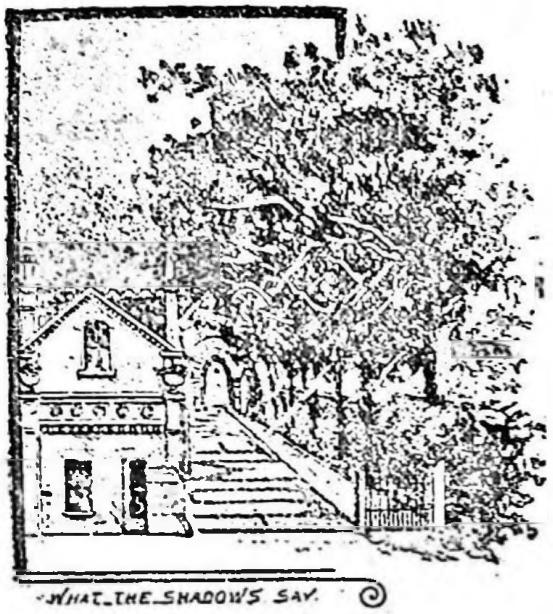
Head Master:
VERNON J. CHARLESWORTH.

Secretary:
FREDERICK G. LADDS.

London:

PRINTED BY ALABASTER, PASSMORE, & SONS, FANN STREET, E.C.

The Stockwell Orphanage.



Applications for the admission of destitute Fatherless Children (boys between the ages of six and ten, girls from seven to 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 nominated 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, Clapham Road, London, S.W

ANNUAL REPORT,

1890-91.

THE makers of history are rarely the best historians. Modesty compels them to say less than the reader expects and, indeed, has a right to demand. An impartial testimony from a critic, or an observer, is likely to prove a fuller record than the report of one who has to chronicle his own achievements. The following entries from the Visitors' Book may be accepted as the honest convictions of "lookers-on"; and the tribute will be as welcome to our subscribers as it is to ourselves.

July 5th, 1890.

"Much pleased for all that I have seen and heard. It is the Lord's work being faithfully done."

O. F. GREGORY, Sec. Southern Baptist Convention,
and Pastor, Baltimore, U.S.A.

August 5th, 1890.

"First visit to this noble Institution. Much pleased with what we saw. God bless Mr. Spurgeon in this noble work! Jehovah-jireh!"

A. S. MCLENNAN, M.D., Chicago, U.S.A.

September 10th, 1890.

"Very delighted and thankful to see such a good work."

Mrs. JACKSON, Sevenoaks,
Formerly Head Mistress of Stockwell Training Schools.

September 23rd, 1890.

"Very much pleased."

J. J. and Mrs. DEACON,
Rathmullan Rectory, County Donegal, Ireland.

September 26th, 1890.

"I have greatly enjoyed a visit to the admirably disciplined and highly organized boys' and girls' schools of this most useful Institution."

C. D. DUPORT,
One of H.M. Inspectors, Education Department, Whitehall.

January 14th, 1891.

"Much pleased with the children and arrangements."

FRANCIS WARNER, M.D., Kensington, London.

Rev. C. M. DAVIES once wrote:—"Never did I witness a happier sight than that which greeted me inside the walls of Mr. Spurgeon's Orphanage at Stockwell, in contrast to the dull, dark February morning outside. Here 500 orphans are boarded, clothed and taught. They are lodged, not in large, uncomfortable corridors and halls, but in separate houses, presided over by matrons—each a little home in itself. Nothing can exceed the comforts of all arrangements in this Orphanage. It was 'visiting' day when I was there; but even the attractions of widowed mothers and indulgent relations were not sufficient to distract the attention of chubby juveniles from Mr. Spurgeon, whom they hailed with the greatest enthusiasm, unmingled with the smallest awe."

While it is a joy to us to know that the Lord has been graciously pleased to set the seal of his approval and the crown of his blessing to our labours at the Orphanage, it is an added joy, for which we desire to be grateful, that our friends speak approvingly of the work.

The facts which have made up the history of the past year differ so slightly from the facts previously recorded, that a report must, of necessity, lack the charm of novelty. We cannot resort to romance, nor overstate prosaic details. It is required of a steward that he be found faithful, even in the account he may give of his stewardship. In no one instance have we felt even the smallest temptation to exaggerate facts to produce an impression, or to colour a narrative to court the aid of the lovers of the sensational. Facts shall never glide into fiction in any report we may issue. We would rather be prosaic to dulness, and keep within the limits of truth, than secure applause or approval for a narrative which is not strictly veracious.

The normal condition of peace and progress has been maintained throughout the year. We have no revolutions to record, and no catastrophes to chronicle. There has been no break-down in our machinery, and no friction worth noting. We have not had to contract our operations from the failure of funds, and no child has been turned away from our doors because our supplies have fallen short. Epidemics have passed us by; and the health of the children has been maintained to a remarkable degree. Many of a weakly or diseased constitution have improved under the tonic *régime* of the Institution.

OUR MEDICAL OFFICER REPORTS AS FOLLOWS:—

307, Clapham Road.

Gentlemen,—In submitting my Annual Report, I have to express my thankfulness that no death has occurred during the year, and that no cases have arisen of an unusually alarming character. Several cases of German measles and two cases of scarlet fever have had a satisfactory issue, and I have watched with pleasure the improvement in children of a delicate type.

The increase in the number of children suffering from glandular diseases of a strumous character, has occasioned some anxiety; but the vigorous treatment adopted, and the removal of the children to the sea-side, have been followed with gratifying results. Other Institutions, I find, have had to contend with similar cases; this should not occasion surprise, when it is borne in mind that so many of the children come of a weakly stock.

The following entry from the Report Book is transcribed, as it will doubtless afford the Subscribers the same pleasure with which it was received by the Committee:—

"On some occasions I have hesitated very considerably as to the admission of cases. I have been looking at two that I passed six months ago, with fear and trembling: to-day I should not know them, they are so well and healthy under the Orphanage *régime* of good food, pure air, and excellent care."

The adjacent works of the Electric Railway have proved a very serious trouble, and the health of the matrons and the children of two

of the houses would, I believe, have been permanently injured, had not the Committee, in their wisdom, removed them to a distance: the noise and vibration rendered sleep impossible during the time the engines continued working.

It is my ever-deepening conviction that the administration of alcohol in any form is of more than doubtful advantage, and is very seldom necessary in the treatment of the ailments of children. By the kindness of the Committee I am able to prescribe the special diet which, in my judgment, I consider necessary: consequently, the use of alcohol has not been resorted to except in one or two critical cases.

I am most grateful for the uniform confidence and kindness of the Committee, and the cordial co-operation of all the Members of the Staff in the discharge of my duties as Medical Officer to the Institution.

The Members of our Hon. Consulting Staff have, when called upon, been most prompt and attentive. Their services are of great value to us, and I desire to express my gratitude that I am able to requisition them when necessity arises. The gratitude is shared, I know, by the President and the Board of Management.

Your obedient servant,
WILLIAM SOPER.

During the year, 97 children have completed their term of residence and 93 have been received. The full significance of these facts, which can be recorded in a sentence, can only be grasped by those most concerned. To the widows, whose children we receive, or dismiss when situations have been found for them, the statement means much; all that it means to the children themselves they cannot know as yet. It must become a cherished memory to them before their full indebtedness to the Institution is realized. Most gratifying are the letters we receive from mothers, who find it difficult to express their thanks, and from our old scholars, whose gratitude deepens with their years. We append several letters of recent date.

February 9th, 1891.

Dear Sir,

It is with very deep and heartfelt gratitude to you, that I write to express, in a very imperfect way, the thanks which I cannot convey personally. I thank you especially for the interest and care shown to my daughter Nellie, the whole time she has been under your charge. To me it has always been a source of great thankfulness to know that she has always been carefully trained and guarded in a Christian home, directly under your supervision, it was indeed a door opened by God, and has lifted a great burden from my heart—words fail me to express the thanks I feel, I can only say "Thank you; a thousand times thank you," and may God richly bless you and yours for the many kindnesses shown to the fatherless children under your care, and particularly to my delicate girl, who is so shortly to leave the roof which has proved so blessed a shelter for the last eight years. Again thanking you, believe me ever to remain,

Yours most gratefully,

To MR. CHARLESWORTH. K. B.

Dear Mr. Charlesworth,

I must first ask your forgiveness for not writing to you before, knowing well you will grant me the same. If you recollect, a few Sundays ago, on the occasion when you visited Wood Green and preached the Master's truth, I once again sat within sound of your voice. I cannot express how delighted I was. Memories of school days dawned, when I, including all the boys, listened attentively to your voice, which always had something important to tell us. I have lived to prove those boyhood days at Stockwell Orphanage were my best. I do sincerely thank God, for the privilege of looking back, recollecting that my schooldays were spent there. Although then I did not realize how thankful I ought to have been, but praise God I now can go to His throne in earnest prayer concerning my wanton negligence of the past. I am sure I can quote on behalf of Old Boys by writing, it is after a few years struggle in the world, outside the Orphanage, we grasp the all-important work of such an Institution. My gratitude I cannot tell, but, as the Lord has said, "pray one for another," my earnest prayers are for the work of the Stockwell Orphanage.

Wishing prosperity to Stockwell Orphanage,

Yours in the Lord,

An Old Boy, J. E. H.

March 7th, 1891.

Rev. C. H. Spurgeon.

Dear Sir,

I have sincere pleasure in sending you 20s. for the "Stockwell Orphanage." Having received the benefits of a good training there, I feel it my duty, as it certainly is my delight, to acknowledge in some small measure the debt I owe to the excellent Institution. Mainly through its instrumentality, I have been able to support my mother, and materially assist my brothers and sisters during the past ten years, and now things are looking brighter, I feel I can afford to send on a trifle to the source of my success.

I have never forgotten the Orphanage, nor shall I, and I hope to be able to send another donation at some future date.

Now, dear sir, with kind regards to you, and hopes for your speedy recovery,

I remain, yours faithfully,

A. G. L.

Although there has been no sorrow from within, we regret that a serious trouble has fallen upon the Institution from without. Our subscribers are aware that the New Electric Railway Company have erected their generating station within ten feet of the walls of the girls' terrace. Several engines of enormous power transmit a vibratory motion to several of the houses, and occasion a distressing noise, thus rendering two of the houses uninhabitable, and seriously affecting other parts of the terrace. With great reluctance, the Trustees were compelled to close one schoolroom, and to remove the children of two houses to a distance. At times, while the engines are at work, the *noise* in these houses can only be likened to the roar of a cataract, with periodical thuds in

addition ; and the *vibration*, to that felt on board a steamer going at full speed. Another evil is that of the steam, rolling in masses over the buildings and grounds, penetrating everywhere, and breaking in oily spray. The conditions of peaceful possession, and of healthful enjoyment had departed before it was resolved to close the houses. Our workers, suffering from nervous distress, were rendered unfit for duty, and the health of the children was seriously imperilled, as many of them were unable to sleep for several hours after going to bed. For the time being, the unity of the Institution is broken, and the severance of so many children is a serious drawback to our work. Nothing short of the removal of the cause of so much damage can restore the unity and efficiency of the Institution, and our readers will join us in the prayer that an injunction may be granted, or that the Railway Company will consent to the transference of their plant to a position where it can do no harm to adjacent property. (March, 1891.)

Our subscribers will be interested in the following tables :—

SCRIPTURE EXAMINATION, MARCH, 1891.

In connection with Brixton Auxiliary Sunday School Union.

Subject :—"Elisha's Life and Work."

Number of children presented :—Girls, 98 ; Boys, 127.

RESULTS.

	Girls.	Boys.
Prizes, with First-class Certificates	2	10
First-class Certificates only	10	26
Second-class Certificates	47	74
Failed	39	17
	98	127

Percentage passed—Girls, 61 ; Boys, 87.

BIBLE-READING ASSOCIATION.

Members :—Boys, 230 ; Girls, 320 ; Total, 550.

BAND OF HOPE. Number of enrolled members, 270.

SCIENCE AND ART EXAMINATIONS, MAY, 1890.

BOYS' DIVISION.

Science Teachers : Mr. J. J. Thompson and Mr. A. Simmonds.

Subjects : Geology, Physiography, Magnetism and Electricity.

Advanced Certificates	13
First-class Certificates (Elementary)	9
Second Class „	94
Total	116

The following tables, while they tell of want relieved and sorrow solaced, also show the impartiality of the Committee in their selection of inmates, and the range of their choice. The poorest localities and the most needy classes have furnished the largest proportion of Candidates received.

ADMISSIONS FOR THE YEAR ENDING MARCH, 1891.

From London Districts :—

Battersea	3	Holborn	1	Rotherhithe	1
Bermondsey	5	Kennington	1	Shadwell	1
Borough	1	Kilburn	1	Southwark	2
Bow	1	Lambeth	2	Stockwell	1
Camden Town ...	1	Marylebone	1	Walworth	6
Clapham	2	Mile End	1	Wandsworth	2
Clapton	1	Newington	1	Westminster ...	2
Clerkenwell	1	Norwood	1	Willesden	1
Highbury	1	Peckham	5		
				Total ...	46

From Country Towns :—

Banbury	1	Headbourne Worthy	1	Oxford	2
Belvedere	2	Landbeach	1	Romford	1
Brighton	1	Leeds	1	Stourbridge	1
Buckland	1	Leytonstone	1	Tottenham	2
Burnham	1	Liverpool	1	Wantage	1
Chelmsford	1	Maidstone	1	Walthamstow ...	2
Croydon	2	Maldon	1	Walham Green ...	1
Darlington	1	Michaelchurch ...	1	Waterbeach	1
Epping	1	Newbury	2	Walsingham	1
Greenwich	1	Newmarket	1	West Cowes	1
Hampton	1	Newport	2	Weston-super-Mare	1
Harlow	1				
				Total ...	41

From Wales.

Bridgend	1	Cardiff	2	Holyhead	1
Brecon	1	Haverfordwest ...	1		
				Total ...	6

Total 93.

Social Rank of Parents :—

Mechanics, 30; Manufacturers, 11; Shopkeepers, &c., 3; Labourers, &c., 18; Warehousemen, &c., 10; Mariners, &c., 3; Ministers, &c., 5; Farmer, 1; Commercial Traveller, 1; Coachmen, 4; Schoolmaster, 1; Gas Inspector, 1; Soldier, 1; Journalist, 1; Architect, 1; Butler, 1; Auctioneer, 1. Total 93.

Religious Profession of Parents :—

Church of England, 31; Baptist, 29; Congregational, 8; Wesleyan, 5; Primitive Methodist, 3; Presbyterian, 2; Brethren, 2; Not Specified, 13. Total 93.

TYPICAL CASES RECEIVED DURING THE YEAR :—

J. G. J., Bridgend. Second of five children under 13. Both parents deceased. Father a painter. Relations all of poor working class, unable to assist.

T. S., Evesham. One of five children under 13, entirely unprovided for. Cause of father's death, delirium tremens.

H. S. D., Romford. One of ten children, five under 16, mainly dependent on an elder brother. Both parents deceased. Father a solicitor's clerk.

D. J. S., West Cowes. One of six children left unprovided for, except a public subscription of £50. Father a surveyor and inspector of nuisances. The visitor writes: "I believe that the admittance of this boy to the Orphanage would prove a great blessing to him, there is a promise of much good in him. It would likewise be a great help to the mother."

A. D., Newbury. Eldest of four children under seven, one afflicted. Father formerly a teacher at the Orphanage.

C. S. M., Darlington. One of seven children under 15. No provision. Father an engineer.

J. P. S., Darlington. Eldest of three children totally unprovided for. Father a Baptist minister (of the Pastors' College).

A. W. K., Borough, Southwark. Third of five young children entirely dependent on the mother, who earns 5s. weekly.

L. B., Landbeach. One of two children. Father and mother deceased. Left entirely dependent on aged grandparents. The visitor writes: "Should anything happen to either of the old people, the little ones would be thrown helpless upon the parish."

D. J. G., Cardiff. One of four young children dependent on an aunt of small means. Mother totally unfit to have charge of the children.

H. K. S., Newbury. Third of seven children under 12, totally unprovided for. Father a seedsman.

R. E. L., Hook Norton. One of six children under 14, dependent on the mother's exertions. One boy, aged 13, earns 1s. a week on the land. Father a platelayer, killed on the line.

A. L. W., Willesden. One of eleven children, seven under 13. Father a bricklayer. Mother earns 10s. a week at laundry work, for which 2s. is paid for minding the baby (7 months).

D. L., Holborn. One of six children, totally unprovided for, and dependent on the mother's exertions. Father a cabman, killed by the horse bolting into a hole in the road.

H. H., Michaelchurch. Third of five children under 16. Father a Baptist minister. Visitor writes: "Mrs. H's late husband was a good and true minister of Christ; he laboured hard for the Master; walking many miles, all weathers, to conduct services. If the little lad could be received into the Home it would be a great charity."

A. M. H., Westminster. Third of six children under 12, youngest 1 month, dependent entirely on the mother's exertions. Father a carpenter. Cause of death, consumption.

E. H., Croydon. One of nine children under 15, dependent on the mother. Father a plumber and gas fitter.

A. R. C., Epping. One of nine children under 16, dependent on the mother who is engaged in laundry work. Father a coachman. Died of consumption.

E. M. B., Kennington. Third of seven children under 12, one posthumous, entirely unprovided for. Father killed by a passing train while crossing railway. Mother lets apartments.

C. H. L. V., Camberwell. One of seven children under 16, youngest only 1 year, totally without provision. Father a looking-glass manufacturer. Cause of death inflammation of lungs, following influenza. Visitor writes: "I never met a more deserving case."

FIFTEEN HUNDRED AND THIRTEEN ORPHANS

Have been received into the Institution to the end of March, 1891.

PARENTAGE OF THE CHILDREN :—

Mechanics	360	Postmen and Sorters	9
Manufacturers and Tradesmen ...	224	Soldiers	9
Shopkeepers and Salesmen ...	204	Solicitors	7
Labourers, Porters, and Carmen	215	Surgeons and Dentists	7
Warehousemen and Clerks ...	161	Journalists	7
Mariners and Watermen ...	54	Architects and Surveyors ...	4
Ministers and Missionaries ...	41	Cooks	2
Farmers and Florists	36	Fireman	1
Commercial Travellers	33	Photographer	1
Railway Employés	32	Butlers	2
Cab Proprietors and Coachmen...	32	Auctioneers	2
Policemen & Custom House Officers	21	Bandsman...	1
Schoolmasters and Teachers ...	19	Gas Inspector	1
Accountants	15	Gentleman	1
Commission Agents	12		
TOTAL...	1,513		

RELIGIOUS PROFESSION OF PARENTS :—

Church of England	585	Presbyterian ...	28	Bible Christian ...	2
Baptist	387	Brethren	9	Society of Friends	2
Congregational ...	160	Roman Catholic ...	3	Salvation Army ...	1
Wesleyan... ...	140	Moravian	2	Not specified ...	194
TOTAL...	1,513				

PLACES FROM WHICH CHILDREN HAVE BEEN RECEIVED :—

Balham	8	Haverstock Hill ...	3	Pimlico	7
Barnsbury	2	Highbury	3	Plaistow	1
Battersea	26	Holborn	10	Poplar	6
Bayswater	8	Holloway	19	Rotherhithe	13
Bermondsey	91	Homerton	3	Shadwell	2
Bethnal Green ...	6	Hornsey	6	Shoreditch	4
Bloomsbury	2	Horselydown... ...	6	Soho	2
Borough	11	Hoxton	12	Southwark	36
Bow	16	Islington	34	Spitalfields	1
Brixton	37	Kennington	14	Stepney	6
Bromley	2	Kensington	7	Strand	2
Brondesbury... ...	1	Kentish Town ...	9	Stratford	4
Camberwell	44	Kilburn	10	Streatham	3
Camden Town ...	8	Kingsland	3	Stockwell	6
Chelsea	7	Lambeth	67	Stoke Newington ...	8
Clapham	16	Lewisham	5	St. John's Wood ...	1
Clapton	9	Limehouse	6	St. Luke's	2
Clerkenwell	13	Marylebone	21	St. Pancras	5
Dalston	3	Mile End	9	Sydenham	2
Deptford	8	Newington	16	Vauxhall	6
Dulwich	6	New Cross	13	Walworth	55
Finsbury	4	Norwood	13	Wandsworth	21
Forest Gate	1	Notting Hill	13	Westminster	12
Hackney	20	Nunhead	2	Whitechapel	3
Haggerston	1	Old Ford	1	Willesden	1
Hammersmith ...	5	Paddington	6		
Hampstead	4	Peckham	50	LONDON... TOTAL	934
Hatcham	1	Pentonville	4		

Bedfordshire, Bedford	5
„ Luton ...	2
Berkshire, Maidenhead	2
„ Childrey ...	1
„ Newbury ...	4
„ Reading ...	25
„ Slough ...	1
„ Uffington ...	1
„ Wantage ...	2
„ Wokingham ...	1
„ Wargrave ...	1
Buckinghamshire,	
„ Chesham ...	1
„ High Wycombe	1
„ Princes Risboro'	1
„ Winslow ...	2
Cambridgeshire,	
„ Cambridge ...	5
„ Cottenham ...	1
„ Histon ...	1
„ Landbeach ...	1
„ Linton ...	1
„ Newmarket ...	1
„ Soham ...	1
„ Waterbeach ...	1
„ Wisbech ...	2
Cheshire, Birkenhead	1
„ Chester ...	1
Cornwall, Falmouth	3
„ Penzance ...	3
„ Porthleven ...	1
„ Truro ...	2
Derbyshire, Belper ...	1
„ Derby ...	5
„ Matlock Bath	1
Devonshire, Appledore	1
„ Bideford ...	1
„ Brixham ...	2
„ Devonport ...	3
„ Exeter ...	1
„ Plymouth ...	1
„ Stoke... ...	1
„ Torquay ...	4
Dorsetshire, Poole ...	2
„ Lyme Regis ...	1
„ Portland ...	2
„ Swanage ...	1
„ Weymouth ...	2
Durham, Darlington	1
„ Durham ...	1
„ Stockton ...	4
„ Wolsingham...	1
Essex, Barking ...	1
„ Boxted ...	1
„ Braintree ...	1
„ Brentwood ...	1
„ Burnham ...	1
„ Chelmsford ...	2
„ Chingford ...	1
„ Coggeshall ...	1
„ Colchester ...	3
„ Dunmow ...	1
„ East Ham ...	1
„ Epping ...	1
Essex, Grays... ...	1
„ Great Braxted	1
„ Halstead ...	1
„ Harlow ...	1
„ Hatfield Heath	1
„ Ilford... ...	1
„ Leyton ...	3
„ Leytonstone ...	7
„ Loughton ...	1
„ Maldon ...	9
„ North Woolwich	2
„ Paglesham ...	1
„ Plaistow ...	1
„ Rayleigh ...	1
„ Romford ...	4
„ Southend ...	1
„ Upminster ...	1
„ Walthamstow	9
„ West Ham ...	1
„ Witham ...	2
„ Woodford ...	3
Gloucestershire,	
„ Bristol ...	5
„ Cheltenham ...	2
„ Cirencester ...	2
„ Fairford ...	1
„ Gloucester ...	2
„ Nailsworth ...	1
„ Painswick ...	1
„ Stroud ...	2
„ Tewkesbury ...	1
„ Weirstone ...	1
„ Wotton ...	1
Hampshire,	
„ Bournemouth...	2
„ Christchurch...	1
„ Fremantle ...	1
„ Farnborough...	1
„ Hayling Island	1
„ Hedbourne – Worthy ...	1
„ Landport ...	1
„ Lymington ...	1
„ Newport, I.W.	1
„ Pokesdown ...	1
„ Portsmouth ...	3
„ Portsea ...	1
„ Rydo, I.W. ...	1
„ Romsey ...	1
„ Sandown, I.W.	2
„ Southampton	6
„ Southsea ...	4
„ Totton ...	1
„ Waterlooville	1
„ West Cowes, I.W.	2
„ Winchester ...	1
Herefordshire,	
„ Ledbury ...	1
„ Michaelchurch	1
Hertfordshire,	
„ Berkhampstead	1
„ Dunstable ...	1
„ Hoddesdon ...	1
„ Redbourne ...	1
Hertfordshire,	
„ St. Albans ...	1
„ Ware	1
Huntingdonshire,	
„ Fenstanton ...	1
Kent, Ashford ...	3
„ Belvedere ...	2
„ Bexley ...	3
„ Boughton ...	1
„ Bromley ...	3
„ Canterbury ...	1
„ Charlton ...	3
„ Chatham ...	5
„ Cranbrook ...	1
„ Crayford ...	1
„ Deal	2
„ Dover	2
„ Eltham ...	1
„ Eynsford ...	2
„ Eythorne ...	1
„ Folkestone ...	2
„ Goudhurst ...	1
„ Gravesend ...	3
„ Greenwich ...	13
„ Maidstone ...	4
„ Margate ...	7
„ New Brompton	5
„ Northfleet ...	2
„ Orpington ...	1
„ Plumstead ...	4
„ Ramsgate ...	2
„ Rochester ...	1
„ Sittingbourne	3
„ Swanscombe ...	1
„ Tonbridge ...	1
„ Tunbridge Wells	1
„ West Wickham	1
„ Woolwich ...	5
„ Wrotham ...	1
Lancashire, Ashton-under-Lyne	2
„ Blackpool ...	1
„ Bolton... ...	1
„ Liverpool ...	6
„ Manchester ...	4
„ Morecambe ...	1
Leicestershire,	
„ Leicester ...	1
„ Lutterworth ...	1
Lincolnshire, Boston...	2
„ Grimsby ...	5
„ Lincoln ...	1
Middlesex, Acton ...	1
„ Barnet ...	1
„ Chiswick ...	1
„ Ealing ...	1
„ Edmonton ...	2
„ Finchley ...	1
„ Fulham ...	2
„ Hampton-Wick	1
„ Harlington ...	1
„ Harrow ...	2
„ Hendon ...	1
„ Hounslow ...	2

COUNTRY—*continued.*

Middlesex, Isleworth	3	*Salop*, Aston-on-Clun	1	*Surrey*, Woking ...	1
„ Old Hampton	1	„ West Felton ...	1	*Sussex*, Brighton ...	9
„ Tottenham ...	3	*Somersetshire*, Bath ...	2	„ Chichester ...	4
„ Walham Green	2	„ Taunton ...	3	„ Faygate ...	1
„ Whetstone ...	1	„ Weston ...	1	„ Hailsham ...	1
„ Wood Green ...	1	„ Yeovil ...	1	„ Hastings ...	4
Monmouthshire,		*Staffordshire*, Bilston	1	„ Lewes ...	1
„ Abergavenny	1	„ Stourbridge ...	1	„ Newhaven ...	1
„ Blaenavon ...	1	„ Wolverhampton	1	„ St. Leonards	1
„ Maindee ...	1	*Suffolk*, Aldborough...	2	„ Seaford ...	1
„ Newport ...	3	„ Bury St. Edmunds	1	„ Worthing ...	1
Norfolk, Dereham ...	1	„ Fressingfield	1	*Warwickshire*,	
„ Holt ...	1	„ Halesworth ...	1	„ Birmingham	4
„ Lynn... ...	1	„ Ipswich ...	6	„ Coventry ...	1
„ Norwich ...	1	„ Southwold ...	1	„ Leamington	1
„ Yarmouth ...	1	„ Stanstead ...	1	„ Oxhill ...	1
Northamptonshire,		„ Stowmarket ...	4	„ Quinton ...	1
„ Brackley ...	1	*Surrey*, Addlestone ...	1	*Wiltshire*, Calne ...	1
„ Kettering ...	1	„ Barnes ...	2	„ Chippenham	1
„ Northampton	1	„ Bletchingley	1	„ Pinton Stoke	1
„ Oundle ...	3	„ Buckland ...	1	„ Salisbury ...	2
„ Peterborough	1	„ Catford ...	1	„ Summerford Magna	1
„ Thrapstone	1	„ Croydon ...	16	„ Swindon ...	1
„ Walgrave	1	„ East Moulsey	1	„ Warminster	1
Northumberland,		„ Godalming ...	1	„ Westbury Leigh ...	1
„ Newcastle ...	1	„ Godstone ...	1	„ Wroughton...	1
Nottinghamshire,		„ Guildford ...	1	*Worcestershire*,	
„ Nottingham ...	1	„ Horley ...	1	„ Cradley ...	1
„ Retford ...	1	„ Kingston ...	3	„ Hampton ...	1
„ Sutton ...	1	„ Leatherhead	1	*Yorkshire*, Bedale ...	1
„ Worksop ...	1	„ Norbiton ...	1	„ Burley ...	1
Oxfordshire, Banbury	2	„ Penge ...	1	„ Leeds ...	2
„ Chipping Norton	3	„ Putney ...	1		
„ Kidlington ...	1	„ Red Hill ...	1	COUNTRY...Total	549
„ New Headington	1	„ Reigate ...	1		
„ Oxford ...	4	„ Richmond ...	1		
„ Thame ...	1	„ Surbiton ...	1		
„ Witney ...	1	„ Sutton ...	4		
Rutlandshire,		„ Tooting ...	3		
„ Uppingham ...	1	„ Wimbledon ...	1		

Wales, Aberystwith	1	*Wales*, Dowlais ...	1	*Wales*, Llanelly ...	1
„ Brecon ...	1	„ Haverfordwest	3	„ Rhyl ...	1
„ Bridgend ...	2	„ Hay	1	„ Swansea ...	3
„ Builth ...	1	„ Holyhead ...	1		
„ Cardiff ...	7	„ Llanbistor ...	1	WALES ... Total	26
„ Cilgerran ...	1	„ Llandudno ...	1		

Scotland, Dunfermline	1	*Scotland*, Larbert ...	1	*Ireland*	2

SUMMARY OF ADMISSIONS.

London	934	Wales	26	Ireland	2
Country	549	Scotland	2		

Total ... ... 1,513.

Since our last Report was issued, two of the Trustees have been removed by death—Mr. W. P. Olney and Mr. B. W. Carr. These esteemed brethren served the Institution well for many years, and their loss is severely felt. The sympathy of our subscribers will not only extend to the Institution, but to the families which have been thus bereaved. That the departed laboured so long and so well for the cause of the widow and the fatherless, will be a sacred solace to those they have left to mourn their loss.

In the Illuminated Booklet we issued at Christmas, we ventured to intimate that a Summer House for sick children, and a Drinking Fountain for the girls' division would be acceptable, and we are glad to report that two friends have generously offered to defray the expense of their erection. They will not only prove an ornament to our grounds, but each will serve a most useful purpose. Our little invalids will enjoy the shade of the Summer House, and the girls will have a monopoly of the Fountain, which will be accessible to them during their hours of play. On the occasion of our Great Festival the balcony of the Summer House will form a platform for the speakers from which the crowds can be addressed. We thank our generous donors, whose kind gifts will keep their memory green in our midst for many years to come.

All the Departments of the work have been vigorously maintained, and throughout the entire Institution our helpers have sought to realize the highest results. A goodly number of the girls have been baptized upon a profession of faith—sufficient evidence witnessing to the reality of their conversion having been given in their daily conduct. While we do not urge the children to come forward for Christian baptism with undue haste, we feel we dare not refuse our consent when they themselves request to be allowed to make a public profession of their faith. In each instance baptism has only been administered when the relatives of the candidates have expressed their hearty concurrence. It is no business of ours to make proselytes, but we dare not refuse to a believer, even of tender years, an ordinance which is enjoined by the Lord Jesus Christ. We do not regard baptism as the badge of a sect, but as the test and mark of true discipleship.

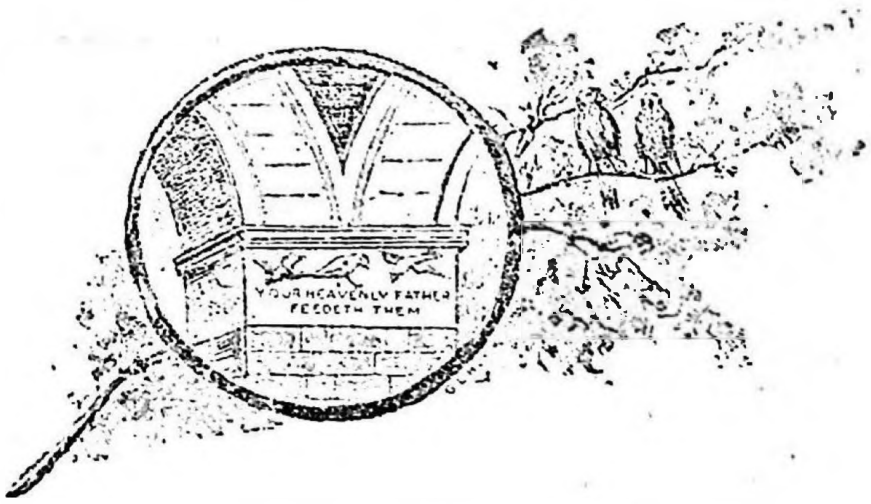
Many of the boys and girls who have given evidence of their conversion are enrolled as members of Christian Bands, and every effort is made to develop and strengthen in them the features of a true Christian character. It is a joy to us to learn, from time to time, of our old scholars making a public avowal of their faith and entering the fellowship of the church. If in some instances we have had to experience the bitterness of disappointed hope, we have the joy of knowing that our former pupils are followed by the prayers of those who watched for their souls while they were in the Institution, and that the memories of the truths learned in the Orphanage cannot fail to exert a powerful influence for good. The perils to which young people are exposed in our towns and cities cannot be overstated. That so small a percentage of our former pupils have fallen a prey to the wiles of the devil, and the corrupting influences of his emissaries, compels our constant thankfulness. The Lord has been indeed gracious to the

children of our charge, and to him be all the praise. Will our friends kindly remember to pray for our present and our former pupils?

We are thankful that we have an unrivalled staff for the conduct of the affairs of the Orphanage. The Vice-President and the Trustees are the pick of men (so says the President); but the working staff, from the Master downward, are all conscientiously doing their best, and acting in the spirit of love, and this gives a tone to the whole institution which no rules and regulations could of themselves create. All things considered, our difficulties are few, while our mercies are so many as to be countless, and so rich as to be priceless. The Orphanage from the first hour until now has enjoyed the smile of our heavenly Father: to his name be ascribed the glory!

As we enter upon the labours and responsibilities of another year, we thank God and take courage!

HOW ARE THEY FED?



Those flocks of birds—why, no one can count them! How are they fed? Inside our Orphanage gate at Stockwell you will see the answer—*Your heavenly Father feedeth them.* In the same way I ask myself, how have those hundreds of orphans been fed all these years? The answer is just the same. I could not feed them: I have not the money. I don't think the Trustees could or would undertake the task. There are no pledged subscribers. There are no advertisements in the daily papers. How do the thousands come in? I do not know, except that the Lord sends them. He whispers in his stewards' ears, and they post off their notes, cheques, orders, or stamps.

All these years we have had no unpaid bills, and the word "debt" has never been mentioned among us. Years ago we used to run low at times, but the Lord always appeared for us in the needy moment. For a long time he has not allowed our faith to be overstrained; but has commanded the ravens, or the widow woman, or the rich man, to feed us. Will he not continue to do so?

Sometimes I see the stream running very low, and I watch with hopeful curiosity to see how the flood will rise. Oh, what joy have I had when faith has found her lap filled! How truly does God hear prayer! Our daily experience is proof positive. Reader, how would you like to have more than 550 to feed without regular funds? Judge, then, how faith is honoured, and God's faithfulness proved, at the Stockwell Orphanage.

We shall be thankful if our friends will bear in mind that our supplies must be as constant as our needs. It would greatly rejoice the heart of the President if the current income were always equal to the current expenditure, so that legacies might be reserved to supply the falling off in donations when old friends resign their stewardship and go home.

The collecting boxes and books have brought in, during the year, the sum of £752 2s. 7d. The President rejoices to meet his enthusiastic band of willing helpers once a quarter, and personally to thank them for their efforts for his great family of little ones. Many more of our young people might help us by joining this Sustentation Army. Friends living miles away, who are not able to attend the meetings, have special collecting-books, and the President has quite a large connection of loving friends whom he would never have known had they not been enrolled as members of this devoted band. This is very pleasant, and brings the Pastor and his people, the Preacher and his readers, into a holy fellowship which will last through time and eternity.

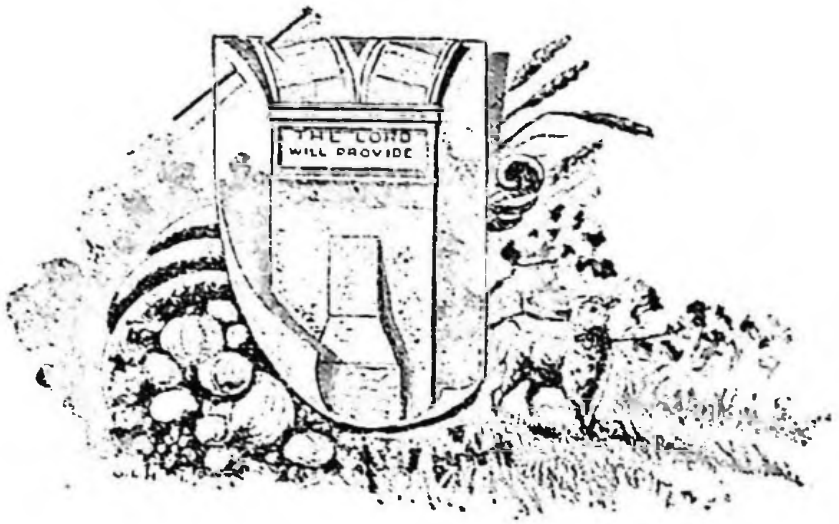
The children in the Orphanage and their friends collected, for the most part in pennies, the sum of £248 6s. 4d., and in every case this labour of love was a genuine expression of gratitude. We frequently have very warm-hearted, thankful letters from the mothers of our children. God bless them, every one!

The total amount received during the year from collecting-cards, books, and boxes reached the noble sum of £1,000 8s. 11d. This is substantial help: *but could it not be very easily doubled next year? We wish more of our friends would lend a hand.* O best and kindest of readers, will *you* take a card or a box yourself?

Several Young Ladies' Working Associations continue to furnish splendid help; and their services are greatly valued by us. Could not more societies be started? Friends who are not able to join an association, can make up articles of clothing suitable for boys and girls between the ages of six and fifteen. *Our children do not object to an occasional treat.* The friend who instituted a Strawberry Feast has gone home to heaven; but we feel sure the growers and salesmen who sent fruit in former years, will not allow the festival to drop.

During the year, Mr. Charlesworth has conducted meetings in many places with a Choir of Boys, and the singing and bell-ringing of the boys have been greatly appreciated by our friends. The programme throughout is of a high-class character, and the most gratifying reports have been received of the good done. After deducting the immediate expenses, and the cost of the musical training of the boys, the sum of £534 5s. 0d. has resulted from the services of the Choir. Where the boys have once been there is a desire for a second visit; and in some towns they are expected at least once a year. These are gratifying facts; and the practical sympathy and prayers of true friends all over

the country compel our thanksgiving to God who has moved their hearts to serve our beloved Institution in this way. "Pure religion and undefiled" finds its illustration in care for the "widow and fatherless," and we are thankful when the help comes to the special objects of our charge. Friends are not helping the crotchets of a sect, but the Christ-like work of love and mercy, when they aid us in the work which is so dear to our heart.



Methods by which our friends help us :—

(1.) By **Donations and Subscriptions.** All sections of the Church and of the community contribute to the funds of the institution, not by constraint, but willingly.

(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 greatly delight the assembly. Mr. V. J. CHARLESWORTH will be happy to give information in the profitable art of hospitality.

(4.) By **Gifts of Useful Articles.** Sometimes a friend can spare material who could not give actual cash ; let him be so kind as to give in kind. Food, clothing, toys, fuel, furniture, books, and other useful articles can be consumed at home, while fancy goods can be sold at the annual sale. We are universal consumers. No reasonable offer is refused. All is grist that comes to the 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 tenderness. Christmas gifts are in season, but we are willing to receive "out of season." Our mercies are doubly sweet when they are shared with those who would otherwise feel the

bitterness of want. We should minister not to ourselves alone, but to the poor and needy also. The Lord accept our work of faith and labour of love!

ILLUSTRATIVE REMARKS.

Covering an area of nearly four acres, in one of the healthiest suburbs of London, the Orphanage is admirably adapted for keeping up as much of the family form and spirit as is possible in a public institution. Each house is a home, and each family has its own "mother." The boys take their meals in one common hall according to families; the girls' meals are all prepared in their respective houses; and 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 and repeat the text for the day from Mr. Spurgeon's Almanack. In the work we have undertaken we feel that we can do better for the children in family groups than in barrack companies.

No child is prejudiced as a candidate by the creed of his parents, as the Institution is UNSECTARIAN. Sectarian preferences have no weight with the Committee when they meet to consider the claims of orphanhood and necessity. Lack of grace in the parents must not be visited upon the children; indeed, there is all the greater need that they should come under godly training. If they can be instructed in the truths of the Bible, and brought up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord, such a ministry will fit them for the struggle upon which they must enter when the battle of life begins. We are concerned that the children should become disciples of Christ, and leave us healthy, intelligent, and gracious members of society.

The hearty love and practical aid of Christians of all denominations cheer us in this enterprise, and together we will all unite in helping the widow and the orphan for Christ's own sake. His approval now, and His "well done" hereafter, will prove a sufficient reward for any effort or sacrifice we may make. Infidelity must feel the power of 500 living arguments; for a Christian Orphanage attests the faithfulness of God, as the Father of the fatherless and the Judge of the widow.

It will be seen in the table that the greater proportion of children admitted to the Orphanage came from the most needy classes. When the whole of the income ceases at her husband's death, and the savings scarcely suffice to pay for the funeral, a widow with many helpless little ones is brought well-nigh to despair. What can she do? how is she to earn bread for so many? How can she keep the little home together? For the answer to these questions she turns to the Orphanage, and her plea for pity and help might move a heart of stone. While we cannot admit all applicants, we will study to respond to those who have the greatest claim. If some have been sent away to apply elsewhere, we have the joy of recording that we have not increased their burden. Are there not thousands who will share with us our privilege and blessing? The Orphanage has received 1,513 fatherless children up to April, 1891. Some institutions report larger numbers; but,

then, they are more of the nature of temporary receiving homes, and the children remain only a few months, while ours are retained for five or six years at least.

Applicants are put to no expense, beyond providing needful certificates. We dare not impose upon the candidates the costly, tedious, and often disappointing process of canvassing for subscribers' votes. The admission of a child to Stockwell Orphanage is an answer to the bitter cry of need rather than a reward for writing letters, or making calls upon holders of votes. The most needy are our most successful suitors, and not the most noisy. The worst cases are the best in our judgment, and in this rule we are sure that we have the approval of our friends.

If orphanhood is a child's misfortune, he should not be treated as though it were his fault, and condemned to wear a garb which marks him as dependent upon charity. We avoid peculiarities of costume which exert a depressing influence, if they do not degrade the wearer.

In the arrangements of the Schools our object is to impart *a plain but thorough* ENGLISH *education*, to fit the boys for commercial pursuits. In addition to the ordinary subjects, they are taught elementary science, drawing, shorthand, and vocal music. We are thankful to record that, as the boys attain the age for leaving, it is easy to find employers who will receive them. Many of the old boys are now occupying good positions in large houses of business, and not a few are engaged in works of usefulness; a large number are members of Christian Churches, and several are Ministers of the Word. Even while with us our children show a Missionary spirit: we subjoin the table of their contributions. It is well for them to begin early to give.

Collected and contributed by the children:—

	£	s.	d.
Baptist Missionary Society	15	14	3
North Africa Mission (Dr. Churcher's Work)... ...	1	4	1
Continental Sunday-school	1	8	2
Indian Sunday-school Mission (Dr. Phillips) ...	2	4	7
Temperance Hospital and Band of Hope Work ...	12	15	6
Total ...	£33	6	7

A good education, and a thorough domestic training in the Homes, will ever result, we trust, in fitting our girls for earning their own livelihood when they leave the Institution.

The special vocation of the girls must be left to their friends to determine: our usual plan is to fit them for domestic service in good families, and to wait for guidance upon the providence of God.

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 goodly band of 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. A children's week-night service is held every Wednesday. Several earnest friends give diligent attention to this department of the work. Once a quarter the entire

household is assembled to hear a special address. Leading ministers and distinguished laymen have rendered important help in this matter.

Young Christians' Bands hold monthly meetings, and there are frequent meetings for the Members of the Band of Hope.

A WORD TO OUR DONORS.

(1.) The name should be legibly written, and a sufficient designation should be given that the reply may be rightly directed.

It is unfortunate when *Jones* is mistaken for *Thorns*, or *vice versâ*. Where an *initial* only is given, we may not know whether to address the reply to Mr. or Mrs., or to any other designation. We should be sorry to write *Miss*, and find that we had written amiss.

(2.) As two persons may bear exactly the same name, it is important that the residence should be added. Where a donor has a *business* and a *private* address, it is desirable that one or other should be uniformly used when several parcels are sent. If not, we may accidentally treat our friend as if he were cut in two.

(3.) Change of address, or the death of a donor, should be promptly reported for the correction of our books. We cannot be omniscient, but we should like to be accurate.

(4.) We would respectfully urge our donors to advise us of the despatch of goods by letter or post-card. We can often make more economical use of gifts when we know that they are coming.

To Intending Benefactors.

Follow slavishly the regular form of a legacy, and do not try to be original. Persons deviating from legal form are likely to prevent their intention from being carried out; 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 worried and disappointed the president, involving him in lawsuits, and all sorts of anxieties. He has too much to do as it is, and ought not to be called upon to battle with law and lawyers. Those are wisest who distribute their money in their own lifetime; but if this cannot be accomplished, friends should at least make their wills at once, 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, 1891.

	£	s.	d.
To Maintenance and Education:—			
Salaries and Wages	2,111	7	6
Provisions	4,375	10	5
Clothing	1,878	4	7
Laundry	471	3	10
Fuel, Gas, and Water	979	0	9
Books and School Requisites	232	16	9
Medical, Hospital, and Convalescent Expenses	183	17	10
Excursions and Travelling	61	0	3
Situations, Part Outfits, Gratuities, &c.	46	10	10
Gardening and Sundries	53	3	9
	10,395	16	6
,, Printing, Stationery, Publications, Office Expenses, Collecting Boxes, &c.	331	5	4
,, Repairs and Alterations	1,117	13	10
,, New Sanitary Arrangements	425	1	8
,, Furniture, Bedding, Linen, &c.	501	15	1
,, Poor and General Rates	180	4	9
	13,251	17	2
,, Balance brought down	2,658	0	2

	£	s.	d.
By Donations and Subscriptions:—			
General	5,972	18	11
Boxes and Books	1,000	8	11
Services of Song (less expenses)	534	5	0
	7,507	12	10
,, Legacies	933	9	8
,, Balance of Dividends and Rents (less Repairs, Rates, and Taxes, &c.	2,152	14	6
	10,593	17	0
,, Balance carried down (being excess of Expenditure over Income)	2,658	0	2
	13,251	17	2
,, Balance at Credit, March 31st, 1890	2,564	14	11
,, Balance due to Treasurer on general a/c	93	5	3
	2,658	0	2

Audited and found correct, this 12th day of June, 1891.

W. W. BAYNES,
Pickhurst Wood, Bromley, Kent.
W. IZARD,
147, Cannon Street, E.C.
Auditors.

JAMES A. SPURGEON,
Acting Treasurer,
WILLIAM HIGGS,
JAMES E. PASSMORE,
Trustees.

FREDERICK G. LADDS, *Secretary.*

THE

SWORD AND THE TROWEL.

SEPTEMBER, 1891.

The Healing Word.

A THURSDAY EVENING DISCOURSE, BY C. H. SPURGEON.

"He sent his word, and healed them."—Psalm cvii. 20.

THIS healing was in answer to prayer. The people were sore sick, and nigh unto death. They could not eat. Their appetite was so far gone that their soul abhorred all manner of meat. Then they cried unto the Lord. That is an expressive word, "cried"; for a prayer that is natural, scarcely articulate, has few words, or none. They cried, and as soon as they cried, this was the result—"He sent his word, and healed them." Now, it may be very encouraging to some, if they will notice what kind of prayer it was which brought so wonderful an answer.

Read the context, and you will see that it was the prayer of *fools:* "Fools, because of their transgression, are afflicted;" and these fools in their affliction cried unto God. You may know little or nothing about religion; but you may cry unto God. You may have very little human learning, and, as to theology, you may be quite ignorant of it; nevertheless, if you will but cry unto God, you shall be heard and helped, just as in this case the Lord answered the cries of fools.

But further, this was the prayer of *sinners*. These were moral fools: for we are told, they were afflicted "because of their transgression, and because of their iniquities"; so that these were a sinful people; transgressors, men who had gone beyond God's bounds, trespassers. They were also full of iniquity—that is, of in-equity. They had not been right towards men or towards God; but though they were in

this condition, when they cried, God heard them. God loves to hear a sinner cry. If all that you can say is, "God be merciful to me a sinner," you will go your way justified rather than the man who boasts of his own righteousness. Beloved, it was the prayer of fools and of criminals, and yet God heard it.

Moreover, it was the prayer of *dying men*. "They draw near unto the gates of death." We would not encourage any to put off seeking God until they come to die; but, at the same time, we would not discourage a dying man from seeking God. We are all dying men. They told me of one, "His life hangs on a thread," and I said, "So does mine." "Oh, but," they said, "he may not live through the day;" and I answered, "And I may not live through the day." Alas! we do not often think of that. We think all men mortal but ourselves. We may be upon the brink of our eternal destiny; and if we be, if in five minutes' time we shall stand before the bar of God, he will hear us now if we truly cry to him. What a mercy!

It was a prayer of men *in great trouble*. They were in "distresses." Yet they knew how to pray. "Oh!" says one, "I cannot pray. I am in such pain, I am so cast down. If I try to pray, something seems to choke me. I feel unworthy to come unto the mercy-seat. I cannot expect to be heard." Well, now, these people were in that condition; and yet they cried unto the Lord in their trouble, and he delivered them out of their distresses. No matter how distracted you may be, how worried, how unable to think, yet still cry unto God. When your dear child is sick of a fever, restless, heated, disturbed; you know how the little one starts in its fevered dreams, and is distressed. Do you, dear mother, say, "I cannot listen to my child's cry, because it is in such a feverish state"? Oh, no! You are all the quicker to listen to its cry, and to run to its help. It is so with God. When you are so bad that you cannot pray, God is so good that he can still hear the sighing of your soul, the breathing of your spirit.

You are in such distress, you say, that you do not know what to do. Well then, do not do anything but cry. But you never have been accustomed to pray. Well, cry. Oh, but you cannot put words together. Cry. "Ah!" you say, "I hear others pray at the prayer-meeting, but I seem completely shut up." Cry. Why, even a babe can cry. Never mind about beautiful expressions. What does God care about them? The most beautiful thing to God is a tear. To him there's music in a groan, and beauty in a tear. Let your heart speak as best it can; and remember that when the Holy Ghost prays, which is the highest conceivable form of prayer, it is "with groanings which cannot be uttered." Therefore, if you can only groan, you are praying a prevailing prayer, and God will hear you. "He sent his word, and healed them," and that was in answer to such a prayer as I have described to you.

The point about the prayer is this, it brings God on the scene. The man is ill. He sees the doctor. Prescribe, sir, what you will, the man is still ill. Here is the cook. She has brought a very dainty dish, just the kind of thing that surely will provoke his appetite. No, cook, it is of no use. His soul "abhorreth all manner of meat." He that would physic him, and she that would feed him, may both go

their way. But now, when he cries, he brings another Person on the scene. He has asked God to come and see what HE can do. Beloved, whenever you are in trouble, cry to the Lord. As long as you are there, and friends are there, and human help is there, you may have cause to despair; but when you take to your knees, and begin crying to God, then you have called in the Omnipotent, whose mercy endureth for ever, and there will soon be an end of your trouble.

That is our subject—God's coming upon the scene; God's healing soul-sickness: "He sent his word, and healed them."

I. I shall first call your attention to THE DIVINITY OF THIS HEALING. "*He* sent *his* word." See! there is nothing about man. The man is sick and ill, but when God comes in to heal him, it is, "*He* sent." What did he send? He sent "his word." God wrought with his own instrument. "He sent his word, and healed them." It is all of God from beginning to end. All true salvation is of the Lord. There is a great deal of salvation preached that is of man, and by man: but the salvation that we believe in, is not of him that willeth, nor of him that runneth, but of God that showeth mercy.

For the very reason that the work of salvation is wholly of the Lord, it is *very simple*. Man's work is always complex. The nearer a machine comes to perfection, the simpler it always becomes. God's word is perfect, and therefore it is exceedingly simple. "He sent his *word*, and healed them." That is all. Admire the simplicity of God in this. It is not, "He put them through years of trial. He sent them pompous ceremonies. He sent them eloquent preachers. He lifted them up, and he cast them down, and did a thousand things with them." No. "He sent his word, and healed them." There it is, all done, and done gloriously, simply by the sending of his word.

The divinity of the healing is further seen in that, while it is simple, it is *effectual*. "He sent his word, and *healed* them." It was done, done at once, done outright. God's word is never sent in vain. He says, "My word shall not return unto me void." "He sent his word, and healed them." Somebody else's word had come a great many times, and had never healed them. They had gone to this ceremony, and the other rite, and they were not healed; but "He sent his word, and healed them." That same word that created the light in the darkness, the word that made the heavens and the earth, comes to sick souls, and heals them. That word, and nothing more, is wanted.

Conversions are wrought in many different ways as to the circumstances; but if you could investigate each individual case, you would find it is *uniformly* by the word of God. One read a tract, another heard a sermon, another had a text of Scripture brought to his memory. One only thought, and as he thought he remembered something that he learnt in his childhood. But, come how it may, this is the way by which we get spiritual healing: "He sent his word, and healed them." There is a brother sitting in his study, puzzling his head, and worrying his heart, to find out something fresh for next Sunday morning. He has taken down some German divine, and he has just struck on a new thought that is not worth a penny a bushel, but his people shall have it on Sunday morning for their good; and what will come of it, except, perhaps, admiration for the preacher? But if that brother

would simply stick to God's word, and seek the promised help of the Holy Spirit, he would be led into all truth, and so preach it, that it would come true according to the text: "He sent his word, and healed them." Very simple, very effectual, uniformly triumphant, is the word of God to the sin-sick souls of men.

Best of all, the cure which is wrought by the word is *complete*. "He sent his word, and healed them, and", says the text, "delivered them from their destructions." Salvation by grace is always complete. Depend upon it, if God has saved us from the guilt of sin, he will also save us from the power of sin; and ere long he will save us from the tendency to sin, and will present us faultless before the presence of his glory with exceeding joy. "His work is perfect." "He sent his word, and healed them." See, then, the divinity of the blessing. If you are ever to be healed of soul-sickness, it must be by God himself. Poor sinner! do not be discouraged because of this; for if no one else can help you, God can and will. Therefore cry to him, cry on, till it comes true to you, "He sent his word, and healed them."

II. Now, secondly, consider THE MYSTERY OF THE METHOD. "He sent his word, and healed them." What does this mean? It means three things. He sent *the Incarnate Word*, and this is the essence of the cure. He sent his *Inspired Word*, and this is the instrument of the cure. He sent his *Omnipotent Word by the Holy Ghost*, and this is the power which works the cure; and these three forms of meaning must go together to make the text true to you and to me.

First of all, here is the true medicine for sick souls: "He sent his word," *the Incarnate Word*. "In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God," and God sent that Word into the world that he might heal those who were sick. "With his stripes we are healed." "His own self bare our sins in his own body on the tree," and by that substitutionary bearing of sin he took it away. Our cure comes of his wounds. There is no refuge for a sin-sick soul but in the bleeding, dying, risen, and ascended Saviour. "He sent his word, and healed them." O beloved friends, you that preach, preach much of Christ! Preach him up, preach him always. Never tire of preaching him; for there is no healing of the wounds of a bleeding world but by the wounds of a bleeding Christ. More of Christ! More of Christ! It was well said by the congregation, when they put into the pastor's Bible these words, "Sir, we would see Jesus." It is what the people want and must have—Jesus. There is no other remedy, no other balm, save Jesus Christ, and him crucified.

Then for the bringing of Christ, the Incarnate Word, to our hearts, there is *the Inspired Word*. While some try to diminish the inspiration of this Book, I take the volume as it stands to be my Father's mind to me. Now, when God means to heal sin-sick souls, he sends his word to their hearts. There is no part of the Bible that God has not blessed. You would be astonished if you were to hear how different parts of Scripture have been used of God in conversions. I think that the pole-star text is, "God so loved the world, that he gave his only-begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life." I have heard of hundreds brought to Christ by that, as compared with ones and twos by other texts. But

yet I have known strangely out-of-the-way texts, in the historical parts of the Bible, used by God. One has wondered how and why they got there; but God has put them there to bless them to some out-of-the-way, odd kind of soul, who might not have been reached through the usual methods. Every doctrine of the Bible is a converting doctrine, if properly preached; and every fact in Christ's life is a converting fact. The apostles usually preached Jesus and the resurrection; and the resurrection was the doctrine which led to the conversion of many. There are no doctrines in the Bible that we can do without. An all-round gospel, where every doctrine stands in fair proportion, will, in the hands of God, do more good than any one-sided view of the gospel. Preach it all; for there is something in it that is meant for all sorts of characters. "He sent his word, and healed them." Sometimes it is a precept. Sometimes it is a promise. Sometimes it is an Old Testament example; sometimes a New Testament miracle. But this is how men get healed by Christ: it is through the preaching of the word. Topical sermons are all very well; but the textual sermon will enable you to bring in most of the Word of God. Watch your conversions, and you will very seldom find a man converted by your comment upon God's words. The conversions are almost always by the Word of God itself. The sling does not kill anybody; it is the stone; and so you need not be so long playing with the sling without the stone. But take care that you have the stone; then use the sling, and you have something to send home to Goliath's brow. Oh, for more Scriptural preaching, expository preaching; for still it stands true, "He sent his word, and healed them"!

Still there is a third sense. God has a word, secret and imperceptible by human ears, *a word of power*, and when the preacher proclaims the gospel of Christ, the Lord stands by him, and seems to say, "Break, hearts!" and hearts are broken; "Come unto me," and the hearers come to him; "Believe," and they believe; for God speaks through the preacher with an almighty force, and then it is that men are effectually called, even the same people who might have been called in general to the world's end, and yet never would have come. What we want is the Omnipotent Spirit to work with the Infallible Word, to bring men to the Incarnate Word as their only hope and trust. See, then, the great need of prayer in our churches to bring the Holy Spirit among us. If we forget him, he will forsake us. If our ministry is without the Spirit, it will be without power. Unless we put ourselves into his hands, to be helped in thought and in utterance, and then put what we say into his hands, that he may apply it where and when he will, to conviction, and conversion, and comfort, we cannot expect a blessing; for still it standeth true, "He sent his word, and healed them." If the Lord says, "Be healed," healed they shall be. If he says, "Arise, take up thy bed, and walk," the paralytic man shall rise. If he says to the blind eye, or the deaf ear, "Be opened," opened it shall be; for "where the word of a king is, there is power;" and this is the word of the King of kings, even of God himself. Thus much upon the mystery of the method.

III. Now, in the third place, I would say just a little upon THE SENDING OF THE WORD; for, notice, it is not the word alone that healed,

but "He *sent* his word." I pass by other senses of the term, and will say no more about the sending of the Incarnate Word; but I will speak about the way in which the Inspired Word is sent by God to men.

Souls come into the house of prayer weary, and worn, and sad. God sends his word, first of all, by guiding his servant to *select the right topic*. How strangely does God guide his servants! I should not be believed if I were to tell the hundredth part of the singular things that have happened in this house. Entirely ignorant as to who might come, I have in my study thought over a passage, and come here. It has been the very passage somebody has thought of and talked about while coming. It has happened to be a passage which had been troubling the heart of some hearer, or in some way had worked itself into the circumstances of the day. It has fitted the hearer, as a glove fits the hand; and while he has heard the text preached from, he has said to himself, "What a strange thing that I should be here! I was never in the Tabernacle before, and this man seems to have unrolled a map, and to have traced upon it all my course through life. How can it be?" Why, it is because God sends his word. All whom God has blessed to the salvation of souls must have noticed the phenomenon—strange apart from the supernatural—how God has put in a man's way just the truth that he needed; ay, and more than that, has made it to be as plainly for him as if there had been written upon it, "This passage of Scripture is for such a one." "He sent his word."

Well, then, when God sends the word, *attention is arrested*. Persons have come to hear the word, with no intention whatever of conversion. In fact, if anybody had said anything about conversion to them, they would have stopped away; but something in the reading, or in the hymns, has laid hold of them; and they have been obliged to listen. Were you ever at the reading of a will? Is your name John Smith? Well, when the will is being read, it is a very dreary affair, is it not? —all about the tenements and messuages and hereditaments, and so forth, and you almost go to sleep over it; but presently the lawyer comes to a passage—"I leave to my cousin, John Smith, the sum of £500." What an interesting will it is! You are at once wide awake to everything that has to be said. So when in the discourse from the word, or in the reading of the Scriptures, we come upon something that is meant for us, we begin to listen, and the truth has a fair opportunity of telling on our heart and conscience. God sends the word in such a case as that by making it specially applicable to us.

When God sends the word, it is not content with lodging in the ear; it means to get into the heart. The man seems to say to it, "There is no admission here;" but the word says, "Then I will make admission. If you will not open the door to me, I will break it open: for come in I must." Why, are there not some of us who, when we were converted to God, were dogged up hill and down dale by a text of Scripture? We were obliged to attend to it; we could not refuse. The word came with such tremendous power that it cut us to the very heart. It would find an entrance. "He sent his word." Oh, when God sends his word, it must get into the hearer's heart!

Together with this deep conviction, there was a strange *desire begotten* in our hearts. We began to feel we scarcely knew how. The

word which we heard read in the pulpit we felt to be true. The word preached, too, we knew was true. It condemned us, but it was true. It drove us away from comfort, but we felt that it was true. Soon there sprang up a longing in our heart concerning the sweet things of the gospel. We believed that they were true; but oh, that we had a portion in them! Do you not remember when you used to go round the Lord's table, and wish that you might have one crumb from it? I do not mean the table of communion: I mean the table of his grace—when you used to go round the Lord's house, and say, "Oh, that I could get in! Oh, that I had a place among his people! Oh, that I might but have their hope, and their salvation!"

All this was evidence that God was *begetting faith* in us. We felt our heart believing that he sent this word to us. The iceberg had got into the warm gulf-stream of everlasting love, and it began insensibly to melt. The secret was, that the word of God had come into our hearts, and made them glow with divine love.

And, oh! do you remember when, at last, you *received the word in the power of it*, how it took full possession of your heart, and, sitting on the throne, made all things new? Do you remember when the promises became yours, and you read them with sparkling eyes, and said, "God speaks all this to me! He has blotted out my sins like a cloud. He has adopted me into his family. I am accepted in the Beloved. Hallelujah! hallelujah!"? "He sent his word, and healed them." You used to read your Bible before, did you not? You heard the same kind of truth preached, too; but it was no good to you; but when he sent his word, then it healed you. God's great bow, with which he sends the arrows of salvation, no man in earth or heaven can bend. But when *he* comes whose bow it is, and he draws it with his mighty arm, then the shaft flies to its predestinated mark, and God's eternal purpose is fulfilled, to the praise and glory of his grace.

IV. Now, the last point is this: THE HEALING NATURE OF THE WORD. "He sent his word, and healed them." There is an adaptation in what God uses to the healing of men. Is there anything in God's Word that will heal men? Well, bring hither your cases. Is there one here dying in despair? It is a dreadful thing to meet with men or women shut up in the iron cage, deserted, apparently, and left to die. But the great truth, that God was manifest in the flesh, and came and dwelt among men, *forbids despair*.

"'Till God in human flesh I see,
My thoughts no comfort find;
The holy, just, and sacred Three,
Are terrors to my mind.
But if Immanuel's face appear,
My hope, my joy, begins;
His name forbids my slavish fear,
His grace removes my sins."

The Word was made flesh that he might save our poor flesh from going down to destruction, and there is now no room for despair.

It often happens that, when despair is gone, there lingers a large amount of unbelief. "I do not doubt", said one, "but that God could save me; but I cannot believe as I would." Beloved, you never

will believe, except through the word of God; for that is the ordained means for *removing unbelief*. Read and study it much. Especially think much of him who is the Incarnate Word. Get him before your mind's eye; and when you see him wounded, bleeding, dying on the accursed tree, you will soon find your heart believing that he suffered this for you, and you will come to him, and find rest unto your souls. If you but know this truth, and rest in it, you shall be saved. Whoever you may be, if you rest in God's word as he gives it to you in this Book, and God's Word as he gave himself to you upon the cross, you shall be healed of despair, and also of doubt.

"Oh!" says one, "but my heart has grown *sad*. It is long since I have had anything like spiritual joy. I am always playing in the minor key. My notes are all of mournful things." Well now, there is healing in the word of God for that. Spirits can be revived by promises. Hearts can be made to dance for joy by the words of this precious Book. Somewhere in it there is a remedy for every sorrow of the soul. Hunt for it. When I have this Book in my hand, I feel like a whitesmith who has a great bunch of keys, with which he can open any lock that he wishes. You have got your comfort all locked up in a drawer, and you cannot get it out. Here are the keys; and if there is not another lock in the world like yours, there is a key here made on purpose for you; for this Bible contains a marvellous collection of keys for opening closed drawers or closed doors. Some one said truly that "it is no end of a Book." It is an illimitable expanse of consolation; a sea without a bottom or a shore. It is a mine, full of all precious things to enrich poor souls. Do but come and try this remedy, and you shall be healed of your sadness.

"But, alas! I feel such *tendencies to sin*, and I am so easily overcome by *temptation*," says another. Well, this Book is full of medicine for souls that have tendencies to sin. There is some very bitter physic here for you, and when God gives you one of his bitter pills, it will cure the tendency to sin. The sight of Christ on the cross is the best protection from temptation. You will loathe sin when you see what Christ suffered for you. You will loathe it when you see how much Christ loved you. A dose of the love of Christ, a few drops taken in a little of the water of repentance, will cure any tendency to sin; and this will be one of the best preservatives against temptation. The mighty love of Christ, the deep hatred of the soul to the sin that made the Christ to die, may we have these in our hearts to the full!

Now, to sum all up, let us prize Christ beyond everything. Precious Christ! Let us prize the Word of God—every line of it; and if we are in any kind of spiritual disease, unrest, or tribulation, let us come to the Word, and read it. Let us come to Christ, and trust him; and let us say to the great Father, "O God, send thy word, and heal me!"

Do I address any poor sinner who has not yet felt his need of Christ? May the word heal you of your carelessness! And if you do feel your need of Christ, and cannot lay hold of him, may the Incarnate Word come, and heal your spiritual paralysis, and may you go your way healed, to the praise of the glory of his grace! Amen.

Dr. Nettleton as a Student.

WHILE Mr. Nettleton was in Yale College, Newhaven, a revival of religion began. Dr. Tyler, his American biographer, says Nettleton was among the first to discover indications of special religious impressions, and to seek out persons in a state of religious anxiety. Often did I see him with one or two heart-burdened youths of the youngest class, walking arm-in-arm in the college yard before evening prayers, conversing on the great interests of the soul. So soon as he became acquainted with a student under religious impressions, his company and counsel were sought and greatly prized. In the *American Quarterly Register* there is a history of revivals in Yale College, from which the following case is quoted:—"A member of one of the lower classes became deeply anxious for his spiritual welfare when the revival began. He was, indeed, the first person in the college brought under conviction of sin. As the work progressed, others, who were awakened at a later period, were apparently brought into the kingdom, and were rejoicing in hope, while he was left in the bitterness of despair, with the arrows of the Almighty drinking up his spirit.

"His health rapidly declined under his sufferings. He was confined, in a great measure, to his bed; and it was feared that, with a feeble constitution, he must soon sink under the weight of his distress, unless relief should be obtained. In the adjoining room there lived an avowed disbeliever in spiritual religion, who denied the reality of the divine influence in revivals, and from the commencement of the present work had regarded with scorn those who were concerned in it. Mr. Nettleton, who knew his sentiments, asked him to visit the sufferer, and led him towards the bedside. He stood for a moment looking at the emaciated form before him, listened to the exclamations which told the horror and distress of an awakened conscience; and then, turning, went back to his room, to weep there under a sense of his own sin. Not long after, to the wonder of all his companions, it was said of him, as of Saul of Tarsus, 'Behold, he prayeth!' He became at once a decided and exemplary Christian. He entered the ministry, and became a missionary, and has, no doubt, ere now, entered into the joy of his Lord.

"The young man first mentioned continued in a state of distress for some time. At length, late one night, while a few Christian friends lingered about the bed of the agonized and despairing youth, pleading that the balm of Gilead might be applied to his wounded spirit, a messenger was despatched for the president (Dr. Dwight), as it seemed that, unless relief came, death must close the scene. Though at a late hour, the president promptly answered the call. He came as one sent of God, and as the bearer of good tidings of great joy. For a short time the president seemed overwhelmed, so deeply did he share in the distress of the agonized one. At length, however, taking a seat by the bedside, he gradually directed the anxious one to the divine sufficiency, the infinite fulness of Jesus Christ, repeated some of the invitations of the gospel, and then poured out his heart in prayer to God. The prayer was heard; and the words he spoke were a healing balm from on high. A sweet serenity stole over the mind of the young man who had been in such an agony of soul, a serenity which was the harbinger of a joy that soon followed, a joy that was unspeakable, and full of glory."

"The Work of an Evangelist."

BY THOMAS SPURGEON.

No. VIII.—Canterbury. (Lincoln Road, East Oxford, and Kirwee.)

IT is not within the scope of this paper to tell in detail the story of the Canterbury pilgrims; or of how there sailed from England to far-away New Zealand a band of emigrants, who fondly hoped to found a settlement for Anglicans alone. They started the city of Christchurch, and spread themselves abroad on the surrounding plains. With a little "tickling", the light soil soon relinquished the treasure of its golden grain, and the province grew apace. But those "dreadful dissenters", as I have heard them called, found entrance somehow to the Episcopal preserves, and even ventured to buy and sell, and build and sow; ay, and to worship too, and that in their own peculiar ways.

They always were a most obtrusive set. From the days of Cromwell even until now, they have dared to be independent. By what course of reasoning they came to the conclusion that they had a right to inhabit the districts of Canterbury, this deponent sayeth not. Possibly such a sentiment was to them self-evident. In any case, it proved impossible to erect a fence proof against all "schismatics." Whatever precautions can be taken against the mingling of the ashes of the sprinkled with the bones of the "unbaptized", there are no religious railings round consecrated ground for those who are yet alive. So the "chapel people" ventured to Canterbury, and the Baptists came also among them. These in due time united together in church-fellowship, and presently commenced the erection of meeting-houses.

Now, it happened that to an earnest-hearted immersionist, resident in the neighbourhood of Lincoln Road, a suburb of the ecclesiastical city, there came the conviction that a "cause" should be started thereabouts. The official record tells us that he "communicated this desire to his wife Janet, who was one with him in Christ." So there were already two agreed as touching this thing. Nor was it long before number three appeared, in the person of a godly woman who, in 1865, set apart a small cottage without charge for the preaching of the Word. She, good soul, still lives to note the progress of the work; though, being sorely afflicted, she cannot share in it. But the statute that was made at the brook Besor, as an ordinance for Israel, holds "unto this day" for all who are Abraham's seed; and dear sick saints, who have to tarry at home, divide the spoil with those who go forth to battle for the Lord. This aged saint bears glad testimony that Jesus is specially near and dear. Is it not always so? Never yet did a suffering believer have to say, like the young man of Egypt, "My master left me, because I fell sick."

The cottage aforesaid seems to have been a remarkable structure. My informant describes it as "a sod-whare", *i.e.*, a house or hut with walls composed of sods. But the six disciples who formed the church were glad of the shelter that earthen sides and wooden roof afforded.

It was indeed sadly weather-worn; but many true worshippers have had far poorer accommodation, and God has made his presence felt in dens, and caves, and catacombs. So the "sod-whare" became a veritable sanctuary. How long it might have served the little band it is hard to say, had not an unfortunate (or, as it proved, a fortunate) *contretemps* occurred, which cut its history short, and is still a pleasantry with the people. It would appear that, during divine service, a cow, evidently more devotional than most of her species, or (as another historian suggests) attracted by the melodious singing, surreptitiously approached the said sod-whare, and put her head through one of its windows. What effect this unlooked-for addition to the congregation had on preacher and hearers is not recorded; but the chronicle does mention that, in attempting to withdraw her head, the cow commenced the work of demolition, and made a new building an imperative necessity.

April '67 saw the new place of worship up, ample provision being made, let us hope, against the intrusion of wandering cattle. A Mr. Pole was the first minister. The church seems to have been in a warm and hearty condition during his pastorate. What's in a name? Some there are who hold a theory that it is not so icy at either of the poles as we generally suppose. Certainly this brother was neither Arctic nor Antarctic in the usual significance of those terms. The church was united under him, not *frozen* together though, as is, alas! so often the case.

Since the Pole star ceased to shine, four successive leaders have come and gone. During one of these pastorates the chapel was enlarged, and in another a new building to hold 400 was erected. All this is easily recorded; but for so small a body, these were stupendous tasks. Such energy and courage make one think of the ants that carry burdens out of all proportion to their size, up hills and down dales, with perseverance most praiseworthy. Well done, ants! Bravo, Baptists!

The present minister is Mr. Dewdney of the Metropolitan Tabernacle College, a right worthy representative of that honoured institution. Our denominational organ, *The New Zealand Baptist,* is what it is, thanks to his able editorship.

There are even now only fifty-nine members in the church; but they put up a residence two years ago for their newly-married minister. It does not profess to be a mansion, but a manse, and as such it is all that could be desired. During our "Mission" together, we had the dew of the Lord upon us. "*It did us all a lot of good,*" is the concise and cheery summing-up of the Pastor; and he ought to be the best judge. A Young Christians' Band has been inaugurated, and all the existing organizations have received fresh stimulus. It was after this mission that I gave, for the first time, a lecture, illustrated by dissolving views, on "The Conquest of the Congo; or, Africa for Christ." It ran smoothly for a first appearance. What a history it is! It is inspiring work even to tell of how the mighty river has become a highway for our God, and of how our brave brethren have laid down their lives on its banks for Christ's sake and the gospel's.

Forty miles from Christchurch, and under the range of mountains that bounds the Canterbury plains on the West, lies the straggling township of OXFORD. There, in the midst of a grove of trees, is a little

Baptist Conventicle, so snugly ensconced under the grateful shade as to look the very picture of restful calm.

I am half afraid that, if the whole truth were told, it would transpire that the peace which pervades the exterior has not always prevailed within the church. Yet, in another sense, that is spiritually, there is peace enough and to spare throughout the eleven churches in the township; for there is no week-night service in any one of them. Even in view of a special evangelistic effort, the people would not respond in any numbers to the call to prayer. The Sunday audiences in the Town Hall were overflowing ones, and even during the week we had good congregations; but there is a sad, sad lack of life. There is a world of difference between being alive, and being living or lively. Many of these friends were alive from the dead, I doubt not; but they had not got life "more abundantly." How little there was of earnest pleading; of yearning for souls, of compelling them to come in, and of personal dealing with the unsaved! And without these a mission cannot be truly successful.

Nevertheless, some good results were visible. A little life was infused into a few, and some heard the truth who would not have ventured to a service but for the magic name of Spurgeon. Though grieved that many mighty works could not be done there, the evangelist was not allowed to leave without the grateful thanks of several who "strengthened his hand in God" by exclaiming, "You have cleared my doubts away;" "I see the truth so plainly now;" "It was just exactly what I wanted;" and such like words of cheer. O you, who at any time get any sort of good, keep not silence! You little know how you may hearten a weary worker by a grateful acknowledgment.

Strolling one day on the outskirts of the township, I dropped into a cottage in search of fruit. The good man of the house was finishing his tea, and in the gloaming he and I sat and talked together, while the wife and bairns gathered the fruit. By-and-by my identity leaked out, whereupon the cottager proceeded to tell me of his residence, long years ago, near Nightingale Lane, and of his frequent visits to the Tabernacle. So we chatted, until the good wife arrived with a candle and a basket of peaches. Having enquired what I owed her, I was referred to the husband. Then he spoke somewhat as follows:—"Well, now, I'll tell you what: I remember that there used to be, on the walls of the Tabernacle, a notice requesting each visitor to give, at least, one penny to the weekly-offering. Many a time I have given nothing. Then, I used to think, I'll give sixpence next time to make up; but I'm afraid I never did; and then I came right away to New Zealand. So now, Mr. Spurgeon, you must have the peaches for nothing, and maybe, that'll help to put things to rights." I explained, of course, that the Pastors' College would not get the benefit of the peaches; but I concluded that, as I have the honour to be one of its sons, I might (with great self-denial, of course) transform myself into an offering-box, and receive the contribution thankfully. So I dropped them into the receptacle. Conscience-money I have heard of; but here were conscience-peaches—a new sort, surely!

From Oxford we struck across country to KIRWEE; such a curious little place in the midst of the great plain! Go where you will, you will find long, straight, shingly roads, and for every road there is—

"A straggling fence that skirts the way,
With blossomed furze unprofitably gay."

Kirwee, like all other places on these plains, is remarkable for wind. I remember once looking at a photograph of a pretty place in this province, and admiring it, when a voice behind me said, "Oh, but that doesn't show the nor'-westers!" True it is that, but for these scorching winds, which, strangely enough, come leaping over snow-clad ranges, these country villages would be most delightful abiding-places; but the nor'-westers make them the reverse. The blasts are hot enough to take the vigour out of most folk, and strong enough to carry not only stacks and houses, but the very ground before them. To have the grain shaken out of standing corn is bad enough; but what think you, Mr. Farmer, of having the seed lifted out of the soil, or of seeing soil and seed bodily transported to a neighbouring farm? Many of the houses are shored up. One of our churches has been blown clean away. Of course, here, as everywhere, it is an ill-wind that blows nobody any good. I heard of how a lock-up, with a prisoner in it, was heeled over, and demolished. A powerful gust it must have been; for it blew the prisoner so far that he was never seen again! There was mercy in that *blow*.

Thank God, we had a breeze from heaven of a spiritual sort. It blew over some of Satan's lock-ups, and set the prisoners free. Conversions have been all too rare in Kirwee; but the Lord graciously vouchsafed us some during the week; and many Christians, who had been content to tread the dry and dusty dead-level of ordinary Christian experience, began to climb.

One cheering fact has come to my ears. I am told that the Anglican clergyman, having arranged for a concert and a dance (dancing is one of the curses of these up-country townships), was not a little dismayed to find that the fiddlers, who generally supplied the music, had been converted, and declined to attend. So the "hop" had to be foregone. At this I did greatly rejoice. So may all such ecclesiastical whirligigs perish! When the church thus caters for the world, its glory has, indeed, departed! What better cure for such glaring inconsistency can there be than to have the fiddlers converted, and their talents used thereafter to the glory of God alone?

Oh, that all men were saved! "Do you believe Jesus is willing to save you?" said I to a weeping enquirer at this same place. "Oh, yes, I cannot doubt it." "And is he able?" A pause for thought; and then this answer came:—"Yes, he is able, *if I'd only let him*." That seeker was saved, I verily believe, ere the interview was ended; but how and why? Because she "let him" save her. Perhaps, dear reader, yours is a similar case. Then, why not let him save you ere you scan another page?

"Are you coming home, ye lost ones?
Behold, your Lord doth wait;
Come, then! no longer linger;
Come, ere it be too late!
Will you come, and *let him save you?*
Oh, trust his love and might!
Will you come while he is calling?
Are you coming home to-night?"

A Modern Apostle.*

WHEN we see a world-map crossed and recrossed by various coloured lines, we instinctively think of our early lessons on the journeys of the apostle Paul taught by the same means. It seems, therefore, appropriate that the volume containing such a map should bear the above title; and in very truth, Dr. Somerville, of whom a speaking portrait is attached to this record of his life, was an apostle who carried the gospel over a greater area of the world's surface than any modern man.

Remarkable for many things, the chief point of interest in his life is that, at the age of sixty-one, when most men think of resting, he began what, practically, amounted to a new life-work. Like Napoleon at Marengo, he fought two battles in the day, though, unlike him, he was victorious in the former as well as in the latter. But the record of the earlier years, striking as it is, and full of manifold labours, yields in thrilling vividness to the history of the closing fifteen years of his life, the years which really claim the apostolic title.

Once, and only once, did I see the venerable old man, and then his presence was a surprise. But as the beaming face, and the shock of white hair rose above the pulpit, there was no feeling of disappointment amongst the audience; all felt that a man worthy of attention was beginning to speak; and when, with kindling eye and easy gesture, the preacher "got under weigh", he reminded one of nothing so much as a white-winged yacht, with every sail filled with the wind of heaven, borne upon its limpid element, and in its rapid motion tossing up torrents of spray whereon it seemed natural the sun should paint a rainbow. What he said I have forgotten; what he looked, is still a fresh memory. Since then, I have crossed his track several times—in Turkey; in Greece; in Italy; in France; and though, after years, the impression left in various places varies with the place and the circumstances, the memory of the "old man eloquent" is a sunny one, and he is always spoken of with a smiling face. As Dr. Smith says, his was pre-eminently a message of good cheer.

McCheyne and he were born within four months of each other, in 1813, and early became friends, studying together, and afterwards having much fellowship in God's work. How different the destiny of the two, though how blessed the lot of both! Dr. Andrew Bonar, who still survives, blessing and blessed, was an early friend of theirs, and Horatius Bonar, familiar to the world by his hymns, formed another of the circle of seven evangelists, amongst whom was W. C. Burns, so greatly honoured both in Scotland and China. What grace in embryo there was in those days when such men were being girded for the field; yet the days themselves were apparently dark, and men knew not the glorious purposes of God! It is quite probable that, amid the gathering shadows of the unbelief of our own time, a light as brilliant is being prepared for God and his church. Courage, faint heart!

Captain Cargill, who founded Otago and Dunedin, in New Zealand, was the means of leading young Somerville to decision for Christ.

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* A Modern Apostle. Alexander N. Somerville, D.D. By George Smith, C.I.E., LL.D. London: John Murray.

This, though he knew it not, was, probably, the best work of his life. As Sir Humphry Davy, who, after enumerating his discoveries, was wont to exclaim, "But the greatest of all my discoveries is Michael Faraday;" so the patient, persistent effort, which led the young student to Christ, was ordained to leave a greater impress on the world than the other efforts which, at the time, seemed more tangible, and, as they say, "more practical." But, after all, are not the men who "see visions" the most practical benefactors of their race? If there could be a record of the unknown men and women, who have been used to lead the future leaders of the church to Christ, and have thus become the grandfathers of religious movements—as Andrew of Pentecost—it might stimulate many a hidden worker for the Lord Jesus to persevere in such quiet ministry with greater hopefulness of heart. Who will write it?

During his student days, Mr. Somerville was accustomed, with McCheyne, to undertake mission work amongst the poor in Edinburgh; and before his ordination, he seemed led to devote himself to foreign work, desiring, if he went to the heathen, "to be out of the reach of the baneful influence of esteem or contempt." But in 1836 he began his ministry at Edgerston, near Jedburgh, where he gathered a congregation, and raised funds to build a "church." After an interval, in which he laboured at Stockbridge, he succeeded McCheyne at Dunipace, where he was accustomed to set out early on Sabbath mornings, and knock the people up on his way to the church; and by such means he awakened them, not only from physical, but from spiritual slumber, having evidently found a natural law which had its counterpart in the spiritual world. In 1837, he removed to the church at Anderton, in Glasgow, of which he was minister for nearly fifty-two years. He was sole pastor until 1878; and from that time till his death, in 1889, *emeritus* or honorary pastor. During his pastorate there, he carried on all kinds of work, preaching constantly, conducting classes for young men and for young women, which became famous all over the city; leading his congregation with him in a most unique and practical rescue work, entering heart and soul into the labour of Bible distribution, and taking a prominent part in the philanthropic movements of the day. In short, Anderton church was looked upon as the warmest congregation in Glasgow, and became like tinder to the touch of every spark of divine fire. Was it any wonder, when the minister used frequently to shut himself up in the church, and go over the pews, reading the names of each occupant, and praying for each by name?

It was during this time that one of his mission-workers went to conduct a class in a kitchen; and when the earnest young man began to ascend the dark stair, on that winter night, he found to his dismay, that on each stair lay the prostrate form of one of his boys. The consequent hubbub being stilled, the boys walked into the class quite demurely; and when they were supposed to have their eyes closed during prayer, one of them took the teacher's tall hat, and with it quietly covered the candle. When the prayer was finished, the crown of the hat was furnished with an open ventilator, through which the flame of the candle was steadily burning, while the boys stood apparently devout.

When the Disruption came, Somerville was one of those who marched through the crowded Edinburgh streets to form the new Assembly of the

Free Church, and he carried his congregation with him, almost to a man, to the new building which was presently erected.

His first foreign work was in Spain, which, from his experience, he used frequently to say should be spelt without the first letter. Before the revolution there, in 1868, in which he greatly gloried as throwing down the barriers to the gospel, which, alas! have been in great measure erected again, his sympathy and help were engaged on behalf of Matamoros; and through his influence, the National Bible Society of Scotland helped that brave man in the then perilous undertaking of printing three thousand copies of the New Testament in Spanish, in a cellar in Malaga. For six years Dr. Somerville spent his summer holiday in Spain, distributing Bibles, preaching the Word, and stimulating and organizing the infant churches.

After forty years of home-work, and at the age of sixty-one, when most men are old, the new development began by his mission to India, where he went specially to evangelize amongst the Europeans, and the constantly-increasing number of natives who understand English. His visit was most successful, and pioneered the way for many who have since gone on a similar errand. When he returned, after having travelled thousands of miles, preaching some three hundred and fifty times, and founding several Young Men's Christian Associations, he made a vigorous appeal for workers for India. "Come out, young men, to the mighty field!" he said. "Three young men in the fiery furnace shook all the realm of Babylon. Come out, old men; there's stuff in you yet; one old man in the lion's den shook all the world!"

Following this tour, in rapid succession, came preaching journeys to Canada, Australia, France, Germany, South Africa, Greece, and Asia Minor, of which we have not space to speak in detail. In nearly every place he was welcomed with enthusiasm, and worked with ease. Sometimes, as in Athens, he met with opposition; but generally his introductions, his suavity, his noble bearing, and his earnest catholic spirit, carried him successfully through. Thus, for years this fervent old man went over the world like a flame of fire.

Except in Canada, Australia, and South Africa, he had to speak by interpretation to his audiences, which numbered from a dozen to four or five thousand, or even more. In one place, seven thousand persons gathered at ten o'clock in the morning to his meeting. In 1886, he had preached in this manner in twenty-one languages, and several others were subsequently added; and the energy he threw into the delivery of his message may be guessed, when it is said that he frequently exhausted his interpreters, four of them, in one place. This method may, perhaps, seem to be a slow and broken way of delivering the message, especially when, as at Bloemfontein, in South Africa, "Every sentence was said four times in four languages"—English, Dutch, Basuto, and Bechuana; but it has its evident advantages. Dr. Somerville was accustomed to find sanction for the practice in the fact that our own Bible comes to us by interpretation from its original languages; and on one occasion, in St. Petersburg, having given an address in English, the same address, given in the evening through a German interpreter, caused a greater impression than in the morning, many shedding tears as he spoke of Barabbas being freed by the sacrifice of Jesus.

During 1886 and 1887, he went, as Moderator of the Free Church Assembly, through the highlands and islands of Scotland; and he had his last mission, which was specially to the Jews of Austria and Servia, the following year. Indeed, all through his ministry, his interest in the Jews was intense. He rightly urged, that upon the ingathering of God's ancient people depended much blessing to the world. Remembering the saying of Delitzsch, that "so long as you confine yourselves to dealing with the Gentiles, and to missions to the heathen alone, you resemble a bird trying to fly with one wing;" all through his apostolic career "Somerville's flight had been two-winged." This is a point which demands earnest attention in these days, in view both of the hardships to which the Jews in Russia are being subjected, and to the wonderful movement towards the acknowledgment of Christ which is being made by Rabinowitz and others.

It will be interesting to temperance workers that during all Dr. Somerville's journeys, and in spite of many hardships, he maintained his wonderful vigour without touching wine or strong drink; while to all workers, his home-life and the training of his family, set a beautiful example. Like Noah, as he himself says of another, "He prepared an ark to the saving of his house." One of his sons, Rev. J. E. Somerville, B.D., is the Presbyterian minister at Mentone.

While much of his eminent success was, undoubtedly, due to his wonderful fertility of resource, and to the remarkable way in which his hands were sustained by earnest friends both at home and abroad, it is impossible to rise from the perusal of this stirring biography, which Dr. Smith has so skilfully placed before us (and which, by the frequent use of the word "pled" has the Scotch mark upon it, like several other recent works), without feeling that, in no small degree, the good result of Dr. Somerville's labours was owing to the doctrines which he preached: "Christ for us a Substitute; with us, no substitute for Christ." His deep and regular study of the Bible, and his reverence for every word of it, gave a constant freshness to his preaching. To some departing missionaries, he said, "The Bible, from beginning to end, is the Word of God. If we lose our faith in the Bible, and our attachment to it, the Bible will not suffer; the loss will be our own. The Bible will remain, as it has done, unimpaired in strength, grandeur, and magnificence." These are golden words, and, coming from a man who had personally proved the adaptation of the Bible to the needs of many nations, are worthy of earnest attention, as are also those other words with reference to the two popular theories of the future, which give men in the present an excuse for remaining in their sin. "To some classes Satan repeats his old lie, 'Ye shall not surely die,' and to other classes (who are advocating the idea of the annihilation of the wicked) he is saying, 'Ye *shall* surely die.' In both cases he succeeds in making void the Word of God."

Having given his life to the world-wide dissemination of the truth, turning thousands from darkness to light; having borne a far-reaching witness to three generations, giving many a spiritual impulse, and in every continent having had memorials erected to his work, the wearied soldier was, at length, suddenly called to his reward. His spirit passed away, as he was being lifted in his son's arms, on 17th September,

1889. His wife entered the room a moment afterwards, and asked, "Is he suffering?" The reply was, "He is in heaven." In his old church his body lay, as if he had laid himself back after a service, palms gracefully bending over him as he seemed to rest. A touching service was held in the crowded building, no sermon being given; for as his daughter says, "*Dr. Somerville was preaching.*" Then, with a little sheaf of grain on the coffin, the body was carried through the throng to Maryhill, and there it was committed to the earth. And through this memorial volume, and by his book of sermons, "*Precious Seed Sown in Many Lands,*" and through many another life here, and, perhaps, in spirit yonder, *Dr. Somerville is preaching still.*

"So, when a good man dies,
For years beyond our ken,
The light he leaves behind him, lies
Upon the paths of men."

W. Y. FULLERTON.

Not a Terminus, only a Bend.

ON one of our missionary journeys along the River Han, China, we came to what appeared to be an immense lake. On either side and behind us were mountains, rising to a height of more than two thousand feet, and another one, still higher, rose in front of us, and seemed like a huge rampart, barring our way. This is a very tortuous river, and we have beheld similar scenes before; but never have we seen a mountain before us so high and formidable-looking as this one, and never before have we come to a place which looked so much like the terminus of the river. Ignorance and unbelief might wonder how it can be possible to get out of such a difficulty, and a faint heart would probably suggest stopping or returning.

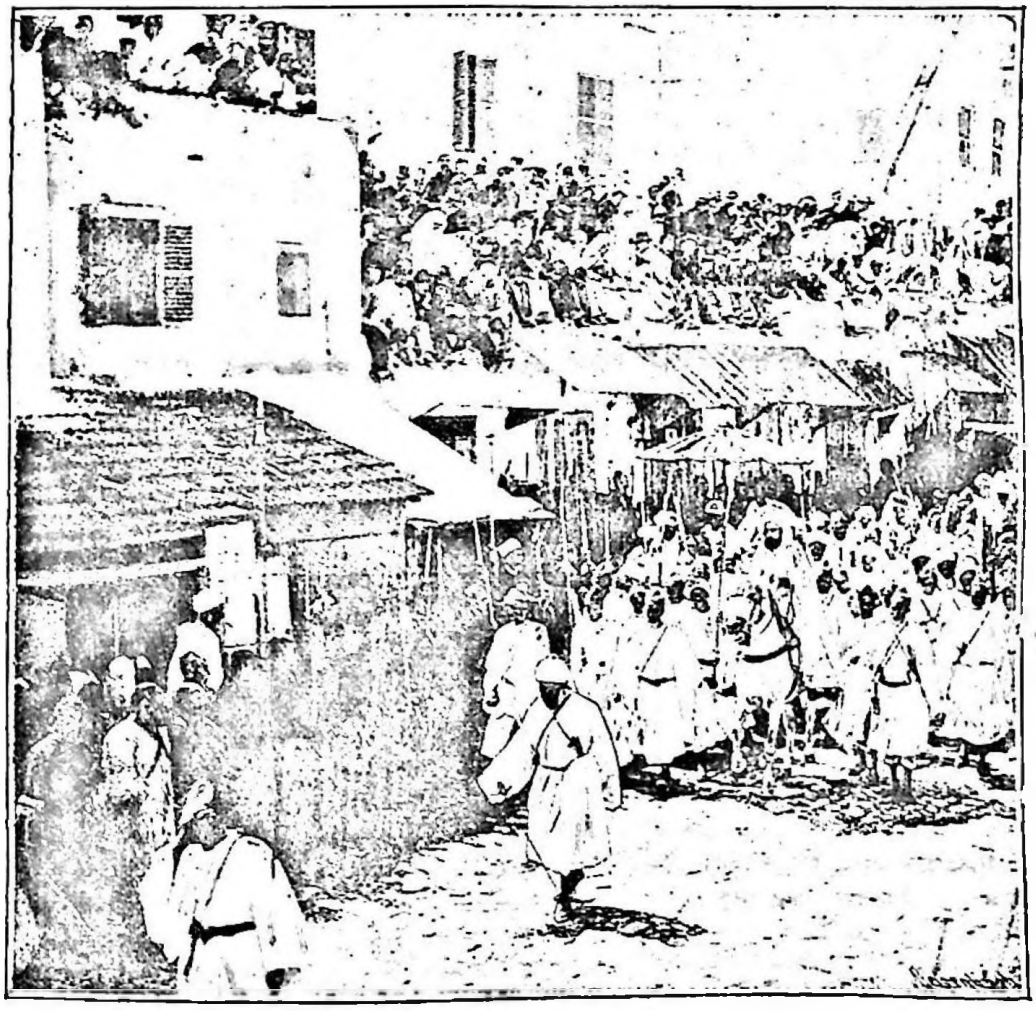
But although we "have not passed this way heretofore", we know that it must certainly lead us to the city for which we have set out; not only because we have confidence in the captain and pilot, but because we are personally acquainted with others who have travelled this way successfully. So we travel on, slowly, but confidently; and when we come to the mountain which looked so formidable, we find that what *appeared* to be the *terminus* of the river, is really, after all, *only a bend*, which forms *part of the course toward our destination.*

So in our spiritual life, we often meet difficulties and obstacles, which appear as real as they are great. But why fret and be anxious? Have we lost faith in our Captain, who has never yet led us wrongly? and have we forgotten the many who have passed this way in safety, and entered into the city? Be brave, despondent soul, and in God's strength go on, and you will certainly find, to your great joy, that, though the object which causes anxiety may still remain, God has in infinite wisdom provided a way out of the difficulty; and what at first appeared to be a terminus in the river is, after all, *only a bend.*

GEORGE A. HUNTLEY.

The North Africa Mission.

THE picture below is one of a series of views in Morocco, which our medical missionary, Dr. Churcher, has sent to us in the hope of awakening increased interest in the Lord's work in that dark land so close to our own country. We have two brethren labouring there at present—Mr. N. H. Patrick and Dr. Churcher. As men and means are given to us, we shall multiply our missionaries manifold; for the present workers are totally inadequate to the needs of the myriads of Mohammedans, Jews, Spaniards, and other dwellers in Northern Africa. Dr. Churcher is anxious to push on further into the interior, now that Dr. Terry has taken charge of the hospital and dispensary at Tangier. He will need special remembrance in prayer under the circumstances mentioned in his note.



Dr. Churcher says:—"The view that I send you represents the Sultan of Morocco on horseback, surrounded by his courtiers, and shaded by the imperial umbrella. He is a brave and good ruler, according to his light, but 'his light' is the darkness of Mohammedanism. In common with all his subjects, he dislikes Christians; and just now he has written a letter to the English minister, complaining of

the missionaries who have come to his country. He says that they upset his people, and in consequence he cannot be responsible for their lives. He finishes up by requesting that all missionaries shall be made to leave the country. We have committed this matter, along with all our work, to the Lord, and do not expect that anything very serious will come out of the letter."

Messrs. Patrick and Churcher are supported by the Pastors' College Missionary Association, but they labour in connection with the NORTH AFRICA MISSION. The honorary secretary, Mr. E. H. Glenny, 21, Linton Road, Barking, has recently returned to England, after visiting most of the mission-stations in Algeria, Tunis, and Morocco. In the current number of *North Africa*, he states so well "the need of a deeper and wider interest", that we venture to reproduce for our readers his plea for more labourers in this portion of the Lord's great harvest field:—

"We have from time to time seen articles comparing Mohammedanism with average Christianity, &c. We fear that these articles, though containing much instructive matter, may tend to perplex the minds of readers by presenting confused issues. What is an average *professing* Christian? If we take the four hundred millions of Christendom, the *average* Christian would be represented by an ignorant and idolatrous Romanist, or member of the Greek Church, or a spiritually dead Protestant; comparing *such* with Mohammedans, there is probably not much to choose between them: all are alike without a true knowledge of the gospel, and without spiritual life. They are simply specimens of the natural man in varying degrees of darkness and distance from God.

"But is not such a comparison misleading and mischievous? Does it not *seem* to imply that Mohammedanism is nearly as good as Christianity? Probably it is nearly as good as *such* Christianity. Does it not tend also to strengthen the idea—so destructive to missionary effort—that these Mohammedans have a sufficient knowledge to justify Christians in leaving them unevangelized? If Mohammedanism is to be compared with Christianity, we may say that there are two rival systems of religion, which profess to teach men how they may be saved; but while those who faithfully follow Mohammed follow him only to perish, those who rely on Christ receive eternal life and joy. This is a comparison of facts, and at a glance teaches us that we should endeavour to deliver every Moslem from his fast-approaching doom. If, again, we compare Mohammedanism with heathenism, we find that in *some* respects it is even more antagonistic to God than idolatry. Polygamy and slavery are common among the heathen, so they are among Moslems; but the heathen practises them merely as a gratification of his lust or selfishness, while the Moslem does so as professedly sanctioned by God. He claims to have divine authority for vice and sin. The heathen is in the dark, but with the Moslem his very light is darkness. How great is that darkness! *

* Anyone who wishes to know more about the teaching of the false prophet, will find a mass of valuable information upon the subject in *Mohammed and Mohammedanism Critically Considered*, by S. W. Koelle, Ph.D. (Rivingtons). The author, who was for thirty years missionary of the Church Missionary Society, has had a long acquaintance with Mohammedans on the West Coast of Africa, and in Egypt, Palestine, and

"The greater the error, the thicker the darkness, the stronger the antagonism to God's truth, the greater the need to patiently persevere in shedding the light of the knowledge of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ. Ten years ago I hoped to spend my whole time in North Africa witnessing for Christ, but God led in another way. He led me to make known the deep needs of North Africa amongst the people of God in the British Isles, and elsewhere; and thus, instead of labouring personally in Africa, which I should have preferred, I have, in company with others, been occupied in helping some seventy brethren and sisters to go out to preach Christ among these long-neglected people. In so doing, I have, during the last ten years, travelled at home and abroad about one hundred and twenty thousand miles. I feel the need to be practically as great as ever, and consequently still desire to stir up increased interest and sympathy in this work. Many more men are needed, but they must be of the right sort. Women even in greater numbers are required. The labourers already in the field we wish to see more liberally sustained, and their work more bountifully supported. We desire also that as recruits consecrate their lives to the work, others may consecrate their substance to support them. That this may be the case, we ask our readers to join us in prayer that the needs of North Africa may be laid on the hearts of God's people."

"A Mouth and Wisdom."

SOME people seem to be all mouth and no wisdom; some have much wisdom and little mouth. One class can tell all they know, but they know very little that is worth telling; the others are deep in thought, but slow of speech; rich in knowledge, but poor in expression.

The promise of God to his people is to give them a mouth and wisdom "which all their adversaries shall not be able to gainsay or resist." They were to have knowledge, and the ability to declare it; they were to have power to speak, and something to say.

The servants of God should claim these things as their right. The Lord, who is the fountain of all wisdom, can give them wisdom; the Lord, who has taught men to speak, can give them speech. He who made man's mouth, he who can control man's tongue, he by whose will even the dumb ass rebuked the madness of the prophet, he under the outpouring of whose Spirit men spoke with new tongues, can give us a mouth to declare the wonderful works of God; and he in whom are hid all the treasures of wisdom and knowledge, can give us wisdom so that we may speak as we ought to speak, the truth as it is in Christ Jesus. "If any man lack wisdom, let him ask of God;" and if any man needs the ability to speak, this, too, is a divine gift. Let us pray that these good gifts may be granted to us, that we may speak the words of truth and soberness, with the Holy Ghost sent down from heaven.—*The Christian (U. S. A.).*

European Turkey, and he has also largely studied their literature. After spending the best part of his life in interpreting Christ and Christianity to the Mohammedans, he tries in this volume to interpret Mohammed and Mohammedanism to Christians, in the hope of inducing them to be more zealous in seeking the conversion of their Moslem fellow-creatures. We hope to devote some pages to a review of this book in an early number.

Physical Bread the Type of the Spiritual.

(John vi. 51.)

BY FRANK R. CHESHIRE, F.L.S.

THE time for the ingathering of the crops has arrived, and the corn, day by day, grows more golden as it waves upon a thousand fields. Well may it bring to every thoughtful mind the grateful recognition that the recurring needs of man are once again to be provided for by a bountiful Providence; but to the Christian, how naturally it makes the deeper suggestion, that the wants of the soul have been met by the giving of HIM, who said to those seeking bread for the body only, "I am the Living Bread which came down from heaven. If any man eat of this Bread, he shall live for ever"!

Let us devoutly follow the analogy which the Master here draws, bringing to our aid the teachings of modern science, where these appear to bear upon our theme, and we shall discover that true science, which is but the unravelling of the thoughts of God, may give us some new glimpses of the many-sided wonderfulness of our Saviour's words.

We first enquire why Christ, the Prince of teachers, who spake as never man spake, should here, and so frequently elsewhere, convey truth in a parable, teach by an illustration, use an analogy. Does not the reason for this lie in the fact that creation is one, that the worlds material and spiritual are his alike, and that divine action, being always consistent with itself, is similar in both? It is alone through the existence of such a parallelism that the spiritual can be unfolded by means of the natural, and that the lower can thus become the servant of the higher, so that the invisible things of him are clearly seen by the things that are made.

Is it not evident that upon the foregoing fact rests the philosophy of the parabolic style of the Bible? Similitudes and comparisons everywhere abound in it; but such would clearly be meaningless and useless unless a very real resemblance existed. But even parables will not teach idle spirits; God has no revelations for listless souls. "The Lord God is a sun," is a figure that, in part at least, derives its value from the view we have of the need of the sun as the source of the energies of physical life; and when Jesus says, "A sower went forth to sow," he intends that we should bend our minds in applying the everyday facts connected with the germination of seed to the conditions of our spiritual nature; and he who best sees what the laws of successful germination and increase are, will, at least, have the most fertile field from which to gather spiritual lessons.

Bread, to which our Saviour compares himself, is made from corn, and to this we shall do well to first bend our thoughts. Corn grows in the sunlight, and the heat and light which distil upon it from the physical heavens are not only the sources of the energies by which it grows, but they become the very powers which make it a food. When, during the burning heat of summer, we walk through a forest, the delicious coolness we there experience is not simply the result of the shade afforded by the leaves, but is principally due to the using up of the heat in the growth which is going on; so that heat, as such, ceases

to be. The carbonic acid of the air, consisting of carbon and oxygen, passing by myriads of microscopic mouths into the interior of the leaves there, while it drinks up the stimulus of the sunlight, is being continually divided into two. The carbon remains to form the chief solid constituent of the increasing wood, while the oxygen is returned to the air to make it more fit for the respiration of animals, and for the myriad duties oxygen is the means of discharging. So long as the wood remains, the sun's heat and light, as its producers, are not available; but we, in due course, cut down the tree, and then, in the glow of the log as it burns upon our hearth, bathe ourselves in the sun-power of a bygone day; for now the heat and light, then locked up, reappear as the wood passes again into the form of material from which it was built up.

So with the corn, it is the visible embodiment of the sun's influence. Sun-power is in it; for by sun-power alone could it be produced; and when made into bread, and taken as food, and made to live within us by being incorporated with our material frame, it becomes the instrument of transferring to us the energies of the sun; for it is his heat which glows in our veins, and his strength which energizes our muscles. Thus, then, we see that our physical bread is *an incarnation*, a visible embodiment of invisible forces which come to us from the physical heavens; and here how true as a type is it of him who "was made flesh, and dwelt among us," "who cometh down from heaven, and giveth life unto the world."

Science is often credited with opposition to Christianity; but surely the form of speech in which the hostility of puffed-up materialism is referred to as the antagonism of science covers a great error. Christianity *is* opposed, and often most bitterly, by the prejudices and ignorance of so-called scientists; but science itself (excluding scientific error, of course), as a part of truth, cannot oppose that Word which *is* truth; and in the special case with which we are now dealing, we have a most beautiful illustration of this fact. Scientists have often treated the doctrine of the Incarnation with scorn, pointing out, after their manner, its improbability; and yet, they are the very men who have furnished us with the facts before given, in which we see that bread is an incarnation; and, indeed, the science of to-day is showing that the forces which accomplish all physical changes inhere in the material, and that these become ours through their incarnation or embodiment. Smiles, in his "Self Help," tells of Stephenson replying to the query, "What drives your train?" "The sun drives it." True, the sun gave the energy to the plant; the plant became the coal; the coal, by its destruction, gave the heat; and that, through the intervention of the water in the boiler, drove the train. The Spirit, indeed, taught the psalmist to sing, "The Lord God is a sun," for it is he that is the source of all energy; he is the life of every spirit; he has given the true Bread from heaven.

Science, then, teaches that the principle of incarnation runs through the creation; and as there is a parallelism between the material and spiritual, science has shown that the Incarnation was to be expected. It is according to the method of creation, and, instead of presenting a difficulty to the scientific enquirer, is really in itself, in its very structure, an evidence of the divine origin of the Christian religion. Scientists, in your poor judgment you may be against us; but your science, so far as it is true, is on our side!

Again, God has placed in the heavens the sun to be the source of our animal energy and heat, just as he himself is the source of our spirit life; but both are communicated mediately. When we are hungry, we do not bask in the sunlight in lieu of taking food. The energy of the king of day, as we look into his face, may scorch our eyeballs; but it is not thus that he gives us strength. His strength can only become ours through its incarnation; and bread, as we have already seen, is such. So, when the soul is hungry, we are not taught to gaze into the awful blaze of the Eternal countenance; but to come to him who is the Mediator, the Bread of Life that came down from heaven; the mystery of godliness, God manifest in the flesh; the Incarnate One; to him who, in the visible, the tangible, communicates to us the energy, the life of God.

Next, we do not feed on seed corn. It would resist our appropriating its inherent powers to ourselves. Christ, in the twelfth of John, compares himself to seed corn; but, then, it is corn that is to die in order that it may bring forth much fruit. But here he speaks to us of bread: the corn has been crushed, its energies are waiting for appropriation. When the bread is eaten, it passes into the blood, and there yields physical force. No theorizing about bread, no indulgence in reflections upon its good qualities or abundance, or upon the mechanism of mastication and swallowing, will satisfy hunger, or strengthen the frame. We must *eat*. So again of the soul. In his own way, the Blessed Spirit awakens its hunger. The Bread of Life is eaten, and becomes the life of the *eater;* for "Except ye eat the flesh of the Son of man, and drink his blood, ye have no life in you."

"Lord, evermore give us this bread!" Thou hast known the needs of our body, and the physical bread is the suitable gift of thy goodness. Thou, too, hast known our greatest need when we, the needy ones, knew it not; and thou hast given us the Son of thy love to be the Bread of our spirits. "Bread of heaven, feed us till we want no more!"

Doing God's Will, and Seeing his Face.

THE little lad had not reached six summers when he said, "I should like to be an engine-driver when I'm a man; but I have so often told God, I want to be what he would have me be, and do what he would have me do, that if he said, 'Be a minister,' I would be a minister, though I should very much like to be an engine-driver."

Is not this true freedom of the will—freed from self-control, and handed over into the keeping of God? Has not the child seen what Frances Ridley Havergal calls "the splendour of God's will"? Even in early childhood he seems to share the Saviour's Gethsemane triumph, when he cried, "Father, thy will, not mine, be done."

And surely the little lad must know and love the Saviour; for, running on in blessed chatter, he said, "I often think how very long 'for ever and ever' must be; yet, do you know, I feel I shall want five hundred thousand years, when I get to heaven, just to look into the face of Jesus?" Is not doing God's will, and seeing the face of Jesus, heaven begun below? And will not this be the unending occupation of eternity? Has not the child climbed higher than many an aged Christian? Has he not left you far behind, reader of these lines? F. E. B.

Turning Over a New Leaf.

IT is a very taking subject to talk about, and one on which it is easy, as well as somewhat dignified, to give advice; but in actual life, according to our observation, this "turning over a new leaf" becomes a very difficult business. With the young, whose habits in life are not altogether formed, it may be an easier thing to do; but with the middle-aged, or with those who are older, it is often next to an impossibility apart from the grace of God. Persons get into certain ruts, and when they get out of these, even on to a better path, the ground beneath them feels strange and uncertain. If this is so with ordinary persons, who have so much in their favour, what shall be said of the difficulties of those who have been trained in criminal courses? There are, for example, thieves who desire to get an honest footing in the world; but they cannot gain that footing without encouragement and help. In former days, such offenders were handed over to the hangman without mercy; but we have happily discovered that a criminal, who has turned from the error of his ways, is a gain to us as well as to himself.

With a view of studying this subject, and of seeing how the work of reclamation is carried on, we have, on several mornings, visited the Industrial Home, in Brooke Street, Holborn, that branch of the St. Giles's Christian Mission where, day by day, Mr. Wheatley, the secretary, sees a long succession of callers, who come because they desire to turn over a new leaf. Earlier in the morning, a breakfast had been prepared near the gates of three or four of the metropolitan prisons, and to this the discharged prisoners were all invited. While good advice is given to all of these men and boys, offers of help are also made to such as really show a desire to reform. Some of the younger may desire to go to sea; a man able to use tools, may need to be supplied with them; while others, trying to sell in the streets, are set up with a stock-in-trade. Special endeavours are also made to gain possession of the boys without allowing of their going to prison at all. To send mere boys to prison, is to manufacture criminals; but to place them in a Home, where they will have a Christian industrial training, is to help them to grow up into honest men. In his various Homes, Mr. Hatton has eighty of these subjects in keeping, and their withdrawal from the ways of crime is certainly a distinct gain to the country.

As the applicants now begin to come in, attention is drawn to a man who appears on behalf of his son, aged fourteen, who has been in prison for the crime of robbing his employer. As the father earns only small wages, he was evidently dressed in his best to make this application. He says he can do nothing with this boy, who, if shut up in a room, will escape by the window. He had a situation, and, being entrusted with £6, he decamped with the money. Besides the bitter sorrow and anxiety caused by this youth, the poor man has had a large share of trouble; for after losing his first wife by death, he married again; but not long ago, the second wife was killed by falling down some stone steps. His son had robbed three employers, and thus, it was now asked that the youthful thief should be taken into one of the Homes, so that his father might not be driven to despair. We were glad to find that the offender was

at once taken in, with good hope of his becoming reformed. Mr. Wheatley protests against such subjects ever being sent to prison at all; for by associating with older criminals, they incur the danger of becoming confirmed in evil courses. There are men in the prisons who find a sort of fiendish pleasure in encouraging boys to persevere in the path of evil. On the score of self-interest, society should abstain from manufacturing criminals.

"You would not think that he had done penal servitude," remarks Mr. Wheatley, with some excusable satisfaction of tone, and referring to an apparently pushing middle-aged man of business, who undertakes to supply coffee and bread-and-butter to one of the prison-gate breakfast-rooms. This man is one of the fruits of the work; for on being helped to turn over a new leaf, by having a coffee-stall allowed him, he is now quite prosperous. He has not only forsaken his old evil ways, but he is able and willing to help others also to escape from the snare which the devil sets for the unwary. You can tell by the tones of the man's voice how much pleasure he finds in honest labour.

The next to come in is a woman, who is sadly representative of a class which, we fear, is much larger than people generally are disposed to think. Her husband was one of those men, who, lacking even the instinct of the lower animals, sneaked away to America, there to remain hidden among the crowd, and left wife and family to starve. The deserted wife, thus practically a widow, has a son eighteen years of age, who, on going out into the world, fell into evil ways. Received into one of those wholesale houses near St. Paul's, in which, by industry and perseverance in well-doing, the poorest lad may work his way upward, he was led astray by evil associates, who got him to steal a quantity of silk and fancy goods. With her son in Holloway Gaol, awaiting his trial at the Central Criminal Court, this poor mother may well present a picture of the despair which sees no way out of present trouble.

To such an applicant Mr. Wheatley is, perhaps, the one man in London who can most effectively prove a friend-in-need. Generally speaking, our magistrates and judges are humane men, who, when boys are on their trial, are always pleased to see in court the agent of Mr. Hatton's Mission. In numbers of cases boys have been taken away to the Mission Homes instead of being sent to prison, and have thus been saved. In this instance, all will be done that is possible, because the lad is seen to have been a mere tool in the hands of older and more hardened offenders. The mother having received a gift for present necessities, and the assurance of sympathy and help, takes her departure with less tearful eyes, and a lightened heart.

This tempting of boys to rob their employers, on the part of adult thieves, who make them their tools, is a very serious matter, and opens to us a phase of London life which should receive more attention than it does from the police authorities. In this present instance, the suggestive truth comes out, that "foreigners put them up to it." Who are these "foreigners" who appear to be ever on the look out for those they can make use of in their dark schemes, and who are provided with false keys, or other appliances, for effecting their designs? In many instances they are immigrants, who, adopting some business as a blind, are receivers of stolen goods. The youth, and his companion, who took

the silk and fancy goods, received only eighteenpence each from the foreign miscreant who employed them, and whose notions evidently were, that lads who thieved on his behalf, merely deserved a little pocket-money. Men of this stamp are a great curse to unwary boys in London; for while they like a great haul, they will bait their hook for the smallest fish. If an office-lad has access to nothing more valuable, they will tempt him to bring his master's cigars, for which they will be very poorly paid. Some time ago, Mr. Wheatley called attention in open court to these abuses; and, when looked at calmly, it does not look as though foreign scoundrels should be allowed to abuse our English liberty by corrupting young persons in situations, and blasting their prospects for life. The most effective means of stopping the practice would be to ship all offenders back to their own country. That would be far more dreaded than the discipline of our English prisons, which, to such offenders, is a comparative light matter when contrasted with prison life in their own land.

Thus, throughout the morning, and morning after morning, the stream of applicants flows on, and they are representative of all classes of criminals from all parts of the country. Parents come on behalf of their children, or children plead for parents, although the most frequent petitioner is, perhaps, the wife who comes to speak for her husband. Some who come, and who have reached middle-age, may have passed nearly half of their life in prison; and yet, after all, desire at length "to turn over a new leaf", and begin life afresh. On one occasion, in Mr. Wheatley's room, we were confronted with a thoroughly-educated burglar, who seemed to make his surrender conditionally. He talked about house-breaking as though it were a recognized calling; and referred to the different methods of operation—when he could "make a noise", and when that privilege could not be indulged in. He had known what it was to be "hard up" in the morning, and to have £90 in his pocket at night. This determined housebreaker—a short, spare, carroty-whiskered man—was hardly one whose profession one would have suspected; and now, he gave us to understand that he could not give up his old ways, unless something were provided for him.

What we have to rejoice at is, that this Christian method of dealing with criminals, which Mr. Hatton commenced in 1877, is having its effect in the general falling-off of serious crime. The Directors of Convict Prisons tell us, in a recent Report, that the number of persons sentenced to penal servitude in 1889, was 918, the lowest number on record, with the exception of 1886, when it was 910. The number of penal servitude subjects in custody twenty-two years ago, with a population of nearly 22 millions, was 11,660; but at present, with a population of over 28 millions for England and Wales, it is under 6,000. The convict prisons cost about £200,000 less a year to maintain than they did some dozen years ago.

Mr. George Hatton (4, Ampton Street, Regent's Square), who began this work, and who has lived to see his methods imitated both here and in the United States, ranks as a public benefactor. It is a costly work, which needs to be well supported by the public; but the results show that it has been abundantly successful in helping large numbers of criminal men and boys to "turn over a new leaf." G. H. P.

A Trophy of "The Hop-pickers' Mission."

IT was a lovely golden sunset, such as one often sees from our Kentish hills, in the early autumn; the air was soft and balmy, with not even a remote hint of the near approach of winter. A full hour yet remained of broad daylight, of which we sought to avail ourselves by drawing up a light van beneath the broad, leafy branches of a chestnut tree, in the centre of the village, as a platform from which to proclaim the glad tidings of the gospel.

Though ordinarily a quiet village, the whole scene and noise about us this evening are vividly suggestive of "Vanity Fair." The shops in the narrow street, on our right, are thronged, both inside and out; and "all hands at work" can hardly keep pace with the temporary rush of business.

On our left is a "cheap-jack" in full swing, drawing somewhat heavily on the credulity of his hearers by trying to persuade them of his disinterested beneficence—declaring he "loses money on every article he sells." Opposite our stand may be seen sundry paraphernalia usually found at "The Fair"—sweetmeat stalls, shooting-galleries, swings, and the vulgar twopenny show; all are busy, and apparently "driving a *roaring* trade." It *sounds* like it!

Unfortunately, the same must be said of the "Brown Bear", at yonder corner. Its noisy crowds within, and its equally roystering drinking throng lining the tables without, form a dark background to this already weird and uninviting picture.

But one is missing from that motley group around the ale-bench; one, moreover, who, alas! has been well-known for years in all the drinking-dens about here. Up till this time scarcely ever sober, his home (?) was hardly worthy the sacred name; his wife, obliged to go out charing to keep the wolf from the door (and in this barely successful), the house was sadly neglected, the children half-starved, in rags, and often shoeless.

To-night, a veritable prodigal in tatters, he stands listening to the message of mercy for the first time for many years. The reason is not far to seek. Like the prodigal of old, "he had spent all," and was "in want", "and no man gave unto him." Though he had squandered many pounds at the publican's bar, now that he was known to be absolutely penniless, he found no welcome at the "Brown Bear"; and in this wretched plight, he was drawn by the singing into our throng of listeners.

Whilst there was much in the picture about us to strike a stranger with wonder by its very novelty, to us it was an old familiar scene; for here we had gathered in the Master's work for many seasons past. Yet there was one new feature added to the picture this evening that suggested a line of address which, as the sequel shows, was used of God.

Since our former visit to this spot, a well had been sunk beneath the tree; and its framework and windlass, by our side, reminded us of "Jacob's well" and "Samaria's daughter." This portion of Scripture we read, and briefly spoke upon the words, "The well is deep." As we spoke of the inexhaustible supply of "living water", the all-abounding grace of God in Christ, the Holy Spirit applied the word with convicting power to the heart of this prodigal.

At the close of the service, hardly knowing what he did, he took to his heels as hard as he could run, to try to get away from these convictions. He soon discovered how fruitless was his effort; and, ashamed to go home to his wife in this miserable mood, he turned into a waggon-lodge, on the lonely roadside, and there fell upon his knees, crying to God with a broken heart. Two hours passed, and found him still pleading the publican's prayer: "God be merciful to me a sinner." Then, as the midnight hour chimed from the neighbouring church, the Holy Spirit brought afresh, and with power, to his heart a promise which had frequently been quoted in the address that evening: "Him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out." Seizing this word with a grip of desperation, he determined to test its truth; and, casting himself, with all his sins, upon the mercy of God through Christ, "the peace of God" stole into his heart, and he arose, and went home "a new man in Christ Jesus."

Struck with the marvellous change in him, his wife soon after sought and found the Saviour, and both united with the church of God in the neighbourhood. The dram-shop now forsaken, soon the home and family told the glad tale; the man attentive to his work and bringing home his wages, his wife was able to cease her daily wanderings, and attend to the claims of home; and his children, comfortably fed, neatly clad and shod, were found each Sabbath in the Sunday-school.

Four years passed by, and on that self-same spot, "by the well-side", whilst preaching, the thought flashed across my memory that it was the anniversary of this glad event. I yielded to the inspiration of the moment, and told the tale of four years since, with the hope of encouraging other drink-cursed ones to seek the same Saviour.

A little girl reached home that evening somewhat late; her father asked, with some concern, "Where have you been so late?"

"To the open-air service in the village, father."

"What did you hear there? I wanted to go, but was late home from work."

"I can't tell you all, father: but the gentleman told us a tale of what happened on that spot four years ago."

In her own way she began to repeat the story, with fidelity, evidently; for she had not proceeded far in the narrative whan it was evident that something was stirring his heart to its depth. Bursting into tears, he exclaimed, "O God, that's me!" and, falling on his knees, he once more gave praise to God for his all-abounding grace.

Little did the dear child dream that she had heard, and was repeating, the story of her father's conversion! On the following evening he was present at the service, and came to grip my hand, and bear his additional testimony to the faithfulness of his God through these years.

This is but one out of many pleasing proofs of God's blessing on our work among the hop-pickers.

We are about to resume this work, and very earnestly plead for help. The season of service is brief (only lasting through September), and therefore we trust that "the sinews of war" will be promptly and liberally furnished by God's stewards. Readers of *The Sword and the Trowel* have always helped us in this service, and we are quite sure they

will do so again. Contributions for "The Hop-pickers' Mission" will be thankfully received by C. H. Spurgeon, Upper Norwood, S.E.; J. J. Kendon, Goudhurst, Kent; or J. Burnham, Brentford.

Parcels of tracts, clothing, boots, etc., *carriage prepaid*, should only be sent to Pastor J. J. Kendon, Marden Station, S. E. R.

JOHN BURNHAM.

Man's Worth.

INCIDENTS in Oriental history often read like parables. Men are moved by strange motives to do strange things; and the student from the west wanders in a maze of fancies and facts that are bewildering indeed. Thus it is that the early portion of a missionary's life in an eastern land teems with things that are unreal, and he is surrounded by fellow-men who seem in no true sense his fellows. There is so much that is inexplicable to him in their motives and conduct, that, until he gets a "clue to the maze", from a constant study of the religions that dominate their lives, his blunders are many, and sometimes even disastrous to his mission.

The following is an instance of what I mean, and as it is recorded as an historical fact, will serve the purpose admirably :—

"Abd-al-Muttalib once vowed that if he should be so greatly blessed as to have ten sons, one should certainly be devoted to Allah. In process of time, the number was fulfilled, and the reluctant father gathered his offspring in the Kaaba, and cast lots for the one to be sacrificed. The lot fell upon Abdalla, the beautiful son of his old age. The sacrificial knife was solemnly prepared;" and, like Abraham, he stood ready for the awful deed. But the lad's sisters came to the rescue. They knew that the Arabs offered camels in sacrifice, and in their abounding grief they entreated their father to cast lots between their brother and ten of these valuable creatures. He consented; but, to their sorrow, the lot fell a second time on the favourite boy. The number of beasts was then doubled, and the lot cast again; but still it fell upon the lad. Time after time trial was made, as the sorrowing sisters and the troubled father became more and more desperate in their anxiety to save the dear one. At last, one hundred camels had been proffered, and then, to their great joy, the lot fell upon the beasts. Abdalla was saved. God had set his own value upon the devoted boy, and when an equivalent was provided, he was free. Arabs value highly the "ships of the desert"; for they are so essential to their mode of life. But a human being is more precious than many of them. This was recognized when ten camels were proffered; but until an unprecedented number had been divinely sanctioned, the true worth of the man was not fully believed in. Thus, all the world over, man has had to learn the value of his fellow by degrees. Many have not learnt the lesson yet, because only man's Maker and Redeemer can aright estimate the worth of man, and reveal it to us. This he hath done in the gift of his Only-begotten Son, who took man's place, that the lot might fall upon him as of more than equal value with the whole of our race.

Barisaul, Bengal. ROBERT SPURGEON.

A Veteran Missionary.*

THE Rice family hail from Stroud, in Gloucestershire; and for some generations they appear to have been devoted Christian people. The earliest associations of Benjamin Rice, however, were with the City of London, where, in Addle Street, he was born in 1814. Losing his mother in his infancy, one of the things he dimly recollected was the standing by her grave in the Church of Aldermanbury. His father married again; but was once more made a widower by the severe visitation of cholera in 1832. Benjamin went to school in Fore Street: and started in life as a lawyer's clerk in Falcon Square. He was exposed to much temptation in the company of fast-living clerks; but having a Christian home, and early being a subject of the grace of God, he came forth from these trials without a scar or a stain.

As we look back on the daily life of the Rice family, it affords a very pleasant picture of Old London, as the City was sixty years ago. The household attended the ministry of Dr. Bennett, one of whose converts was John Angell James, and who as a pastor, as an historian of Nonconformity, as a college tutor, and as an earnest advocate of missions, commanded the respect of all who knew him. At the age of fifteen, Benjamin Rice became a member of the Silver Street Church; soon afterwards he entered Homerton College; and, having decided on devoting his life to missionary service, he married, and left England with his wife on the four months' voyage to India, in the summer of 1836.

Mr. Rice settled at Bangalore, and in that place, which ranks "as the ninth most populous city of India", he remained for half a century. Then, as now, it was a busy place, but it has greatly improved in the course of two generations. Several languages are spoken besides English; and in 1836 the Mission, which had been founded sixteen years previously, taught in English, Tamil, and Canarese, the principal work being among those who used the latter tongue, "a very conservative and caste-ridden people." It was seven months before the language was mastered; and then the missionaries had to pass through a time of trial before any progress could be made. Their predecessors had founded a so-called Christian village with a school, ample allowances of money being made to the parents, so that the scholars should not be withdrawn, and sent to work. This mistaken policy had the effect of fostering hypocrisy; and in the end those who only feigned Christianity for what they could get, had to be sent about their business.

When he came into direct contact with paganism, Mr. Rice found it to be a far more formidable enemy than he had supposed; but at first, at all events, he failed to understand the really terrible nature of idolatry. "What wretched ignorance to believe that such a thing, a senseless stone, had power to do either good or evil," we find him saying. Is it not plain that when image-worshippers say that what they worship only *represents* their god, there is something more behind? If the idol has a demon behind it, then it becomes far more dreadful than it would be if it were merely a stock, or a stone.

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* "Benjamin Rice; or, Fifty Years in the Master's Service." By Edward P. Rice, B.A. With Portrait and Illustrations. The Religious Tract Society.

Mr. Rice entered with great ardour into the various branches of missionary service, and faith and patience had to be exercised to the utmost when what had been supposed to be a genuine convert, after all disgraced the profession, or went back into paganism or Mohammedanism. All this, however, had the effect of showing that a patient and arduous period of seed-sowing would have to precede the harvest. It was perceived that primary education would have to be looked to as an effective means of breaking down the barriers of heathenism, of showing to the people the crass absurdities of their beliefs, and preparing the way for something better. Hence Mr. Rice prepared a number of school-books, including a Scripture Catechism, and an epitome of the Bible, first and second reading-books, manuals of arithmetic, geography, &c.; and he also edited suitable works by other authors. Most of these were issued by the Bangalore School Book Society. In this department the labours of the missionary may even abide until the present day. It is truly said, that "the bulk of the natives continue to be an unspiritual people." A personal God ruling all things is foreign to their pre-conceived pantheistic ideas.

The assistance he gave in revising the Canarese version of the Bible also represents a large share of Mr. Rice's life-work. The New Testament was first of all translated by the pioneer missionaries under William Carey, and afterwards the whole of the Old Testament was completed by the agents of the London Missionary Society, in 1827. It seems that, in the first instance, heathen scholars were employed, and, as might be expected, the sense was sometimes hidden instead of being clearly explained. The revision of the whole Bible, which was thoroughly carried out, occupied nineteen years, being completed in 1859.

Mr. Rice's fifty years of missionary life were broken by one visit to England, 1853-6, during which time he travelled extensively about the country, speaking and preaching on behalf of the missionary cause. On his return to India, he seems to have kept up his zeal in the cause of education, though the death of his wife and zealous helper in the work, in 1864, was a severe affliction. He eventually married again, and found in Mrs. Catherine Müller, a missionary's daughter, a suitable companion. Though he continued to show his interest in school-work, he became most useful as head of the theological seminary for training native pastors and evangelists. He bestowed great pains on the preparation of his college lectures, which have been printed, and are still in use in the country. In addition to this service, he was secretary to several local tract or Bible Societies; while he gave some attention to extending the operations of the colporteurs, seventeen of whom, in 1886, sold 6,000 Bibles, or portions, besides 40,000 other books and tracts.

Mr. Rice died in February, 1887, at the age of seventy-three, having just completed fifty years of service in India. Working on until the last, when death came it found him ready. The record of such a man's life should not be overlooked by those who are interested in the gospel conquest of India.

Food for Body and Soul.

BREAKFAST was at seven. I was there. The sun was gilding all the houses, and the windows looked like a row of bright mirrors. There were about one hundred and fifty sat down at the tables to breakfast. Such was the cheerful sight every Sunday morning at seven for several years. You ask, What was the attraction? Well, it was a combination of things. First, I think it was the indefatigable efforts of the local missionary, and his great love for his work, which kept him continually contriving something that would keep those who found the Saviour at his mission-room constantly under Christian influence. Second, I think the novelty of such a unique breakfast for threepence attracted many. How ever it was done for the money I never could make out; but the missionary assured me that it was self-supporting. The four long tables were always laid over-night by good old Ned and one or two who had been born for God on that spot. Late on Saturday night a Christian baker sent round hot cottage loaves, which were often warm in the morning; and Robinson, the converted coster, always felt it part of his duty to God to carry round, on Saturday night, one bushel of periwinkles and watercress. The schoolmistress added her quota by arranging a few flowers on each table, and rows of new pins, to serve to extract the shell-fish in the morning. And no member of a West-End club could eat oysters with greater zest than did these East-End early risers eat winkles. At the stroke of seven every Sunday morning, for several years, the grace was sung by about one hundred and fifty voices; and all sat down to breakfast with smiles and congratulations. I am sorry this effort has been given up; for if nothing more than the breakfast were supplied, it would be worth while to teach Christians the old-fashioned habit of early rising. On Sunday mornings no eating was allowed after 7.30; so late-comers had no chance of indulgence. At the tick of the half-hour the grace was again sung, and in less than five minutes a few strong fellows opened the windows, and tilted the tables and tressels into the yard. At twenty minutes to eight all would be facing the desk, and a hymn would be heartily sung, and a few prayers offered. Then an essay, bearing on Christian life and work, would be read, such as "How to teach the Young," "How to train our Children," "How to live in the Workshop," "How to treat our Enemies." From 8.30 to nine o'clock, anyone present was allowed to speak for five minutes. Old Ned was usually the first to rise to speak *from* the subject. But though he spoke *from* the subject, he was always worth listening to, because he said so much about Christ that the chairman often said, "Go on, Ned."

It was at one of these breakfast meetings that the writer received his first real desire to become a Christian; and it is an incident which happened at one of them to which I wish to call attention. On the morning in question, the breakfast being over, the essay delivered, and the discussion commenced, a strange-looking man, in a rough garb, entered our meeting. He asked to be allowed to speak, and, with big tears rolling down his bronzed cheeks, he said, "Please, dear Christians, pray for me; I am a stranger. I have just come from a ship, and I heard you sing, 'Kind words can never die,' and I ask your prayers for the biggest sinner on God's earth. I was once in the light; but now"—and here the poor fellow fairly broke down.

At once our discussion stopped, and a prayer-meeting was held for this poor stranger. Good old Ned was soon by his side, kneeling down with his arm round his neck, and telling him, "Jesus will save to the uttermost all who come." Prayer was kept up till the clock struck nine, and then the meeting broke up for Sunday-school to commence, and the poor backslider was left in charge of old Ned. On the Sunday following, the stranger was again there to breakfast, but looking sad enough. He was still in the dark,

and full of grief. The third Sunday he was present, still without joy, like a man whose reason had left him. I heard his faithful friend Ned say to him, "See here; I'll pray for you every day next week. I always pray three times a day; and next week my prayers shall be for you; and I dare forfeit my life if God don't save you."

I was wonderfully struck with this old man Ned; but thought this presumption on his part, and said to him, "How dreadful it was for you to offer to stake your life like that! Suppose God does not save him; what then?"

"Ah, but he will!" said Ned. "What will all these people think if God don't? He wont go back on his Word. I am sure God will save him."

Many times did I think of that statement during the following week, and longed for the breakfast meeting to come round again. It came, and Ned was pale and quiet; not a word for anyone had he. The stranger did not come, and it seemed to me the most gloomy morning I had experienced at Love Lane. Just before nine o'clock I saw the stranger come into the meeting. Ned rose to his feet, and walked to the door, and took the man into the yard. I followed, and asked if I might come. "Yes," said Ned, "but no one else."

He then put his arm round the man's neck, and said, "Brother, you have deceived me; you have not told me all the truth. I told you I would pray for you every day this week, and I have done it; and every time I have been on my knees before God, it has seemed to come to me, 'That man is a murderer.' Oh, my brother! is this true? If so, like David, you must confess your sin. Tell me all. I am your friend."

The man turned pale, and said, "Yes, it is true. Is there hope for me? I have sinned against light and knowledge."

"Tell me all," said Ned.

He then began: "My wife! oh, my poor wife! she took to drink, and went from bad to worse. I lived on a flat in America, over a grog-shop, and the landlord supplied my wife with drink. I came home and saw her sin, and instead of taking my case to God, the devil took possession of me. I went out and took drink too, and came back and deliberately opened the window, and with one blow knocked my wife down into the street below, and caused her death."

Ned said, "Cheer up, my poor brother, the devil has led you a pretty length, but I am sure God will save you."

At this the poor man seemed much relieved, and said, "I was put in prison for eighteen months. The jury brought it in manslaughter; but I have had no rest, day nor night, since. I snatch a few minutes' sleep, then wake up in fright. My master offered me my place again, but I could not stay. I took ship the first day I came out of jail, and the first morning I landed in the London Docks, I came to your breakfast meeting."

"Ah, look here! this trouble must be drowned, or it will kill you," said quaint old Ned. "My book says, in Micah vii. 19: 'Thou wilt cast all their sins into the depths of the sea.' You cannot drown it with drink; it will float again in no time. See here! put all your sins in one bundle, and tie this great stone to it. Look at the writing upon the stone. See! here it is, 'The precious blood of Jesus cleanseth from all sin.'" Several times did old Ned repeat these words, and kept saying, "I am sure God will forgive you, and," he added, "you must come with me to chapel this morning." And arm in arm they went to Jubilee Chapel, Commercial Road.

It seemed as if God had directed them there; for the text that morning was, "The blood of Jesus Christ his Son cleanseth us from all sin." In the afternoon, Ned took him to a Methodist class-meeting; and in the evening to the Waste, in the Mile End Road, where this quaint man used to preach, and which, he said, the Lord had given him for his parish pulpit. Thus,

week by week. this man, who had been so strangely led, was watched and guarded by old Ned, till he fully realized that God had blotted out his great sin, and showed, by his consistent life, that he was received back into Christ's fold again. After some months he returned to his friends in America.

The word which was blessed to this man in deep distress will also answer the need of any sinner; therefore, let us all believe for ourselves, that the blood of Jesus Christ, God's Son, cleanseth us from all sin.

J. MANTON SMITH.

Notices of Books.

In Memoriam: John Courtnay. Passmore and Alabaster.

THIS is a worthy sketch of a worthy man, and may be had for sixpence. Mr. Courtnay was an earnest advocate of the good old tunes, and by his zeal and industry he accomplished a good work in promoting congregational psalmody. His book of Fugal Tunes was only an instalment of a larger work which he had projected: still, it is an interesting collection, and congregational singing would be all the better for its judicious use. The modern fashion inspires no enthusiasm in worship; and it will be a clear gain when some of the good old tunes, which have been set aside for a season, are brought into use again.

Sacrifice as set forth in Scripture. By JAMES G. MURPHY, D.D., LL.D. Hodder and Stoughton.

THIS is the Carey lecture for 1888, giving a careful and Scriptural exposition of the ancient typical sacrifices leading up to the Real Sacrifice of Jesus Christ. We find much to commend on many points; but dissent strongly from the universalism of the teaching upon the propitiation of the cross. The sacrifice of Calvary must have a higher relationship to the mystic body of Christ than to those who perish in their sin; therefore, to assert, or even to suggest, that the redemptive purposes of God are alike in all cases, is to contradict the teaching of Scripture so dear to the believer, who finds a choice joy in seeing his own personal place eternally fixed on the great plan of salvation through the cross. We do not believe that any "argument is all-powerful in itself to give light to the soul that walketh in darkness." There is a necessity for the Spirit's work to give effect to the moral influence of the death of Christ. It weakens the force of the truth of the love of God in Christ, to attempt to prove that it is alike to all men; and it is dishonouring to the Spirit to intimate that the truth will act savingly without his gracious aid.

My Master and my Friend. By Rev. GEORGE EVERARD, M.A. Religious Tract Society.

All Through the Day. Same Author. Nisbet and Co.

MR. EVERARD is a wonderful writer. There seems to be no end to his books; and they are as choice as they are numerous. The first of these is a little *brochure* full of fragrance and light; the second consists of portions for each day of the month; and to those who know the author's other volumes of similar character, will need no recommendation. Very good.

The Century Dictionary. An Encyclopedic Lexicon of the English Language. Prepared under the superintendence of WILLIAM DWIGHT WHITNEY, Ph.D., LL.D. Vol. V. T. Fisher Unwin.

THIS colossal work is approaching completion. Five out of six volumes are published, and the sixth is to be issued "by the end of the autumn of this year." There is little that can be added to the commendations we have given to former volumes, for the work appears to be well done throughout. We have not needed to refer to *all* the words in this lexicon; we should hardly have occasion to do so if we lived until the twentieth century dictionary should be published.

How to Mark your Bible. By MRS. STEPHEN MENZIES. Prefatory Note by D. L. MOODY. Partridge.

WHETHER Bibles marked with railway connections and other lines are of much after-value we cannot say from experience, but the process of marking must so engage the mind, and so beautifully call attention to parallels and consecutive ideas, that it must be quite a training for Bible readers. Anything which leads to *searching* the Scriptures is most useful. Mrs. Menzies in this book lends good working aid to Bible marking; and she does not do it for you, so much as show the way. Oh, that we had more who are at home in every street and lane of Scripture! We should then have far fewer tolerating the snarling dogs who roam over the Bible as if it were a heap of dust, from which they could root out a bone to growl over. Exposition is the best defence of Scripture. How often do we hear devout souls exclaim, "What a wonderful chapter! Who could doubt its inspiration?"

Life's Stages: their Duties and Opportunities. By JAMES STARK. Oliphant, Anderson, and Ferrier.

THE biographer of "John Murker" has made this little book as suggestive as possible. A hasty glance at it will scarcely reveal the wealth of thought and experience compressed in its pages; but a close and careful reading will richly repay in fresh and fruitful ideas. There is a lurking quaintness that springs out suddenly upon you with a charm of unexpectedness; and even well-worn truths are so pertinently put, that they come with the flavour of originality.

This little volume does not aim at distinctly evangelistic teaching, but is suffused with godly earnestness in declaring the social duties of life. It has our warmest welcome and heartiest commendation.

Bright Sabbaths. A few words to Mothers. Partridge and Co.

A VERY useful little book for mothers who have to entertain and instruct their children on the Sabbath evening. This book, now in its third edition, is really an unpretending defence of the Christian Sabbath. Some parents give up their children to the care of the Pastor and the Sunday-school Teacher; but others who have the opportunity, and the grace to use it aright, try to train them themselves. To such "Bright Sabbaths" will be useful and interesting.

Progress of The Redeemer's Kingdom. A Book for Young People. By the Rev. JAMES ERVINE. Dublin: George Herbert, 117, Grafton Street. London: Elliot Stock.

IN twelve brief and bright chapters, we have here twelve charming pictures for the young people on the marvellous progress of Christian Missions during the present century. Every Sunday-school library ought to possess two or three copies. Each page is full of interest; no boy or girl who once begins it is likely to lay the book aside unread: the young people who love Christ cannot do so, we feel sure. Mr. Ervine, who succeeded the Rev. W. M. Statham, at Hull, and has since removed to Ireland, says of this work in his preface: "I offer it timidly to public favour." He certainly need have no *timidity* about its reception. It is crammed with useful information and valuable statistics. Teachers and thoughtful young people should read it by all means, as it is full of interesting matter for missionary addresses.

"*Fishin' Jimmy.*" By ANNIE TRUMBULL SLOSSON. Randolph and Co., 38 West 23rd Street, New York.

A VERY pretty little book, tastefully got up, and illustrated in American style. This booklet is simply a sketch of an old fisherman, who in a quaint way finds Scriptural lessons in all parts of his craft. It is well written, and the heroic death of the old man is remarkable for its tenderness and pathos. A useful book for Working Classes or Mothers' Meetings.

Motherly Counsels. Translated from the French by KATHERINE KAY. Edinburgh: Andrew Elliot.

LETTERS from a Swiss lady to her former pupils, conveying much valuable teaching, and written in a loving spirit of tender solicitude.

Mile-Stone Papers, Doctrinal, Ethical, and Experimental, on Christian Progress. By DANIEL STEELE, D.D. Partridge and Co.

DR. STEELE is a well-known, able, and fervent advocate of what is generally known as "Perfectionism," or "The Higher Christian Life." In this work, Dr. Steele pursues a similar course to that followed by him in "Love Enthroned." He discards legal perfection, but lays claim to evangelical perfection. By the latter is intended the reign of love. Dr. Steele's contention is, that "perfect love-service can be rendered; while perfect law-service is beyond the power of moral cripples to render." Again he says, "there is no sin where perfect love reigns;" and adds, immediately, "this may consist with innumerable defects, infirmities, and theoretical and practical errors." It is somewhat difficult to get the author's exact idea; or to see how one can be a moral cripple, and incapable of perfect law-service, and yet as dead to sin (to quote from this book again), "as the occupants of the Stone Chapel grave-yard are to the tide of Boston business and pleasure which rolls along Tremont Street." But those who do get the idea seem to revel in it greatly. Meanwhile, let those of us who cannot claim perfection, however defined, "lay aside every weight, and the sin that doth so easily beset us," that to perfection's sacred height we yet may rise.

The Great Question Answered; or, God's Way of Salvation. By Rev. A. METCALFE. Elliot Stock.

SIX simple Scriptural sermons upon the Philippian jailer's question, and the apostolic answer. Just the book to put into the hands of an anxious enquirer. The titles of the sermons will indicate the preacher's method of handling the subject: saving faith and its difficulties, its object, its promise, its effects, its illustration, and its influence.

The Programme of Life. By the Rev. W. L. WATKINSON. T. Woolmer.

SIX good and chaste sermons; not exactly what we should call *gospel* sermons, but each one abounds in good pure thought, and illustrations drawn from various sources. It is a book that will be read with profit; a beautiful spirit breathes through the whole.

A Letter from Heaven, and other Sermons. By Rev. DAVID ROBERTS, D.D. Elliot Stock.

FIFTEEN sermons, of a thoroughly interesting and readable sort, are gathered here. One, on the voice from heaven, which bade John write, "Blessed are the dead," &c. (Rev. xiv. 13), gives the title to the book. We do not know Dr. Roberts; but should think that, when delivered in his native Welsh, these discourses were living messages to human souls. Some much-neglected themes are touched, including one on "The duty of Christians towards the Jews," which rightly estimates the worth and place of God's ancient people in the work of evangelization. Of making many books of sermons there seems no end; but as there are between seven and eight millions of sermons preached each year, in England and Wales alone, the marvel is that more are not printed. At all events, we wish we could as heartily commend all that are published as these.

Jehovah-Jesus; the Divine Appearances under the Patriarchal, Levitical, and Christian Dispensations. By GEORGE FYLER TOWNSEND, M.A., D.C.L. Nisbet and Co.

THIS book is all in praise of HIM whose name is above every name, and serves well to show how his delights have ever been with the sons of men. We might take exception to certain minor points of detail, more especially in regard to what is said, in Appendix A, on the Christian church, or "Segullah," which seems to us but a notion of man's wisdom; but with so much to commend, we would rather pass on. With the author's main thesis, that the Theophanies were the divine appearances of our Blessed Saviour all along the line, we are in heartiest accord; and we congratulate him on producing a work so pleasantly written, and so well fitted to edify and refresh the church of God.

The Land where Jesus Christ lived. By HESTER DOUGLAS. Nelsons.

ON the cover of this handsome volume, as a sub-title, are the words, "A Book for the Young"; and admirably is it adapted to those for whom it is written. It purports to contain the *viva voce* descriptions of the Holy Land, given by "Aunt Hetty" to her nephew Willie; and a very wise Willie he would be if he remembered all that his auntie told him about the climate, trees, mountains, rivers, &c., of the earthly Canaan. Scriptural incidents are woven into the narrative in a most interesting and instructive fashion; and we are not at all surprised that Willie was sorry when the talks were brought to an end. Those who read the book will have a similar regret.

Like her bright young nephew, we rejoice that Aunt Hetty has promised to tell what she knows about the cities of the Holy Land, and the curious ways of the people; and when the conversations are published, as we feel sure will be the case, we shall be glad to receive an early copy.

We also feel inclined to imitate Willie in asking for explanations of one or two matters that rather puzzle us. Please, Aunt Hetty, why do you call the four Evangelists, *St.* Matthew, *St.* Mark, *St.* Luke, and *St.* John, while you speak of the Lord's three specially-favoured apostles as Peter, James, and John (without the saintly prefix)? Is not the disciple whom Jesus loved as much a saint as the writer of the fourth Gospel? Are you quite sure that the carob is not John the Baptist's locust-tree? Will you kindly teach Willie the meaning of the words "awful" and "awfully"?

Most important of all, in your next talks with your nephew, will you explain to him that salvation is not the result of our imitation of the Lord Jesus, for that is impossible to our unrenewed nature; but it becomes ours through our reliance, by faith, on the sacrifice of Calvary, and the application, by the Holy Spirit, of the merits of Christ's death to us? Is not this the apostolic way of putting the truth—"Christ also suffered for us, leaving us an example, that we should follow his steps"?

Valleys and Villages of the Bible; or, Scripture Scenes Illustrated by Sacred Localities. By JOSIAH VINEY. Stock.

THIS little volume has been overlooked; but it is likely to be so useful that we insert a notice of it now that it has been discovered. Mr. Viney hopes that these pages "may be acceptable to youthful Bible-readers, and, possibly, to some to whom youth is now a memory." This hope is likely to be realized, and we think that Bible-class leaders, and preachers, too, will find many subjects treated here in a way that will be of service to them in their work. We append an extract, which is a fair specimen of the author's style:—

"ESHCOL was *a border valley.* Beautiful in itself, its contiguity to Canaan added to its charms. Such a border valley all will one day enter; many are in it now by age, by sickness, by declining life. Many are to-day within hail, it may be, of the celestial world, near to eternity and the invisible state. At Eshcol were two classes of people. They were all fellow-travellers, engaged on an important errand, yet their views, apprehensions, hopes, beliefs, were strikingly contrasted. The small minority thought, felt, acted aright, and were bold to avow their convictions in face of opposition and obloquy. With the majority it was just the opposite. Looking on the same objects as their colleagues, they exaggerated difficulties, minimized advantages, yielded to fear, were unbelieving, lost the inheritance, 'perished in their own deceiving.'

"In the border-land which all successively enter, similar differences exist still. Thank God, we yet have our Joshuas and Calebs; and such, though ever the minority, the world has never lacked. To such, Eshcol is often lovely, blessed, fruitful, truly 'the Land of Beulah.'... The faithful witnesses found the passage across the Jordan was more distant than they expected. Forty years they waited for it; but when it came, the river was dry, the ark was their leader, all difficulties vanished, and they had an abundant entrance into the land flowing with milk and honey."

What God hath Wrought. An account of the Mission Tour of Rev. G. C. GRUBB, M.A. Marlborough & Co.

IF we only knew of Keswick and its Missions what we learnt from this volume, our estimate of its value would be of rather a mingled character. The tour, of which the book is a record, was undertaken in 1889-90, and in the diary of events there is so much that is good that we scarcely know how to criticize it. Doubtless many will be edified and stimulated by its perusal; but we meet with such frequent trivialities, that the memorable things seem to us very much like plums in a box of sawdust. We would prefer them on a dish; and if this book were reduced by two-thirds, it would be much more to our taste. The efforts of these brethren, whom we greatly honour for their abundant testimony, seem to have been largely blessed, whether in India, Australasia, the Cape, or on their various voyages, and therein we greatly rejoice; but it is the record of their work, and not the effort itself, that we are called upon to estimate, and we must distinguish between William Tell's son and the apple on his head. Our sympathy with the workers does not prevent us aiming an arrow at their book. We could really have done without knowing of their visits to barbers and to baths; we would have taken it for granted that they, unlike the hermits, bathed and shaved; nor are we greatly interested in knowing what they had for dinner; and if all earnest Christians should feel called upon to report the conversations they may have with others about Christ, the world would scarcely contain the books that might be written, and we should feel inclined to throw up the reviewer's task in despair. Having said so much to shake the fruit free from its "packing," we will go on to say that there is a flavour about it, as if it had grown on the tree of life. Critics had better read something else; but if half-hearted Christians would take up the volume in a sympathetic spirit, it might be to them a revelation of the way in which God can bless those who devote themselves without stint to his service; they might even swallow the frequent ejaculations of our friends; perhaps even discover that they themselves had been more decorous in their religion, because "they had nothing to hallelujah about," as one lady phrases it in this book, which, with all its blemishes, we somehow cannot help liking.

Scripture Scenes and their Lessons. To Him that Overcometh. By Rev. ANDREW CARTER, M.A. Drummond's Tract Depôt, Stirling.

TWO gracious little books, tastefully bound, in the first of which the lessons which gather around various spots in the Holy Land are simply and clearly stated, and illustrated by some pretty pictures. The second deals with the wonderful words in the Book of Revelation in a chaste and charming manner. Both are good.

Seven Sights of Society: being the Eighth and Last Voyage of Sindbad the Sailor. Narrated by J. A. KELMAN. Elliot Stock.

THE writer meant well, but we do not think that much will come of his lucubrations. It was wearisome reading, and we felt glad that it was to be Sindbad's *last* voyage. We should not care to go upon another with him.

Memoir of John Kenneth Mackenzie. By Mrs. BRYSON. Hodder and Stoughton.

THE record of a heroic life. A true healer of men's bodies and souls; and above all, a faithful witness in life and death to the truths he loved and taught. Heartily do we agree with him, that "The latitudinarianism of so many Congregational ministers in England is a death-blow to the missionary spirit of our churches." It is refreshing to read his outspoken utterance in a letter to his father:—"What do you think of Spurgeon's action? I am delighted with the stand he has taken, and trust it may do much to awaken thoughtful students of the Bible to the danger of many of the theories floating around."

The book is well written; and it gladdens our heart to find that the men in the mission-field of to-day are worthy successors of the best men who have gone before. This is a book for young men, and should be in every Sunday-school library.

The Success of Christian Missions. By ROBERT YOUNG, F.R.G.S. Hodder and Stoughton.

THIS volume is an evident labour of love, and comes appropriately upon the eve of the Baptist Missionary Centenary. Recognizing the bent of many minds to get at the bottom of things, the author has here provided materials from all sorts and conditions of men (and women, too) as to the real character of Christian missions. Adverse opinions and criticisms are cited first. There are round-the-world tourists, who dish up snatches of gossip, and fragments of truth, for the delectation of their readers. There are literary men, who write in the light of human wisdom, in utter ignorance of the wisdom from above. "Mr. Edwin Arnold (for example) recently informed a Boston audience that he preferred 'the dark shadows of Hindooism to the sunlight of Calvinism,' and descanted, at the same time, on the benevolent spirit of the Hindoo, and especially of the Buddhist faith!" The author, in a foot-note, illustrates the folly and falseness of this style of writing. Having let the critics speak out, he gathers up a mass of evidence from government Blue Books, books of travel, reviews, reports, &c., exclusively from lay sources, beginning with Dr. Johnson and Sir Walter Scott, and including statesmen, generals, judges, and explorers. We can only notice the following:—Mr. Stanley, the African explorer, writing from Ugogo, Oct. 5th, 1889, says, "I take this powerful body of native Christians, in the heart of Africa, who prefer exile for the sake of their faith to serving a monarch indifferent or hostile to their faith, as more substantial evidence of the work of Mackay, than any number of imposing structures clustered together, and called a mission-station, would be. These native Africans have endured the most deadly persecutions: the stake and the fire, the cord and the club, the sharp knife and the rifle bullet, have all been tried to cause them to reject the teachings they have absorbed. Stanch in their beliefs, firm in their convictions, they have held together stoutly and resolutely, and Mackay and Aske may point to these with a righteous pride, as the results of their labours, to the good, kindly people at home who trusted in them."

Miss C. F. Gordon Cumming, visiting the South Sea Islands, found in Fiji nine hundred chapels and fourteen hundred schools, built by the people themselves, and occupied by carefully-trained native ministers and teachers. She says: "During a residence of two years in the Fijian Archipelago, I had occasion to visit a large number of these villages. . . . . I lived in the midst of the kindly, courteous people; I marked the reverent devoutness of their lives, the simple earnestness of their bearing at the never-failing morning and evening family worship, and frequent church-services; and I found it hard to believe the facts related to me by reliable eye-witnesses of the appalling scenes of carnage, fighting, human sacrifices, most debasing idolatry, and loathsome cannibal feasts, which five, ten, or fifteen years previously, had formed the incidents of daily life in districts where now English ladies and their children may travel, or even settle, in perfect security."

Pioneers of Electricity. By J. MUNRO. Religious Tract Society.

A CAPITAL and readable book, giving the lives of some eleven men, who have opened up this wondrous field of knowledge and usefulness. No novel can surely possess, for a thinking mind, any charms comparable to the interest and information of this book. Alas! that some gifted men should err from Bible teaching, as is evident from the faithful history in this volume. Yet the result of reading this compilation will be, upon the whole, beneficial to any young man; and we therefore commend it to our readers.

A Bunch of Cherries. Gathered by J. W. KIRTON. Partridge and Co.

GOSPEL temperance stories for workingmen, reprinted from the pages of *The British Workman*. Thus bound together, they form an attractive and useful book.

Tibby's Tryst; or, "I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills." By ROBINA F. HARDY. Oliphant and Anderson.

WHILE reading the earlier chapters we had almost formulated a favourable, but somewhat qualified, opinion of "Tibby's Tryst." But when we came to the trysting-place itself, and the discoursings of Miles Murieson, the "Ploughman Preacher", we forgot all qualifications except Miss Hardy's, and even our own disqualifications for appreciating to the full the wit and wisdom which doubtless lie hidden from us English in the wonderful tongue of the Land of Cakes. Those who have read even a few of Miss Hardy's delightful stories will not need to be told what a versatile writer she is, and how she giveth goodly words, while she possesses a keen sense of humour, a combination which will make her books hardy perennials.

Very Far West Indeed; or, The Adventures of Peter Burr. By the late W. H. G. KINGSTON. Sunday School Union.

MR. KINGSTON had a magical power of personally conducting parties all round this terrestrial ball, and giving them the maximum of instruction and pleasure at a minimum of trouble and cost. On this occasion, the journey is from England to Canada, and the cost one shilling. The experiences of one of the party, a young farmer, seeking a home for himself and family in the Far West, are well described, and may prepare intending emigrants to Greater Britain for the rough, laborious, and often dangerous pioneer work of the backwoods settler.

Sister Agnes; a Methodist Story. By SIGISMUND FAIRFAX. Elliot Stock.

"A METHODIST Story" indeed! Very fervently do we hope that Methodists will disown this book. "A Ritualistic Story" would have been a more fitting title, for "Ritualism" and "Liturgy" and "Sisterhoods" have a prominent place in this tale. Does this story really indicate the backward movement of Methodism? If so, we are not surprised at the poor preaching that we find at the close of this senseless story. "Be good, therefore, and beautiful," is the substance of the closing address. This is not the sort of food on which the good old-fashioned Methodists used to feed. If this is the new theology, truly, "the old is better."

Freemen or Slaves. By ELLEN A. BENNETT. Nisbet & Co.

A VERY healthy book for boys. Fewer characters and more detail would have made the story stronger; still, as it is, it is a good tale, well told. For a lad just going into the workshop or factory, it will be a useful present. The writer seems to have the right kind of spirit for dealing with boys and young men.

Adopted; or, an Old Soldier's Embarrassments. By E. A. B. D. Religious Tract Society.

A NEATLY got-up book, containing a well-told story. The tale is that of a stern old soldier, General Marston, whose brother and sister-in-law have died, and left a little family to be provided for. The general adopts them, and the happy little ones lead him to tenderness and simple trust in God. The lion-like old warrior finds it to be still true, "a little child shall lead them." In this "live" book we have living gospel truth presented in a lively way that must do good. If there are young reading folk in the home, by all means let this book be "adopted" into the family.

Peter's Sister. By JANET EDEN. Religious Tract Society.

THE life of a poor charwoman and her family is not a subject that presents much attraction for either writers or readers; but that there is real heroism to be found in the prolonged battle with poverty and temptation of many a poor widow and factory girl, is well known to most Christian workers. This story of patient little Peter and his self-sacrificing sister, commends itself to us because it is evidently the work of one who knows how the industrious poor live, and who seeks to brighten and bless their lives by Christian ministrations. The title should have been "Peter's Sisters." Why so, it would profit many "general servants" and "work-room" girls to find out. Ladies should give this pretty book to any such in whom they are interested.

Sheaves of Ministry. Sermons and Expositions. By JAMES MORISON, D.D. Hodder and Stoughton.

THE author of this portly volume recently celebrated the jubilee of his ministry, amid friendly congratulations and solid tokens of esteem. His views are strongly Arminian, and in some cases he does not speak with the full decision we think warranted by Scripture. Allowing for these drawbacks, as we deem them, there is much in the book worthy of commendation. Time was when Scotia's sons stood in the vanguard of the faith. Alas! her ranks are broken now, her counsels divided, her heroic martyr-spirit, which produced the Covenanters and the Free Church, is, we fear, but historic memory now. Hence, we are thankful to note as great a reverence for Scripture, and as practical a grip of eternal verities, as we find in this volume. In the address on, "Is there a larger hope?" the case is thus summarized: "*While looking wistfully and eagerly throughout Scripture for some door of hope, in reference to those who pass away in utter impenitence, I have failed to find it.*" Dr. Morison looks through the Gospels in succession; but finds no door. He turns to the Epistles, and the case is substantially the same. Yet he will not say there *is* no door of hope in the far-off ages of ages. All he says, or can say, is this: in looking carefully and candidly throughout Scripture, he cannot see or find the door. Just so. Our fear, and it is verified by facts, is that others, going with the same wistful longing, but unbalanced by judicial impartiality, will glory in what they *think* they find. Some of the sermons fall short of full-orbed gospel truth; but they are all plain, practical, and common-sense, while not lacking in scholarship.

Notes.

IT was difficult, last month, to tell what ought to be written about THE EDITOR'S ILLNESS; and it is certainly not easier to know what to say this month. Just as the August number of *The Sword and the Trowel* was passing through the press, a great change for the better took place: the delirium, which had been such a trying part of Mr. Spurgeon's sufferings, suddenly ceased, and from that time until the present, has scarcely returned. This improvement made many friends imagine that the dear sufferer was rapidly recovering, whereas, so far as the actual malady was concerned, there was no material alteration. Some days he has been better, other days worse; sometimes weaker, and then again gaining a little strength. At the date when these "Notes" go to the printers, that is, on August 20, the doctors are able to give a more favourable report than they have given for several days. This is a cause for renewed thankfulness; but the need for fervent supplication is as great as in the earlier part of this long and terrible illness; while it ought, in every instance, to be accompanied by hearty thanksgiving that the precious life, so dear to many, has been spared, and that the delirium, which for a while beclouded the over-wrought brain, has been so graciously banished by the Great Physician. Colossians iv. 2 is still the watchword for all who desire the Editor's complete restoration to health and strength.

Readers of the Sermons will have noticed that Mr. Spurgeon wished heartily to thank all friends for their supplications and sympathy, and to assure them of his firm belief that their petitions had been in part answered in the sparing of his life, and that the Lord would continue to hear those who were pleading on his behalf, and at the right time would fully restore him to his much-loved work. No one can tell when this miracle of mercy will be wrought; but so far as human foresight can judge, it must be many months before it will be possible to hold in the Tabernacle the thanksgiving service to which many are already looking forward, and for which some have even applied for tickets.

Friends have begun to send *thankofferings for Mr. Spurgeon's recovery.* This is a wise arrangement; for in most instances it will enable the generous givers to send additional thankofferings when the beloved sufferer is really restored. To those who know how seriously ill he still is, thanksgivings for his "recovery" appear very premature; but they are truly grateful for the kindly feeling that is thus manifested; and instead of saying anything that might tend to repress it, they would rather seek to encourage it. Various suggestions have been received with regard to the form that a general thanksgiving should take; but it will be evident to all that when the time for such a manifestation of gratitude arrives, the carrying out of any proposals must rest with the Tabernacle deacons, rather than with those who are more personally associated with Mr. Spurgeon at "Westwood." There will, doubtless, be ample time for the

maturing of any plan that may be devised for suitably celebrating the Lord's gracious lovingkindness; and meanwhile, all communications upon this matter should be addressed to the deacons, Metropolitan Tabernacle, Newington Butts, London.

As notified last month, contributions for the institutions, of which Mr. Spurgeon is the President, should be directed to him, as usual, at "Westwood," Beulah Hill, Upper Norwood, where they will be gratefully received and promptly acknowledged. At this time of the year our lists of donors are generally smaller than at other seasons, as friends are away at the seaside, or in the country. Probably many who otherwise would have sent recently have refrained from writing because of the critical condition of the one whose name is so closely connected with the Pastors' College, College Missionary Association, Society of Evangelists, Stockwell Orphanage, Colportage Association, and the many smaller works for which funds are constantly needed, but for which no public appeal is usually made. It will certainly tend to the Pastor's recovery if he knows that all the institutions in which he is interested are kept well supplied with funds all the while that he is laid aside.

Week after week, *the daily prayer-meetings at the Tabernacle* have been continued, and repeated testimony has been borne to the fact that those who have met for supplication have themselves received great spiritual blessings. One who has often been present said that it would delight the Pastor's heart if he could know how the brethren and sisters appear to have searched the Bible, through and through, in order to find promises that they might plead at the throne of grace; and others speak of conversions at the prayer-meetings. Many believe that the church at the Tabernacle is being prepared for a mighty revival, and that the illness, which has given so much sorrow and anxiety, will really accomplish more for the glory of God than if Mr. Spurgeon had been enabled to continue preaching all through the summer. There is, unquestionably, some great purpose of love and mercy in this trying dispensation, although at present it is only apparent to him who seeth the end from the beginning.

Away from the Tabernacle, Mr. Spurgeon's illness has been the occasion for the manifestation, in a truly remarkable manner, of the real unity of the one Church of our Lord Jesus Christ. It is impossible to convey to our readers any appreciable idea of the prayerful sympathy that has been expressed by all sections of the Christian Church in the United Kingdom, and also abroad. We should have to repeat much that we wrote last month about the great religious and philanthropic institutions of the country, and should have to add that at almost all the great Assemblies, Associations, Conferences, Conventions, &c., held during this season of sorrow, a special place in the programmes has been found for the expression of sympathy with the sufferer at "Westwood," and his beloved wife.

Many, whose names were mentioned in the last number of the Magazine as having called, written, or telegraphed, have repeated their expressions of esteem and regard; and, in addition, the following have joined the circle of sympathizing friends:—The Bishops of Worcester and Exeter; Canons Money, Sidebotham (Mentone), John Smith (Salisbury), and Tugwell; Bishop Hawkins (Ontario); and a constant stream of the clergy and ministers of all denominations. Among the many others who have in various ways shown their interest in Mr. Spurgeon's welfare, have been:—The Duke of Argyll, Lord and Lady Denman, Lord and Lady Gilbert Kennedy, Sir Arthur and Lady Nicolson, Lady Louisa Ashburton, Lady Anne Synge, Lady King-Hall, Lady Gordon (Edinburgh), the Chamberlain of the City of London and Mrs. Benjamin Scott, Mr. Wm. Fowler, Mrs. Pennefather, &c.

It has taxed the powers of all helpers to acknowledge the numerous communications that have continued to arrive; and if a list of all the correspondents could be made out, it would prove to be a list of love of an almost unique character, for which any man ought to be thankful. It has been a great joy to the dear sufferer to hear, as he has been able to bear them, many of the letters and telegrams; and he believes that they have tended to help his recovery. They have at least relieved the tedium of the many weary hours that he would otherwise have had to spend, and have greatly cheered his heart, when otherwise he might have been sorely depressed. What the Pastor wrote to his congregation at the Tabernacle, on August 9, he says to all the readers of *The Sword and the Trowel*:—

"*Dear Brethren,—The Lord's name be praised for first giving and then hearing the loving prayers of his people! Through these prayers my life is prolonged. I feel greatly humbled, and very grateful, at being the object of so great a love and so wonderful an outburst of prayer.*

"*I have not strength to say more. Let the name of the Lord be glorified!*

"*Yours most heartily,*

"C. H. SPURGEON."

Mrs. SPURGEON also desires to convey to all friends the assurance of her heartfelt thankfulness for their kind expressions of loving esteem for her dear husband, and sympathy with her in his long-continued affliction. It has been an indescribable source of comfort to her to know that they have both been so continually remembered at the throne of grace. She prays that the Lord may very specially reward those who have thus helped to cheer two of his tried children in their hour of need.

The preachers at the Tabernacle this month will (D.V.) be as follows:—Thursday evening, September 3, W. Stott; Lord's-day, September 6, morning, A. G. Brown; evening, J. A. Spurgeon; Thursday evening, September 10, J. W. Ewing; Lord's-day, September 13, morning, J. Monro Gibson; evening, E. Roberts; Thursday evening, September 17, W. Stott; Lord's-day, September 20, W. Y. Fullerton; Thursday evening, September 24, F. M. Smith; Lord's-day, September 27, A. G. Brown.

"Mr. Spurgeon's Deputies."—Those who have the charge of *The Sword and the Trowel* during the Editor's illness have been much amused by a leaderette in an evening paper, which, theologically, is on the "Down-grade." The writer gives two reasons why he wants Mr. Spurgeon to live; the first is, lest the Stockwell Orphanage should suffer; and the second is, because "*Mr. Spurgeon's helpers are more narrow than himself.*" The proof for this assertion is found in one of the reviews in last month's Magazine; but unfortunately for the clever critic, the said review was *written by the Editor before he was taken ill!*

There is a story of a number of very wise people finding fault with what they supposed to be a stuffed owl. Everything about it was wrong, even to the pose of the poor bird; no owl was ever seen to stand in such a position. How much more the critics might have said in condemnation of the ignorant stuffer, has never been recorded, for the bird cut short their comments by lazily opening one eye, and blinking after the manner of his tribe. When "Mr. Spurgeon's Deputies" read what "Urbanus" had so wisely said, they also blinked, and winked, and enjoyed a hearty laugh. Perhaps the critic will amuse himself by trying to find out which reviews in this month's Magazine were written by the Editor.

Poor Ministers' Clothing Society.—The secretary gratefully acknowledges the receipt of two boxes of worn clothing from Berwickshire. Will friends kindly note that gifts for this work should be addressed to Mrs. Miller, Metropolitan Tabernacle, London, for Poor Ministers' Clothing Society, *carriage paid?*

College.—Mr. W. S. Godfrey, having completed his course with us, has settled at South Croydon. The extensive mission, hitherto conducted by the Misses Watney, in the Brighton Road, has been placed in our hands, and Mr. Godfrey goes, at our request to carry on the work, with a view presently to the formation of a church.

In response to a request from the Baptist Union of South Africa, we are sending out two more students, Messrs. John Russell and Ernest Baker, who will (D.V.) sail on September 10, by the ss. *Dunottar Castle*. Mr. Russell goes to take charge of the church at Cradock, and Mr. Baker to Bloemfontein.

On October 2 (D.V.), two more of our brethren will sail for Australia, in the P. & O. ss. *Arcadia*—Pastor H. Clark and Mr. D. J. Graham. Both these brethren came to the College from the Antipodes, and they believe the climate there will suit their health better than the very variable weather they have experienced in England. Mr. Clark has done good service for the Lord at Barking, and Mr. Graham has been a great helper of the work at Haddon Hall, Bermondsey. We commend them both very heartily to the loving sympathy of friends on the other side of the globe.

The honorary secretary of the church at the East London Tabernacle, sends us a special resolution passed at a recent church-meeting. We insert it here, as it is a matter of general interest to a large section of our readers. No son of the College is more dear to the heart of the President than is Archibald G. Brown, and no man of the 800 or 900 trained in the College has done nobler work for the Lord. During Mr. Brown's pastorate, over 5,000 members have been received into fellowship, many of whom have become ministers of churches, or workers in the home and foreign mission fields; while the whole East of London, and many other parts of the United Kingdom, have been benefited by our brother's faithful gospel ministry and practical philanthropy. May the pastoral silver-wedding celebration be a fitting memorial of the twenty-five years of mercy recorded in the resolution!

"That this meeting of the church and congregation, held at the East London Tabernacle, desire to express their grateful recognition of our Heavenly Father's continued blessing during the time the Rev. Archibald G. Brown has been pastor of this church; and in prospect of the completion, at the end of this year, of his twenty-fifth year of service in our midst, we do agree to mark the event in some tangible form, and to use our best efforts to promote this object, and carry the same to a successful issue."

Our friends at Bracknell, Berkshire, who are building a new chapel, deserve help, for they are helping themselves right nobly. In order to make the cost of the building as light as possible, the members are themselves doing as much of the work as they can. Up to the date of the stone-laying (July 22) the young men had given 563 hours of free labour. Bravo, Bracknell Baptists! You show your faith by your works.

On *Wednesday, August 5*, the students re-assembled, after their summer vacation, at West Croydon Baptist Chapel, where they were hospitably entertained by Pastor and Mrs. J. A. Spurgeon—the illness of the President rendering impossible the usual excursion to "Westwood." After luncheon, the latest bulletin concerning the President was read by Pastor W. Stott, and praise for the cheering news, and prayer for the complete recovery of the sufferer, were offered by Pastor J. W. Ewing, B.A., of Wandsworth, who is undertaking temporary

tutorial duties at the College, in consequence of Professor Fergusson's serious illness. The brethren then dispersed among the grounds attached to Mr. Spurgeon's house, and those of a neighbouring gentleman (Mr. Bishop), which were very kindly placed at their disposal. After dinner, Professor Gracey, in expressing the thanks of all for their entertainment, remarked on the kind way in which the Vice-President always came forward in an emergency. Mr. James Spurgeon, in replying, said it gave him and Mrs. Spurgeon great pleasure to welcome the brethren there. A kind word of encouragement was then spoken by the Rev. John Spurgeon (father of C. H. and J. A. S.) whom all were glad to see and hear. The brethren again separated until tea-time, after which the Vice-President welcomed the nineteen new students who have entered the College this session. A hearty vote of thanks to Mr. and Mrs. James Spurgeon was then proposed by two students (Messrs. Gibbon and Donald), and carried with acclamation. At 7 o'clock, a public meeting was held in the chapel, at which many of the Croydon friends were present, the evening being that on which their usual weekly service is held. Pastor J. A. Spurgeon presided. After singing a hymn, special prayer for the restoration of the President and for a blessing upon the Croydon church was offered by two of the students. An excellent address was given by Professor Gracey; a sacred solo, "Hold thou my hand," was sung by a student, Mr. Byard. Professor Marchant spoke briefly, after which the College Anthem, "Hallelujah for the Cross!" was very heartily sung. Mr. Stott again prayed for the President, and the students left to catch the train for London, having spent a very happy and profitable day. Mr. Harmer, one of the College evangelists, gave an earnest gospel address before the congregation dispersed.

PASTORS' COLLEGE MISSIONARY ASSOCIATION.—In the former part of the Magazine we have referred at length to the work of our brethren in North Africa, so that here we need only give an extract from Mrs. Patrick's letter:—"We watch and wait, in heartfelt sympathy with you, for news of dear Mr. Spurgeon. We grieve as for a father, and are daily, many times, in prayer and supplication concerning him. My dear husband left home last Tuesday, for a week or ten days, and so I write for him. He has gone to Casa Blanca, and, maybe, other ports, to distribute Gospels and tracts to Spaniards and Jews, also to see something more of the need of our Christ in poor Morocco. We long for *present* facts about Mr. Spurgeon's health, and feel the separation in times such as these. Our comfort is in our prayer-answering God."

EVANGELISTS. — Mr. T. W. Beveridge writes from Abergavenny, concerning the mission of *Messrs. Fullerton and Smith*:—"Although the evangelists were here at the worst time of the year for a mission, the meetings were far above the expectation of the committee. The Sunday meetings were crowded, many not being able to get in, although the Town Hall will hold from 1,000 to 1,200. Mr. Smith soon won the hearts of the people. Several backsliders were brought back to the fold by the telling and delightful way he sang the gospel. Mr. Fullerton's addresses were very powerful, and in many cases were the power of God unto salvation."

Our brethren have been resting during August. They recommence work this month by holding missions at Norwood Congregational Chapel, Liverpool; and Swansea. Next month they go to Sheffield; and in November they are to visit West Brighton, Worthing, and Eastbourne.

Mr. Burnham has been across the Atlantic for his summer holiday, and with Pastor F. J. Flatt, has attended Mr. Moody's Northfield Convention. He has written an interesting account of his experiences, which we hope to publish in *The Sword and the Trowel*. The first part of this month he goes to Kent to labour, as usual, among the hop-pickers; and afterwards he is to be at Stantonbury.

Mr. Harmer has taken services during August at March, Cambridgeshire; Northcote Road, Wandsworth; the Tabernacle lecture-hall; Orpington; and Cottage Green, Camberwell. This month he re-commences his evangelistic work by conducting a mission at Dewsbury, Yorkshire.

PERSONAL NOTES.—Among the many loving letters recently received, the following are worthy of special note:—

"Dear Sir,—Many years ago, I was led of the Lord into the Tabernacle, and there, through you, he met with me, and I saw him, and learnt to trust him, and love him. Therefore, as a thank-offering to him for your progress towards health, I beg to send you a contribution for the orphans (£5), and thus express, in a practical way, my sympathy and love for you in this sharp trial."

"Just a line to tell you that I was saved through reading your little book, *The Way of Salvation*, from the text, 'I am the Way;' and that, since then, I have told many people what was in it. My darling children honour you much, and say that, if you are my spiritual father, you must be their grandpa, which they call you."

"Dear Mr. Spurgeon,—My object in writing is to bear testimony to the good your sermons have been to me. I was ten years located in the wilds of Western Australia, and never went into a place of worship during that time, and was only once visited by a clergyman, and he came to bid us 'good-bye,' on his departure for

England. During those years, the Bible, *Spurgeon's Sermons*, and *The Lord's Dealings with George Müller, of Bristol*, were my daily companions. Your sermons were ever new to me, and I cannot explain to you the great blessings my soul has received through them: in fact, they have educated me in the divine life. Often I used to go into the forest with your sermons, and offer many a prayer, that God would be pleased long to spare the life of his servant, and that many might receive, as I have, through his writings, comfort, help, and guidance. *Morning by Morning* and *Evening by Evening*, I have used, to my spiritual profit, for more than fifteen years. As you are, no doubt, aware, your sermons are printed in the Melbourne *Australasian* paper, which has a large circulation in the interior of Western Australia. Many friends tell me of the food for their souls that they get through your sermons in the paper. "Yours very truly, ONE WHO DAILY STUDIES, LOVES, AND VALUES SPURGEON'S SERMONS."

This cheering letter comes from Natal:—"Dear Mr. Spurgeon,—In the year 1876, when attending the Tabernacle, as a boy of fourteen years, you one day placed your hand upon my shoulder, saying, 'When are you going to give your heart to the Lord?' The other day, Mr. ——, of the South-East African Mission, was speaking to me about your illness, when I related the incident. He at once asked me to write, and tell you that, at last, two years ago, I had given my heart to the Lord; thinking you would be glad to know that the words you then spoke have borne fruit. I was baptized, and joined the Baptist Church."

An English clergyman, writing to Mrs. Spurgeon from Norway, says:—"On July 23, I was crossing the great Jostedel glacier. At eleven, we rested for a time on the summit of the great snowfield. One of our guides, who spoke no English, began to ask me in Norse about an English "Prieste", who was very ill, and tried to pronounce your husband's name. I told him that when I left England there was a very slight improvement, at which he expressed great delight. He told me that your dear husband's writings were much read among the peasants, and that many were praying for his recovery."

Pastors' College, Metropolitan Tabernacle.

Statement of Receipts from July 15th to August 14th, 1891.

	£	s.	d.
Miss Halls	0	5	0
Mrs. Rayboulđ	2	0	0
Pastor Gad Pring	0	6	0
Part collection at the New North Road Chapel, Huddersfield, per Pastor F. J. Benskin	4	8	6
Stamps from Kingsbridge	0	3	0
J. S.	5	0	0
M. C. S. F.	0	10	0
Matt. xxv. 40	1	0	0
Bethel Baptist Church, Shipley, per Pastor A. Priter	2	2	0
Miss Jephs	1	1	0
Prayer-meeting offerings at Mansion House Mission, per Pastor G. W. Linnecar	0	12	6
Rev. G. H. Rouse, M.A.	1	0	0
Two-guinea piece	2	2	0
From Scotland	25	0	0
S. J. T.	1	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Sutcliffe	1	0	0
Mr. H. M. Watts	0	10	0
Miss M. A. Shipway	0	10	0
Mr. G. R. Wooler	0	2	6
Mr. R. J. Beecliff	0	2	6
Weekly Offerings at Met. Tab.:—			
July 19	32	2	6
,, 26	30	0	0
August 2	33	0	3
,, 9	25	14	6
	120	17	3
	£169	12	3

Pastors' College Missionary Association.

Statement of Receipts from July 15th to August 14th, 1891.

	£	s.	d.
J. S.	5	0	0
Miss M. K. Milligan	3	0	0
M. E.	1	0	0
Miss Cleminson	1	0	0
	£9	0	0

Stockwell Orphanage.

Statement of Receipts from July 15th to August 14th, 1891.

	£	s.	d.
Collected by Mrs. S. T. Barrah	0	10	0
Mr. W. C. Huckelsby	0	7	6
Mrs. C. Donaldson	1	0	0
Mr. S. D. Lamb	0	10	0
Young Women's Bible-class at Orphanage, per Mrs. J. Stiff	1	7	9
Collected by Miss Fairey	0	19	0
The Right Hon. the Lord Mayor	10	10	0

	£	s.	d.
Executors of the late Mrs. Susannah Belsey	360	0	0
Mr. Geo. Cox	1	1	0
Mrs. A. Whatley	0	5	0
W. S.	0	10	0
Ebenezer	5	0	0
Onslow Baptist Chapel Sunday-school, South Kensington, per Mr. J. A. Curtis	1	1	9
Collected by Mr. C. Merrick	0	17	8
Mrs. Garrood	0	1	0
Mrs. Smith	1	0	0
Collected by Miss Seton-Burn	1	0	0
Mr. Seaton	1	1	0
Collected in No. 8 House, Stockwell Orphanage	1	3	11
Miss M. E. Hadland	1	0	0
Mrs. Cooper	0	5	0
Mr. J. Murray	1	0	0
Mrs. Raybould	1	0	0
Mr. C. H. Price	1	0	0
Mrs. Tyson	1	0	0
Collected by Miss Louie Page	0	4	1
Little Help	0	2	6
Miss M. Tillotson	0	5	0
Collected by Mr H. Andrews	0	15	0
For the work of the Lord in the care of the little ones	0	1	0
Mr. F. Hallett	0	5	0
Collected by the late Miss Harris	0	1	0
Mr. R. Morgan	0	13	6
Collected by Ernest	0	5	0
Miss C. Bacon	0	5	0
F. G. B., Chelmsford	0	2	6
Mr. R. Beattie	0	10	0
Mrs. Rawlings	0	1	0
Mr. E. Newell	5	0	0
Mrs. Renshaw	1	0	0
C. B. S. S.	0	2	0
Miss Cudworth's class	0	2	4
Mr. G. Gibb	0	5	0
Mr. J. Barnes	0	10	0
Mrs. N. Harrison	0	10	0
A. W.	0	5	0
Mr. E. Chitty	5	0	0
Mr. J. Brockie	1	0	0
Mrs. Ellwood	5	0	0
Miss C. Valler	0	5	0
C. J., junior	2	0	0
Mrs. H. Knight	10	0	0
Miss Way	0	10	0
Miss Descroix	0	10	0
Miss Dixon	0	10	0
Mr. W. Branford	0	3	6
Harwich	1	0	0
Per Pastor W. Burnett:—			
Pastor W. Burnett's box	0 13 8		
Mrs. Burnett's box	0 16 4		
Mrs. Perry's half-yearly sub.	0 5 0		
	1 15	0	
Mr. W. A. Nathan	0	10	0
H. M. E.	0	1	0
West Brompton Railway Mission Sunday-school	1	1	0
Mrs. E. Garrett	0	3	0
Collected by Master Herries	0	4	2
Mr. C. Ibberson	0	2	6
Mr. John Patten and children	0	10	0
Emily Harding and friend	0	4	6
Mr. F. Bartlett	1	0	0
Mr. Henry Jackson	1	8	0
Mr. E. Webber	1	0	0
Mr. Lewis Divall	0	1	0
J. and M. G., Natal	5	0	0
J. S.	5	0	0
A country minister	0	3	0
Pastor J. A. Brown, M.R.C.S.	2	0	0
Mrs. Allan	200	0	0
An afflicted missionary in India	1	0	0
M. C. S. F.	1	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Woolidge	0	10	0

	£	s.	d.
Miss M. K. Milligan	2	0	0
Postal order from Meeting-house Lane, Peckham	0	5	0
Mrs. Greenwood	0	5	0
Miss Tolson, per Mrs. Greenwood	0	5	0
Mr. and Mrs. Haynes	0	10	0
Mr. Thos. Penny	2	2	0
Matthew xxv. 40	2	0	0
Mr. J. C. Beagle	0	10	0
Mr. and Mrs. Horner	1	0	0
Mrs. Lloyd	0	5	0
Miss E. Davies	1	0	0
Two friends, per Mrs. Adlem	0	3	0
Mr. W. Squibb	0	5	0
Mr. W. Peacock	0	5	0
Postal order from Chester	1	0	0
Miss Maxwell, per Pastor J. A. Spurgeon	1	1	0
Mr. and Mrs. Adam	1	0	0
S. S., Enfield	1	0	0
Miss E. L. Hewat	0	7	0
Mr. P. Hooper	1	0	0
Collected by Miss J. Jordan	0	13	6
Mr. Thos. Harding	0	5	0
Mr. J. L. Davies	1	0	0
Mr. James Fisk	0	10	0
A thankoffering from Newbury	0	10	0
Mr. T. D. Ransford	5	0	0
Mr. I. Mannington	5	0	0
Mr. H. Wood	1	1	0
Mr. M. J. B. Bennet	0	11	6
Mrs. Le Guyt	10	0	0
Mrs. Rees	0	6	0
Miss J. Bird	1	0	0
Rev. G. H. Rouse, M.A.	1	0	0
Collected by Mr. J. Langton	0	15	0
Sale of jewellery, C. B. R.	0	13	0
Mr. S. Gammon	0	10	0
Miss M. Stalker	0	5	0
A. B.	10	0	0
Pastor George Cobb	0	10	0
Mr James Leiper	1	0	0
Mr. W. J. Scott	0	10	0
Miss A. Lutton	0	3	0
Miss M. A. B. Scoles	1	1	0
Mr. Mainwaring	0	10	0
Mrs. Ferguson	3	0	0
Mrs. Pearson	0	5	0
Mr. D. Thomas	2	0	0
A. P.	0	2	0
Old friend near Brechin	0	10	0
Stamps from Crathie	0	2	0
Mr. John Barrie	1	0	0
Mrs. Gray	0	2	0
Mrs. Scott	0	6	0
Mr. D. Shaw	1	0	0
Mr. Geo. Hicks	1	10	0
Buckland Baptist Chapel, Faringdon	0	11	6
Proceeds of children's bazaar at Tottenham, per Master William Boggis	0	10	0
Mrs. Chas. Walter	10	0	0
Thankoffering from a member of the Church of England	5	0	0
Mrs. H. W. Thompson	0	3	0
Mr. John Green	2	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Sutcliffe	1	0	0
Mrs. H. M. Watts	0	10	0
Miss A. M. Davis	1	0	0
N. S., near Stroud	0	10	0
A Caithness fisherman	1	0	0
Mr. William Davis	0	10	0
In loving memory of Pattie	0	10	0
H. E.	0	2	6
A lover of children	0	2	0
Miss M. A. Shipway	0	10	0
Mr. Edwin Hall	0	5	0
Miss M. Smith	1	0	0
Mr. F. West	1	0	0
Mr. James Baxter	2	0	0
Sandwich, per Bankers	2	2	0
Mr. E. K. Stace	0	10	0

	£	s.	d.
Meetings by Mr. Charlesworth and the Orphanage Choir:—			
Chelsea, per Pastor W. H. J. Page (for expenses)	2	10	0
Deal	20	6	6
Ashford	11	1	5
Tunbridge Wells	30	12	0
	£817	7	1

List of Presents, per Mr. Charlesworth, from July 15th to August 14th, 1891.—PROVISIONS:—6½ sieves Strawberries, Mr. G. Carter; 3 sacks Peas, 4 bags Potatoes, 1 bag Onions, Mr. Frederick Fisher; 725 Eggs, Mr. W. Paxman; 108 punnets of Strawberries, Mr. A. Wilkin; 40 lbs. Tea, Messrs. Armstrong and Co.; 12 Stilton Cheeses, Mr. J. T. Crosher; 1 New Zealand Sheep, Sir A. Seale Haslam; 18 baskets Gooseberries, Mr. H. T. Camps; 8 jars Jam, The Misses Harris and Jeffrey; 1 hamper Buns and Scones, Messrs. Tebbutt and Co.

BOYS' CLOTHING.—2 Flannel Shirts, Miss M. E. Coath; 1 Vest, Mr. Wilkin; 3 Straw Hats, Mr. A. Pitts; 4 pairs Socks, Miss L. Salter.

GIRLS' CLOTHING:—37 Articles, The Ladies' Working Meeting, Metropolitan Tabernacle, per Miss Higgs; 13 Straw Hats, Mr. A. Pitts; 6 Articles, The Cottage Working Party, Newmarket, per Miss Curtis; 33 Articles, The Working Meeting, Baptist Chapel, Newbridge, Mon.; 4 Articles, Miss L. Salter; 12 yards Unbleached Calico, 7 Articles, 3 Frocks, 8½ yards Print, 1 small Apron, Cotton, and Needles, &c., The Misses Milner; a few yards Unbleached Calico, Mrs. A. J. Holden.

GENERAL:—500 Bibles, Mr. F. W. N. Lloyd; a load of Firewood, Mr. John Cooper; 12 Volumes, The Committee of The United Kingdom Band of Hope Union, per Mr. C. Wakeley; 1 parcel Patchwork, Mrs. Rawlings; 1 load Firewood, Mr. F. Fisher.

Colportage Association.

Statement of Receipts from July 15th to August 14th, 1891.

Subscriptions and Donations for Districts:—

	£	s.	d.
Hockliffe District	10	0	0
Metropolitan Tabernacle Sunday-school for Newington and Walworth ...	10	0	0
Okehampton District	10	0	0
Minchinhampton District	20	0	0
Mr. R. Cory, J.P., for Cardiff and Penrhikyber	10	0	0
Mr. John Cory, for Castleton, Cardiff, and Penrhikyber	20	0	0
Ironbridge, per Mr. A. Maws	7	10	0
Wolverhampton District...	10	0	0
Denmead District...	7	10	0
Borstall District	10	0	0
Rev. E. J. Farley, for St. Luke's ...	10	0	0
Kettering, per Mr. M. Meadows, sen....	10	0	0
Mr. R. W. S. Griffith, for Fritham ...	10	0	0
Freemantle, per Mr. R. Beck	10	0	0
Yorkshire Baptist Association... ...	20	0	0
South Devon Congregational Union ...	10	0	0
Greenwich, per Pastor C. Spurgeon ...	10	0	0
Dorking District	15	0	0
Mrs. Robinson, for Tewkesbury ...	5	0	0
Stow and Aston District...	10	0	0
Cheddar District	4	0	0
"Swaffham Prior," per Mr. R. J. Moffatt	10	0	0
	£239	0	0

Subscriptions and Donations to the General Fund:—

	£	s.	d
Mr. G. W. Honeyman	10	0	0
J. S.	2	10	0
M. C. S. F.	0	10	0
Mr. H. Wood	1	1	0
Rev. G. H. Rouse, M.A.	1	0	0
A thankoffering for the improvement in Mr. Spurgeon's health	5	0	0
Mr. H. M. Watts	0	5	0
Mrs. Raybould	1	0	0
Annual Subscription:—			
Mr. E. Newell	2	10	0
	£23	16	0

Society of Evangelists.

Statement of Receipts from July 15th to August 14th, 1891.

	£	s.	d.
J. S.	2	10	0
Mrs. Allan	200	0	0
Miss A. M. Davis	1	0	0
Thankoffering for Messrs. Fullerton and Smith's services at Abergavenny	7	7	0
Mr. T. W. Beveridge	1	1	0
Mr. H. Wood	1	1	0
Rev. G. H. Rouse, M.A.	2	0	0
Mr. W. J. Clark	0	10	0
Mr. John Barrie	0	10	0
Mr. Samson Lucas...	0	10	0
	£216	9	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.

OCTOBER, 1891.

A Reminiscence and a Warning.

A COLLEGE ADDRESS, BY C. H. SPURGEON.

DEAR BRETHREN,—I want to speak to you, this afternoon, upon a text which was once very useful to me. It may not convey to you quite the same lesson that it taught me; but it may be as much a word from the Lord to you as it was to me on a memorable occasion.

When I had been preaching for a little while at Waterbeach, in the year 1852, my father and other friends advised me to seek admission to Regent's Park College, or, as it was in those days, Stepney College. I believed that I might be useful without a college training; but I bowed to what I was willing to regard as their superior judgment upon the matter. I was living in Cambridge at the time, so it was arranged that I should meet Dr. Angus at the house of Mr. Macmillan, the publisher. I was there exactly at the appointed hour, and was shown into a room; the doctor also went to the house, but the servant put him into another room, and did not let anyone know that I was waiting for him. After a while, he had to leave, to catch the train for London; but I waited on for two hours, and as no one came to me, I rang the bell, and enquired the cause of the delay. When I discovered what had happened, I was very much disappointed; but I have often thanked the Lord since then that he directed me in a different path from that which my friends had planned for me.

Though the intended interview had not taken place, I had not given up the idea of trying to enter the college; but that evening, going to my service, I was crossing Midsummer Common, to the little wooden bridge over the river Cam, when I was startled by what seemed to be a loud voice speaking to me. I have not been one to take much notice of

voices and visions; but I could not help hearing these words, as though they were actually spoken to me—

"SEEKEST THOU GREAT THINGS FOR THYSELF? SEEK THEM NOT."

Thinking over this text, which had come to me in such a remarkable manner, I began to examine my position, and surroundings, and motives. I thought of the people at Waterbeach, many of whom had been brought to the Saviour under my ministry; and I determined not to leave them in order to enter college, and resolved that I would continue preaching to them as long as I could. It did seem to me, at the time, that poverty and obscurity would be the result of my decision; although time has proved that this was God's way of preparing me for the position that I was afterwards to fill.

It is too late for this passage to prevent any of you from entering college, for you have already entered. It may, however, contain as clear a message for you as it did for me on the occasion to which I have referred. These words are found in Jeremiah xlv. 5: "Seekest thou great things for thyself? Seek them not."

Let me remind you of the connection of the text. Baruch had been employed by Jeremiah to write out, on a parchment-roll, all that the Lord had told him to prophesy concerning Israel, Judah, and all the nations. When the roll was finished, he was to read what he had written "in the ears of the people, in the Lord's house, upon the fasting day." After Jehoiakim had burned the roll, Jeremiah dictated the prophecies again to Baruch, who wrote them on another roll, on which, the inspired record tells us, "there were added besides unto them many like words." Baruch occupied a very honourable office; and he appears to have faithfully discharged his duty. The Lord, however, saw that he was in danger through an ambitious or aspiring spirit; and he therefore sent Jeremiah to him with this message, "Seekest thou great things for thyself? Seek them not."

There is a warning here for any one of us who may be tempted to seek great things for himself.

The command is very peremptory and emphatic: "Seek them not." In any calling, seeking great things for oneself is wrong; but in the Christian ministry it is a doubly evil thing. Think of it for a moment. A follower of the meek and lowly Jesus, seeking great things for himself! One who ought to be an ensample to the flock, seeking great things for himself! You see at once, dear brethren, how incongruous it is; and yet we should not have to go back to the days of Jeremiah and Baruch to find those who have tried to join these incongruities together. They cannot do it; oil and water would sooner mix than a servant of Christ succeed as a self-seeker. He may succeed as a self-seeker; but not as a servant of Christ. Either the self-seeker will cease to serve Christ, or the servant of Christ will cease to seek great things for himself.

The man whose great aim is to reach the highest position in the ministry is, after all, a poor curmudgeon, and a wretched parody of a true minister of the New Covenant. Such a man is very likely to hear the words of the apostle Peter to Simon Magus applied to himself: "Thou hast neither part nor lot in this matter: for thy heart is not right in the sight of God. Repent therefore of this thy wickedness, and

pray God, if perhaps the thought of thine heart may be forgiven thee. For I perceive that thou art in the gall of bitterness, and in the bond of iniquity." If a man thinks of trying to be "the big man of the district", let him become town-crier or bill-poster! If he aspires to the great honour of being the wearer of a black coat, let him be a chimney-sweep! If he thinks he would look nice in a white tie, let him be a linen-draper, or an undertaker! But he will never win men for Christ by seeking personal prominence. Self-seeking in any shape is repulsive. Seek nothing for yourselves, brethren. It is easy to sing—

"My all is on the altar,"

but it is not so easy to lay all on the altar, not allowing even wife or children to come between our own soul and Christ, and our service for him; but letting Christ take the first place, the middle place, and the last place, and be all in all in our life and in our labour. If it be so with you, yours will be a successful life; but if not, there will be a worm at the root, which will destroy all your usefulness. Cardinal Wolsey charged Cromwell to "fling away ambition; by that sin fell the angels!" I say to you, "Students, fling away self-seeking; by that sin have fallen many angels of the churches!"

If we were to seek great things for ourselves, *we should be false and recreant to our profession.* We belong to Christ; we are not our own, we are bought with a price. Some of us sang, when we were baptized—

"Jesus, I my cross have taken,
All to leave, and follow thee;
Destitute, despised, forsaken;
Thou, from hence, my all shalt be."

We professed then to be dead to our own interests, dead with Christ, and risen with him. We set our affection on things above, not on things on the earth. Jesus was all in all to us then; self was out of court. This was still more true of us when we were called to the ministry. Oh, what humble ideas as to ourselves filled our minds then! We could say then, with the apostle Paul, "Unto me, who am less than the least of all saints, is this grace given, that I should preach among the Gentiles the unsearchable riches of Christ." If, therefore, we live for ourselves, or seek great things for ourselves, we shall be telling one great lie, and taking a large part of our lifetime in telling it. Some have thought, "What end can we gain by becoming ministers?" This is an awful view of our holy calling, and must be terribly like the unpardonable sin. I have seen some ministers who have lived to make money, and others who have striven to attain to worldly honour and political fame. They are nobodies now; mere wrecks of men, like Hymenæus, and Alexander, and others, who "concerning faith have made shipwreck."

To seek great things for ourselves is unwise. The highest wisdom lies in obedience to our Lord's words, "If any man will come after me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross daily, and follow me. For whosoever will save his life shall lose it: but whosoever will lose his life for my sake, the same shall save it." With us, the surest gain is to give up everything for Christ; it will be little enough when we have given up all. The man who sacrifices himself for God is the man whom God

will not allow to sacrifice himself. The Lord never was in any man's debt, and he never will be. Peter seemed to think that he and his companions had made a great sacrifice, which demanded an adequate return from their Lord. He said to Jesus, "Behold, we have forsaken all, and followed thee; what shall we have therefore?" Paul was a much better judge of the relative value of things, and he said, "I count all things but loss for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus my Lord: for whom I have suffered the loss of all things, and do count them but dung, that I may win Christ, and be found in him." The man who has right views of his Lord will think little of himself. The more we think of our Master, the less shall we think of ourselves; and the more we try to glorify him, the less shall we seek great things for ourselves.

No doubt there is a powerful attraction about great things. How we all wish to be great men! Every young French soldier hopes that he carries the baton of a field-marshal in his knapsack; and every young soldier of the cross hopes that he is destined to be the commander-in-chief of the armies of our Israel. If any one of you has such an idea, mind that you keep it in your knapsack, behind your back, and never look at it. Put it away out of sight, never think of it; be like the apostle Paul, "Forgetting those things which are behind." You remember John Bunyan's description of his model minister. The Interpreter showed Christian "the picture of a very grave person hanging up against the wall, and this was the fashion of it. It had eyes lift up to heaven, the Best of Books in his hand, the Law of Truth was written upon his lips, *the world was behind his back;* it stood as if it pleaded with men, and a crown of gold did hang over his head." Blessed is the man of whom this is a correct portrait! Many will speak of him as a good man, even if none call him a great man.

Perhaps great things would not be so attractive if men knew the burden they bring with them.

"Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown,"

is a saying that applies to many beside kings and queens. A great statesman said that he only remembered two really happy days in his life—the day that he entered upon his high office, and the day that he left it. The top of the tree is not the safest place, nor the most comfortable. You would do well to follow Agur's example, and ask your Lord to put you neither at the top, nor at the bottom; but to let you sing to his glory from one of the branches nearer the middle of the tree. The bird on the top of the tree is a target for every man with a gun, and every boy with a stone. You are often told, "There's always room at the top;" that is quite true, but the top of the tree is a difficult place to reach, and it is a more difficult position to retain. Happy is the man who knows nothing of the trials and perils that beset "a popular minister"! Many a man has become dizzy by the time he has climbed to the summit of his ambition, and then he has had a grievous fall.

A high position has its advantages; but it has its disadvantages, too. If the Lord calls you to eminence, he will fit you for the position; and then you shall "dwell on high" in perfect security. But what is the use of seeking great things, if you are not qualified for them? A

man with a small head is saving up his money to buy a big hat: what will be the good of it? It will be coming down over his nose. Some who seek great things are like the boys who put on their father's trousers or boots. If they are not big in themselves, at any rate they are wearing big trousers, big boots, and big hats. They think that, if people do not see anything big in them, they will surely see something big on them. How do you know, my young brother, that you will be able to fill a large sphere? If we set ourselves up on high places, for which we are not fitted, some impertinent person will be sure to ask the very pertinent question, "Who put that beggar up there?" We shall then, with shame, be obliged to take a lower place, while a humbler brother will hear the welcome words, "Friend, go up higher." The man who pushes himself forward will be the one whom everybody will try to push backward; while the man who keeps himself in the rear will have many friends to help him to the front. "Whosoever exalteth himself shall be abased; and he that humbleth himself shall be exalted."

Those who seek great things lose greater things. A man seeking to be a great rhetorician loses the power of reaching the hearts of his hearers. You know some great word-spinners; but are they soul-winners? Some word-painters remind you of the angel who appeared to Manoah and his wife: "The angel did wondrously; and Manoah and his wife looked on." Oh, brethren, never try to preach grand sermons that will lead nobody to Christ! You may be thankful if you have not large churches to look after; for you will have all the more time to devote to the cultivation of your own mind and heart. Yield yourselves wholly to God, and your life cannot be a failure. Even though you are never heard of beyond the little country village where you labour for the Lord, you will have true success. The greatest success does not depend on the greatness of your position. A circle is never praised for its size, but for its roundness; and it is not the surface you have covered, but the completeness of the work you have done for God in the sphere where he has placed you, that will entitle you to his "Well done, good and faithful servant." "Seekest thou great things for thyself? Seek them not."

Besides all this, *self-seeking will be ruinous to any minister's career.* The people soon find out the difference between the man who lives for the Lord, and the one who lives for himself. I do not know how they get to know it; but they do. If, in our preaching, we are evidently intent upon preaching ourselves, they scent it out; and the greatest sinners discover it as well as the greatest saints. Two women were conversing about their pastors, when one of them said, "Our minister always impresses us with the idea that he is a great man; but your minister always sends you away simply thinking over what he has said about his Master." Let us be like number two.

Two ministers were talking together, and one of them said to the other, "Who is going to preach for you at your anniversary?" His friend answered, "I am going to preach myself." The brother did not mean quite what he said; but that is what a great many ministers might say. There are some who could never say with Paul, "We preach not ourselves, but Christ Jesus the Lord." They do preach themselves; and a fine subject they have for their discourses! Brethren, let us not

belong to that company: whoever else preaches himself, let it always be true of us, "We preach Christ crucified." This is a theme worthy of your loftiest powers. You will never reach the height of that great argument, not even when unto the principalities and powers in heavenly places you make known the manifold wisdom of God. Exalt Christ crucified: nothing will so crucify self as the uplifting of the crucified Christ. Remember how Paul wrote to the Galatians, "If a man think himself to be something, when he is nothing, he deceiveth himself. . . . But God forbid that I should glory, save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ, by whom the world is crucified unto me, and I unto the world."

If you find any self-seeking in the Lord Jesus, you may be a self-seeker, too. His disciples were often seeking great things for themselves; but you know how their Master rebuked them. The Lord of all became the servant of all; he washed their feet, setting them an example. Again and again he laid down the rule of his kingdom: "If any man desire to be first, the same shall be last of all, and servant of all." May our Lord make us all willing to take the lowest place in his blessed service, and keep us faithful even unto death! Amen.

A Prayer for Mr. Spurgeon.

PUT back the dial, Lord,
As in the olden day!*
Thy saving strength afford,
For this we humbly pray.

The warrior who, in might,
Did thine own weapon wield,
Has fallen in the fight,
Lies stricken on the field.

The voice that sounded clear
Above the jangling crowd,
That brought "glad tidings" near,
And published it aloud;

Those trumpet-tones are faint,
That rang from shore to shore:
O God! thy suffering saint
Give back to us once more!

Such evils to be met,
Such battles to be won,
Such wickedness—and yet
The conflict scarce begun.

'Tis THINE to give the word,
And we can only pray—
"Put back the dial, Lord,
As in the olden day!"

Llanelly. A. M.

* 2 Kings xx. 11.

"Descending the Mine."

A MISSIONARY ADDRESS, BY THOMAS SPURGEON.

THERE is, I suppose, a fitness that one of the addresses at this meeting* should be given by your home missionary or evangelist. There is, or should be, a very close connection between foreign missionary enterprise and care for those who are perishing immediately around us. The old story of the man, who urged that stock excuse for not sympathizing with foreign work, is worth remembering. Said he, "There are plenty of heathen at home—why don't you evangelize them?" "We do," replied the friend of foreign missions; and at the same time handed him a tract. I say, therefore, that it is perhaps not unfit that he, on whom you have put the honour of evangelizing at home, should address you on the equally glorious privilege of sending the gospel abroad.

Last time I spoke of "Holding the Ropes" (See *The Sword and the Trowel* for July). On this occasion we must think of those who go down the mine.

1. First, *consider the number of volunteers.* There is, thank God, no dearth of willing workers. Where one offered a few years back, ten spring forward now. The missionary spirit has taken possession of both worlds; and colleges, churches, Sunday-schools, and Young Men's Christian Associations are sending up their sons and daughters to the help of the Lord against the mighty. Did we not read just recently that no less than one hundred and twenty volunteered at a summer Bible-school in Kansas? Yes, the dry bones of the valley are standing up upon their feet, an exceeding great army. "Here am I, send me," sounds out on every hand from brave men and women, who stand at arms, ready, like Judson, to go at three months' notice to any part of the world; or say, with William Burns, of China, when asked how soon they can start, "To-morrow!"

2. Next, *rejoice in their quality.* Quantity is not everything. God uses humble instruments, I know; but qualification is not, on that account, to be despised. Because an ass once spake, and spake to purpose, too, is no reason why every speaker should be an ass. We must not forget that the fishermen whom some are apt to regard as untrained men, "had been with Jesus." Never were missionaries better qualified than these. Peculiar aptitude, or special training, or both, are highly desirable for the apostles of to-day. We hail with gladness the exodus to mission fields from universities, from Young Men's Christian Associations, and from the homes of the cultured and the well-to-do. The church is giving her noblest sons and most accomplished daughters to the cause. Only lately, it was my privilege to speak with Miss Mary Reed, invalided back from China, who, in her own palatial home, at Mount Pleasant, Tasmania, spoke of her longing to be again among the dear Chinese. Comfort and luxury were nought to her, whose heart was set on winning some of China's millions for the Lord Jesus Christ.

Is not New Zealand to be more fully represented in foreign lands? After one of my meetings lately, a bright little child said earnestly, "Oh, Mr. Spurgeon, I do so want to be a missionary!" Pray God that

* Annual meeting of the New Zealand Baptist Missionary Society, held at Auckland.

desire may grow apace in her young heart, and be realized at length! But are there none others—none of riper years—who will exclaim, "We do so want to be missionaries"? There is room in the mine for thousands upon thousands more!

3. *Their devotion, too, is cause for gratitude.* I may refer again to William Burns. It was he who said, "The means provided for me by the Lord have so exactly met my wants, that I go forth truly without a purse, having only two shillings remaining in the world." On this same principle, many are descending the mine to-day. Whatever may be our private opinion as to the wisdom, or otherwise, of unpaid agencies, we cannot but admire the whole-souled devotion which prompts to such a sacrifice.

To the ninety millions of the Soudan, who have till now been utterly unevangelized, some nine workers have lately gone from the United States. As the steamship, *City of Chicago*, left the quay, the watchers sang, "God be with you till we meet again," and they on the ship responded with, "We're on the way." Of these it is said, that they "went forth in faith, no Society behind them, no support guaranteed (except in God's promises), asking nothing from anyone, trusting simply in God to provide." We further learn that "they took with them but a few dollars more than enough for their expenses across the sea, and left the rest at home, in order that more missionaries might be sent."

This was noble indeed; and this is but a specimen. Most missionaries are made of this sort of stuff. A little fellow in a Sunday-school, who, by the way, was supposed to be "not quite all there", when all the others in the class confessed they did not know of what material God made man, exclaimed with all assurance, "PUTTY, SIR!" His father was a painter and glazier, hence, perchance, the lad's idea; or may be he had wit enough to note how many men are about as pliable and plastic as the well-oiled putty of the window-mender. But he certainly did not refer to missionaries. No, these are men—and the women are like unto them—who have indeed been as plastic clay in the great Potter's hand, but who are now as firm as rocks, "stedfast, unmoveable, always abounding in the work of the Lord."

4. *Nor can we help admiring their heroism.* They have offered to go down into the mine, though their predecessors' hands have had to let go the ropes by reason of sickness, privation, and death. The last Report of the Baptist Missionary Society says, "While lamenting their losses, the committee rejoice that there has been no lack of successors." That reads smoothly and simply enough, but it means more than appears. It means that, while some have died heroically at their posts, others have, with equal heroism, stepped up to fill the breach—to be baptized for the dead, themselves to die, if need be, for the glorious cause.

Take at your leisure, as I have done, a volume of incidents illustrative of heroism. Read of the standard-bearer who, lest the enemy should seize the flag, swallowed it, and was found dead, with part of the tattered banner protruding from his mouth. Read of the valiant soldier who, seeing the bearer of the colours fall, rushed up to take his place; and finding that a death-grip held the staff, and would not let it go, took up the corpse, threw it over his shoulder, and bore off both banner

and body to a securer place. Yes, read such tales as these, and you will scarcely be able to restrain your admiration. You will feel like calling out, "Huzza! Well done!" Then take up a missionary book, and learn how Comber died, and Hannington, and Mackay. Or read such words as these—words spoken by a leader of the Livingstone Inland Mission, when just about to die: "If thou wilt take myself rather than the work that I would do for thee, what is that to me? Thy will be done," and you will surely feel, as I have felt, that here is heroism exceeding that of the battle-field. To the soldier there is some inspiration in the surroundings—the clash and clang of battle; to the missionary there is none, save that which springs from Christ's constraining love. Oh, but this is the mightiest inspiration of all!

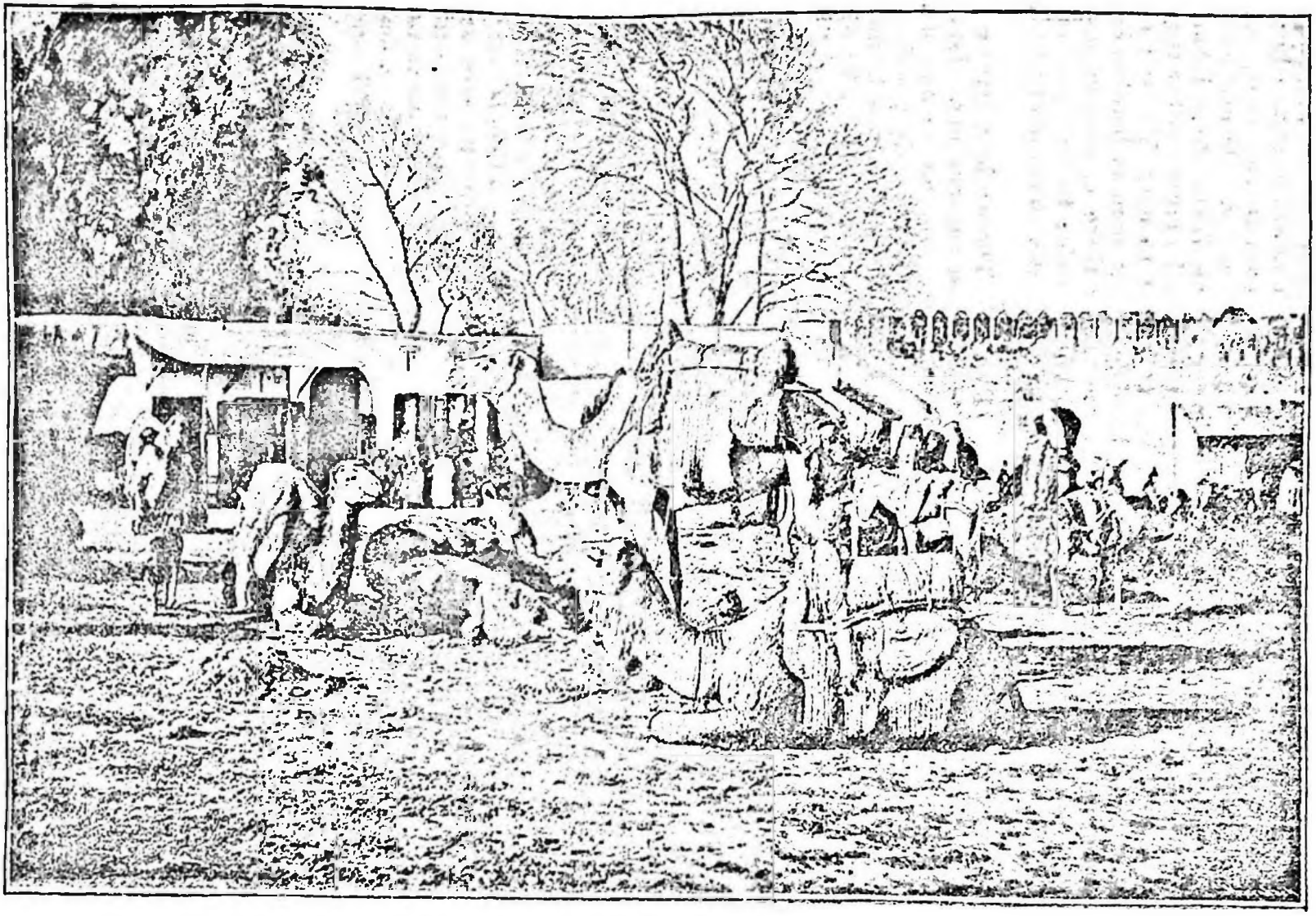
5. *The results secured must also gladden us.* These miners have not gone down in vain. Their latest reports are most encouraging. Look to *Europe*. Mr. McAll, in Paris, is bringing in the sheaves; and Mr. Wall reports:—"The past year has been one of great blessing, both in Rome, and in the stations in the provinces." Turn to *Asia*. Mark what Hudson Taylor and his host of helpers have wrought amongst China's millions! Note how, in India, the gospel spreads, until the advocates of idolatry have grown alarmed, and sent out appeals to the Hindu community! In *Africa* we all rejoice. The Congo is being conquered for Christ! Hark, also, to a voice from Niger Land! "I am a sinner; but I trust in Jesus' blood." So spake a dying chief; and bade them, at his funeral, observe no heathen rites. And what of *America*? Well, as a specimen of what the Lord has wrought, read Egerton Young's *By Canoe and Dog-train*; and learn that God can save amidst the snows, as well as in the tropics. These are but samples—samples of victory all along the line. Who will grudge holding the ropes, when to the surface come so constantly such gladdening proofs that there are bright jewels to be brought to light? Let every church take up this work most heartily. It will not be a loser, but a gainer. "The lamp that is placed in the window gives no less light in the room because its rays are illuminating the darkness outside." So sweetly Dr. McLaren puts the truth. Try it! Try it! As the fisher's wife placed the candle in the casement lest her husband's craft should come to wreck, so shine, dear fellow Christians of these favoured Isles, that India may say, "There's a light in the window for me."

A Wise Ignorance.

THE western Americans are noted for their terse expressions. Some one asked a man of the Sierras what he thought of the character of a neighbour. He replied: "Mister, I don't know much about him; but my impression is that he'd make *a first-class stranger*."

One had better not burn his fingers just for the sake of learning the properties of fire. One had better be ignorant of sin, than learn by bitter experience its terrible power and penalty. All who seek to lead the soul away from the truth of Christ, the service of Christ, or the fellowship of Christ, should be looked upon as "first-class strangers."

Nova Scotia. J. CLARK.



The Market-place of Tangier.

BY T. GILLARD CHURCHER, M.B., M.R.C.S.

THE view on the opposite page shows a corner of the market-place of Tangier. As there are neither good roads nor wheeled vehicles in all Morocco, the camel is invaluable for moving heavy loads. It travels, however, very, very slowly; about three miles, or less, in an hour. This fact reminds me of a conversation between a missionary and a Moor. The former had been boasting of European inventions and progress. "Yes," replied the native, "I know there are just one hundred tricks in the world, and Allah has given ninety-nine of them to the Christians; but we, believers, have one, and that is better than all the rest put together." "What is that one?" enquired the missionary, in surprise. "Why, this," said the native; "that *we believers can go slowly: you* can do many things, but you could *not* walk behind my camel all day."

The Moor was probably quite right; and we find that the Oriental mind looks at things in such a different light from our own, that we need more than ordinary grace and tact to approach them on spiritual matters without giving them immediate offence, and so spoiling our chance of doing them good.

One method, however, seldom fails, and that is THE MEDICAL MISSION. The people suffer much from sickness, and the native doctors know simply nothing about how to treat their ailments; so they gladly seek the missionary-physician, fully trust him, and gratefully appreciate his efforts, while they listen with respect to his preaching.

The market-place of Tangier may serve as a starting-point for a few words about sôks, or markets, in Morocco generally. These markets correspond more to our idea of fairs than of fixed markets, where goods are always on sale. Every town has an open space, either within or just outside its walls, where meets once every week its sôk; but beside those connected with towns, each district of villages has a common market-place, situated as nearly as possible equidistant from them all, where, once a week, they meet, and transact the commerce of the week with their neighbours and the outside world. The numbers attending these markets vary from a few hundreds to thousands of individuals, while the greatest variety of costumes and countenances is to be seen. There is the wild mountaineer, grasping his long gun ready for any emergency, his loose brown clothes richly embroidered, and his brave, open face suitably surmounted by his scarlet gun-case in place of a turban. Here is the slow, solemn Moor of the plains, clad all in white (at least, a garment that was once white), apparently unarmed, but never without a sharp dagger in his girdle. There is a company of women, swathed in creamy white woollen garments, making them look like animated bundles of clothes. These, with a sprinkling of cringing, down-trodden Jews, whose black caps and blue coats contrast with, and relieve, the dirty white of the general crowd, make up the human elements of the sôk.

Every article that the people produce, or that they need, is to be found here. Meat and corn, fruit and vegetables, wool and oil abound; sugar from France; tea, candles, and calico from England; while among the

many callings which are in active operation, in a quiet corner is found the barber-surgeon, who bleeds, cauterizes, or shaves "the faithful", according as they desire; and if it be a large market, the physician's tent, close by, contains a gentleman who will give you, for a reasonable consideration, of course, a medicine comprising ninety-nine ingredients to cure indigestion, or an infallible charm to make your husband love you, or to secure you a beautiful wife, whichever you may need!

The *importance* of these markets, as places where the missionary can come in contact with the people, can hardly be estimated. In a single market there will be representatives, it may be, of a score of separate villages; and anything which occurs at the sôk is, within a couple of days, the subject of conversation in each and all of them. There, also, people from places at present entirely inaccessible to Europeans are met with; and the removal of their prejudices, by the kind help of the medical missionary, would go far to open a way for Christian workers where now there is none.

The *accessibility* of these markets, too, is a factor of importance. Jews visit nearly all of them for the purpose of trading with European articles; so a fresh face does not excite suspicion and fear, as at other times, the idea being, "Oh! he is some stranger come to push his trade." The people, also, though busy during the actual market hours, are often at leisure before or after that time, and then are open to conversation.

The *difficulties* of undertaking mission-work in these markets are principally, first, the weather, which, during the time of extreme heat or wet, renders the work of travelling and camping very trying. Health, also, has to be considered, for the country is entirely undrained; and fever not only lurks everywhere, but boldly stalks abroad, and attacks almost everybody in certain districts. The other difficulty is expense. In the interior of Morocco there are no railways, no hotels, no roads even; and thus the traveller must carry all he needs with him, including tent, medicines, &c. This means at least three mules, and probably two or three men; for there is plenty for them to do. The people need close watching, as they are great thieves; food has to be found, and then cooked; the tent has to be pitched, and the animals have to be looked after, besides the distinct work of the medical missionary. All this means considerable expense.

After five years' localized work in Morocco, I felt that the Lord was calling for someone to go forward, and try to reach a district, south of Tangier, bounded by five towns, and including within it scores, nay, hundreds, of populous villages. At present none of these towns or villages have a single resident missionary.

Our hospital work in Tangier has already been a power for good throughout this region. Many have come for healing, and heard of the Saviour; but till now, we have had no means of steadily and systematically following up what has been accomplished. Now, however, God has graciously provided another medical missionary for the hospital; and I shall be so glad if HE puts it into the hearts of any of his children at home to supply prayers and funds, that I may have the pleasure and honour of attempting this new work among the sôks of Morocco

"FOR HIS SAKE."

"Grannie."

AN "IN MEMORIAM" TRIBUTE TO ONE OF OUR ORPHAN GIRLS.

SUCH was the name given to "E. W." by the inmates of the house in which she was located while resident in the Orphanage. There was something about her which her quick-witted companions deemed old-fashioned, and so the *sobriquet*, "Grannie," became the familiar term by which she was referred to, and sometimes addressed. There was no unkindness intended; for "Lizzie," as she was called by her teacher and matron, was held in esteem for her kindly disposition and gentle manner. Had there been the slightest suspicion that her manner was influenced by an occult disease, there would have been no attempt by her companions to set aside her Christian name; her peculiarities would have received sympathetic recognition, or have been allowed to pass without any special notice. The term, however, is harmless enough, and served to raise many a smile. She was respected and loved by her companions, and they often expressed the wish to the matron that they were "more like Lizzie."

Although she was quiet in her demeanour, she found it demanded a constant watchfulness and effort to guard against the ebullition of a quick temper. The verdict of a self-accusing conscience followed so quickly upon any failure in this respect, that reproof had very rarely to be administered by her matron or teacher. The following extract, from a letter written to her matron, reveals the child's sensitive disposition:—

"Dear Miss H.,—I am sorry to have grieved you so to-day by my thoughtlessness; if I had only thought a minute, I should not have said what I did. But what I said can't be unsaid! . . . . We should not do such things. . . . . Until Jesus comes and takes possession of us, and even then, we fail because of our unbelief. Is it not a blessed thing to know that we have such a forgiving Father for a poor, weak, hard-hearted thing like me? I hope you have spent a happy evening, and forgotten all about it for a little while. May you go to bed happy, because you see what great things the Lord hath done; for out of trouble come joy and peace to them that put their trust in him!

"I remain, your ever-loving girl,
"LIZZIE W."

The fault thus confessed, and which caused her so much sorrow, was that of calling one of her companions "a Pharisee"! That a fault so slight should have troubled her so much, proves that she possessed a very sensitive spirit, and a very tender conscience.

The matron says of her, "She was perfectly trustworthy. I never knew her to deceive, or tell an untruth. Her great desire was to be of use in the house, and a help to the girls and myself. She was always willing and anxious to learn, and never shirked a duty, or scamped her work. When told she was a help and comfort, she would be so delighted! Her influence was good; but she never said much about her inner life. When drawn out in conversation, she brightened up, and one could not fail to see how thoroughly in earnest she was. Although she failed to say as much as others about the love of Jesus, she never failed to show,

by her life, that she was a true child of God. When the time had come for her to leave the Orphanage, and feeling anxious about her, knowing her clinging nature, I asked her if she really wished to go out into the world. She replied, 'Yes, I shall have to leave sometime, so I may as well leave now. I do not want to leave the home, and shall miss you very much; but I want to help my mother!'"

This testimony, though brief, speaks volumes. On leaving the Orphanage, a situation was found for her in the family of a Wesleyan minister; and her early experience of service is told in the following extracts from a letter to her matron:—

"Dear Miss H.,—I received your letter on Saturday, and meant to have written to you before this, but have not had time.

"This is a very different place from London, not nearly so bright; but I shall soon get used to it. I think I shall be very happy, and hope to get on with Mrs. C. She says I am getting on nicely, so far. Will you give my love to all the girls? I often think about you all, just as much as if it were my home. It quite cheered me up to get your letter, and made me feel I was not forgotten. I have not felt nearly so down as I thought I should; but you know I have a Friend who helps me, and keeps me, and is with me always. The chapel is so different from the Tabernacle: it is more like church, and I do not feel at home in it; but I must get used to it. I can never thank you enough for what you have done for me. You will write to me again, won't you? You don't know how I love to hear from you: it always seems to do me good. My heart says more than I can ever write out in love and thankfulness to you. It seems impossible that I shall never see you again: I do not realize yet that I have left.

"I remain, one of your own loving girls,

"LIZZIE W."

The following post brought a letter of thanks to the head-master from her mother, in which she says, "We beg to offer our most earnest thanks for the kindness and good training she has received. Sincerely trusting that every blessing may be poured down upon those who labour so heartily for the young,—I beg to remain, Sir, yours very respectfully, S. W."

To mother and daughter the future was bright with hope; and we little dreamed that her course here was to be so brief as it really proved. An illness, due to serious renal mischief, ensued; and a gloom came over us all when the report reached us. The following letters from her master and mistress will show how kindly she was tended, and how greatly her character and conduct were approved and admired:—

Mr. C. wrote: "As you would learn from Miss H——, Lizzie W. passed away on Friday morning. The end came suddenly, and was a great shock to us all. Eight days previously she was not so well as usual: she was troubled with sickness after taking food. We called in a medical man, a very skilful physician. It was not until Thursday that he thought seriously of the case; then I wrote to her mother. Towards midnight she became very much worse; and I went for the doctor. Through the night my wife and daughter remained with her; but she never regained consciousness, and at eleven o'clock she entered into rest.

"She was a good girl—quiet, thoughtful, and devout. We were all attached to her, and could not have done more for her if she had been our own child. As soon as we could, I telegraphed to her mother, and she reached us about three in the afternoon. We do not think that she should be put to any expense in connection with the funeral; that we purpose defraying ourselves. Our only satisfaction in the melancholy occurrence is that we have done everything that it was possible for humane and Christian people to do.

"I am, yours truly,

"P. C."

In another letter, two days later, Mr. C. wrote:—

"As to her character and conduct, she was a singularly reticent girl, seldom speaking unless in answer to questions. We always found her diligent and faithful in her work, and could trust her thoroughly in everything. She was regular in her attendance at chapel, and seemed to enjoy the services; and, as far as one could judge, to profit by them. I have no doubt at all that she was a Christian girl, who endeavoured in all things to adorn the doctrine of Christ."

This is a beautiful testimony, lovingly borne by one in every way competent to form a judgment; and it is confirmed by the following, from the dear girl's mistress, under the same date:—

"Dear Mr. Charlesworth,—My husband wishes me to add a few lines to his note, as I nursed Lizzie in her illness.

"Before she was taken ill, I frequently spoke to her about reading her Bible regularly. She always answered me readily, and I felt certain that this was her daily practice. Last Tuesday I was sitting by her side, in the bedroom. I said, 'Lizzie, you often lift up your heart in prayer to God, don't you?' She said, 'Yes.' I said, 'You love Jesus?' She replied quickly, 'Yes, I do!' 'You have given your heart to him?' She said, 'Yes.' 'You are trusting in Christ?' She said, 'Yes.' I told her that Jesus knew how she suffered, and understood all her thoughts and feelings, and would help her to bear the pain. I said, 'We, too, were praying that God would bless the means used for her speedy recovery.' She said, 'Yes; I know that you are doing all you can for me. Thank you!' When my husband carried her into my daughter's room, she was most grateful to him; and on Thursday afternoon we thought that she was better. I repeated to her texts of Scripture. . . . . She was most patient throughout her illness; never a murmur escaped her lips. She seemed to wish that her mother should not know of her illness until she was well. On Thursday night a rapid change for the worse took place; and the doctor was concerned for me, as I had never left Lizzie, except for rest and food. We deeply sympathize with Mrs. W. We did all we could to comfort her. She fully appreciated the kindness and attention shown to her daughter, and expressed herself as fully satisfied with all the arrangements made. It is a great trouble to us all to lose Lizzie, as I think she would have served us faithfully, and been a comfort to us for many years to come. But it was not to be! She went home very quietly and peacefully.

"Yours faithfully,

"A. Y. C."

The following letter from the mother was sent to the matron after the funeral :—

"My dear Miss H.,—It is such a shock, I feel I cannot get over it. I went off as soon as I received the telegram ; but was too late to see the darling child. I do feel I could have borne up better had I been permitted to speak to her ; but it is a great comfort to know she is with the Saviour, whom, I am sure, she loved. I feel sure she is in heaven ; still, it does seem so hard to part with our dear ones. She had every comfort and attention, and I shall ever feel grateful to Mrs. C., and all friends who were so very kind to my dear child. Mrs. H. and myself attended the funeral yesterday ; everything was nicely arranged. I believe Mrs. C. was very fond of Lizzie ; indeed, she told me so. They are kind-hearted Christians. I should be very pleased to hear from you : one of your nice, kind, comforting letters. I know my darling Lizzie was much attached to you."

This expression of a mother's gratitude is a reward in itself for the care bestowed upon her fatherless child.

On the grave in Broughton churchyard, a wreath of artificial flowers, in metal, under a glass case, bears the following inscription : "A loving token in memory of dear Lizzie, one of the girls of Mr. Spurgeon's Orphanage, London, who was called home to rest, January 16th, 1891. Given by the girls of the house in which she lived at the Orphanage. 'Faithful in that which is least.'"

Miss W., who was a frequent visitor at the Orphanage, and whose talks with the girls have been a gracious ministry, thus writes :—

"I quite remember the time when Lizzie was anxious about her soul's salvation, and the joy it seemed to bring when she fully realized her sins forgiven, and that she was a child of God ; I believe she never lost that joy. Since leaving the Orphanage she wrote to me several times ; in each letter she spoke so sweetly of her desire to love her Saviour more, and to serve him more faithfully. She also spoke of his precious love to her. She also said how much she missed the sweet privileges of the Orphanage, and the beautiful services at the Tabernacle. She was a great joy and comfort to me as I saw her growing in grace. Oh, how hard she strove to overcome her temper, and to love and strive for Jesus ; and now he has taken her home to be with him for ever !"

As we watch these "sunsets ere noon", we must feel that we are in the presence of a great mystery too deep for our solution as yet ; and that our wisdom is to—

"Take it on trust a little while :"

knowing that—

"Soon shall we read the mystery right
In the sweet sunlight of his smile."

The mystery may sadden us ; but there need be no perplexity of doubt ; for faith may rest assured that—

"The Lord is good, and doeth good,"

even when

"His ways are past finding out."

V. J. C.

The Apostle to the Red Indians.

BY W. Y. FULLERTON.

ONE hundred and fifty years ago, there laboured amongst the Red Indians of North America a young man, who, having divested himself of worldly goods, had ventured into the wilds to preach the gospel. Unwilling to enter upon the labours of others, he went where the



Word of grace was unknown. His whole life-work occupied less than five years; and yet in so short a time he did more for Christ than many men then more honoured, who spent long lives in the ministry, but are now forgotten. Scarcely ever seeing a friendly white man, often living in caves and dens, and counting a bed of straw a luxury, he used up his strength to the last ounce, and then fell asleep by the will of God. The

five years' toil here was evidently only the apprenticeship to fit him for higher service yonder. The name of this young man was David Brainerd.

He wrote a journal, detailing the exercises of his soul, and recounting his experiences amongst the Redskins. Two early volumes of it he destroyed, lest he might be led to glory in anything he had felt or done; the remaining volumes he also desired to demolish when he came to die; but through the influence of Jonathan Edwards, who had caught a glimpse of their contents, and estimated their worth, he was induced to spare them, and even permit them to be published, though they had not been written with such an intention, but in the weary solitudes had been like a friend, to whom he could pour out the secrets of his heart.

William Carey, the pioneer of modern missions, read these journals of Brainerd, as he sat on the shoemaker's bench, and said to himself, "If God can do such things among the Indians of America, why not among the pagans of India?" He was thus led to offer himself for missionary work just one hundred years ago. Henry Martyn read the book, and received an impulse which sent him to live and die for Christ in Persia. John Wesley, in answering the question, "What can be done to revive the work of God where it is decayed?" said, "Let every preacher read carefully over the life of David Brainerd." McCheyne records, in his journal, that after reading it, he was "more set on missionary enterprise than ever."

Yet David Brainerd's life-work occupied less than five years.

Do not forget that.

But it was intense: it energizes because it was energized. It was not only consecrated, it was concentrated, and hence it tells; like steam when compressed, it has much power.

Brainerd entered the world on Lord's-day, 20th April, 1718; he entered into the light of salvation on Lord's-day, 12th July, 1739, and he entered into rest on Friday, 9th October, 1747. His works still follow him.

He was one of those—few enough they have been in the world's history—who might be called GOD'S MEN. From the first, it was the vision of God's splendour which subdued him; it was for the glory of God that he laboured; his nearness to the blaze of the divine presence enabled him to kindle a light which will never be extinguished. Hear what he says concerning his experience when first he obtained a foothold in the kingdom, "My soul rejoiced with joy unspeakable to see such a God! such a glorious, divine Being; and I was inwardly pleased and satisfied that he should be *God over all* for ever and ever. My soul was so captivated and delighted with the excellency, loveliness, greatness, and other perfections of God, that I was even swallowed up in him; at least, to that degree that I had no thought, that I remember at first, about my own salvation, and scarcely reflected that there was such a creature as myself." And, again, on his twenty-fourth birthday, "I hardly ever so longed to live to God, and to be altogether devoted to him, I wanted to wear out my life in his service and for his glory."

With his high thoughts of God came low thoughts of self. It is ever thus. True love always begets a sense of unworthiness in the lover; for it fastens itself on those qualities in the loved one which are high above itself. Love is like a telescope, by which the beloved object is

brought near, and magnified; but which, at the other end, causes self to appear small and insignificant; so when Brainerd preached his examination sermon, he says, "I had the most abasing thoughts of myself I think I ever had. I thought myself the worst wretch that ever lived; it hurt me, and pained my heart, that anybody should show me any respect. I felt such a pressure from a sense of my vileness, ignorance, and unfitness to appear in public, that I was almost overcome with it."

From these two conceptions sprang his intense prayerfulness and love for souls. In this spirit he entered, early in the year 1743, upon his missions to the tribes at the Forks of the Delaware, and other places. For a long time he was like a voice crying in the wilderness. Then, as now, ungodly white men, eager for gain, had introduced fiery drinks, which demoralized the Indians, and, lest their traffic should be hindered, violently opposed the herald of the cross; while some of the godly, who were at ease, thought it madness for a young man to attempt to teach such savages, and declared they were well enough as they were. But having completely severed himself from the outside world, Brainerd went on undaunted; sometimes, owing perhaps to the weakness of his body, feeling much depressed, and sometimes moaning that God had hidden his face from him; yet still, whether sensible of the light or not, pressing forward to seek the salvation of the lost, that he might bring them to God.

One Saturday evening, hearing that an idolatrous festival was to be held on the morrow, he retired to the woods to pray and meditate. He seems to have loved the woods as much as our Gothic forefathers, who fashioned their cathedrals after the pattern they learnt there; but it was a building not made with hands, even the rearing of a spiritual temple in the hearts of his poor Indians, which occupied Brainerd's thoughts. He determined to appear the next day, and endeavour to break up the horrible feast; and sought strength in supplication. He rose from his knees exhausted, perspiration on his forehead, his voice gone; and then came such a wonderful sense of confidence in God as he never forgot. "I continued in this frame," he writes, "all the evening, and all the night. When I was asleep I dreamt of these things, and when I waked (as I frequently did), the first thing I thought of was this great work of pleading for God against Satan." Needless to say to anyone who knows aught of God's way of working, the next day was a day of power; the feast was hindered, and the Indians listened with rapt attention to the Word of God.

So the work went on until, in August, 1745, the reaping came. "A most surprising concern" suddenly fell upon the Indians of Susquehanna. The time to favour them was come. It was the preaching of the cross which won them, and "not three in forty were unaffected." "Old men and women, who had been drunken wretches for many years, and some little children not more than six or seven years old, as well as persons of middle age, appeared in distress about their souls." "Their concern was so great, each for himself, that none seemed to take any notice of those about them, but each prayed freely for himself." "I never saw *any day like it* in all respects; it was a day wherein, I am persuaded, the Lord did much to destroy the kingdom of darkness among this people."

If there were not other days quite like that one, there were, during the next eighteen months, many days equally powerful, when, after prevailing prayer, the people fell, like swathes of corn, before the proclamation of the Word. We find the earnest missionary preaching, with scarcely half an hour's rest, from half-past eleven in the morning until half-past seven at night. Cries and lamentations met him at every turn, as he talked to the people. "It seemed as if God had bowed the heavens, and come down."

One woman, describing her conviction of sin, said it was "as if a needle had been thrust into her heart."

Another, turning upon him eyes brimming and happy with tears, and yet speaking in tones of lowliness, said, "I have many times heard you speak of the goodness and sweetness of Christ, that he was better than all the world; but oh, I knew nothing what you meant—I never believed you! I never believed you! But now I know it is true."

"Do you see," said Brainerd, "enough in Christ for the greatest of sinners?"

With an ecstasy of emotion, the woman answered, "Oh, yes, and enough, enough, for all the sinners in the world, if they would but come!"

All too soon, the candle, which gave such clear light, was consumed. "Oh, the glorious time is coming!" he said. "I have longed to serve God perfectly, now God will gratify these desires!" More brightly he shines yonder, where he now serves God day and night in his temple; and across the century and a half we still see the radiance of the brief five years. Brainerd was carried to the burying; but, as Longfellow says:—

> "We see but dimly through the mists and vapours,
> Amid these earthly damps;
> What seem to us but sad funereal tapers,
> May be heaven's distant lamps."

Our illustration is taken from the admirable biography by Jesse Page, published in Messrs. Partridge's popular series, which, at eighteenpence, places within the reach of all a sketch of the lives of most modern missionaries. We highly commend the volume entitled "David Brainerd," as an introduction to the fuller journals and life.

Marks.

WE were pained and grieved, a short time since, to see a photograph of a young man, who had been branded in the face because he was a Jew. But it suggested to us that there are certain marks that should be seen in a believer in Christ, and which attest the reality of his faith in his Saviour. The following are seven marks as brought out in John's first epistle:—

1. Saving acquaintance *with* Christ.—1 John iii. 5.
2. Surrender of will *to* Christ.—1 John v. 2, 3.
3. Sympathy with all the members *of* Christ.—1 John iii. 14.
4. Steadfast abiding *in* Christ.—1 John iii. 6.
5. Successful in conflict *through* Christ.—1 John ii. 13.
6. Seeking to act *like* Christ.—1 John ii. 29.
7. Sealed and swayed by the Holy Spirit *for* Christ.—1 John iii. 24.

Sunderland. F. E. MARSH.

Breaking the Ladder.

MY old friend Alfred is a man who always says what he means, and means what he says; and his own peculiar style of saying what he means is not always the most pleasing to some people. His thundering tones, and his outspoken ways of putting the truth he wishes to enforce, cause much heart-burning to those who hear him. He is a real Boanerges, and is very clear on that part of God's truth often rejected in the present day by preachers of the gospel, namely, God's law, God's justice, and God's judgments. Though this style of preaching has become very unpopular for a while, it has done more for the world than the preaching of God's love, to the exclusion of these sterner truths. Alfred's style of preaching does one thing well; it knocks away all false props, and thus prepares the way for the declaration of the mercy of God and the love of God in their right place. On one occasion, my friend was preaching in the country, and was the guest of the lady who had arranged the mission, and was bearing the expense of it: she therefore felt that she had a kind of right to occupy the centre seat in front of the speaker. After the service, this good lady swept out of the place in a style that told everyone present she was not well pleased, and as they sat at tea the good lady began to unburden her mind to the preacher.

"Sir," she said (he is not at all a particular man, and he would far rather have been addressed as plain Alfred), "I did not quite like your address this afternoon."

"Indeed, madam; and pray, what part of it did you not like?"

"Well, sir, I must be frank with you, and tell you we are not used to such preaching in this part of the country. I quite thought the drum of my ear was broken with your shouting so much, and my head has been aching ever since."

"I trust," said my friend, "your ear is not in any way seriously affected, and I hope your head will be refreshed by the tea you are taking; but with reference to your liking or disliking my subject, I have not the least concern. You must remember that, though I am here at your invitation, as your guest, I am also here as a messenger from God; and I have not so much to study how to please my audience as to declare God's message."

"But, sir," said the lady, "I do not understand such preaching as we have had to-day."

"Perhaps, madam, it is not so much that you do not understand it, as that you do not like it."

"I certainly did not like it, sir."

"Indeed," said the preacher, "I am truly sorry for your soul's sake; but, so far as I am concerned, I dare not alter or modify anything I have said because it may happen to give you offence. If I did, I should despise myself; and that would be worse than being despised by others. If there is anything I have said in my address this afternoon that you do not understand, I shall be most happy to explain it to you, and defend my position; but I suspect it is not so much the head that is upset, as the heart."

"Well, sir, you said—at least, I understood you to have said—this afternoon, that if I am to be saved, I must be saved in exactly the same way as a poor woman who walks the streets."

"If I did not say that at the meeting, I should like you to understand it over the tea-table," he answered; "for that is the fact declared in God's Word; and I know of no other way in which you can be saved."

"But, sir, do you know how much money I spend yearly in giving away tracts; and how much time I devote to good works?"

"I do not; but I know they will avail you nothing towards your soul's salvation."

"Indeed, then, I'll not spend any more of my time in this way; nor waste my money in buying any more tracts. I have purchased and given away thousands during the year, and I have quite a thousand by me upstairs now."

"Then, you had better hand over the thousand tracts to me, for they will avail you nothing, I can assure you, in the matter of your soul's salvation. If ever you are saved, you must come to Jesus Christ as a poor hell-deserving sinner, and seek God's pardon for your sins, and deliverance from hell in exactly the same way as anyone else."

At this the lady became quite shocked and enraged, and brought down the bundle of tracts, threw them on the floor, and said, "There are the tracts; you can take them, and do what you like with them. I will neither buy any more, nor distribute any more."

My friend took up the tracts carefully, and said, "Are you quite sure you have given me all the tracts you have?"

"Yes, sir; every one," was the reply.

"Then, if you have given me all your tracts, *your ladder has quite broken down.* How do you expect to get to heaven now? And if you did get there, you would find yourself in a strange fix. You would hear the others singing, 'I've been redeemed, I've been redeemed, and washed in the blood of the Lamb;' but you could not join them. You would have to sing, all alone, 'I came up here by giving away tracts.' I wonder what tune you would put it to! It would have to be sung to a very peculiar metre, and would sound very strange to the angels in heaven. No, no; you may not like my message, or my method of putting things; but your plan will never do. You must first give yourself to Christ, and then he will accept your service, and give you joy and reward for all such deeds done in his name, and for his glory."

I am pleased to know that my friend's faithfulness brought this mistaken lady to see her true position; and though the process was most painful to her, she did at last take God's way, and came as a poor sinner, and accepted God's gift of grace; and since the light of God's truth has come into her soul, she has not forgotten my friend, but is loud in praise of his faithfulness in dealing plainly with her for her soul's welfare and his Master's glory.

J. MANTON SMITH.

The Bible Inexhaustible.

I SHOULD as soon expect to exhaust Lake Superior by my sippings as the Bible by my sermons.—*J. D. Kilburn.*

Work in China.*

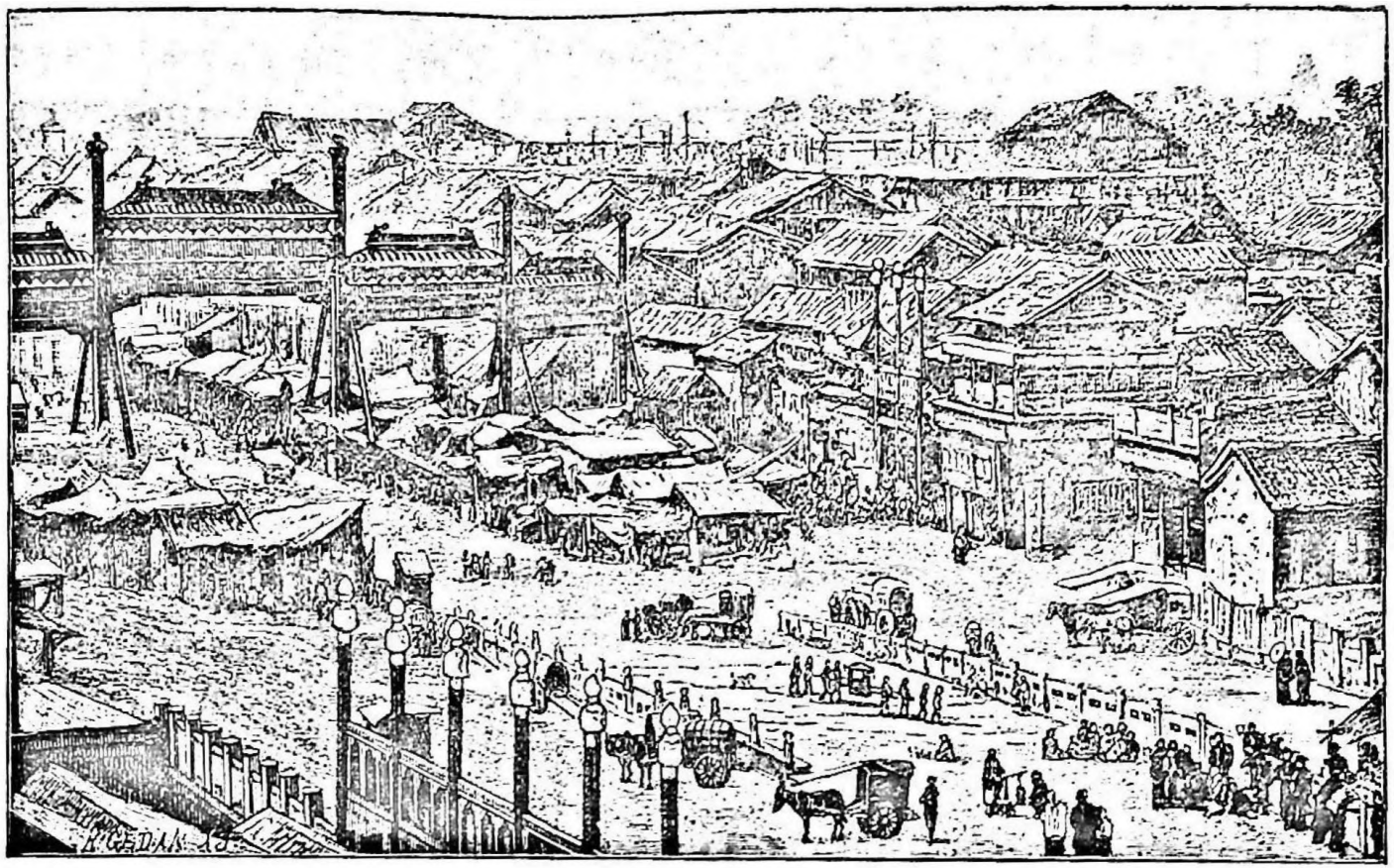
THE second volume of "Conquests of the Cross" relates to work in Japan, China, India, South Africa, the West Indies, and among the North American Indians. The letterpress is, of course, written by different hands; but Mr. Edwin Hodder has edited the whole—no easy task—with his usual tact and skill. To Christian people who are interested in the progress of Christ's kingdom throughout the world, such a work as this ought to be of commanding interest; and that interest will be considerably heightened by the portraits, and full-page and other engravings which illustrate the text. The enterprise of the great firm in Belle Sauvage Yard in issuing such a book, for general reading and for reference, deserves our cordial recognition.

As a country, *China* strikes with wonder all who think of it. Though known to the ancients, the empire was to our forefathers of the Middle Ages as a *terra incognita*. The Flowery Land is still to the majority a land of marvels, a country in which the manners and customs of the past are still maintained. China proper, which is nearly fifteen hundred miles long, and a little over thirteen hundred and fifty miles broad, is hardly more than half the present empire. One vast tract, on the north-east, is known as the Delta plain, about seven hundred miles in length, and from one hundred and fifty to five hundred miles in breadth. The other part of the country is hilly or mountainous; and there are many mighty streams, one of which, the Great River, or the River of the Golden Sands, runs a course of two thousand nine hundred miles. China proper has nineteen provinces, and the metropolitan province of Chih-li has those extremes of heat and cold of which we happily know nothing in this country. The tremendous heat of one hundred and eight degrees Fahrenheit in the shade may come in July; but January may occasionally show over thirty degrees of frost.

As regards the language of China, Professor Douglas says:—"It is language in its most archaic form. Every word is a root, and every root is a word. It is without inflexion or even agglutination; its substantives are indeclinable, and its verbs are not to be conjugated; it is destitute of an alphabet, and finds its expression on paper in thousands of distinct symbols." He adds, "it is a language of monosyllabic roots, which, as regards the written character, has been checked in its growth, and crystallized in its most ancient form by the early occurrence of a period of great literary activity, of which the nation is proud, and to the productions of which, every Chinaman, even of the present day, looks back as containing the true standards of literary excellence."

The people who speak this language are so far a thrifty race, that they seem to live, if they do not actually thrive, where others would starve. They are not addicted to excessive drinking; but opium is becoming to them a more terrible curse than alcohol is in England. One of their chief characteristics is a hatred of foreigners, and of foreign customers, which sufficiently accounts for the sanguinary outbreaks

* "Conquests of the Cross. A Record of Missionary Work throughout the World." Edited by Edwin Hodder. London: Cassell and Co. Price 9s.



A STREET IN PEKING. *From "Conquests of the Cross.*

against so-called "foreign devils", which occur from time to time. This prejudice, which probably nothing short of Christianity will overcome, works against the people's national and individual interest. Coal, iron, and other mineral supplies, practically remain undeveloped, while railways, which would of course be a vast convenience, are regarded as an abomination of the barbarians. The chief encouragement is, however, that Chinese converts make as good Christians as the people of any other country. Perhaps, in one sense, they are all the better for having their faith and courage a little tried. The tests, to which such disciples are put, at least serve an admirable purpose, in testifying for the truth to the native mind, far more effectively than any arguments that can be used by the missionaries themselves.

Our engraving, representing a street in Peking, may remind us that the imperial Chinese city is one of the wonderful places of the modern world. The population of about a million souls cannot complain of want of space; for the area of the Tartar City, and the Chinese City within the wall, is twenty-five square miles. This wall has a circumference of thirty miles, it is, in parts, fifty feet high, sixty feet thick at the base, and forty feet thick at the top. Other portions, which are about three hundred and fifty years old, are thirty feet high, with a width of twenty-five feet at the base, and fifteen at the top. Such a structure reminds us of the marvellous achievements of ancient times. The outlook from the wall is one of singular interest. "Viewed from the walls, Peking looks like a city of gardens," remarks Professor Douglas. "Few crowded neighbourhoods are visible, and the characteristic features of the scene which meets the eye are the upturned roofs of temples, palaces, and mansions, gay with blue, green, and yellow glazed tiles, glittering among the groves of trees, with which the City abounds." Of course, in regard to its attractions, and the striking barbaric splendour of its palace, Peking is quite unique among Chinese cities. In ancient times, before the invention of gunpowder, such a place would have been impregnable; but modern cannon would make short work of effecting an entrance by the gates.

The war-storm of 1857, which did not blow over until the wonderful Summer Palace was destroyed, came before the legal freedom, which missionaries now enjoy in the Flowery Land. Christian teachers may, of course, be exposed to assaults from vindictive rioters; but the Mandarins profess to put down such outbreaks with a strong hand.

The more closely we study the whole subject of Chinese missions, the more evident does it become that the printing-press has a great work to accomplish in the country. The following curious information on native books is given in Mr. Hodder's volume:—

"In very early times, scrolls of silk or cotton cloth were used in place of books, and such are still to be seen hung up on interiors everywhere—in temple, hospital, or dwelling-house. The works of Confucius, and other writings of his times, seem to have been first transmitted as 'rude marks made on boards with red ochre.' When Buddhism came to China, its sacred writings were contained on sheets of palm-leaf or thin laths of bamboo, and these were contained, loosely piled up, in boxes. After these slips had been written upon, they contained a thin coating of a hard, resinous kind of varnish, and many of

them have been so well preserved by this method, that Buddhist writings in the Sanscrit and Pali languages, belonging to the earliest periods of their use in China, are frequently found at the present day, looking almost as fresh as when they were first written."

At the same time, in China, a library occasions more anxiety to its possessor than would be the case in England. "Chinese paper is not very durable," it is said, "and the great works, and even the extensive libraries, which so much excite the admiration of Western scholars, have to be renewed in fac-simile from time to time."

The Chinese so much pride themselves on their ancient learning, that even their civilization is said to be "essentially bookish." In the North, where education is more generally diffused than anywhere else, less than ten out of a hundred can read. In general, it is thought that not more than one woman in ten thousand is taught to read. In this respect, Japan presents a very favourable contrast to China.

The English missionaries seem to have been the first to introduce movable types in printing. First came Mr. Samuel Dyer, and then Mr. Wells Williams, whose printing-house at Canton, with its valuable plant and stock, was destroyed by fire in 1856.

It is not so very long ago since the Chinese convert, Liang A-fah, took to printing gospel tracts at the risk of his life; but now the press of the American Mission alone is doing a wonderful work. "Its business comprises two departments: the manufacturing and the distributing," it is said. "The former includes the founding, type-setting, printing, and binding. The foundry has seven casting machines, constantly at work, which turn out six sizes of Chinese types, besides English, Korean, Manchu, Japanese, Hebrew, &c." The work done is chiefly on account of Bible and Tract Societies of England and America.

The printing-press was a chief agency in bringing about the Reformation in Europe, and this will also, through the blessing of God, become a mighty power in pulling down the strongholds of paganism. Translations of certain English works will exercise an evil influence on the minds of the educated Chinese; while, in other cases, the gospel, as sent forth by the printing-press, will make its own way, and win its trophies. There are, for example, certain secluded valleys in Manchuria, the agricultural inhabitants of which had been "leading most quiet and uneventful lives, till a great event happened, which happily turned the whole current of their simple lives. The gospel of Jesus Christ had at last reached them, and hundreds had been led in their hearts to accept Christianity, and many homes had been made glad by the good tidings. How, then, did the new ideas of religion reach these secluded peasants? No missionary had ever penetrated so far in order to teach them the truth; but gospels and tracts in their own language had come to them from a distant mission-field."

Such is the work that is going on in China; and the more we know of it the deeper will be our interest in the service of the missionaries. The Lord still goes before his servants, and the strongholds of Satan will yet fall under the assaults of his victorious army. G. H. P.

Nettleton Anecdotes.

Eighth Selection.

REVIVAL PREACHING.

A very good work was done through Dr. Nettleton's ministry at Eastford, Connecticut. The church was small, and without a pastor, and in a very depressed state. The last minister became a Universalist, and his ministry was very disastrous to the church. Dr. Nettleton visited the place about four years after his dismissal. They had been supplied by a variety of preachers, and sometimes the deacons conducted the service, and sometimes they had none at all. The interests of religion had so declined that the light of the church was well-nigh extinguished. There were only twenty members, mostly females, and nearly all old people.

As soon as Dr. Nettleton came among the people, a work of grace commenced, of such a character as neither they nor their fathers had seen. He preached the distinguishing doctrines of grace so pointedly, that people felt themselves, as it were, absolutely at the disposal of God. They felt that if they were ever saved from their dreadful depravity and wretchedness, it must be by sovereign grace. He made practical application of the doctrines to the heart and conscience in such a plain and forcible manner, that they felt, that if they were lost, they would be without excuse.

In reference to preaching at revivals, the late Dr. Green, of Princeton, says, in the appendix to *Sprague on Revivals*, that the preaching employed should not be merely hortatory, or addressed to the feelings; but eminently doctrinal. "Lively, and tender, and close, and full of application, it certainly should be; but the great and fundamental doctrines of the gospel should be brought out clearly, be lucidly explained, and be much insisted on. Of what may be denominated, by way of eminence, gospel preaching, *there should be no lack;* that is, the all-sufficiency of the Lord Jesus Christ to save even the chief of sinners; and his readiness to receive them when they come, to cleanse them in his atoning blood, to clothe them with his perfect righteousness, to justify them freely, to sanctify them by his Spirit, to adopt them into his family, and to crown them with eternal glory, should be set forth in the most clear and persuasive manner. The true nature of regeneration, of evangelical faith, genuine repentance, and full obedience, should be carefully explained and illustrated. The evil of grieving away the Spirit of God by those with whom he is striving, and the danger of delay in accepting the gospel, should be often brought into view."

The work of God at Eastford was characterized by such power that everyone felt that the hand of God was in it. Not a dog moved his tongue. Forty-eight were admitted to fellowship by profession of faith in one day; and after twenty years, those who had not been called home were walking faithfully in God's ways and commandments.

"FILLING HELL WITH CHRISTIANS."

Two men were once disputing with Dr. Nettleton on the doctrine of

the saints' perseverance. One of them said, "I believe this doctrine has been the means of filling hell with Christians."

"Sir," said Dr. N., "do you believe that God knows all things?"

"Certainly I do."

"How, then, do you interpret this text, '*I never knew you*'?"*

After reflecting a minute, he replied, "The meaning must be, I never knew you as Christians."

"Is that the meaning?" said Dr. N.

"Yes, it must be," he replied; "for certainly God knows all things."

"Well," said Dr. Nettleton, "I presume you are right. Now, this is what our Saviour will say to those who, at the last day, shall say to him, 'Lord, Lord, have we not prophesied in thy name?' &c.† Now, when Saul, and Judas, and Hymenæus, and Philetus, and Demas, and all who, as you suppose, have fallen from grace, shall say to Christ, as in the language of the above words, 'Lord, Lord,' &c., he will say to them, 'I never knew you. *I never knew you as Christians.*' Where, then, are the Christians that are going to hell?"

"I SINCERELY DESIRE TO BE A CHRISTIAN."

Many people are beguiled by such an idea. It is a species of self-righteousness, and a subtle and dangerous excuse for continuing in sin, and in a state of estrangement from God.

A man once said this to Dr. Nettleton, "*I sincerely desire to be a Christian.* I have often gone to the house of God, hoping that something which should be said might be sent home to my mind by the Spirit of God, and be blessed to my salvation."

"You are willing, then, are you not," said Dr. N., "that I should converse with you, hoping that my conversation may be the means of your conversion?"

"I am," was his reply.

"If you are willing to be a Christian," added Dr. Nettleton, "you are willing to perform the duties of religion; for this is what is implied in being a Christian. Are you willing to perform these duties?"

"I do not know but that I am," was the rather doubtful reply.

"Well, then, you are the head of a family. One of the duties of religion is family prayer. Are you willing to pray in your family?"

"I should be," he replied, "if I were a Christian; but it cannot be the duty of such a man as I am to pray. The prayers of the wicked are an abomination to the Lord."

"And is it not," said Dr. Nettleton, "an abomination unto the Lord to live without prayer? But just let me show you how you deceive yourself. You think you really desire to be converted. But you are not willing to be convicted. Just as soon as I mention a duty which you are neglecting, you begin to excuse and justify yourself, on purpose to keep your sin out of sight. You are not willing to see that it is a heinous sin to live in the neglect of family prayer. How can you expect to be brought to repentance until you are willing to see your sinfulness; and how can you flatter yourself that you really desire to be a Christian while you thus close your eyes against the truth?"

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* Matt. vii. 23. † Matt. vii. 22.

A young lady, who was under concern of soul, said to Dr. Nettleton: "I certainly do desire to be a Christian. I desire to be holy. I would give all the world for an interest in Christ."

"What you say will not bear examination," said Dr. Nettleton. "If you really desire religion for what it is, there is nothing to hinder you from possessing it. I can make a representation which will show you your heart, if you are willing to see it."

"I am," she replied.

"It will look very bad," said Dr. N., "but if you are willing to see it, I will make the representation. Suppose you were a young lady of fortune; and suppose a certain young man should desire to possess your fortune, and should, for that reason, conclude to pay his addresses to you. But he does not happen to be pleased with your person. He does not love you, but hates you. And suppose he should come to you, and say, 'I really wish I could love you, but I do not. I would give all the world if I could love you; but I cannot.' What would you think of that young man?" We may readily guess the confusion and silence to which she was brought, by this faithful exposure of the deception which she had practised upon herself.

VAIN EXCUSES.

Dr. Griffin, an American writer, mentions that, in a revival in which he took part, people were wont to excuse themselves from religious duties, on the ground of inability, and, like Adam, to cast the blame of their sin and unbelief upon God himself. "The woman thou gavest to be with me." *The nature which thou gavest me beguiled me.* "They would be glad to repent, but *could* not, their *nature* and *heart* were so bad." They overlooked the fact that "their nature and their heart" were *themselves.* When, however, the conviction of sin became deep and powerful, they speedily forsook their refuge of lies, and were filled with a sense of their utter inexcusableness. "In every case," says Dr. Griffin, "as soon as their enmity to God was slain, this plea utterly vanished. Their language then was, 'I wonder I should ever have asked such a question as—how can I repent? My only wonder now is that *I could hold out so long.*'"

PUBLICITY DREADED.

Educated persons, especially when the natural pride of the heart has not been humbled, are commonly very reticent concerning their religious condition and spiritual exercises; and up to a certain point, this may be very well, and preferable to a forwardness to tell such things as on the house-top. A gentleman of this character, whose mind had been seriously impressed, having had a private interview with Dr. Nettleton, said at its close: "Dr. Nettleton, I will thank you not to speak of my case to anyone, for it is doubtful yet what the result may be."

"I quite agree with you," said Dr. N., "that it is best your case should not be known; and I engage to keep it entirely to myself; and if you will do the same, it will not be known. It is, as you say, very doubtful how the case will turn out. You may soon give up the subject, and *lose your soul.*"

Under this remark, the man was soon so deeply distressed that he cared not if all the world knew it; and very soon he found peace.

En Route for Northfield.

"TO any one broken down in health, and suffering from insomnia, through the strain of incessant service, I cannot recommend anything better than a long sea voyage." Such was the physician's advice, when, fagged and brain-weary, I waited on him upwards of two years ago.

By the consent of our dear President, I followed this advice, and took a month up the Baltic, to Cronstadt and Petersburg. Realizing so much benefit from it, I went to sea again last year, and "laid in a stock of health" for coming service, by a trip up the coast of Sweden.

That I have become an enthusiast for this mode of health-seeking, is no cause for surprise, seeing that I never enjoyed such vigorous health as during the past two years, and that with constantly-increasing service. Hence I wrote the President (our worthy Editor), suggesting that I would like to "repeat the dose", and this time seek spiritual stimulus also, by attending the Northfield Convention. Without being chargeable with breach of confidence, may I quote his reply, as it is *so very characteristic*, and will go far to explain the secret of such a girdle of prayer on his behalf as still encircles the world?

"Dear Mr. Burnham,—Do as you desire and judge best. Do you need any help as to expenses? You are so fully appreciated and trusted by me, that I leave this matter of holiday with your own self. Only may God bless it to you!—Kindest regards to Mrs. Burnham. Yours truly, C. H. SPURGEON."

Thus it came to pass that, in company with a ministerial friend, I sailed from Liverpool in the *Parisian*, on July 9th, for Montreal.

Passing south of the Isle of Man, we next morning put in at Moville, North of Ireland, for more passengers; and then were soon—

"Out on the ocean sailing,"

and hourly widening the distance between us and the dear home-land.

We were favoured with a select saloon company on board; the Bishop-designate of Mackenzie River Territory, sundry clergy and ministers, a Wesleyan theological professor of Montreal, the Premier of Quebec, an English M.P. (for Belfast), and many other Christians. On the principle that "Birds of a feather flock together," we soon found out each other, and enjoyed helpful fellowship.

Side by side with the bishop and clergy (denominational distinctions being thrown overboard), we took part in services twice daily, and trust seed was then sown, of which we shall reap the fruit in the great harvest-day. These services were the rallying-point of all believers on board.

Ere Sunday dawned we were in for rough weather, and the wild waves frequently swept our upper deck. With what intense feeling we sang at the Sunday morning saloon-service (or rather, *tried* to sing; for some of us were choking, and could not get on), "Eternal Father, strong to save," and "Jesu, lover of my soul"! We thought of the dear ones at home, singing these hymns in their morning-service, and little dreaming how appropriate they were just then.

After three days, the weather brightened, and was very enjoyable; and then commenced the various deck games, so familiar to travellers across the deep.

On the sixth day we found a rapid fall in the thermometer, and soon discovered the reason. We were in the region of icebergs (the *Parisian* taking the first northerly course of the season). They shone in the sunlight most brilliantly; and, to those of us unaccustomed to it, were a lovely sight. To the passengers, the enjoyment was all very fine; but it was an anxious time for the captain. It is well known that, for three-tenths of a berg *in sight*, there remain seven-tenths *beneath the surface;* and uncertain of the *out-of-sight* portions, we might collide with them at any moment. How like to the "voyage of life" in which the soul is ever in the *greatest* perils from *unseen* dangers!

As the sun went down behind lonely Labrador, and the moon lit up the scene, it was simply magnificent. On every hand, like floating fairy-palaces, were seen bergs of all sizes and fantastic shapes; here, one looking like a snow-covered wayside cottage; there, a dismantled cathedral; then, a quaint old village church; anon, a tottering ruin of some ancient castle. The lovely vision will never fade from our memory.

From great-coat weather, we found ourselves, two days later, nearly broiled; the heat, as we entered the Gulf of St. Lawrence, being almost unbearable.

As darkness drew on, we were wrapt in dense fog; and, notwithstanding a pilot on board (who lost his bearings in the fog), we ran on a sand-bank, and there stuck fast all night. Not a few of the passengers loudly complained, as this would entail extra expense and loss of time. If only they could have seen twelve hours' ahead, they would have gone on their knees, and thanked God for the sand-bank, which, to us, was "a blessing in disguise"; for next morning, when the fog lifted, and the tide floated us, we saw an ugly belt of rugged rocks, three hundred yards straight ahead. But for the sand-bank, nothing could have saved us from an awful, and, probably, fatal disaster. How often we murmur as trials overtake us, when, did we but know their meaning, we should devoutly thank God for *thus* averting heavier calamities!

Four hours in quaint Quebec, and then we steamed up the lovely Lawrence to Montreal, where we landed on Lord's-day afternoon. Having secured apartments, and refreshed the outer man, we were glad to "go up to the house of the Lord", and, with our Baptist friends, enjoy a season of hallowed fellowship over the Word, and then around the table of our Lord.

Next day, as our time was brief, we made the best of the opportunity, in seeing over the pretty city and its surroundings, and felt half sorry to leave so soon.

By Pullman-car, at 9.0 p.m., we started three hundred and thirty miles further west, much of the ride lying through half-cleared back-woods, looking wild and weird in the fitful moonbeams; and the morning of July 21st found us at Toronto, which is truly called, "Queen City of the West."

Here we spent nearly a week with our Brother Grant, Dr. Thomas, and the Baptist friends; and may say of them, as Paul said of the

Melitans, "They showed us no little kindness." Brother Grant, being one of "our own men", was bent on making our visit a thoroughly pleasant memory, whilst genial Dr. Thomas (of Jarvis Street church) was determined not to be outdone; and thus, between them, and their people, we fared remarkably well. They drove us round the city, and into the country; accompanied us over the lovely Lake Ontario; and took us to Niagara, to witness one of the seven wonders of the world.

He who shall attempt to describe this "wonder" will soon betray his ignorance; for it simply defies description. With all the possibilities of human language, we know of none that can fitly portray Niagara; it must be *seen* to be appreciated. Some of the greatest word-painters have *tried* to picture it; but signally failed. Poets have sung of it; but their sublimest flights of fancy convey but a poor idea of the awful majesty of the scene. The artist's pencil alone can give a faint conception, and even he must feel the poverty of his best effort.

As we watch the rush of waters—computed at one hundred million tons per hour—in that awful plunge that has lasted for ages, and will for ages yet to come, until the slowly yielding barrier of rock is finally eaten away, the mysterious power of Niagara seizes, thrills, appals us with an indescribable sensation of awe and reverence. We hear the thunderous voice of the mighty flood, we feel the solid rock beneath us trembling and vibrating in response to that awful force, till, as thousands have done before us, we yield to the resistless magnetism of the scene, and mutely raise our hearts in solemn adoration and praise to the great Creator of all.

From the temple of Nature we must retrace our steps to a "temple made with hands." It is Jarvis Street Baptist Church, and no mean structure, save by comparison with the magnificent temple we have just left. At the week-evening service nearly three hundred have gathered; and that mystical bond, "the unity of the Spirit", enables us to feel wonderfully at home and at ease, as we plead with the Master, or for him. My friend Flatt spoke, with happy freedom, on the attainment of Christ-likeness; and I, by special request, gave an account of "The Hop-pickers' Mission."

On the following Sabbath, our services were divided between the Baptist Churches of Jarvis Street and Emmanuel.

We were not a little interested on meeting a person who claimed acquaintance. "I don't remember you," said the writer. "I have reason to know you," she replied; "for I found the Saviour in your Mission, ten years ago, at Holbeach, in Lincolnshire." *Laus Deo!*

On Monday, July 27th, with many regrets, we left Toronto, and three hours across the corner of Lake Ontario brought us to St. Catherine's. Here our Brother Jesse Gibson is quietly doing effective service for God, steadily, but surely, winning his way to the hearts of the people and the divine blessing rests in rich measure upon his work.

With him we held a service that evening in Victoria Hall, at which a large and appreciative audience gathered. The following day we visited "The Whirlpool Rapids", where Captain Webb perished in his mad attempt to swim across. Alas, what will men not risk to win earthly honour and distinction, whilst apparently altogether unconcerned about the divine estimate of them!

Before bidding farewell to Canada, we desire to mention two matters which greatly cheered us. First, the unfailing fidelity of our brethren of the Dominion, as far as we had opportunity of judging, to the old-fashioned gospel: their hearts beat in loving unison with the doctrines as surely believed and taught in our Alma Mater. Secondly, the warm place our President holds in the hearts of Canadian Christians of all names, of which we became growingly conscious by the very frequent enquiries concerning him, and the large share he bore in the prayers of numbers to whom we listened.

Leaving Niagara, we started on our longest railway journey, five hundred miles, to New York, reaching there on the following morning. It is a wonderful city, with noble buildings; but, somehow, we were not charmed with it, as our first peep at American city life. The Elevated Railway, like a huge cobweb, running over its streets, is, doubtless, a great convenience, considerably relieving the street-congestion, from which we suffer in London; but it sadly disfigures the otherwise fine city.

On the 30th, we moved on, one hundred and eighty-six miles further, to Northfield, where Mr. Moody warmly welcomed us—thanks to the kindly letters of introduction we bore from Mr. Spurgeon, Pastor Archibald G. Brown, and others. Visitors were pouring in from all quarters, far and near, until every house in Northfield and neighbourhood was filled to its utmost; and large numbers became, *pro tem.*, "dwellers in tents", which prettily dotted the whole landscape.

Northfield is charmingly situated on the north bank of a grand gorge, known as Connecticut Valley, through which winds, like a broad band of silver, the Connecticut River.

And now commenced ten days of unparalleled soul-feasting, of which we may have more to say in future papers. With so many good things day by day, we felt in danger of "spiritual dyspepsia", so one evening played the truant, and wandered up the beautiful valley to enjoy a season of retired communion and fellowship, and assist spiritual digestion. All nature seemed waiting to aid us in this helpful exercise.

> "Silently, one by one, in the infinite meadows of heaven,
> Blossom'd the lovely stars,
> The forget-me-nots of the angels;"
>
> "While, o'er green banks on every hand,
> The glow-worm lit his tiny lamp;"
>
> "And the fire-flies glanced through the myrtle boughs."

(Pardon such mixing of the poets; their dust sleeps, and they are far beyond the land of contention.) To a stranger the whole scene was singularly suggestive of a brief visit to fairy-land!

It was but little the glow-worms and pretty fire-flies could do; but they *could shine*, and this they did; they could not shine as brightly as the stars, but they shone as brightly as they could, thus helping to brighten our evening stroll, and turn our thoughts to God. "Let your light *so shine* before men, that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father which is in heaven."

JOHN BURNHAM.

The Faulty Vase.

TALK flowed freely between the members of a family gathered round the Sunday morning breakfast-table. But alas! all the topics touched on were of the earth, earthy. A Christian mother presided at the table, and sighed as she realized her powerlessness to give a more heavenly tone to the conversation. In answer to her sigh heavenward, relief came in an unexpected manner. Some one at the table remarked that the centre vase had not been replenished with flowers as usual. This drew the attention of all present to the vase itself, which was of ruby-coloured Bohemian glass, of elegant shape, and hand-painted.

"The vase alone is very beautiful to look at, and has a history," said the mother. "It was a wedding-gift to me, and was on view in the Exhibition of 1862. It has been four times across the Atlantic; it is a pity it was damaged."

"Yes," replied her son, "and some day I will take it to a man I know at the West End, who could mend it in such a way that it would look equal to new."

"I remember how bitterly, years ago, I lamented over the breakage," continued the mother, "when it arrived in England from abroad, packed in a case of arrowroot. It was well repaired; that is, as well as it could be done at the time; but it will never be perfect again," she added, regretfully.

"They do that kind of thing so much better now," resumed the son; "you would never perceive the flaw inside or out. The gilding can be retouched, and the cracks filled in; and it could, under clever hands, be made to look as good as new; you would never know the difference."

"That may be," remarked Uncle Philip; "but a tap with the knuckles would soon tell a tale; the sound would reveal the defect."

"That reminds me of one of Mr. Spurgeon's last sermons," said the mother. "He was dwelling on the need of the new birth, and showing that neither culture nor mere morality could make the natural man fit to stand before a holy God; he must be created anew in Christ Jesus. Mr. Spurgeon said, 'Suppose that I should be required to produce a perfect vase of alabaster, or clear crystal, as a present to the Queen. But my servant-maid has chipped it just a little. What is to be done? I may possibly find somebody to use some patent cement, and fasten the little pieces in their places; but when all is done, it is chipped; it is not perfect; and if it must be perfect before royalty can accept it, I must get another vase, for this one will not do.'* This cherished ornament may hold an honoured place in our home," continued she, "from association with happy days gone by; but it will never be perfect again. It must be put into the hands of the potter to be re-made altogether; just as we are told in Jer. xviii. 4, 'The vessel was marred in the hand of the potter: so he made it again.' We need to be 'born anew' of the Spirit; or, as the marginal reading has it, in John iii. 3, 'born from above', before we can even see the kingdom of God. The apostle James tells us that 'whosoever shall keep the whole law, and yet offend in one point, he is guilty of all.' We know that one offence against the statutes of our country constitutes the breaking of the law, and renders the guilty one subject to punishment. How much need is there, then, for us to lay hold by faith of a perfect Substitute, who has taken our place, and borne the load of our guilt; and who, by the mighty working of his Holy Spirit can make us holy, and present us faultless before his Father, clothed in the garment of his spotless righteousness! The true believer quickly recognizes a kindred spirit when brought into contact with a fellow-believer. There is a certain something in the tone, a certain unction in the speech, which

* See Metropolitan Tabernacle Pulpit, No. 2,214, "Barriers Broken Down."

reveal the presence of a new creation in the soul: and even should man mistake with regard to this, the searching eye of the Kingly Judge will not fail to detect the absence of 'the one thing needful' in the unforgiven sinner, and will appoint him his portion with the unbelieving."

Over the face of one of her listeners there flitted an expression of interest and conviction of the truth spoken; and, although no confession escaped his lips, the mother rejoiced that, by means of the injured vase, she had been permitted to draw so telling an object-lesson that morning. A tear, too, bedimmed her eye, as she reflected how faithlessly she had bemoaned the damage done; permitted, as she now owned, by a loving Father, who had, by one drop of his divine comfort, turned her sorrow into joy.

N. A. B.

Notices of Books.

A Rock in a Weary Land: Song Service, with Connective Readings. Passmore and Alabaster.

THIS Song Service is one of a series of seven issued by Messrs. Fullerton and Smith for their evangelistic missions. The series is published without connective readings, the hymns furnishing the speaker with themes for pointed addresses, and they have become very popular. A new departure is now made, and this is the first issued with connective readings. Mr. Fullerton's racy and forcible style, his grasp of the subject, and his easy command of pointed anecdote and illustration, place this Song Service in the first rank of such productions; and it is to be hoped he will issue the entire series in the same form.

Hymns for Homes. Edited by W. Y. FULLERTON and J. MANTON SMITH. Passmore and Alabaster.

THIS collection is at once a supplement to the well-known book used by our evangelists, entitled "Evangel Echoes", and the first instalment of a more comprehensive work. The title is not a fortunate one; for it is adapted for a wider sphere than is suggested. Evangelistic and church choirs may use it to advantage. The poetry is of a high standard, for the most part, and the music is decidedly above the average. There is the impress of sanctified genius throughout, and the collection cannot fail to be appreciated.

The Master's Words to Women. By Mrs. JAMES MARTIN. Nisbet & Co.

ALL Christian women will agree that Mrs. Martin has chosen her subject well, for to them it must ever be one of peculiar interest. They may possibly differ as to her way of treating it, or sometimes be ready to offer an opinion other than that which she advances; but, on the whole, they will enjoy these pages, and will feel, when closing the book, that the reading of it has "done them good."

True Celestials; or, Leaves from a Chinese Sketch Book. By Rev. J. SADLER, Amoy, assisted by Rev. W. H. MUNCASTER, M.A., B.D., Beccles. Partridge and Co.

OUR authors have fully justified their title, and shown that in "The Celestial Empire" there are those of celestial birth and walk, whose record fills the Christian heart with gladness. The various characters here sketched seem to live before us. The chapter on Church discipline may read a wholesome lesson to many at home. To all interested in the land of Sinim, here is an admirable shilling's-worth for distribution.

In the Flowery Land; or, Stories of China and its Missions. By ROBERT BREWIN. Alexander Crombie.

AND wonderful stories some of them are; but only more wonderful than the ingenuity displayed in packing so large an amount of interesting information about China and its people into so small a space. Here are chapters on the religions and superstitions of China, its girls and boys, Christian missions, and native converts. All this, with fourteen full-page illustrations, for a shilling. It should be in every Sunday-school library.

Mrs. Whilling's Faith Cure. By Mrs. GEORGE C. NEEDHAM. Boston (U.S.A.): Bradley and Woodruff.

WE wish some enterprising publishers would issue this little book in England, and that it could be circulated wherever "faith-healers" are found troubling the Lord's choicest children. One of the plainest proofs that "faith-healing", as it is usually taught, is not of God, may be found in the cruelty that it develops in its devotees. Doubtless there are godly men and women, of a kind and gentle spirit, who have been carried away with this craze; but most of those with whom we have come in contact have been unkind and censorious to the last degree. While Mr. Spurgeon was lying in a most critical condition, some of them actually wrote to tell him that he would die because he refused to accept their interpretation of certain portions of the Word of God! Of course, such letters did not reach him; but the writers meant them to do so.

Mrs. Needham is a diligent Bible-student, and in this book she has dealt with the faith-healers' pet passages in a way they will not approve. She takes the oft-quoted text, James v. 14, from them entirely, as an artilleryman might capture a cannon, and then use it against those who formerly fired it. Under certain conditions, no doubt there is healing by faith; but much as the faith that could take away illness may be desired, the faith which glorifies God under suffering has a far higher value. Those who say that all sickness is the work of Satan, and that at a certain place or through certain people all sickness can be cured, or that the sick are not healed because of the lack of faith on their own part, or on the part of others, make assertions for which we can find no warrant in the Word of God.

Mrs. Whilling, the heroine of Mrs. Needham's story, thought of devoting the sum of 15,000 dollars to the building or endowing of a Faith Cure Home, as a special thankoffering to the Lord. After she had attended a series of meetings for the Scriptural study of the subject, she resolved to give the money towards starting a Fellowship Book Fund, for the supply of books to poor ministers and students, after the manner of Mrs. Spurgeon's Book Fund. Perhaps some will read this story who would not care so much for the arguments if presented in another form. It is certainly calculated to do great good, especially to any of the Lord's children who are honoured by being allowed to suffer for him, and yet are tormented by those who would have them believe that this mark of the Lord's love is a proof of their own unbelief and sin.

Prayer Healing. Thoughts on St. James v. 14-16. By Rev. R. G. AMBROSE. Nisbet and Co.

ANOTHER book on the same subject, but a very different one from Mrs. Needham's. We agree with the author in his main argument, although we do not approve of the method in which he defends his position. However good the book might have been, we could not have endorsed it, because of the rank universalism contained in the first three paragraphs of the opening chapter. It is of no use to attempt to expound one portion of the Bible while we reject other parts of it; the whole of the doctrines revealed by the Lord in his Word must stand or fall together.

Hints on Child Training. By H. C. TRUMBULL, D.D. Hodder and Stoughton.

THERE can be few subjects of more vital importance than how to train children; and any book which affords real help in this matter is worthy of more than ordinary attention. Dr. Trumbull evidently knows how it should be done, and he has acted wisely in lending his aid to others. We cannot imagine parents or guardians reading these pages without profit. The good doctor speaks of his chapters as "Hints"; but, really, they are much more. Counsel is given upon almost every conceivable question affecting the welfare of children. Companionships, habits, education, amusements, and religion, are among the subjects dealt with. If the rising generation are only trained according to the principles of this volume, they will surely be a praise in the earth.

Primitive Paths in Prophecy. Edited by GEORGE C. NEEDHAM. Chicago: Gospel Publication Co.

HERE are nine Prophetic Addresses, given at the Brooklyn Conference of the Baptist Society for Bible Study, under the presidency of our good friend, Dr. Gordon, of Boston, U.S.A. The treatment throughout is Scriptural, vigorous, and practical; and does honour to the body from which it emanates. Very heartily should we rejoice to see this handy volume circulating largely among the churches in this country. One quotation will prove that dispensational truth is no novelty among Baptists.

"John Bunyan's Millenarianism is well known, and generally conceded; he maintaining the early patristic view, that the seventh millenniad will be the Sabbath of the world, to be ushered in by the advent of Christ (Works V., p. 286; VI., p. 301). One of Bunyan's contemporaries, Benjamin Keach, an illustrious predecessor of Spurgeon in the pastorate, has left a very full confession of his views on this point. He was brought to trial Oct. 8th, 1664, on the two charges of Anabaptism and Millenarianism. As he stood before Lord Chief Justice Hide, the representative of the State Church, he was summoned first to answer for his 'damnable doctrine' concerning baptism; which, being disposed of, the second article of indictment was taken up, viz., that he held '*that the saints shall reign with Christ a thousand years.*' The judge pronounced this 'an old heresy, which was cast out of the church a thousand years ago, and was likewise condemned by the Council of Constance five years after, and hath lain dead ever since, till now this rascal hath revived it.' . . . He was condemned, and sent to the pillory. . . .

"Dr. John Gill, the commentator and theologian, has drawn out the pre-millennial scheme more fully, and set forth the Scriptural arguments for it more cogently, perhaps, than any Baptist writer who has treated the subject. . . . Couple his testimony with that of Charles H. Spurgeon, who said, in a recent sermon, that 'there can be no millennium without the presence of the visible Christ, any more than there can be summer without the sun. *He must come first, and then will the golden age begin.*' Thus, we have an illustrious trio of Baptist witnesses in a single pastoral succession—Keach, Gill, and Spurgeon."

Baptist history is thus pleasantly blended with prophetic exposition, making a most interesting volume.

Principia; or, the Three Octaves of Creation. By Rev. ALFRED KENNION, M.A., Vicar of Gerrard's Cross. Elliot Stock.

A PATIENT study and able presentation of the story of creation, on the line of literal interpretation, yet allowing for the lapse of ages between the creative fiat and the final commendation of each of the eight spheres dealt with. The octaves are treated in relation to words, works, and seals, or commendations; these last being supposed to have their utterance on the six successive days of Gen. i. We were not aware that "the 'Reconstruction' theory, which sought to insert the geologic ages between the second and third verses (we should have said between the first and second verses) of chapter i., has been all but universally abandoned." On the contrary, we do not know of a fair refutation of that view, nor one more fully accordant with revealed truth, and the recorded facts of science. For those unsatisfied with this view, Mr. Kennion's volume may be helpful and acceptable.

White Robes; or, Garments of Salvation. By GEORGE D. WATSON, D.D. Partridge and Co.

THIRTY papers on various aspects of holiness, originally published in American periodicals, and republished in this country by request. There is such ample scope, and, alas! such urgent need, for growth in grace, and a higher standard of Christian experience, that we are thankful to welcome all well-directed effort, and especially all Scriptural counsel leading to so desirable an end. Hence we breathe our best wishes for blessing on this book, albeit there are passages, here and there, as to inbred sin and entire sanctification, which we could scarcely endorse.

The Miracles of our Saviour Expounded and Illustrated. By WILLIAM M. TAYLOR, D.D., LL.D. New York: A. C. Armstrong and Son. London: Hodder and Stoughton.

WHAT! another book on the miracles of our Lord? What can be said about them which has not been said already by Trench, or Arnot, or one or other of the many master-minds which have expressed their thoughts upon them? Only let the reader peruse the pages of Dr. Taylor's handsome volume, and he will find there was much to be said both of a fresh and instructive nature.

The introductory chapter deals, in an able manner, with the authenticity of the miracles, and also with their aim and purpose. It is intended to answer doubters, and to confirm waverers; but it does more than this. In reading it, one is made to swim in the life-current of the gospels, to swing in their orbit, to breathe their sacred atmosphere. This experience gives an admirable preparation for studying the rest of the book. No attempt is made to classify the miracles; the one endeavour throughout is to explain their meaning, to enforce their teaching, and to bring home this teaching to the varied necessities of our modern life. The clear homiletic arrangement of each chapter should be of great service to preachers, and the healthy spiritual teaching of the volume will be a lasting blessing to its readers. Dr. Taylor's work is a valuable addition to our books on the miracles.

Come unto Me. Daily Readings on the Sayings of Christ. By MARY BRADFORD WHITING. Nisbet and Co.

THIRTY-ONE expositions of our Lord's sayings. The more of such daily helps to holy living the better. The spirit and tone of this little manual are admirable. One cannot read it without finding food for the mind, and inspiration for the heart. In our judgment it would have been better without the collect which closes each chapter; but others may not think so. The book is so clear, simple, and concise, so practical in its teaching, and sacred in its purpose, that we have no heart to criticize. It costs but 1s. 6d.

Paul's Address to the Athenians viewed in relation to Modern Thought. By WILLIAM ADAMSON, D.D. London: Simpkin, Marshall, and Co. Glasgow: Thomas D. Morison.

THIS work, which is rhetorical in style, displays considerable scholarship and vigour of thought. It aims at establishing the brotherhood of the race, and the divine sonship of man. From the latter finding we strongly dissent. According to this writer, man as man is a son, and as a son he is an heir of God. "With no presumptuous eye", he tells us, "the poorest of human kind, if he were to realize his proper relation, might look to the heavens in their glory, and the earth in its fulness, and say, 'They are all mine, my Father made them all.'" In our judgment, only the redeemed soul has the right to do this, as he alone has the Spirit of adoption. To say to man as man, as is the fashion with the advocates of the gospel of the Fatherhood, "All things are yours," is to make common property of the saints' inheritance. No man is a son and heir of God who is a stranger to the new and heavenly birth.

Romans Dissected. A Critical Analysis of the Epistle to the Romans. By E. D. MCREALSHAM. Edinburgh: T. and T. Clark.

THIS work is intended to be a satire on the critical school of the present day, whose function it is to leave as little genuine in the books of the Bible as possible. On similar lines, the author proceeds gravely to show that the Epistle to the Romans is a compilation of four authors, whom, as they are necessarily nameless, he calls G. 1, G. 2, J. C., and C. J. For our part, however good the motive, we do not see the fun in this; and our fear is, lest an undertaking conceived as a *jeu d'esprit*, should be seriously utilized by the critics themselves, and should unwittingly do damage to those who are senseless enough to be their dupes. Let a fool, by all means, be answered according to his folly; but let it be done, if possible, otherwise than satirically where Holy Scripture is in question.

The Lord's Day and the Lord's Servants. By Rev. J. P. LILLEY, M.A. Edinburgh: James Thin, 55, South Bridge.

To this essay was awarded the first prize by the Sabbath Observance Committee of the Free Church of Scotland. It is exceedingly able and practical. Nearly every phase of the Sabbath question is dealt with, and in such a manner as to secure the consent of the reader's judgment upon most points, if not upon all. To ministers and Sabbath-school teachers, who wish to bring this important and pressing duty of Sabbath observance before their congregations and classes, we know of no book more helpful than Mr. Lilley's essay. It not only gained the first prize, but was selected for publication, with one other, out of fifteen prize essays.

The Minister's Duty in Relation to the Sabbath. By Rev. W. D. SPRINGETT, D.D. Edinburgh: James Thin.

ANOTHER prize essay. The author has written with his soul on fire with his theme. He directs his arguments and appeals entirely to ministers; and seeks, in a variety of ways, to stir them up to their duty in reference to "the Queen of Days." It deserves, and, we trust, will have, a large circulation.

The Sabbath, as made known in the Word of God. Edinburgh: James Thin.

A PAMPHLET of thirty pages. May be read by some who would not trouble to get through the larger books. It is sober and sensible, and cannot but do good.

The Sabbath. An Essay. By W. GRIFFITH, Member of the English Bar. Poplett and Taylor, Beech St.

"MANY men, many minds." Yet another essay on the Sabbath. Nor can we have too many of such productions. To lead men rightly to appreciate God's great gift of his own day, will secure for them untold good. This essay is really a remarkable production in its way. It has something in common with the other essays noticed above, but it has more than sufficient originality to justify its publication. Written from the standpoint of an earnest Christian barrister, it supplies valuable information upon aspects of the subject which other writers have scarcely touched. We fear it is too scholarly for "the common people" to enjoy; but it may, for that very reason, convince an order of minds to which less erudite works might appeal in vain.

Physiology and the Sabbath. By the late JAMES MILLER, F.R.S.E. Edinburgh: Johnstone, Hunter, and Co.

A NEW edition of a valuable essay, devoted to the benefits of Sabbath observance upon the physical, mental, and spiritual well-being of man. It enters thoroughly into questions which other essays note incidentally. Specially suitable for young men.

The Lost Daughter. By CHARLES HILL. Partridge and Co.

THIS is a tale, written by the Secretary of the Working Men's Lord's-day Rest Association, and, of course, is intended to promote Sabbath observance. It is well calculated to effect this, and much more. To foster faith in providence, trust in the Lord Jesus as the Saviour of sinners, and a true spirit of benevolent gratitude, are among the results it is likely to secure. Only begin the book, and you are sure to continue to the end. We have laughed through tears as we have read it. If it could be in the home of every working-man, what a boon it might prove! and if employers of Sabbath labour would only read it, we fancy they would have at least one uncomfortable night's rest.

Seven Promises Expounded. By DONALD FRASER, M.A., D.D. Nisbet & Co.

THE seven promises are those contained in the letters to the seven churches of Asia. They are here expounded, illustrated, and enforced with all the ability of this devout student and great preacher. The ground has been often trodden, yet this little book is no repetition of other men's thoughts; but is both fresh and original. We have read it with fascinating interest. The good doctor gives nuggets of gold. He deals with great principles, and suggests subjects for many pulpit discourses upon topics not often touched upon by preachers.

Morning Dew-drops. By Mrs. CLARA LUCAS BALFOUR. Partridge & Co.

HERE we have nearly three hundred pages of good, sound, sensible talk for young abstainers; and we may add that old abstainers will be none the worse for making themselves acquainted with the contents of this book. The work is well illustrated, and the matter is most interesting. Those who speak upon the Temperance platform, or conduct the Band of Hope, will find this book of very great service. The arguments from Scripture, and ancient and modern history, are well and wisely chosen. Some of the material in this book is not new, but it is none the worse for that. As we ramble through it, we meet with many old and valued Temperance friends, and remember with gratitude their faithful work. Get this book, read it, and pass it on.

Modern Teetotal Heresy at the Lord's Table: with observations on "The Cup of the Lord" as a great Temperance Lesson. By LEWIS WRIGHT. Simpkin, Marshall, and Co.

THE author of this pamphlet says that one who read it before its publication said to him, "You ought to have a handsome testimonial from all the gin-spinners and distillers in the kingdom." In our judgment this is much too flattering an opinion, for a well-instructed Band of Hope boy ought to be able to expose many of the fallacies here published. The title of the pamphlet would lead one to suppose that the "modern teetotal heresy" was the very prevalent use of "the fruit of the vine" at the Lord's table, in place of the intoxicating wines, which have caused so many to stumble. This is one of the points of attack; but Mr. Wright goes much farther than this, and assails *Gospel* Temperance as if it were one of the greatest errors and evils of this age. Perverts are usually the most bigoted opponents of any system that they have abandoned; and the author's bitterness is explained, first, from the fact that he was formerly a total abstainer, but felt obliged to accept Paul's advice to Timothy, and "take a little wine" for his "stomach's sake"; and next, because he has withdrawn from a church where the unscriptural compromise of having two cups has been abandoned, and unfermented wine alone substituted. We know of an instance in which one, who had no sympathy with total abstinence, was called to preside at the communion where there were two cups, one for the teetotalers, and another for the other communicants. He very coolly put one of them away, *not caring which he removed*, for he said there could be no communion with two cups. Mr. Wright is evidently of another mind upon this matter; but, notwithstanding his name, we do not think he is right on this point. In our opinion, Mr. Frank Wright, of Kensington, can write something much more worth reading upon the communion wine question.

The Fall of the Staincliffes. By A. COLBECK. Sunday-school Union.

THE writer of this story was awarded the prize of £100, offered by the Council of the Sunday-school Union, for the best tale illustrating the essential dishonesty of betting and gambling, and setting forth their disastrous consequences. "The Fall of the Staincliffes" began by the manufacturer putting prizes into a certain proportion of the fancy articles that he sold, and ended by the destruction of the head of the firm and his factory in a fire supposed to have been kindled by his own hand, and the death, by drowning near Mentone, of his eldest son, who had gone to the Riviera to spend his honeymoon, and had lost his all at the gaming-tables at Monte Carlo. Drink and gambling are closely connected in this story, as they usually are in real life. The tale is only too true, though it may not be even founded on fact. May it warn many away from the fatal whirlpool!

Fairy Flowers for Fairy Florists. By MARIE SUTAW.

Zinè's Wishes; or, Zinè and Oakleaf. By FRANCES ALLEC. G. Stoneman.

Two books for the little ones, each good of its kind. The former, however, decidedly carries the palm.

Miss Meyrick's Niece. By EVELYN EVERETT-GREEN. Chas. H. Kelly.
Dulcie's Love Story. Same author. Nelson and Sons.
Mrs. Romaine's Household. Same author. Oliphant, Anderson, and Ferrier.

THREE more stories from this prolific pen! How is it done? Certainly no one will charge the author with plagiarism, nor with leading others into temptation in that direction, for those who never quote are seldom quotable; and what Miss Green calls the "social small talk and local gossip" of imaginary beings is not very edifying. One Evelyn has made a name in English literature; but then he imparted useful and delightful information about forest, field, and garden, and even the "social small talk and local gossip" of his oft-quoted Diary is both true and well-told. If his industrious namesake would condescend to be less original and imaginative, and more practical and instructive, the roll of fame might contain the name of another Evelyn ever-green.

The set of the tale-tide has latterly been towards two very different objects, namely, juvenile acrobats or circus performers, and trained nurses. This is largely owing to the action of the legislature in the interest of the former class, and the patronage of royalty in the cases of the guild of self-denying women who succour and solace the sick and suffering. For this reason, stories like *Miss Meyrick's Niece* (which embraces both classes) are somewhat plentiful.

Dulcie's Love Story. Well, it's just that; and as our personal knowledge of such matters is naturally and happily very limited, we must refer to Dulcie herself such of our readers as are anxious to know how these *affaires de cœur* are conducted in well-regulated families. Of the last, but by no means the least, of Miss Green's works we are not able to say much, as we have not, in fairness to others, been able to give time for more than a formal visit to *Mrs. Romaine's Household.* When we have said that there is therein a much larger proportion of the religious element than in most of the aristocratic households to which Miss Green has kindly introduced us, we will give you the names of the younger members of the family, and leave you to cultivate their acquaintance, if so it shall please you. The Misses Chriemhild, Enid, Angela, and Freda are the daughters of the house, and Master Siegmund is pa's son and heir.

Sheltered from the Storm, and other Stories. By AGNES PARK. Marshall Brothers, 10, Paternoster Row.

TALES of varying interest, but simple, and true to life.

Nina's Burnished Gold. By EMILIE SEARCHFIELD. Charles H. Kelly.

NAUGHTY Nina was led into much folly and falsehood by allowing an evil spirit of jealousy to obtain the mastery over her; but the troubles into which she thus brought herself made her ashamed of her waywardness, and worked her lasting good.

Edgar Berwick's Inheritance. By WILLIAM J. LACEY. G. Cauldwell.

CLEARLY illustrates the oft-forgotten truth, that he who acts unjustly towards another is, after all, the man who suffers most.

Mr. Farrar's Big O's. By EMILY BRODIE. Religious Tract Society.

A TOUCHING story of a minister's influence over some idle village boys, in which the reader is told how the club he formed prospered, and how the prayers he offered for the lads were answered on their behalf.

Adventures of Johnnie Pascoe. By G. NORWAY. Nisbet and Co.

TELLS how the orphans of a gipsy found friends to help and teach them, so that they learned to work for themselves, and to trust in their heavenly Father's care.

Guy Wynmore's Repentance; or, Redeeming the Past. By JEANNIE SWEETING. G. Stoneman.

AN old story re-told. A Christian woman marries a godless man, hoping that her holy influence may shield and save him. Nothing but sorrow comes of it, and she dies of a broken heart. He finally repents, and spends the remainder of his days in seeking to rescue others.

Notes.

MR. SPURGEON does not yet feel up to the mark to write at any length; but he wishes us to insert the following note, which he trusts those gentlemen who so liberally help themselves from *Sword and Trowel* Notes will feel free to copy:—

I am unable to send a personal letter of thanks to the thousands of friends, of all ranks and religious, who wrote sympathetic letters to Mrs. Spurgeon and myself during the dark days of my illness; but I beg, in the best manner possible to me, to return my hearty thanks to them all. To my dear, sorrowing wife, the kind words from all quarters were, by God's blessing, an unutterable consolation. I was too ill to know much about the matter; but now I am recovering, the reading of these generous expressions fills my eyes with tears, my mind with astonishment, and my heart with gratitude. Surely there is a unity deep down in the church of God, and on fit occasions it shows itself: that I should furnish such an occasion overwhelms me. Some of those affectionate expressions, from persons who are ecclesiastically divided from me, are as fervent as if we agreed on every point, and are vastly more true and precious than if that were the case. Brethren and sisters in Christ, the Lord recompense upon each of you a hundred-fold your tender consideration of one who had no claim upon you but his great affliction!

To those who are not of the Christian faith, I cannot but feel a singular tenderness when I read not only their respectful enquiries, but their generous sentiments towards me. It is astonishing to me that I should have so warm a place in their esteem, and I trust I may do nothing which will prove me unworthy of it.

I have also the happy task of thanking the countless friends who did not write *to me*, but lifted up their hearts in prayer on my behalf. I have been saved from death by prayer. In very many instances there has been an assured faith with the prayer, and this has been the certain token of prevalence with God. To hear that friends unknown to me spent whole nights in supplication for me, and that multitudes of churches presented special intercession, made me very happy, and caused me to say at the very worst, "I shall not die, but live, and declare the works of the Lord."

That every one of those who thought of me so lovingly may thus be remembered by the Great Father in any future hour of sorrow, is my fervent prayer.—C. H. S.

The above note, *written by the Editor*, will be the best indication to all our readers of the progress he has made since our last issue. Prayer is still needed on his behalf, and doubtless will continue to be offered until he is fully restored to health and strength; and even then he will be grateful for the constant supplications of the Lord's children everywhere, that God may be glorified by his service as he has been by his suffering.

Friends continue to write expressing sympathy with Mr. and Mrs. Spurgeon, while others send congratulations that so far prayer has been graciously heard and answered. One of the most cheering letters during the past month was the one written by the Bishop of Sydney, New South Wales, conveying the resolution of sympathy passed by the clergy of his diocese. The Christian Conferences at Perth, Dundee, Salisbury, and Blankenburg all sent messages of loving, prayerful sympathy. The telegram from Blankenburg was such a very remarkable one, that a reply to it was telegraphed; but the postal authorities were actually unable to find the place, although they must have known the office from which they had received the message a few hours previously. Telegrams or letters have also come from the African Baptist Association (Halifax), the Baptist Convention of the Maritime Provinces of Canada, the German Baptist Conference at Hamburg, the Norwegian Southern Baptist Association, the Y.M.C.A. Conference at Amsterdam, the Moravian Synod and Brethren's Conference at Leominster, the Welsh Baptist Union, Pontypool and Bristol Baptist Colleges, the Commission of the Assembly of the Free Church of Scotland, and many other gatherings of the Lord's people in various parts. The clergy and ministers of all denominations, and private friends in great numbers, both at home and abroad, have written, telegraphed, or called. They will see, by the above note, how welcome their sympathy has been, and how grateful Mr. and Mrs. Spurgeon are for the loving manner in which it has been manifested.

TRANSLATIONS OF MR. SPURGEON'S WORKS.—During the past month we have received the *German* translation of *The Greatest Fight in the World*. In sending it, the translator says, "The first edition of 5,000 is sold out; this is one of the second 5,000." The *French* translation, made by Pasteur R. Saillens, of Paris, will soon be issued; and permission has been given for a *Danish* translation to be published.

The little book has been reprinted by more than one firm in *The United States;* and it has been most favourably reviewed. *The New York Observer* says of it, "It is the mature, deliberate, long-considered, intensely earnest and powerful utterance of a man who has long been marvellously laborious and successful in various departments of spiritual work." *The Lutheran Observer*, Philadelphia, says:—"It will serve as an admirable tonic to all ministers and Christians generally, and especially to any

who may have their faith shaken by theories of modern critics."

Have all our readers read *The Greatest Fight in the World?* It has had a very large sale in England; but it might be the means of doing still more good if all friends would do what they can to increase its circulation. We do not believe that its mission is fully accomplished yet.

Permission has been recently given for the translation of *All of Grace* into the *Urdu* or *Hindustani* language, for the benefit of the native church in the Punjab, India; while a Presbyterian missionary in Allahabad writes:—"I have four volumes of your sermons, which I have let Hindus and Christians read. I have had some of them translated into *Hindustani*, and published in a vernacular paper of which I am editor. That which I delight in, in all your sermons, is the holding up of the Lord Jesus Christ, especially in holding him up as the Lamb of God."

We are also informed by *The Baptist* that "Some fifty or sixty of Mr. Spurgeon's sermons are in course of being translated into *Urdu* by a native Christian catechist of the Punjab, with a view to publication in that quasi-universal language of India."

A friend writes to Mrs. Spurgeon:—"A Nestorian pastor, from Ooroomiah, showed me a paper published once a month by the American Presbyterians in Ooroomiah, in modern *Syriac*. Amongst other articles, are sermons of Mr. Spurgeon's translated into Syriac. Pastor H. read part of one to me, from Isaiah xli. 1 ('Solemn Pleadings for Revival,' No. 1,215), and interpreted it into English. I got blessing and refreshment to my own soul as he did so. He had another paper with a sermon in it, from Prov. xxiii. 17, 18 ('All the Day Long,' No. 2,150). This, he said, he read over and over again, and got much blessing to his soul from it. So, praise God, while Mr. Spurgeon is lying sick at Norwood, the Lord Jesus is using his words to strengthen and bless the hearts of the Nestorians far away among the mountains of Persia!"

FUNDS FOR THE INSTITUTIONS.—Amongst the many cheering letters that have come during the past month, one gave the Editor unusual joy. It was to the effect that a gentleman in Malta, who had read his sermons since 1862, and who recently died, had left £500 to the College, and £500 to the Orphanage. These amounts are included in this month's receipts. Mr. Spurgeon is specially thankful that, while he has been laid aside, the Lord has thus graciously supplied the needs of the two principal institutions under his care, and supplied them by means of a reader of his sermons.

A sermon-reader in America, since 1855, has sent £10 to the Orphanage as a thank-offering for the "comfort and good" derived from the sermons and *The Sword and the Trowel;* and a Canadian sermon-reader has sent 400 dollars for the College and Orphanage as a token of her gratitude for blessing received through the sermons.

If the work has suffered in some respects through the President's illness, it has gained in other ways; as witness the following note from *The Christian Herald*:—"SYMPATHY WITH MR. SPURGEON.—A resident in Birmingham wrote to us on August 31:—'I send you herewith ten pounds for Mr. Spurgeon's Orphanages. I have doubled my donation as an expression of my sympathy with him in his sufferings.—J. M.'"

During the past month, the College and Almshouses have each received a legacy of £250 from a generous friend, who only made his will since Mr. Spurgeon was laid aside. Here again we see the lovingkindness of the Lord in preserving his sick servant from any cause for anxiety about funds for the work under his care.

Other large amounts have come since the lists were closed, and we have faith to say, "Still there's more to follow."

PREACHERS AT THE TABERNACLE.—The new list of supplies is as follows:—Thursday evening, Oct. 1, W. Stott; Lord's-day, Oct. 4, morning, H. O. Mackey, evening, J. A. Spurgeon; Thursday evening, Oct. 8, G. D. Hooper; Lord's-day, Oct. 11, morning, Newman Hall, LL.B., evening, W. Williams; Thursday evening, Oct. 15, W. Stott; Lord's-day, Oct. 18, morning, J. Stephens, M.A., evening, W. Stott.

Negotiations are being carried on with Dr. Pierson, of Philadelphia, and it is hoped that he will be able to preach at the Tabernacle each Sabbath, and on alternate week-nights, during a considerable portion of the winter, while the Pastor must be away, seeking rest after his long illness. Dr. Pierson's decision may not be received before the Magazine is issued; but due notice will be given to all whom it may concern. If he is able to come, we are sure that he will have a hearty welcome from the church at the Tabernacle, and also from many outside friends who know of his great love for the old truths that are so dear to us, and of his earnest labours on behalf of home and foreign missions. His work as a pastor and evangelist has well qualified him for the double service of feeding the flock of God, and gathering in the wandering sheep and lambs of the Good Shepherd. If it be the Lord's will that he should come to the Tabernacle this winter, may he be very greatly blessed to both saints and sinners!

POOR MINISTERS' CLOTHING SOCIETY.—We call special attention to the *annual meeting* of this useful Society, which will (D.V.) be held at the Tabernacle on *Monday evening, Oct.* 5. It is hoped that everyone who comes to the meeting will bring some garment suitable for a poor pastor, or his wife, or child, and that many who cannot be present will send parcels or contributions, on or before Oct. 5, to Mrs. D. S. Miller,

Metropolitan Tabernacle, Newington Butts, London. In previous years there has been a very generous response to the Pastor's appeal. This time, Mrs. Spurgeon has sent out the circular to Tabernacle friends; she hopes that it will produce as good results as on former occasions.

COLLEGE.—The following brethren have removed:—Mr. R. J. Layzell, from Ashdon, to East Dereham; Mr. W. H. Prosser, from Builth, to North Road, Milford Haven; Mr. F. Dann, from Cherry Creek, to Perry, Lake County, Ohio, U.S.A.; Mr. A. Hyde, from Devonport, Tasmania, to Hamilton, Victoria; and Mr. C. Dallaston, from Christchurch, to Wellington, New Zealand.

Sickness and death have taken from us, during the past month, two tutors long associated with the Pastors' College. *Professor Fergusson* has suffered from such a serious illness that he has felt compelled to resign his position. When the President is well enough, he will take proper opportunities of duly recording the faithful service rendered by Mr. Fergusson to successive batches of students for the past thirty years; but we may at once assure our dear friend of our hearty sympathy with him in the trying affliction that has befallen him. Our earnest hope is that, relieved from the strain of College work, he will be enabled for many years to preach, with undiminished power, the gospel he so dearly loves, and has so long proclaimed. We are sure that all the brethren who have been in Mr. Fergusson's classes will pray very specially for their old tutor at this season of suffering. They will see, from the following extract from his letter to the President, how great a wrench it is for him to give up his College work:—"God alone knows what it costs a nature like mine to sever a fellowship with yourself and brother and the other tutors of thirty years' duration. The will of the Lord be done. I will never forget to pray for you all."

No one but the Editor could appropriately refer to the "going home" of the truly venerable *George Rogers*, the first tutor of the College, and for many years its highly-esteemed Principal. On Saturday afternoon, Sept. 12, he peacefully fell asleep in Jesus, at South Norwood, in his ninety-third year; and on the following Thursday afternoon, the funeral took place at Nunhead cemetery, where, singularly, he had been the first officiating minister. In the enforced absence of the President of the College, his brother and son, Pastors J. A. and Charles Spurgeon, and Professor Gracey (Mr. Rogers' colleague and successor) took part in the service; and Mr. Spurgeon's letter of sympathy with Miss Rogers, and the other members of the bereaved family, was read. There were present all the students now in the College, a large number of the brethren formerly in the Institution, several of the deacons and elders from the Tabernacle, a deputation from the London Congregational Board, and some hundreds of other ministers and private friends. The great gathering was a noble testimony to the high esteem in which our aged friend was held.

Several newspapers, copying from one another, said that Mr. Rogers "watched with regret what was known as the 'Down-grade' controversy." This is quite a mistake: Mr. Rogers watched with regret the declension in doctrine and the worldliness in the church which led to the "Down-grade" controversy; but he had no regret about the controversy itself, unless it was that so many good men ranged themselves on the side of the "Down-graders." He was heart and soul with his President in his earnest contention "for the faith once for all delivered to the saints." To the last he remained loyal to "the old, unchanging gospel" which brought salvation to his own soul, and to many of his hearers, and which he taught to the students of the Pastors' College from the beginning of its history until his retirement at a good old age. If any of our friends have not read his *Conference Addresses*, they should send at once to our publishers for a copy. (Price 2s. 6d.)

We cannot close this brief mention of our venerated friend better than by giving again the portrait of him that appeared in *The Sword and the Trowel* for March, 1890.



EVANGELISTS.—The pastor of the Norwood Congregational Church, Liverpool, Rev. E. R. Barrett, B.A., sends us the following account of *Messrs. Fullerton and Smith's* mission from Sept. 5 to 13:—

"All their services were wonderfully well attended. Notwithstanding the intense heat of the past week, the church was crowded night after night, forms being required down the aisles. Last night numbers were turned away. On Tuesday afternoon, a large gathering for women only was held in our Mission Hall; and yesterday afternoon, a

men's meeting, attended by fully 500 or 600 men. Two special services were also held for children, conducted by Mr. Smith, and two afternoons were devoted to 'An hour with the Bible.' The time has thus been occupied to the very full, and the strain on the two brethren has been very great; but their zeal and energy have been undiminished. Last night an after-meeting was held of those who had received a special blessing, and numbers testified to having yielded to the claims of Christ. A most delightful feature in this work has been the number of young people and children who have come to Christ definitely. The strong, thoughtful, convincing preaching of Mr. Fullerton, at times overwhelming in its power, and irresistible in its appeals to the conscience, and the tender words of Mr. Smith, mingled with his witty and interesting incidents from his past experience, added to his exquisite gift of song, have won all hearts, and produced a deep impression. The church-members have been quickened and stirred, and an awakening felt in the district which can scarcely fail to bear much fruit. God bless our brethren with equal success wherever they go!"

On Sept. 20, Mr. Fullerton preached at the Metropolitan Tabernacle with great acceptance, while Mr. Smith commenced a mission at Swansea, where he was joined the following day by his colleague. From Oct. 3 to 25, our brethren are to be at Sheffield; and next month they are to visit West Brighton, Worthing, and Eastbourne.

During September, *Mr. Burnham* has been among the hop-pickers in Kent, and has also conducted special services at Stantonbury. This month he goes to High Road, Tottenham, and Redoubt Mission, Radford. He asks us to mention that last year he had to refuse several invitations because they came too late: he will be glad if brethren who desire his help will apply early, so that he may complete his arrangements for the winter.

Mr. Harmer has had a very successful mission at Staincliffe, Yorkshire; and he has since gone to the Sailors' Mission, Rotterdam. This month he is engaged at Thornton Heath, Leighton Buzzard, and Bromley Road, Lee.

ORPHANAGE.—On Tuesday, October 13, the next collectors' meeting will (D.V.) be held at the Orphanage. The President will be sorry if his absence affects the success of the meeting; he hopes that friends will be all the more zealous in helping on the work of caring for the widow and the fatherless, because he is, for a while, laid aside from active service. New collectors are always wanted. Apply to the secretary, Stockwell Orphanage, Clapham Road, London.

The day after the collectors' meeting, Mr. Charlesworth and the Orphanage choir start for a tour in Scotland. We have so many loving helpers across the border that we feel sure that "our boys" will have a hearty welcome.

PERSONAL NOTES.—The following cheering letters, addressed to Mr. Spurgeon, have come lately:—"I want to express my thanks for the good I have received from your *Morning by Morning*, and also your sermons. A few days back, I went to see a poor man, who has been laid by for eleven weeks. I found him much depressed, as he has a family dependent on him. I read him your sermon, 'My Times are in Thy Hand' (No. 2,205), and you would have been glad to see how much it comforted him, and seemed to help him."

The next note comes from Manitoba:—"Dear Sir and Brother,—About a year ago, you kindly wrote a letter to my young friend ———. He has kept it and cherished it for the sake of the writer. The Lord has laid upon him his chastening hand, and brought him to see his helpless condition and sinfulness in his sight; and by his Spirit wrought upon his heart till he was humbled, and sought, found, and now is rejoicing in Jesus. He now prizes your letter, not only because of the writer, but because of the loving words of invitation and warning which it contained. So this morning he bade me get it out of his trunk, and read it, and then expressed a wish that I would write to you, telling about his joy in the Lord, and the peace he has through believing in Jesus, and expressing his gratitude to you for such a kind gospel letter, and his hope that you may yet be used of the Lord in doing a blessed work for the Master."

A Scotch friend writes to tell us that, when he was sending some flowers to an invalid, he put in a note, and enclosed an illustrated leaflet, *He Healeth all our Diseases*, extracted from Mr. Spurgeon's sermons, and published by the Drummond Tract Society. The writer then goes on to say:—"The lady said to the boy who carried the flowers, 'Tell Mr. —— that this was just what I was wanting.' As soon as I heard this, I sent another leaflet (the last I had), *God is our Refuge*, and wrote another letter, saying that it was never too soon, and, thank God, never too late, for the soul to think upon eternal things; and drew her attention to the fact that the leaflets contained the words of one who had been on the border-land of eternity, ay, at the very gate of heaven. . . . . Dear Spurgeon, your leaflet resulted in her entrance into the kingdom, and she had a happy death. Just about a quarter of an hour before she died, she called her son and daughter to her bedside, and bade them give their hearts to the Saviour, and asked them to meet her in heaven."

Baptisms at Metropolitan Tabernacle:—September 3rd, seventeen.

Pastors' College, Metropolitan Tabernacle.

Statement of Receipts from August 15th to September 14th, 1891.

	£	s.	d.
Executors of the late David Easson ...	9	19	5
Contribution from Devonshire Square Baptist Church, Stoke Newington ...	3	3	0
Mr. F. L. Edwards	100	0	0
Executor of the late Mr. Theodore Smith, Malta	500	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. C. F. Allison	20	0	0
Mr. John Masters	5	0	0
M. R.	0	10	0
Mrs. Jeanneret	1	1	0
Pastor A. G. Brown	3	3	0
J. G.	10	0	0
Executors of the late Miss Frances E. Howard	40	0	0
Executors of the late Mr. W. Fletcher	250	0	0
Mrs. S. Dunn	0	10	6
Miss Adanley	2	10	0
Rev. F. C. Spurr	1	0	0
Mr. Lewis Divall	0	1	0
Mr. E. Stanion	0	10	0
Mrs. Fielder	10	0	0
Mrs. Rathbone Taylor	2	10	0
Pastor A. G. Haste's Bible-class ...	0	10	6
Mrs. Chapman	0	2	6
Weekly Offerings at Met. Tab. :—			
August 16	42	9	6
,, 23	6	18	5
,, 30	29	4	8
Sept. 6	40	0	0
,, 13	38	0	0
		156	12	7
	£1117	3	6

Pastors' College Missionary Association.

Statement of Receipts from August 15th to September 14th, 1891.

	£	s.	d.
Mr. James Campbell	1	0	0
Practical praise	0	5	6
Mrs. Fairey	1	0	0
J. G.	20	0	0
Mrs. Price	1	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Watson	5	0	0
"Go ye"	3	0	0
Mr. John Green	1	0	0
Mr. James Brown	10	0	0
Miss Bremer and two friends	3	0	0
Jno. F. H.	1	0	0
Cairngorm	2	10	0
	£48	15	6

Stockwell Orphanage.

Statement of Receipts from August 15th to September 14th, 1891.

	£	s.	d.
"For His sake"	0	1	6
From one that loves Jesus	0	10	0
Mr. J. Ward	0	10	0
Box at Orphanage gates and office-box	2	8	0
Mr. S. Williams	0	10	0
Orphanage-box at Tabernacle gates and office-box	2	2	7
Mr. and Mrs Gowing	1	0	0
Miss Way	1	10	0
"For Jesus' sake"	0	2	0
J. H. R.	1	0	0
Highbury Hill Sunday-school, per Mr. E. S. Mansell	1	7	6
J. W., Exeter	0	10	0
Collected by Mr. A. H. Lockwood ...	1	10	0
Mr. H. Hodson	0	3	0
Mr. E. Fetherstonhaugh	3	0	0
A member of the Church of England...	0	5	0
Mr. H. Hutchinson	15	0	0
Executor of the late Mr. Theodore Smith, Malta	500	0	0
Stamps from Forres	1	0	0
Mr. Wm. Gray	0	5	0
Mr. George Baker...	0	10	0
Mrs. Moubray	1	1	0
F. H. M.	1	0	0
Mrs. Hayler...	0	2	6
Mr. C. Ibberson	0	2	6
Mr. B. Price...	0	5	0
Collected by Master Herries	0	5	1
Mrs. Gamble	25	0	0
J. B. C.	1	0	0
Mrs. J. Roberts	0	2	0
Mr. Geo. R. Smith...	1	1	0
M. H. B.	2	0	0
Mr. C. H. Smith	0	5	0
Lisle	1	0	0
Mr. W. A. Baker	2	0	0
The Misses Pizey and Miller	2	0	0
Mr. E. A. Bird	0	10	0
Mrs. Whitaker	1	0	0
S. J. B.	0	10	0
Friends at Clare :—			
Collected by Mr. James Spurgeon	1	10	0
Preacher's fee	0	10	0
	2	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Woolidge	0	10	0
Mrs. Spurgeon (for little Beth) ...	20	0	0
Mr. J. Crocker	5	0	0
Mr. H. Johnson	0	2	6
Mr. E. Sparrow	1	10	0
Miss H. Hall	1	0	0
Miss M. E. Jenkins	0	2	0
Mr. John Masters	5	0	0
Mr. J. B. Gartick	0	10	0
A well-wisher, Aberdeen	0	5	0
Mrs. Price's children	0	7	0
Mr. Wm. Spickett...	10	0	0
Mrs. Jeanneret	1	1	0
Miss E. May Rood...	0	4	0
J. G.	10	0	0
Mr. N. C. Thompson	20	0	0
J. G., Retford	0	5	0
Collected by Mrs. F. Mayo	0	8	9
Mr. P. Cockerill	0	10	6
Mr. John Bland	0	4	0
Devonshire Square Church, Stoke Newington, per Mr. C. F. Gardner...	2	2	0
S. A. S., "Conscience"	0	10	0
Mr. T. A. Flitton	0	10	0
Miss J. Ell	0	2	0

	£	s.	d.
Per Mrs. J. A. Spurgeon :—			
Mrs. Colman 5 5 0			
Miss Guerrier 1 1 0			
"A part of the Lord's tenth" 0 5 0			
	6	11	0
Mrs. Garner...	1	0	0
J. M., per Editor of "The Christian Herald"	10	0	0
F. G. B., Chelmsford	0	2	6
Sandwich, per Bankers	2	2	0
Mr. E. K. Stace	0	10	0
Collected by Mrs. Hawthorne	1	2	0
Collected by Mr. A. W. Jones	0	3	1
Mr. J. Hassell	1	0	0
Collected by Master G. E. Kendall ...	0	1	4
Mrs. H. Thomas	1	0	0
Mrs. Anderson	0	5	0
Collected by Mrs. S. Saunders	1	1	0
Mr. J. T. Buckmaster	1	0	0
Teachers and scholars of College Street Chapel Sunday-school, Fulham, per Mr. W. J. Tapper	0	11	6
Postal order, Upton	0	2	6
Collected by Miss L. Jackson	0	15	2
Collected by Miss E. M. Elford ...	1	13	2
S. A. A., Norwich...	1	0	0
Miss L. Caffyn (proceeds of orphans' pear-tree)	0	3	6
Mr. J. Wickham	1	0	0
Orphan boys' collecting cards, as per list	67	2	6
Orphan girls' collecting cards, as per list...	48	12	7
Woodford Sunday-school, per Mr. W. French	0	8	1
Mrs. Slodden	0	2	6
Little George Street Sunday-school and Mission, per Mr. J. Shurmer ...	5	5	0
Mr. John Nelson	0	3	0
Mrs. Duly	0	10	0
Rev. F. C. Spurr	1	0	0
Mrs. Marshall, per Mr. William Donaldson	32	10	0
T. S., Belfast	1	0	0
Mr. H Jackson and friends	1	15	0
Mr. Wm. Mingins...	1	0	0
Collected by Mrs. Stopford	3	0	0
Mrs. Ewart	1	1	0
Mr. S. H. Dauncey	0	5	0
Mr. and Mrs. Woolidge	0	10	0
From Wilts	0	10	0
Per F. R. T. :—			
Mrs. Rathbone Taylor ... 2 10 0			
Newspapers and farthings 0 10 0			
	3	0	0
Proceeds of children's bazaar, per Master Smith and friend	3	7	6
E. C. T.	0	10	0
"From one who has derived much benefit from your Almanack" ...	0	5	0
Mrs. Grimshaw	1	0	0
Mrs. Chidlaw	0	10	0
Mr. S. H. Shipway	0	5	0
Mr. and Mrs. Fordham	0	5	0
Mrs. T. Thomas	1	0	0
Mrs. Parsons	1	0	0
Mrs. Hallett's children	1	0	0
Mr. John Pearce	0	10	0
Mrs. G. Watt	0	2	6
Mrs. Hamilton	0	5	0
A. R., per Miss Allan	0	3	0
Mrs. Pryer	1	0	0
Mrs. Burrows	1	1	0
Collected by Mrs. Alexander Smith ...	1	5	0
J. C.	0	10	0
	£867	9	10

Orphan Boys' Collecting Cards:—Abbott, H., 7s 1d; Allison, S., 7s 6d; Barnard, D. J., 3s; Brooker, E. G., 10s; Brend, A., 3s; Barrett, B., 5s 10d; Browne, C., 10s; Byrnes, F., 1s 6d; Boggis, A. H., 3s; Bryett, C., £1 11s; Bowen, W. G., 4s; Bartholomew, H., 5s; Bird, A., 2s; Broom, B., 9s 1d; Benham, H., 9d; Beattie, S., 5s 6d; Bishop, F., 9s 6d; Briggs, F., 4s 2d; Burroughs, D., £1 1s; Baldwin, R. F., £1 0s 1d; Bates, W. A. 6d; Beere, A. J., £1 1s; Battershall, W., 2s 3d; Baker, J., 9s; Buddle, W. L., 6s; Carter, P., 6s 7d; Cargill, L., £1 1s; Cordrey, H., 4s 8d; Cooper, B., 3s 6d; Carman, A. E., 17s 6d; Carter, P., 7s; Clayden, W., 9s 8d; Constable, F., 8s 9d; Challis, B., £1 1s; Copping, H., 1s 6d; Day, H., 1s 8d; Davis, A., 15s; Davies, J., 1s; Darling, A. E., 10s 7d; Dixon, R., 5s 6d; Darling, G., 17s; Earthrowl, A., 2s 1d; East, G., 14s 6d; Fyfield, F., 5s 6d; Flogdell, J. H., 2s; Francis, H. C., 4s; Goddard, J., 5s; Greenhough, G., £1 1s; Gant, F. C., 4s 9d; Green, A., 8s 6d; Gardner, D. J., 4d; Hodgetts, B., 13s 3d; Hadlow, E. J., 4s; Hurt, S., 15s; Henderson, G., £1 18s 3d; Hale, E., 13s 6d; Heath, W., 3s 6d; Hutchison, H., 5s 3d; Hilder, J., 5s; Hooker, E. R., £1 4s; Head, C., 17s 6d; Hills, E. E., 11s; Horn, P. W., 12s; Henderson, P., 8s 7d; Johns, J., £1; Jansen, W., 3s; Jeacock, A., 7s; Jenkin, F., 6s; Keys, A. W., 7d; Knappett C. E., 4s 10d; King, H., 7s 6d; Lucy, F., 4s; Love, A., 8s; Langridge, J., 5s; Long, H., 8s; Leach, E., 5s 2d; Leigh, C. A., 8s 6d; Legge, W., £1 1s; Lawrence, A., 3s 6d; Llewellyn, H. V., 9s 3d; Manser, S. H., 7s 6d; Mitchell, B., £1 1s; Marks, A. T., 4s 6d; Mann, H. G., 5s 2d; May, F., 2s 3d; Martin, W. £1 8s; Moore, F. G., 5s; Michael, J., 2s 7d; Manktelow, P., 7s 6d; Morgan, R., £1 1s; Morley, C., 13s 1d; Mimpress, E., 12s 6d; Mansell, E., 10s 6d; Mitchell, G., 4s 9d; Nichol, P., 6d; Nichols, —, 12s; Owers, F. C., 7s 1d; Parker, T. M., 12s 3d; Platt, A., £1 12s 9d; Peverell, W., 15s 6d; Perral, J., £1 1s; Payne, O. J., 4s; Phillips, W., 4s; Roberts, H., 1s 1d; Robinson, W., 8s 8d; Rhodes, J. H., 2s 3d; Rogers, W., 11s; Rosser, C. A., 2s 10d; Rodwell, B., 5s; Rastall, F., 10s 4d; Romang, A., 2s; Rosier, O., £1 1s; Roe, F., 3s 6d; Spicer, F. G., 2s 1d; Smoothy, G., 3s; Stokes, P. G., 15s; Strike, A., 3s 8d; Suttle, R., £1 1s; Smith, R. S., 13s; Stringle, W., 2s 4d; Stone, F., 6s; Start, P., 1s 6d; Sheard, J., £1 1s; Stevens, W., 3s 2d; Sheppard, H., 4s; Saunders, W., 10s; Stratford, T., £1 1s; Sheen, A. E., 1s; Thomas, J., £1 1s; Tier, C., 10s 1d; Taylor, F., 3s; Taylor, W. A., £1 4s; Taylor, G., £1 1s; Townrow, H., 6s 1d; Tant, M., 5s; Vokes, E. E., 3s 4d; Wren, W., 10s 8d; Walker, J., 17s; Williams, A., 4s 2d; Wincott, J. S., 1s; Wells, S. A., 1s; Walker, C., 3s 10d; Worker, S., 9s; Wilkins, J., 3s 2d; Woods, C., 3s; Warren, A., 7s 7d; Woolfenden, S., 14s; White, P., 3s 7d; Wellard, L., 6s; Williams, C., 8d; Webber, C. and A., 1s—Total, £67 2s 6d.

Orphan Girls' Collecting Cards:—Aldrich, M., 4s; Allsop, M., 3s 7d; Askew, F., 5d; Attfield, B., 18s 6d; Bassett, L., 2s 2d; Ball, M., 10s; Bartlett, C., 3s 4d; Brown, R., 10s 6d; Butcher, L., 2s; Boyles, L., 5s; Beddoe, M., 12s 1d; Briggs, M., 10s; Boorman, V., 3s; Bliss, F., 10s 6d; Bull, L., 8s 8d; Bateman, M., 3s 6d; Bond, N., 11s; Beck, M., 2s 6d; Bulow, E., 1s 7d; Bishop, L., 8s; Bishop, K., 5s 1d; Court, A., 5s 4d; Cable, F., 4s 4d; Cartwright, B., 5s.; Coppendale, E., 5s; Cullen, A., 7s; Coplestone, G., 3s 5d; Cordwell, H., 12s 10d; Dale, E., 5s 1d; Dew, E., 13s; Dickerson, E., £1 1s; Donoghue, E., 1s 1d; Dennis, M., 4s; Dear, A., 8s; Doncaster, A., £1 6s 6d; Evenden, M., 6s 4d; Everard, E., 7s 2d; Ellis, E., 2s 2d; Ellis, A., 2s 2d; Epps, F., 4s; Freathy, E., 3s 6d; Fairhead, L., 7s 5d; Ford, L., £1 1s 10d; Gurteen, E., 7s; Hoffman, N., 10s; Hoy, M., £1 1s; Heath, E., 12s 4d; Harris, E., 7s 6d; Holman E., 18s 9d; Houching, M., 4s 2d; Hillier, R., 4s 6d; Hall, B., 5s 4d;

Holden, A., 6d; Hazelton, D., £1 1s; Hunter, F., 10s; Hollingworth, M., 3s 5d; Hobbs, M., 5s; Howell, E., £1 1s; Hicks, E. M., 2s; Hoidge, A., 16s 7d; Johnson, A., 1s; Jones, B., 4s 3d; Jopling, G., £1 1s 3d; Jaques, K., 2s 6d; Jessop, P., 1s 2d; Knotts, A., 15s; Last, H., 5s; Larcombe, A., 4s 6d; Lockyer, M., 1s; Langdon, E., 6s 7d; Luscombe, P., 3s 2d; Lewis, V., 1s 5d; Myhill, C., 7s; Martin, A., 9s 4d; Miles, M., 6s; Mitchell, E., 6s 4d; Mash, L., 3s; Moore, J., £1 4s; Marks, C., 4s; Meader, R., 9s 3d; Nobbs, M., 2s 2d; Norveil, B., 7s; Orbell, M., 3s 9d; Page, L., 10s; Pitfin, M., 1s 6d; Price, E., 8d; Papworth, E., £1 1s; Parker, A., 3s; Pope, A., 1s 11d; Pearce, R., 9s 6d; Parsons, I., 4s; Payne, M., 1s 9d; Palmer, B. M., 8s; Richards K., 3s 2d; Smithers, L., 8s. 2d; Sands, M., 12s 6d; Swannell, J., 6d; Steer, M., 3s; Selby, E., 4s 6d; Smith, M., 1s 6d; Sayers, A., 15s 1d; Searing, S. and F. James, £1 9s 9d; Sidders, L., 1s; Stevens, E. J., 10s; Spaughton, M., 1s 6d; Turney, H., 2s 6d; Twynam, B., 1s; Tiley, R., 1s 6d; Townsend, B., 4s 4d; Turner, L., 9s; Thiel, D., £1 1s; Trepte, E., 11s 3d; Willmore, N., 3s; Witham, P., 10s 8d; Wilkins, E., £1 1s; Wright, K., 2s 2d; Westwood, F., 17s 6d; Wale, E., 1s; Warner, K., 1s 5d; Willmot, M., £1; Woodcock, I., £1 2s; Williams, L., 3s 6d; West, A., 10s 6d; Wicks, L., 1s 7d; Ward, M., 2s; Warburton, H., 1s; Walker, K., 6d; Ward, E., £1 1s 10d.—Total, £48 12s 7d.

List of Presents, per Mr. Charlesworth, from August 15th to September 14th, 1891.—PROVISIONS:—28 lbs. Baking Powder, Messrs. Freeman and Hildyard; 20 lbs. Tea, Messrs. Armstrong and Co.; 6 lbs. Butter, Mrs. H. Thomas; 1 bag Turnips, Mr. John Attlee; 1 hamper Fruit, Vegetables, &c., The Baptist Congregation at Bourton, per Rev. S. R. Moody; 1 large hamper Plums, Mr. S. T. Field; 1 basket Apples, 1 bag Nuts, Mr. J. Cooper.

BOYS' CLOTHING.—2 pairs Trousers, Mr. A. Pitts; 12 pairs Knitted Socks, Miss E. Allan; 100 Bows, Mrs. S. E. Knight.

GIRLS' CLOTHING:—91 Articles, 3 yards Dress Material, The Young Women's Bible-class, at the Orphanage, per Mrs. James Stiff; 12 Articles, Mrs. Kidner; 82 Articles, The Ladies' Working Meeting, Metropolitan Tabernacle, per Miss Higgs; 14 Articles, Mrs. S. E. Knight; 38 Articles, 4¾ yards Dress Material, 6¾ yards Embroidery, 2 yards Twill, Miss Way; a parcel Ties and Gloves, B. N.; a parcel of sundry Articles, Anon.

GENERAL:—1 cwt. Blacking, Messrs. Carr and Son; 1 Scrap Book, 1 Patchwork Quilt, Miss E. Leeler; 1 Doll, Miss O. E. Bedford; a small box of Dolls' clothes made and sent by a school-girl, Faversham.

Colportage Association.

Statement of Receipts from August 15th to September 14th, 1891.

Subscriptions and Donations for Districts:—

	£	s.	d.
Sellindge District, per Mr. Thos. R——	10	0	0
Repton and Burton-on-Trent, per E. S.	20	0	0
Dorking District, per Mr. Drane ...	1	17	6
Great Yarmouth Town Mission, per Mr. S. W. Page	7	10	0
M. A. H., for Orpington...	5	0	0
Mr. G. W. Honeyman, for Gateshead...	40	0	0
Home Counties' Baptist Association ...	30	0	0
Abercarn District	30	0	0
Mr. R. Scott, for Langham District ...	10	0	0
Metropolitan Tabernacle Sunday-school, for Walworth	10	0	0
Earls Colne, per M. J. A. Tawell ...	10	0	0
Estover District, near Plymouth, per Mr. H. O. Serpell	20	0	0
	£194	7	6

Subscriptions and Donations to the General Fund:—

	£	s.	d.
Mrs. Potter	0	10	0
C. A. M.	50	0	0
J. G.	10	0	0
Mrs. Hamilton	0	5	0
Half-Yearly Subscription:—			
Mr. H. B. Frearson	7	10	0
Annual Subscriptions:—			
Mr. Woollard	1	1	0
Mr. J. and Mrs. Brown	1	1	0
	£70	7	0

Society of Evangelists.

Statement of Receipts from August 15th to September 14th, 1891.

	£	s.	d.
H. M., bank note	5	0	0
Miss H. Hall	0	10	0
J. G.	20	0	0
Readers of "The Christian Herald"...	11	5	0
	£36	15	0

Friends sending presents to the Orphanage are earnestly requested to let their names or initials accompany the same, or we cannot properly acknowledge them; and also to write 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, 1891.

Mr. Spurgeon's New Book: Memories of Stambourne.*

A REVIEW, BY THE ACTING-EDITOR.

IF books are to be valued according to their cost, the latest work about to be issued by the Editor of *The Sword and the Trowel* should be reckoned one of the most valuable of his literary productions; for the finishing touches to it nearly cost him his life. Several of the pictures in this book are reproduced from photographs taken by a friend of Mr. Spurgeon under the circumstances described in the "Prefatory Note" given below; and while the artist took the views, the partly-recovered invalid took a severe chill, which brought upon him an even more serious illness than the one from which he had been suffering. This is how he speaks concerning both the book and his affliction:—

"The issue of this small volume will mark an epoch in my life, full of interest to my friends, and solemnly instructive to myself. In the end of May, 1891, I suffered from the virulent influenza, then raging; but all thought I had recovered, and it was judged wise that I should take a change of air. I went for a few days to the region near to Stambourne, delighting myself in what I called 'my Grandfather's country.' I was very happy in the generous and hearty hospitality of Mr. Gurteen, of

* Memories of Stambourne. Stencillings by Benjamin Beddow, of Bradford-on-Avon, Wilts. With Personal Remarks, Recollections, and Reflections. By C. H. Spurgeon. Illustrated. Passmore and Alabaster. Price one shilling.

Haverhill, and enjoyed myself mightily. But on the Thursday of the week an overpowering headache came on, and I had to hurry home on Friday, to go up to that chamber wherein, for three months, I suffered beyond measure, and was often between the jaws of death. Now that I trust I am really recovering, I amuse myself with arranging what had been previously prepared, and with issuing it from the press.

"I praise the Lord who has, in answer to many prayers, lengthened the thread of my life. I am indeed favoured by having enjoyed the affectionate sympathy of so many belonging to all parts of the Christian church. Their loving earnestness amazes me : I did not dream that I was so well beloved. May I worthily use this enlargement of my time for earthly service, whether it be long or short !

"I am deeply indebted to many assistants in the compilation of this little book, in which the venerable Mr. Beddow has been my chief helper; and Mr. Houchin, the present pastor at Stambourne, a great auxiliary. To Mr. T. H. Nash, who accompanied me with his camera, I am greatly obliged for several of the photographs which will, I trust, redeem from dulness any page of mine which may be clouded with the shadow of my then unforeseen affliction.

"In such work as this I have found recreation, doing just a little, as my weakness permitted; so that no one need fear that I have exerted myself unduly. I am one of those who cannot rest unless they have something to do. I can hardly hope that my reader can be so interested in my subject as I have been ; but I have done my best to let him see that even a humble village has its annals, and that these may be worthy of record."

Readers will have a difficulty in finding any page "clouded with the shadow of" the author's "then unforeseen affliction." The chapters written during the interval between his first attack and his visit to Stambourne are among the brightest in the book. The present writer regards them as among the raciest, liveliest, happiest pieces ever penned by "John Ploughman" in his merriest mood; and he will not spoil the readers' appetite by giving them even a taste of the good things in store for them, but will leave them to buy the book for themselves, that they may enjoy its contents at their leisure.

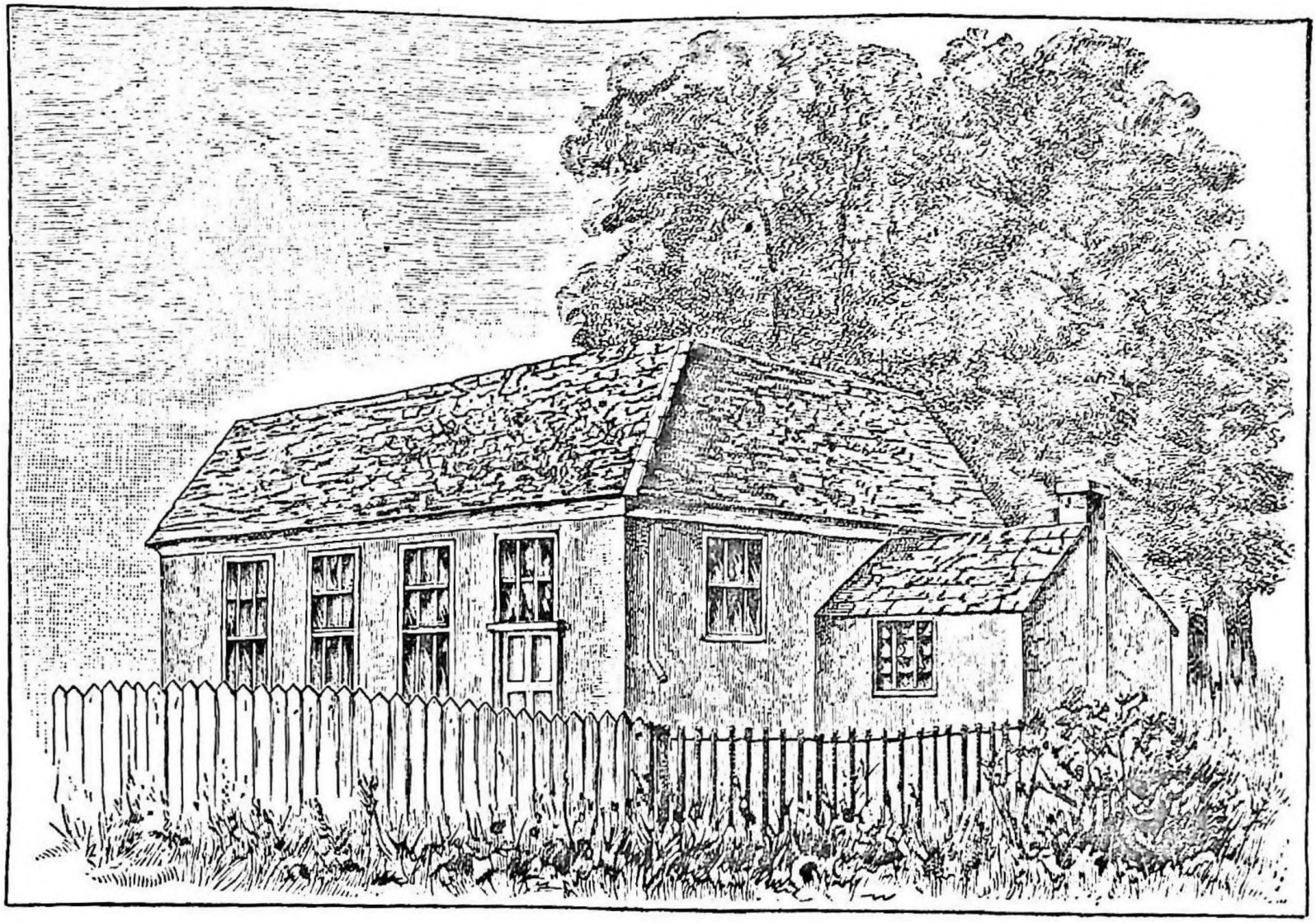
The title and preface both indicate that the work is not the production of Mr. Spurgeon alone. Mr. Beddow, a retired Congregational minister, whose grandfather was the predecessor of Mr. Spurgeon's grandfather as pastor at Stambourne, visited the village in 1863, and then made notes of everything of interest that he could find about the place. Other items of information were furnished to him by Mr. Houchin, the present pastor at Stambourne; and he very diligently stencilled the whole for the use of friends who might be interested in the subject. His work is incorporated in the volume before us. It contains many pleasing reminiscences of the venerable minister at Stambourne, for whom Mr. Beddow preached, and with whom he conversed profitably upon the things of God. The Rev. James Spurgeon had already been minister at Stambourne for fifty-three years, and previously at Clare for four years, so that it is not surprising that we are told, in a letter written at the time, "The aged minister shows and feels the signs

of decay and coming dissolution. An uncertain memory, and a general failure of the whole man, render him almost incapable of preaching, and occasion mistakes in public address; but, I am told, 'he makes no mistakes in prayer.' This, from examples which I observed and enjoyed in family worship, I can readily believe. The pilgrim is patiently and hopefully expecting to be called home, and continues happily walking with God, and waiting patiently till it be said, 'God took him.'" He fell asleep in Jesus, February 12, 1864, in his eighty-eighth year; and his grandson, C. H. Spurgeon, referred to his death in a "Funeral Sermon for a Grand Old Man", part of which appears in this book.

Mr. Beddow traces the history of the Stambourne Congregational Church from its formation. The first minister was Henry Havers, one of the clergymen ejected from the Establishment in 1662. An interesting incident is here recorded concerning him. On one occasion, when he received a friendly warning of an attempt to arrest him, he took refuge in a malt-house, and crept into the empty kiln, where he lay down. A spider immediately began to weave her web over the mouth of the kiln, and by the time his pursuers reached his hiding-place the covering was so complete that he heard one of them say: "It's no use to look in *there;* the old villain can never be there: *look at the spider's web; he could never have got in there without breaking it.*" Similar stories are related of other persons, and there is no reason why they should not all be true; for doubtless spiders were as plentiful in the days of persecution as they are now, and if God used one of them as the protector of a godly minister in Essex, he could just as easily use a hundred for the same purpose elsewhere. The second and third ministers were both named Henry Havers, and their united pastorates covered a period of eighty-six years. The next three pastors carried on the work for thirty-eight years; Mr. Beddow was pastor thirty-four years, Mr. Spurgeon fifty-four years, and his successor, Mr. Houchin, still survives. Thus, for two hundred and thirty years, the church at Stambourne has had only nine pastors.

Among the ministers who have visited Stambourne, Cornelius Winter and John Berridge are specially mentioned in the work under review. John Berridge preached on the village-green, and among his converts were at least two remarkable individuals, Dame Darman and Caleb Price. The story of the former is told in full in this volume. The latter became a preacher, but being altogether uneducated he made some extraordinary blunders. One day, preaching up the virtues of perseverance, he cried, "*Per*severance. Yes, dear friends, you must *per*severe. There is nothing like *per*severance. You should *per*severe, and *per*severe, and *per*severe, like Queen Elizabeth. She *per*severed and *per*severed till she was crowned KING!" We fancy that there must be a clearly-marked vein of humour in Mr. Beddow, for he gives several specimens of village wit in his portion of the book. Here is one:— "Two rustics were in the garden. One, finding the other in his way, gave him a tap on the head to make him stand aside. The victim whiningly complained, 'You've hurt my head.' 'Head, man,' said his mate, '*Head!* it's only a *pimple*, it ain't come to a *head* yet.'"

This little volume is enriched with portraits of C. H. Spurgeon and his grandfather and grandmother, and views of Stambourne Church,



Stambourne Hall, the old Manse and Meeting-house, and the present place of worship. There is also a picture of the yew hedge, which bounds the grassy walk where successive pastors have retired for meditation, prayer, and praise. Probably, *Sword and Trowel* readers will be most interested in the engraving of the old Meeting-house, made from a drawing by C. H. Spurgeon when he was twelve years of age, of which we are able to present a copy on the opposite page. It may be, however, that even this will be surpassed in hallowed association by the photograph of the yew arbour in which Richard Knill talked and prayed with the ten-year-old boy, concerning whom he afterwards uttered the memorable prophecy, "This child will one day preach the gospel, and he will preach it to great multitudes." The story is told in full in this book, and mention is also made of Mr. Spurgeon's visit to the sacred spot in the year 1887, when he called the grandchildren of the present pastor at Stambourne into the arbour, and prayed for them as Mr. Knill had prayed for him. Eleven years after his remarkable prophecy, Mr. Knill heard from various quarters how it was being fulfilled, so he wrote to the venerable Stambourne pastor a letter which appears in this book, and afterwards Richard Knill and C. H. Spurgeon again met, but under different circumstances from their first meeting. Mr. Spurgeon says: "What a meeting we had! He was preaching in the theatre (at Chester), and consequently I had to take his place at the footlights. His preaching in a theatre took away from me all fear about preaching in buildings of doubtful use, and set me free for the campaigns in Exeter Hall and the Surrey Music Hall."

No book by Mr. Spurgeon would be complete without a plain presentation of the gospel, so the way of salvation is clearly set forth in a sermon on the text, "By grace are ye saved through faith; and that not of yourselves: it is the gift of God." It was a sermon on this text that was preached jointly by grandsire and grandson, many years ago, at Haverhill; and the discourse in this volume is inserted in order to show what that gospel is on which generation after generation of those who have borne the name of Spurgeon have lived, and for which they have been willing, if necessary, even to die.

The book closes with a chapter on a Stambourne celebrity, Will Richardson, with whom C. H. S., when quite a child, was fond of talking. This chapter includes a photograph of Mr. Spurgeon and Mr. Houchin, taken on the Wednesday before that black Friday which is mentioned in the "Prefatory Note" already quoted. Who would think that the younger of those two happy ministers had just passed through one serious illness, and that he was returning to another more trying than any from which he had ever suffered? Yet, praise the Lord, he is now recovering from that long and terrible affliction, and he has already expressed his confidence as to his restoration and future work in the words that adorn the Jubilee House at the Metropolitan Tabernacle—"*I shall not die, but live; and declare the works of the Lord.*"

When we add that this volume contains 144 pages, and that the price of it is only one shilling, we think we are right in concluding that the first edition will soon be sold out, and that others will follow it in swift succession.

Holy Sensitiveness.

DR. MANTON says:—"As a delicate constitution is more capable of pain than a robust and stubborn one; and the tender flesh of a child will sooner feel the lash than the thick skin of a slave; so the children of God, having a more serious apprehension of things, and a more tender spirit, soonest feel the burden of their Father's displeasure, and do more lay it to heart than careless and stupid spirits, who laugh at their cross, or drink away their sorrows."

Tenderness of heart is thus an attribute of the child of God, and a very precious attribute, too. True, it gives a capacity for greater sorrow, and almost necessitates it; but then it gives a capacity for being benefited by affliction, and this is of the utmost value.

Hard-hearted men are not men after God's own heart. In proportion as feeling declines, life has declined. Spiritual men are sensitive men. Ossification of the heart is a fatal disease. One of the first works of the Spirit is to take away the heart of stone, and give us a heart of flesh; and the more delicately tender the heart becomes, the more evidence there is that God is within. We know that the Holy Spirit can be vexed and grieved; and of the Lord himself it is written, that he is a jealous God. Those, then, who are the children of God, and partake of his Spirit, are of a sensitive temperament. A great sin does not trouble a seared conscience; but the very least sin is a pricking thorn in the eyes of the child of God, when he is in a right condition. When David walked closely with God, his heart smote him for having cut off the skirt of Saul's robe; but when he was living at a distance from God, he committed a far greater sin, and went for months without approaching God with due humility and penitence; and it was not until after Nathan said, "Thou art the man," that even the most pointed parable came home to him.

Declensions in grace are a searing of the soul. When water is warmed by the summer sun, the smallest stone sinks into it; when it is frozen in the northern blast, a huge rock will be borne up upon the surface of it, and will never penetrate to its depths. So, when the soul grows cold with distance from God, it will sustain an enormous weight of sin; but when grace returns, and the soul is in a right spiritual condition, an ounce of sin will be more than the soul can bear. Oh, for more of this holy sensitiveness!

Lord, make me all over as tender as the flesh when a wound is raw! Let me feel the stroke that does not touch me! Let the faintest word of thy rebuke be enough to lay me on my face before thee!

"Quick as the apple of an eye,
O God, my conscience make!
Awake, my soul, when sin is nigh,
And keep it still awake.

"Oh, may the least omission pain
My well-instructed soul;
And drive me to the blood again,
Which makes the wounded whole!"

C. H. S.

"The Golden Prince."

BY THOMAS SPURGEON.

OF all the statues which have been erected to the memory of the late Emperor Frederick of Germany, none can excel for simple charm the one in bronze which the villagers of Kaiserslautern have reared. It appears that, while still Crown Prince, he visited the pretty hamlet, and went into the hospital, where sick children are tended by kind Protestant ladies. After the fashion of true nobility, he interested himself in the cases, went about among the patients, and bent his stately form to speak to the little invalids. One little cripple, a soldier's son, attracted the notice of the prince, who asked him his name; whereupon the boy replied shyly, "Frederick." Delighted to find in him a namesake, the emperor's heir stooped down, and lifted in his arms the little lame-legged laddie. Naturally enough, the boy's attention was arrested by the medals, stars, and crosses which sparkled on the royal breast; and, boy-like, he began to finger them. Fine toys these for a crippled child! Nor was the kind-hearted prince displeased that little Fritz should find relief from pain and weariness by toying with his decorations. Never had his orders been put to better use. So he hurried not to put his happy burden down, but chatted with him, and caressed him as he lay within his arms.

It is this pleasing episode which the Kaiserslautern statue commemorates. The villagers could not forget their prince's love; so when, in God's strange providence, he was taken from his high imperial post, almost as soon as he had climbed its steps, they bethought them of the day when he had stood amongst them, a prince indeed, because of his tender heart. So they reared in the quadrangle of the hospital, and as near as possible to the very spot, a group in bronze, depicting the tall and strong Crown Prince looking down with eyes of love upon the crippled boy in his arms, who sports with the sparkling stars and the glittering crosses of his uniform.

Thus have the German villagers immortalized the well-beloved Fritz. Could they have selected a nobler attitude? The prince looks better with a cripple in his arms than with a sabre in his hands; and nobler carrying a sick child than riding on his battle-horse.

But have we not here a fair, if faint, emblem of the Prince of the kings of the earth—"*The Golden Prince*", as good John Bunyan sweetly calls him? Think of how he came to this little earth of ours, a mere village in his vast domain. Did he not enter its hospital, and bend to bless all sin-sick souls? Has he not taken you and me, halt and lame though we are, into his everlasting arms? In them we ought to be as happy as we are safe. Shall we dream that he may drop us? It never entered into little Frederick's mind that his great patron might let him fall. Why should it enter ours that our Crown Prince may loose us from his strong embrace? Are we not in the hands of him who has said of his feeblest children, "I give unto them eternal life, and they shall never perish; neither shall any man pluck them out of my hand"? Oh, for perfect confidence and sweet assurance! Nay, there is more than these for us! Our Golden Prince wears no

decorations save his wounds, but with these he would have us charmed. Our eyes and hearts may well be rivetted on them; and if the hand of faith is stretched out towards them while, like Thomas, we cry, "My Lord and my God," he will not say us nay.

> "And I may love thee too, almighty as thou art,
> For thou hast stooped to ask of me the love of my poor heart."

Hail, ever-blessed, ever-glorious Golden Prince! In thy strong arms we are happily secure; while thy wounded side (and what a medal is thy sacred scar!) is the source of all our heart's delight.

Moh Koh, Moh Fah.

THIS phrase is often spoken to a patient in a Chinese Mission Dispensary. A man comes in with a painful boil, abscess, or whitlow, and as the medical attendant examines the sore, he says, "Moh koh, moh fah," which means, "If I don't *cut* it for you, I have no other plan." The Chinese are not accustomed to our heroic way of treating surgical cases, and in the diseases mentioned, their invariable plan is to apply a plaster over the sore, which really does more harm than good; for the impure fluid, which needs to come away from the system, is forced into it, and further disease and pain are the inevitable result.

This illustrates, I think, not only the way in which our heavenly Father sometimes deals with us, but also the hopeless, foolish way in which we try to heal our own spiritual ills. We come to him with our spiritual ailments, after repeatedly trying, but failing, to heal ourselves; and we find, probably to our great disappointment, that his mode of treatment is different from what we expected; for he, like the surgeon, needs often to wound before he can heal. "I wound, and I heal," saith the Lord Almighty. What we want is an abiding confidence in *all* the dealings of our great Jehovah. His methods of treating us may be strange, and oftentimes painful; yet let us trust him; "For he maketh sore, and bindeth up: he woundeth, and his hands make whole" (Job v. 18). Let us emulate the spirit of that patient believer, who said, "Though he slay me, *yet* will I trust in him" (Job xiii. 15), and rest confidently in the skill and love of our great Physician.

Sometimes our Celestial friend, when he hears the words, "Moh koh, moh fah," shrinks from the operation, not because he has reason to doubt the surgeon's skill, but because of his own inability to endure the pain. Then the doctor tells him he will give him some medicine which will either lessen the pain or prevent it altogether. The face of our patient is changed now, and he willingly submits to the operation. Thus does our loving heavenly Father deal with us. We anticipate the trial he is about to bring, and shrinking say, "Who is sufficient for these things?" (2 Cor. ii. 16.) Then he pours in the anæsthetic of his love, and says, "My grace is sufficient for thee: for my strength is made perfect in weakness" (2 Cor. xii. 9).

Ch'en-ku-hsien, China. GEORGE A. HUNTLEY.

A Story of God's Foreknowledge.

ON the 13th of June, 1878, there stood at Kagei, a little village on the southern shore of Victoria Nyanza, the great lake of Central Africa, a lonely white man, who, after two years' travelling, had that day reached the first point of his destination.

He was a missionary.

In a large hut, lent by the chief of the place, he found all that was left of the valuable property which had been sent on before by other hands. "Piled in heaps promiscuously lay boiler-shells and books, cowrie-shells and candle-moulds, papers and piston-rods, steam-pipes and stationery, printers' types and tent-poles, carbolic acid, cartridges and chloroform, saws and garden-seeds, travelling-trunks and toys, tins of bacon and bags of clothes, pumps and ploughs, portable forges and boiler fittings—here a cylinder, there its sole plate; here a crank-shaft, there an eccentric." An eccentric collection indeed!

The natives, ignorant of the uses of these things, had heaped them in confusion, and there they lay useless, until he who had prepared them all, and understood the purpose they were adapted to serve, came, and after ten days' work, reduced the chaos to order. "Of an incongruous mass of bars of iron, and brass, and bolts, they could not guess the use of," he writes; "they have seen me fit together, one after another, a complete steam-engine, and various other things, which looked so marvellous, that again and again I have heard the remark that the white men came from heaven."

The name of the white man was Alexander M. Mackay, afterwards to be known as the hero of Uganda; and what he did for that pile of machinery was very similar to what God did in his own life, taking up all the various energies and attainments of it, and fitting them into one complex instrument for the furtherance of his divine plans in Africa. Just as Mackay, having some idea of the work to be accomplished, prepared the various implements for it before he started from London, God, knowing the work which in future years would need to be done in Uganda, began to prepare Mackay even as a boy. Neither he, nor any of his friends, knew how to fit the various experiences of his life together, nor could they guess the purpose of it all, until suddenly there came a call from a country scarcely known to exist, through a channel most unlikely, and from a wholly unexpected quarter. One touch of God's finger set the whole machinery in motion, making clear the meaning and use of each crank and wheel. When the day arrived the man was ready, and never was any servant of God more fitted for his sphere than was Mackay for Uganda.

When he was in Germany, he was asked why English engineers were more successful in designs than the Germans, and gave as answer that the first essential of a good designer was forethought, the next experiment, and the third courage. After the perusal of his memoirs, so ably prepared by Mrs. Harrison, his sister, and published by Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton, under the title, "Mackay of Uganda," the one thought uppermost in the mind is the wonderful *forethought* displayed by the Great Designer in fitting the man for the work, and in endowing him with the very qualities necessary to ensure success in the delicate and perilous position he was called upon to fill.

As a boy we find him skilful in map-drawing and type-setting, withal wonderfully studious in that Free Church manse of Rhynie, in Aberdeenshire, where he was born on the 13th of October, 1849. Then came an inexplicable break in his habits, when he left his books, and became engrossed in garden, glebe, and stable. Sometimes he would walk four miles to get a good look at the railway-engine as the train stopped a minute or two at a country station. When at school, he used to spend his holidays either in a photographer's studio, or else in an eager study of the methods of the men in some large shipbuilding-yard. Removing to Edinburgh, he entered the Free Church Training College, and was taught to teach, drawing of all kinds being a strong point. Afterwards he is found in a blue smock at some engineering works, turning and fitting machinery, while in the evening he attends classes of Science and Art. Then he finds his way to Germany, and becomes draughtsman, and eventually chief of the locomotive department of a large engineering establishment there, meanwhile displaying much skill in languages. Add to this his earnest faith, pluck, steadiness, endurance, self-reliance, absence of fussiness, desire for a missionary life, and you have a conglomeration of qualities which reminds you very much of the unassorted heaps of goods at Kaduma's hut, at Kagei, on that June day in the year above-mentioned. How can they be fitted together? Who can do it?

If you had thought the world over, you would never, I suppose, have guessed that the first man God would use for the purpose would be H. M. Stanley. But at the end of 1875 there appeared his famous letter, describing Uganda, and conveying King M'tesa's earnest request for missionaries. The letter was printed in a morning paper, and ere the sun set, sufficient money was subscribed in the city of London to start the Mission. The Church Missionary Society accepted the challenge, and Mackay volunteered to go as an engineering missionary.

In two or three years' time he was on the spot, alone; some of his companions having been killed, some having died, some having been invalided. Now there is scope for every faculty. For twelve years he is to labour in that land, having spent over two years in getting to it. He must build houses, construct boats, make roads, acquire languages, translate books, repair machinery, cut types, print books, teach the people. He had to deal with a cruel and despotic king, a man who would now and then kill a thousand of his subjects for amusement; and had as enemies, first, the savages themselves; next, the Arab traders; and, last of all, the Roman Catholic missionaries, who swooped down on the kingdom as soon as the Protestants obtained an entrance. It needed all his bravery and coolness to carry him through; yet, when he and some companions, who subsequently joined him, were daily expecting to be led to death, he went about his work as usual, and, as Stanley said about the danger which threatened him, "the little man met it with calm blue eyes that never winked." He had behind him the faith that God had ordained things for him, and in that calm confidence he fearlessly continued his labours, spreading the truth of Christ far and near. When felling timbers to make his boat, he says, "Mission-boats, unfortunately, do not *grow* of themselves; they have to be built, every inch of them. But trees have been growing for ages of the Lord's

planting; and as we fell them, *I like to think that he ordained them for this purpose.*" It is such a faith in God's foreknowledge that will make a man strong to do or to suffer.

No one can tell you a grander story than the story of Uganda, the modern martyr-church. King M'tesa died, and his son, Mwanga, influenced by the Arabs, began to torture and kill the Christians. But those who had been so recently rescued from heathenism, were ready to die for Christ. "I myself", writes Mr. Mackay, "do not know of a single case in which anyone preferred to draw back and renounce Christianity." On January 30th, 1885, the first martyrs, three Christian lads, were burnt alive; and these were but the beginning of a great number who sealed their faith with their blood. Very touching it is to hear of the disciples hiding during the day, and coming to be taught at night, those specially marked not venturing until after midnight. Think, too, of the missionary's life at such a time, rising each morning not knowing but that ere the night he would fall a victim to the fury of the king or the mob. In the midst of it, God's servant attained to "a marvellous height of Christliness"; yet, even then, he failed to see all the grandeur of God's way at Uganda. He urgently desired the nations of Europe to bring some sort of pressure to bear on the cruel and debased king, and, urging his cause, says that though in the early ages men suffered martyrdom, "there is, however, no reason why our fellow-Christians should be left alone to-day to endure the same fiery ordeal which our forefathers had to undergo."

No reason! It was undoubtedly hard for him in the midst of it to understand the purpose to be answered by that fiery trial; but we can now see in it another instance of the foreknowledge and infinite wisdom of God. When these terrible martyrdoms were permitted, the faith of the converts deepened: the taunts of unbelievers all over the world were rebuked by the fact that the gospel of Christ still had men willing to die for it; and the reality of the work was so proved that Stanley, as the representative of many others, says, "You could not desire any better experiences than those of the Mission in Uganda during the days of the persecution, when the converts were seized to be put to death, to be massacred and clubbed, or to be given away to the Arabs as slaves—such fortitude, such bravery, such courage! It is unexampled in the whole history of Africa." No reason! Why, without this, the glory of God would be incomplete.

When, an hour before midnight, on February 8th, 1890, that heroic spirit which had borne such contradiction, and yet battled so bravely, was called to its rest at Usambiro, and entered into the joy of the Lord, did not those who had won the martyr's place, after having been taught by him the way of life, come to greet him in the glory-land? Did they not conduct him into the presence of the Lord Jesus, and bear witness to his faith and faithfulness? Think you that he looked back on his weary life in Uganda with any regret when surrounded by the happy spirits of those who, by fire or club, so quickly won their crown in the blessed country, where he and they now await the resurrection of the just? All heaven bears witness: No.

Hatred of Calvinism.

THERE is something phenomenal in the reception which its opponents have given to the Calvinistic type of theology. Not in its extremes and its eccentricities alone, but in its moderate and balanced forms, men have heaped upon it abuse and obloquy. No other modern confession of faith has been debated with such virulent and venomous dissent. It is one of the rarest achievements of theological candour, if its opponent gives a statement of it which its believer can accept as his own. Philosophic thinkers lose their balance in assaulting it. Good men fall from grace in disproving it. The more "liberal" unbelievers are, the more intolerant is their reasoning, and the more vitriolic is their animosity. This is emphatically true of that class of men of letters in whose culture literature takes precedence of religion.

One of the pet ideas of Mr. Emerson is "the malignant mythology of Calvinism." Such is his modest caricature of a system of beliefs which has for centuries commanded the faith of a larger proportion of the cultivated mind of Christendom than any rival. It has been the favourite belief of the more thoughtful confessors of Christianity from the beginning. Men of independent enquiry, of well-poised minds, and of profound religious nature, have inclined to one or another form of it in larger numbers than those commanded by any other theological structure. The literature of the last three hundred years contains more of elaborate discussions in its defence than is to be found in that of all other compends of Christian doctrine combined. In substance, it is the spinal cord of the most illustrious of historic creeds. It is the soul of many of the most precious products of Christian hymnology. Men have argued it, and sung it with equal force of conviction. Sanguinary battles have been fought for it, as the most potent ally of civil and religious liberty. Historians of the latest and most brilliant type of civilization laud it as a tributary to all that is most valuable in civilized society. Yet, in the face of all this, we are called upon to believe that Calvinism, in any form of it, is a mythology! The old Greek *cultus* is treated by many literary men with more decent respect.

The Calvinistic way of thinking in theology has commanded the loyalty of Christian womanhood, in its most refined and cultivated representatives, and these in larger numbers than can be claimed for any other symbol of religious faith now extant. Devout woman has trusted it, loved it, sung it, suffered and died for it, in multitudes incalculable. Yet, despite all this, grave and learned and reverend critics would have us believe that it is a "malignant mythology"!—*From "My Note-Book." Fragmentary Studies in Theology, and Subjects Adjacent Thereto. By Austin Phelps, D.D., LL.D. (T. Fisher Unwin.) See Reviews.*

Baptists and the Bible.

BAPTISTS, of all people, are, and of right ought to be, the most sensitive to any attack on the absolute accuracy of the Bible. For they have always insisted that the Bible is the only standard, the final appeal in all matters, and that "Thus saith the Lord" is an end of all controversy.—*The Western Recorder* (*U.S.A.*).



The Mother-Fern.

A PRAYER-MEETING TALK, BY C. H. SPURGEON.

IN my fernery I have some ferns which have little ones growing on the ends of their fronds; and as they are fine specimens, there are great numbers of the baby-ferns. Probably as many as three or four hundred complete ferns have sprung up out of each mother-fern, all of them having tiny roots, and everything necessary to their growth, so that you have nothing to do but to pick them off, put them in a little silver sand, and they will grow, and by-and-by become mother-ferns themselves.

Every one of them, if broken off the frond, will live and grow; but you need not break them off, for they will continue to grow without being separated from their mother, for they are all alive, and they do not appear, by their existence, to cause any damage to the original plant from which they spring. The baby-ferns will keep on living and growing as long as the frond of the mother-fern lives; and even when the frond dies, each baby-fern, if it is planted, will live, and thrive, and in its turn will become a mother-fern, producing its hundreds of children to perpetuate the species.

There are other plants that are somewhat similar to the mother-fern in this respect. I saw at Mentone a very fine specimen of a flowering aloe. It sent up its blossom high into the air, and in due season the little aloes fell off, and dropped into the ground, and wherever they fell they grew after the manner of the mother-plant. I picked one up, and brought it home; and now it is growing into quite a large plant. These little aloes are born alive; they do not come in a seed, like a bird in an egg, but they come from the plant—living things falling from the living parent.

Now, is not this a good illustration of what a Christian should be? It is well to be a living Christian yourself; but it is better to have springing from you many others that are your offshoots, each one ready to start on his own account, and to take root, and multiply to almost anyfextent.

I you and I are living, acting, serving, growing Christians ourselves, maintaining a high degree of spiritual life, we may be the means, by

the blessing of God, of imparting life to many others. Those to whom we are thus blessed will be to us what Paul's Thessalonian converts were to him, "our glory and joy." Every true servant of the Lord Jesus Christ leaves an influence for good behind him when he is taken away; but it is better still if his influence is also felt while he lives.

You need not be content to go down to your grave, saying, "Well, I have not been able to do much for my Lord during my lifetime; but, like Abel, being dead, I shall yet speak." If you will but give yourselves wholly to the work of God, you may yet be able to see your converts all around you, and you may even see *their* converts gathered around them. Though I do not for one moment disagree with those who say that our Sunday-school teachers, and other Christian workers, are sowing seed which will spring up when the sowers are dead, I would exhort them to try to be like the mother-ferns, that they may have many spiritual children, and grandchildren too, while they themselves live.

If you can believe in a future harvest, it is good, and you shall doubtless come again with rejoicing, bringing your sheaves with you; but if you can believe in immediate results of your labour for the Lord, it is much better. Many true sowers of the good seed of the kingdom are not permitted to reap the fruit of their toil; but let there be nothing on our part to hinder the coming of an immediate and abundant harvest of immortal souls. "ACCORDING TO YOUR FAITH BE IT UNTO YOU." —*From Spurgeon's Illustrated Almanack for* 1892.

On the Sheltered Slope.

THE Cascade Mountains in Washington and Oregon Territory, United States of America, have a remarkable peculiarity. "West of this boundary, the winters are mild, and the summers cool and showery. East of it the winters are sharp and dry, and the summers very hot. On one side are gigantic firs and cedars, while on the other side all are of poor size and condition. Even the flowers are of new species, and all the atmospheric conditions are changed."

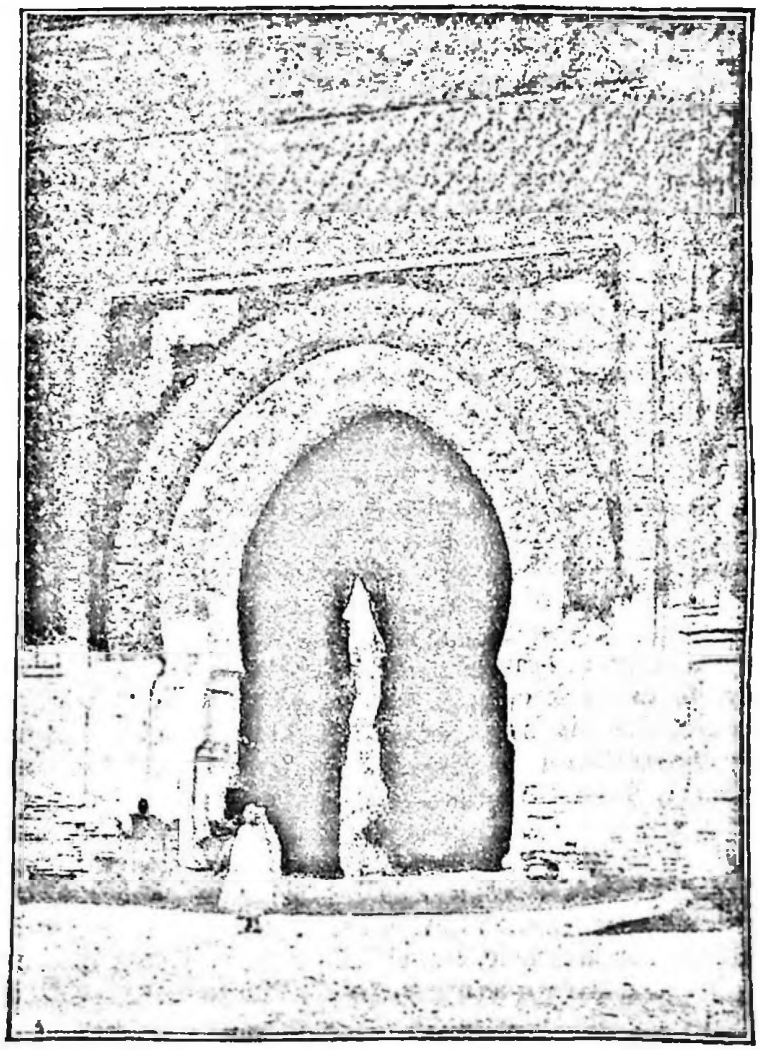
This is a very good picture of the Christian life; the trees and flowers on the East side of the hills represent the state of those who, though they have risen above the world, still turn towards its freezing winds, and shifting currents of opinion; those on the West suggest the condition of others, who realize that Christ is a shelter from the blast, and a covert from the storm. Letting him come between them and the fluctuating world-breezes, they bring forth much fruit. The East-windy Christians have life; those on the other side have life more abundantly. It all depends whether you merely rest *on* Christ, or whether you go further, and rest *in* him; trusting him not only to lift you up, but also to shelter you; relying on him for sanctification as well as for justification. Both are on the hill; the beauty and majesty of the life are altogether a question of aspect. Which way do you face?

Our Missionaries in Morocco.

BOTH our brethren in North Africa have sent us something for insertion in this month's *Sword and Trowel.*

Dr. Churcher says, concerning the picture below :—

"The view represents a gateway of the Moorish city of Mechenez. It is a good specimen of the work which an earlier race of Moors could do. *Now*, however, you see it is falling into decay; and the present inhabitants are content simply to cover its defects carelessly with lime-wash. This method of doing things is a true picture of the way the



people deal with their own moral and spiritual condition. Not a little of God's noble work is still seen in them; but their religious system is crumbling to its fall, and no amount of formal whitewash can hide the rottenness of their lives.

"Let us recollect, too, that *this is the gateway of a town containing from fifty to one hundred thousand immortal souls; a town without*

a single Missionary, without even a single Christian; and yet, it is within ten days' journey of favoured England!"

What a vista opens through that partly-opened door! Is there no young soldier of the cross ready to press through in the name of the Lord Jesus? "There remaineth yet very much land to be possessed" in North Africa, as well as in other parts of the earth; who will go in and possess it in the name of the King?

MR. PATRICK sends us the following interesting account of his recent visit to CASABLANCA:—

"Early in the summer, I had to entertain that fashionable visitor, 'the influenza', for nearly three weeks; and as, for some time after his departure, I found myself unable to do much work on account of a swimming head and shaking knees, it was deemed advisable that I should get away from Tangier for a little while. I therefore determined to visit Casablanca, a coast-town some two hundred miles from Tangier, hoping that the sea-trip and change of air would bring a renewal of health; and in this I was not disappointed. I also desired to find out what opportunities there were for work amongst the two hundred Spaniards living there.

"On the afternoon of Tuesday, July 21st, I took my seat in a small row-boat, being crowded in amongst Jews and their baggage; and after half an hour's row through a rough sea, caused by a strong east wind, I found myself on the deck of a good English steamer bound for Casablanca. We left Tangier Bay about four o'clock, and, rounding Cape Spartel, found the Atlantic was quite smooth.

"About eleven o'clock, all the cabin passengers having gone below, I prepared to spend the night on deck, having taken a deck passage, as by so doing my fare was sixteen shillings instead of thirty-two shillings. To pay sixteen shillings for a berth in a hot cabin, for one night, in such a climate, was more than I could indulge in, not desiring to give our critics ground for complaining of the extravagance of missionaries. Yet one of these self-same critics was charitable enough, before I left the ship, to speak of me in my hearing as a 'poverty-stricken beggar.' How hard it is to please these gentlemen! Rolling myself in my rug, I was soon in the land of dreams, and slept soundly until early morning, when I was awoke by the crowing of cocks and the splashing of water, and found it was time to get up, as the decks were being washed down. By ten o'clock we could see the white houses and waving palms of Casablanca, and in less than an hour I was shaking hands with my fellow-workers living there.

"Casablanca, or in Arabic, Dar-el-Beida, was built late in the fifteenth or early in the sixteenth century, by the Portuguese, who then had several settlements on the coast. The population at the present time, I believe, is about fourteen thousand. It is one of the most important coast-towns. There is a large exportage of wheat, barley, peas, beans, and maize. A good trade is done in wool and skins, and there is a considerable manufacture of rugs and carpets of the same kind, but inferior in colour and quality to those of Rabat. The surrounding country is flat, and the soil very rich; but fevers abound. The streets are narrow and tortuous. What strikes one most is the large number of camels. You

meet them everywhere ; and I was told that as many as two thousand of these animals pass through the town in a day ; but I cannot vouch for the accuracy of this statement.

"Casablanca still has its slave-market ; but many of the town Moors seem somewhat ashamed of the traffic.

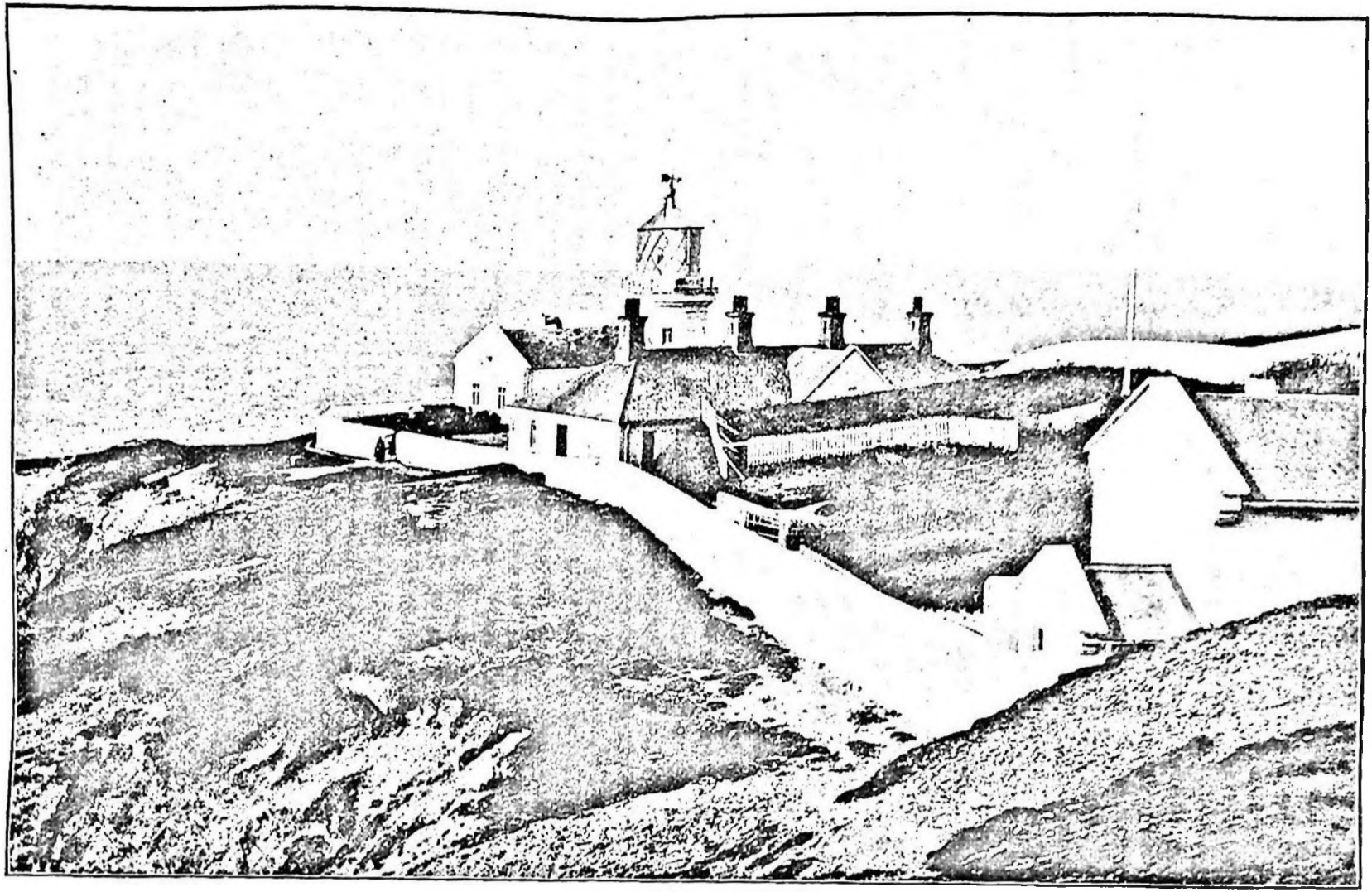
"When I was there, the surrounding country presented a very barren appearance, as the locusts had made great devastation. Hardly a flower was to be seen, and vegetables and fruit were almost unobtainable. Even the aloes and prickly-pear bushes had been devoured, and the fields of maize looked like armies of walking-sticks.

"In the large Sôk, or market-place, are to be seen snake-charmers, story-tellers, and jugglers. Here also, for a trifle, charms can be obtained from the medicine-men for every evil under the sun—be it the dismissal of a fever, the confounding of a devil, or the breaking of the spell of an evil eye ! This, too, is the playground for the rising generation of Casablanca, and the field for occasional displays of their fathers' prowess in powder-play. Here one sees many a Mohammedan open-air religious meeting ; and by their dancing, shrieking, and sometimes by their mutilated bodies, these deluded worshippers make one think of that day, on Mount Carmel, when the prophets of Baal, circling round the altar, cried aloud, and cut themselves ; but 'there was neither voice, nor any to answer, nor any that regarded.'

"Dr. and Mrs. Grieve, Miss Jay, and Miss Chapman, all connected with the North Africa Mission, are living and labouring for Christ in this city. They have been there only a short time, and are still battling with initial difficulties. Will those who believe in the power of prayer pray for them, and the people of the city?

"I was able to do but little work amongst the Spaniards. The heat was intense, and their homes very difficult to find, as it was not easy to distinguish them from the houses of Moors and Jews. We gave gospels or Testaments to all we could meet with.

"There are several mosques in the town, and from their towers strong voices often proclaim, 'Prayer is better than sleep,' whilst each morning its waking world hears the appeal, 'Wake, slumberer, and praise thy Lord.' But the city is under the crescent, and not the Cross. It has peace ; but it is the peace of death. Its prayers are vain repetitions. It is a city where Jesus Christ, the Son of God, is unknown ; a Christless city in a Christless land. Dear reader, if you cannot preach, you can pray. 'Prayer is better than sleep.' Have you ever prayed for Morocco? Have you ever had one sad thought for these Christless people? Have you ever denied yourself one comfort to help these lost ones? Whilst these millions have lived and died without ever hearing of 'The Light of the world,' have you dared to sleep? Wake, slumberer, and, praising thy God that thou hast heard the voice of Jesus, saying, 'Peace be unto you,' pray that repentance and remission of sins may be preached in his name among all nations, including those that live in North Africa, and do all in your power, by helping the North Africa Mission and the Pastors' College Missionary Association, to prove that your prayer is real and sincere."



BULL POINT LIGHTHOUSE.

The Parable of the Lighthouse.

BY W. Y. FULLERTON.

ON the coast of Devonshire, not far from Ilfracombe, there is a ridge of rocks, the largest of which is called the Morte Stone. For about the third of a mile it runs out into the sea, and it is said that hundreds of ships have been wrecked on it. A few years ago, at Bull Point, about a mile and a quarter distant, a lighthouse was erected, which sends its radiance over the treacherous rock, and since that time until now—at least, up to the day when I visited the spot—not a single wreck has occurred, so well adapted has the lighthouse been to its purpose of warning the mariner of the danger to be shunned.

By the kind permission of Messrs. Catherall and Prichard, Chester, we are able to present our readers with an excellent view of the Bull Point Lighthouse. It is one of the finest in the kingdom, and is one of the few which have a series of prisms to focus the light instead of a lens. Of these prisms there are 489, placed at varying angles, and in such a manner that every ray of the light, which is of 35,000 candle power, is gathered into one glorious point of burning brilliance, and the sea for miles around is made luminous by its radiance. As I stood and looked at these revolving prisms, which so caught up and displayed the rays of that light, I could not help thinking that in God's temple every whit utters his glory. All created beings and objects are revelations of his splendour and majesty; each has its own angle of reflection, but all unite in magnifying and declaring the glory of the Eternal Light. The character of God has many attributes; these again are like so many prisms, by means of which his glory is manifested to the world; and as in the dark night the clear shining of that golden light from the Bull Point Lighthouse is seen over the sea, so is the splendour of God displayed in the world, the invisible things being clearly seen by the things that are made. The seraphim, shining like those burnished prisms, cry, "Holy, holy, holy, is the Lord of hosts, the whole earth is full of his glory." Thus God, who is light, and in whom is no darkness at all, is known to us in the radiance of his own presence: in his light we see light.

But in the world thus made glorious by the light of God, there is sin, as in the sea illumined by the lighthouse there is the deadly Morte Stone; and the light of God revealed in creation and providence, even the light streaming forth from his law, is as insufficient to save us from sin as is that bright light on the Point to save ships and men from the fateful rock beneath. There is something further needed.

In the lighthouse the need is supplied by a most ingenious arrangement. As already explained, all the rays at the side of the great central light are gathered by these 489 prisms, and shine out in a concentrated golden beam upon the sea. But, in addition to these, there are the rays both above and below the lantern. What of these? Above, there is a reflector which receives the light there, and sends it down to join the rays already shining beneath, and the united light falls upon another arrangement of prisms called a dioptric reflector. It is placed some yards lower than the other reflectors, and consists of another series of six prisms, arranged like stairs; it is, in fact, a glass

stairway of six steps. Upon this the light falls vertically, and is refracted, so that it issues horizontally; that is to say, it falls on the top of each glass stair, and shines out at the front of each. Descending thus by these six steps, it forms another beautiful beam, and becomes "the lower light." In front of it is placed a ruby glass, and thus a bright red ray is flashed out from the same lighthouse, at the same time as the golden beam, but lower down: and it is so arranged that it falls just across the Morte Stone, so that the dangerous track is red, while all around is bright and radiant. That red ray has been the salvation of many a man, for, as already noted, since it began to shine, not one ship has been wrecked there.

Thus, from the lighthouse, the ships that are not in danger receive the clear bright light to cheer them on and guide their course; while the ships in danger get the red light to warn them, and save them from destruction. The red ray, in fact, falls on the rock instead of the ships: the ships keep *off* the rock because the red ray is *on* it.

Both rays, remember, come from only one light: they are but different manifestations of the same glory.

If I have been followed so far, it will be scarcely necessary for me to interpret the parable; for if the golden rays represent God's glory as seen in creation and providence, the red light, which at first descends from the same source, will of course symbolize the glory of redemption.

The golden light is for those who have not gone astray, and for those who, though once in danger, have been saved from it. It gladdens their pathway, shows them the true way, and guides them in it, until at length they safely anchor in the haven—as Job said, "When his candle shined upon my head, and when by his light I walked through darkness."

The red ray has many voices. It speaks, first of all, of the awful rock. If there had been no Morte Stone, there would have been no red light; if there had been no sin in the world, or if sin had been a mere trifle, the earth would never have had its Calvary: redemption would have been unknown.

It speaks next of danger. The deadly rock might have been there, but if there had been no ships in peril the light would not have shone amid the darkness. The red ray of redemption has a similar meaning, it throws its lurid light both on the fact of man's sin and man's danger. Nowhere else is the peril of immortal souls so clearly manifested as in the death of Christ, the Son of God. How great must have been the danger when HE needed to die because of it!

Love and wisdom are also seen clearly in the radiance. In the case of the lighthouse, love for perishing sailors, and wisdom and strength enough to devise and construct a means of deliverance. In the redemption of Christ, the marvellous love of God for perishing sinners, and his wisdom in devising such a wonderful plan of salvation.

For salvation is the next thing revealed by the ruby light; salvation put within the reach of any who will have it. Of course, if the mariner madly determines to rush on the rocks despite the warning; or if he does not believe in the light which is there placed to ensure his escape; or if he will not obey it because he cannot understand how it is produced; he will perish, and his blood shall be upon his own head. But as surely as he trusts that red radiance, and obeys its

voice, he clears the danger, and voyages in the golden brilliance of the upper light. "Thou wilt light my candle:" says the Psalmist, "the Lord my God will enlighten my darkness."

He has enlightened our darkness: the great light now shines, and all men who are in danger of perishing in their sin may be saved. "While ye have light, believe in the light, that ye may be the children of light." You cannot be saved if you will continue to run on to the rock. The blood of Jesus Christ cleanses us *from* sin, it does not save us *in* sin; therefore, if you believe, you must change your course. Do not wait to understand the wondrous mystery, but believe and be saved, we beseech you. Do you not already hear the hiss of the waters around the rocks, and the thunder of the waves as they crash across them?

Yes, you say, there are two lights, there is the glory of God, and the glory of Christ; which is the better of the two? Do not forget that both are but different manifestations of one. The courteous lighthouse-keeper, Mr. Argent, only lights one lantern in the lighthouse. God is God, and there is none else.

Six steps that descending light takes, ere it shines out to save men; six steps, each lower than the other. And when he, who thought it no robbery to be equal with God, came down for our redemption, when instead of shining in glory up yonder, he came down to earth because of our sin, he too came down six steps of terrible crystal.

The Son of God became a servant, that was the first step. The Lord of all became a slave.

He became a man, that was the second. The Creator, emptying himself of his Godhead, stooped to be a creature.

He came under the law. He who gave the law, came to obey it. That was the third step.

He became of no reputation. How lowly the Lord of light was amongst men! That was the fourth step.

He was tempted like as we are. Amazing stoop of infinite condescension! That was the fifth step.

He descended still, and paused not until he was under the curse; the curse due to my sins and yours: he became obedient unto death, even the death of the cross. That was the sixth step.

That sixfold light shines with sevenfold radiance, through that cross made ruby by his death. The Morte Stone—the stone of death—is conquered by the death of Jesus, and the delivered soul, like the delivered ship, escaping from the rock, glides into the glorious shining of the glory of God. As I write the words of this parable of the lighthouse, and implore you to believe in the light, I feel constrained to add my own testimony.

"I heard the voice of Jesus say,
'I am this dark world's Light;
Look unto me, thy morn shall rise,
And all thy day be bright.'
I look'd to Jesus, and I found
In him my star, my sun;
In that Light of life I'll walk
Till travelling days are done."

Coming to the Light.

IT was one Sabbath evening, in the open-air, after I had been speaking from the words, "Look unto me, and be ye saved, all the ends of the earth." As the congregation separated, I went to speak to a gentleman who had listened attentively; but being intercepted, I was too late; he had gone. Looking round for some one else, I saw another gentleman leaving slowly. I shook hands with him. "I have been much interested in your service," he said, "and should like to come to your chapel. Will you tell me where it is?" I gave him directions, assured him of welcome, and then added, "Do you know Christ as your Saviour?"

"Yes, but I am not saved."

"Indeed! is not that a contradiction in terms?"

"I mean, I have a besetting sin, which is ruining me. I have been praying to God to save me from it; but he has not done so."

"I am glad you know that you need a Saviour. It is his joy to deliver men from sin. Have you sought forgiveness for your past sins?"

"I have, indeed."

"Have you received it?"

"I don't think so; for I am still not saved from sin."

"You fully believe, then, that 'all we like sheep have gone astray; we have turned every one to his own way;' do you also believe that 'the Lord hath laid on *him* the iniquity of us all'?"

"Of course I do. Christ died for the world."

"Did he die for *you?* Were *your* sins borne by him in his own body on the tree?"

"Yes; but that makes no difference. Anybody can believe that, and yet be no better."

"A man who believes it in his heart is constrained to love his Redeemer, and shrinks with horror from the sin which crucified him. I fear that you do not believe in him, either as the Bearer of your sin, or as Deliverer from it. When you have asked him to deliver you, do you expect he is going to do so?"

"I don't know that I do."

"Then you can't be surprised that you are not delivered. According to your faith it is done unto you."

"There it is again," he said petulantly: "there is always something else. You said, 'Look, and be saved;' now you say no one can be saved without faith."

"Yes; looking and believing are the same thing. You do not look to Christ for salvation unless you believe he gives it to you. 'He that cometh to God must believe that he is, and that he is a Rewarder of them that diligently seek him.' You have sought him, but do not believe he rewards you."

It was now getting dark, and the heavy dew made the evening chilly, and we commenced walking. He said, "Well, I shall see you next Sunday." "That is a long time to wait unsaved; won't you come to my house to-morrow?" He promised, and I gave him my address. I walked home somewhat distressed. I had not got at the secret of his trouble, and I felt it to be a very difficult case. I prayed, "O God, according to thy promise, give me wisdom!"

On Monday, at the hour appointed, he came; and I let him talk on almost without interruption. In the course of his talk, he said that he had been to one of our colonies, and, for a time, got on well, and gathered money; but then, taking up with a bad set, he spent his time going from one canteen to another, until all his money was gone. Three of his companions were seized with typhoid fever, and one died. He also was taken ill with the fever. Two doctors attended him, and each had the same disease, and died within a week of one another. Death loomed before him, and he prayed that God would let him return home first, if only for three months. He recovered; but, having no money wherewith to travel, he entered the service of a Jew. After two or three months, he told his employer how weak he felt, and how he longed to get home. To his surprise, the man promised to pay his passage. Men of his stamp are not usually very generous; and while deeply thankful to his benefactor, he regarded it as a miracle, a direct intervention of God that he did him this service. "Returning home," he continued, "I felt bound to serve God, who had heard my prayer; but I have sinned worse than ever. Passing by your service, very wretched, I felt constrained to listen, and your words were as if you had known all about me. I waited a little while, hoping, and yet fearing, you would address me, and I am very grateful that you did so. I have been thinking of what you said, and I fancy I am the man fighting the fiery serpents. I have in the morning asked God to deliver me, but all the day I have tried to deliver myself. Now, would you mind my telling you of two difficulties on my mind?"

"Certainly not; I will help you if I can."

"How is it that God leads into temptation?"

"Temptation is not always soliciting to sin. Satan tempts to induce sin, but God tempts to strengthen faith and develop holiness."

"Well, go back to Adam. God put him into the garden, but prohibited his eating of one tree. This was tempting him to disobedience."

"No, it was only by some such thing that Adam could be obedient. No boy can be spoken of as an obedient boy, if he has his own way in everything."

"But if God is omnipotent, why did he not prevent Adam's sin?"

"If God had chosen to make man a machine, he could have done this; but he has bestowed on us a great dignity in giving us a will."

"Why could not God have made a creature incapable of sin, and yet perfectly happy?"

"So he has, many of them. Sheep and oxen are incapable of sin, and yet perfectly happy."

"Yes, so they are; but, still, how is it that God made men, knowing they would sin, and yet he says that he is love?"

"Let me answer your question with another—Who has suffered most through man's sin?"

"Well—God has."

"Then it is evident it is not lack of love which caused God to make man able to resist or yield to sin. It must have been from love that he determined to endow men with a power which he knew would cost him so dear. It was because he would have men, not only innocent, but holy, able to be partakers of the divine nature, and be brethren of his own Son."

"Yes, it can't be because God has not love. Thank you very much. This has got rid of what has troubled me long. The other question is this—When can men know they are saved? Jesus speaks of some who, at the very end, are disappointed; men who had prophesied in Christ's name, and in his name had done many mighty works."

"Well, what does he say to them?"

"I never knew you; depart from me."

"Go on."

"Ye that work iniquity."

"There is the answer. They represent men who attend chapel, say their prayers, and perhaps preach, while all the time they are living in sin. Jesus will not recognize them as his."

"But does anyone get free from iniquity? Paul said that when he would do good, evil was present with him. That is just my case."

"And it is the case with all Christians until they get rid of the body of this death. But a man who loves righteousness, and honestly endeavours to fulfil it, though he does not attain to perfection, yet is not a worker of iniquity, but of righteousness."

"Thank you. I see the meaning of it."

Having ended his difficulties, I began to lead the conversation.

"I have been thinking much over you to-day. Let me ask you a few questions. Do you want to be freed from all sin, or only from a particular sin which is blighting your prospects?"

"Oh, I want to be freed from all sin."

"Are you willing to confess Christ, and to acknowledge when you succeed that it is he who has done it in you?"

"Yes, I am."

"Then I think it is simply lack of faith which keeps you weak. When God delivers from sin, it is by imparting the Holy Spirit; but he cannot do this to anyone who is not reconciled to him. Your sin, unforgiven, is a separating gulf between you; hence first you must return to God, and obtain his forgiveness. I think you are right in looking upon yourself as still without this. You have repented; I have not to convince you of sin, as is the case with many; nor do you need me to explain the Atonement; but it appears to me you will not believe what God says, unless you have something to confirm it."

"That is just it: I want to feel better and stronger, and to be able to resist sin, before I can believe Christ died for me."

"How must God regard that? He says, 'You did not see me lay your sin on Christ, but I assure you I did. I gave my Son that you might be saved, and now you won't accept my Gift, nor trust my Word unless you have, in your experience, something to confirm it.' Don't you see how you are wronging God?" I told him how it was with myself. When quite a lad I used to pray morning and night—sometimes with desire, sometimes with indifference—"Make me a Christian." One night I thought to myself while praying, "What is it I exactly want God to do? I will express myself to-night differently." But I could not think what I wanted. I did not want Christ to die, he had already done that. Then it struck me for the first time that Christ had done everything; I could think of nothing more that I could ask him to do. He had borne my sin eighteen hundred years ago; what else could

he do? I felt as though I had been urging a friend to give me water, while all the time it was at my lips, and I had not drunk. Instead of asking him for anything more, I began to praise him that he had given all I wanted.

As I was speaking, the weary, depressed look began to pass away, his eyes brightened, a smile broke over his face, and he said, "I see it. I see where I have been wrong. This is my mistake. I have not taken God at his word before, but I do now. I do believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, and that he has died for me." "Then let us thank God for it," I said, and we knelt together while he repeated after me thanksgiving to God for a present salvation. I then explained the way more perfectly, and we went on to discuss other matters connected with the Word of God.

The foregoing conversation took place on July 27th. On August 22nd the young man broke a blood-vessel, and life was extinct in a few minutes. I attended his funeral, and was glad to hear, on all sides, of the change which he had manifested during those four weeks. He little thought he was so near to death when he accepted salvation. Twenty-six days afterwards would have been too late.

Catford Hill. T. GREENWOOD.

Triumph in Christ.

THE world is false; its siren voice
Allures to sin, my Saviour!
Oh, snap the spell, that so my choice
May be for thee, my Saviour!

My will is weak; I choose the good,
Yet do the ill, my Saviour!
Work thou in me, and what I would
Both will and do, my Saviour!

My vows are vain; I only break
My best resolves, my Saviour!
Oh, dwell in me, full empire take:
I cease from self, my Saviour!

My prayers are poor, much mingled fear
With little faith, my Saviour!
But thou art rich, and thou art near;
I pray to thee, my Saviour!

My praise is faint, I oft forget
To praise at all, my Saviour!
Enlarge my heart, and I shall yet
Praise as I ought, my Saviour!

W. Y. FULLERTON.

A Norway Cruise in a Temperance Ship.

IT has been my privilege this year to spend a part of my vacation in company with several ministers of the gospel, and about a hundred and twenty other friends, amongst the magnificent fjords of Norway. Through the kindness of my friend Mr. Robert Mitchell, the indefatigable secretary of the Polytechnic, a cabin was allotted to me on the deck of the "Fridtjof", a ship chartered to convey several parties of tourists from the smoke of London to the exhilarating Norse coast. From my privileged position I was able to see "the works of the Lord, and his wonders in the deep"; how he "raiseth the stormy wind, which lifteth up the waves thereof." My ship companions, at least throughout the whole of the trip, were abstainers, though many of them reeled to and fro, and staggered like drunken men, and were at their wits' end. On reaching the shores of Norway, we were daily amazed as we gazed at some new manifestation of the wondrous works of the Almighty. Now and again, our friend Mitchell, in command of the party, would come on the captain's bridge, and whisper in my ear, "Oh, if we could only have had dear Mr. Spurgeon here!" and then for a few seconds on the bridge, we shut our eyes, and breathed forth a prayer together for the greatly-beloved sufferer at "Westwood."

Journeying along the Bukken and Hardanger Fjords, we dropped anchor till daybreak, at the head of the Mauranger Fjord. The echo of the cornet and the sound of the many voices from the deck of the ship ringing round the lofty mountains, as we sang, "All hail the power of Jesu's name," caused many of the Norwegian peasants to gather around our ship in their little boats. We welcomed them on board; their bright costumes and quaint singing gave us much pleasure. I sang them several sacred songs, and gave them a little music on the cornet. Though night had come on, they were loth to leave, and expressed through the chief mate, who acted as interpreter, their desire for a short sermon; so I did my best to set before them the simple plan of salvation. I told them that though *we* could not understand each other's language, Jesus could understand us both; that he loved each one of them, and would be glad to receive their love in return; that our conscience, our Bibles, and our experience tell us we are guilty in God's sight; but that God's mercy reaches down to man's misery, and that Jesus died to save us, and still lives to forgive and bless; that most of those on the ship had trusted Jesus, and would like them to do the same, and that if they would now take Jesus as their Saviour, and as Lord and Master of their hearts, they might return to their homes with a full assurance of salvation. Judging from the interest manifested, and the warm hand-shaking at the close, I believe my few words were thankfully received, and I trust that they will, in after days, bear fruit to the Master's glory.

At one a.m. I was called up to act as chaplain to a party numbering, with their guides, upwards of forty, who landed to cross a glacier. After partaking of coffee and eggs, we committed these friends to God's guidance and safe keeping, and started them off in small boats for the shore. The lights from the guides' lanterns enabled us to track them as they climbed the mountain, and after watching their progress for an

hour or so, we saw suddenly, appearing over the mountain, the great lamp of God lighting up the new day, making the snow on the mountain-tops to glisten with heavenly glory.

At seven o'clock every morning a little company gathered together, under the awning on the after-deck, to pray for friends at home. The family worship, and regular preaching services, made our holiday trip a most enjoyable one. In our company there were several Wesleyan ministers, and not a few local preachers, so that we had great variety in our services; and, with the aid of the piano and cornet, our singing had no lack of spirit.

Amid brilliant sunshine, we cast anchor, one day, at Odde, and drove in carioles to visit that never-to-be-forgotten waterfall, the "Lotefos." One friend, standing by my side, turned to me, and said, "I cannot get away from one text; the thought grows upon me more and more, as I look at this mass of water, and the spray rising up all around it, *i.e.*, 'The smoke of their torment ascendeth up for ever and ever.'"

Judging from what I have seen during this trip, Norway is only like Norway, and must be seen to be understood. I cannot describe its grandeur, nor do justice to its beauties. The wonderful railway from Vossevangen to Bergen must be travelled to be appreciated. No doubt we were exceptionally favoured by having such beautiful sunshine all the way. From the time we arrived at Stavanger till we got up to Trondhjem, and back to Bergen, we were without any rain. Think of that, ye dwellers in England this rainy August!

An unhappy accident occurred, as we steamed out of the harbour at Bergen, which caused us much sorrow. On leaving the Norwegian shore, hundreds of people gathered together to wave a farewell to the Polytechnic party. After singing one or two hymns, and responding to their hearty cheers, the chief mate gave them a salute of two cannons. He was just proceeding to reload for a second salute, when, unfortunately, the charge exploded, and ignited a canister of powder close by. In an instant, our unfortunate interpreter was himself one mass of fire; his clothes, hair, whiskers, and eyebrows were badly burnt. Fortunately, a doctor and several members of the St. John's Ambulance Corps were of the party, and immediately rendered valuable service, by throwing him down and rolling him in rugs. He was then lowered in a boat, which conveyed him to the hospital at Bergen, amidst the silent prayers of the ship's company; and before we retired for the night some £15 were collected, to be sent, with a letter of sympathy, to the poor sufferer.

At length, after a stormy voyage across the North Sea, we arrived at home, having greatly benefited by the change. Our best thanks were given to the Polytechnic managers for the able way in which all the arrangements had been carried out for our comfort; and it only remains for me to express the hope that similar success may ever attend their efforts in striking out such a noble and beneficial way of aiding Christians of limited means to gain real rest and enjoyment in seeing the wondrous works of God in nature.

J. MANTON SMITH.

Notes from Northfield.

BUT a few years since, Northfield was comparatively unknown on this side of the Atlantic. Now, not in England alone, but throughout the world, it is famous as the home of Mr. D. L. Moody; the centre of his successful seminaries; and the annual rallying-place for hundreds of the choicest spirits among God's people.

It was a happy thought on the part of the great evangelist, which, fourteen years ago, ripened into the "Christian Workers' Convention." Eternity alone will tell how widespread has been the blessing growing out of this movement, through the inspiration gained there by thousands of God's toiling sons and daughters.

Year by year we read, with keen interest, the reports of these helpful meetings, and longed intensely to share in the stimulus; and now, in this "year of grace", 1891, our longings have been realized. Day by day, we joined the gathering crowds at "Stone Hall" on the hill-side, overlooking the lovely Connecticut Valley, and our hearts were stirred to their depths. Is it any wonder that there came with new meaning to our memory the words of the prophet Isaiah, "And in this mountain shall the Lord of hosts make unto all people a feast of fat things, a feast of wines on the lees, of fat things full of marrow, of wines on the lees well refined"?

Were we to attempt to tell of all the good things said and done within these eleven days, we should certainly require far more space than can be spared in *The Sword and the Trowel* for many months to come. We must content ourselves with "Notes" only, which, we trust, will give our readers a fair taste of the "feast."

Among the many notable works started by Mr. Moody is the "Bible Institute" at Chicago, for the training of missionaries and evangelists for the home and foreign field. With his marvellous faculty for gathering the best about him, Mr. Moody has secured the valuable help of the Rev. R. L. Torrey, as President, than whom no better could be found. Indeed, so profitable has Mr. Torrey's course of study proved during the past year, that, beside the five hundred and seventy-eight pupils enrolled, no fewer than thirty ordained ministers have availed themselves of the privilege of attending his lectures. When, therefore, we learnt that the popular President of the "Bible Institute" would be the first speaker at the Convention, we felt sure of something worth hearing, and were not disappointed.

"WHY I BELIEVE THE BIBLE IS THE WORD OF GOD," was Mr. Torrey's theme. As a student, years ago, he longed for clear and convincing proof of the divinity of the Bible. Unwilling to reveal to others the conflict through which he was passing, he sought help from God; on his knees he fought his doubts and difficulties; and, after much pain, emerged from the darkness into the broad daylight of faith and certainty concerning the divine inspiration of this Book, from the opening to the closing page.

The following arguments (amplified) were adduced by Mr. Torrey in support of his firm conviction as to the divine authority of the Bible:—

I. On the testimony of Christ; accredited by—(1) the divine life he

lived ; (2) the divine words he spoke ; (3) the divine deeds carved upon the history of mankind; and (4) the divine attestation of his resurrection from the dead.

II. From the fulfilled prophecies of Scripture—(1) the verbal and explicit prophecies; (2) those of the types and shadows.

III. From the unity of the Bible ; sixty-six books, written by thirty men, covering more than one thousand five hundred years; written in four different languages, in many different countries, by men on every plane of social life, from the herdman and fisherman to the king on his throne ; yet an absolute unity of thought marks the Bible throughout.

IV. From the immense superiority of the teachings of the Bible to those of any other, and all other books. It differs from them in three important points—(1) the Bible has in it *nothing but truth;* other systems have grains of truth with a large admixture of error ; as Joseph Cook says, "Jewels there are ; but they have to be picked out of the mud ;" (2) there is not a truth to be found *anywhere* on moral and spiritual subjects, that may not also be found in the Bible (Mr. Torrey charges Ingersoll with stealing his jewels of thought from this old Book); (3) *all* the beautiful thoughts of ancient and modern literature *combined,* will not produce a book that can take the place of the Bible.

V. From the history of the Book, and its victory over attack. For eighteen centuries men have been trying to stamp it out of existence, but to-day it has a mightier hold on the world than ever before. If it were man's production, it would have been annihilated and forgotten long ago.

VI. From the character of those who accept, and that of those who reject the Book. As men grow better, they are more likely to accept the Bible ; and *vice versâ.* The Bible's stronghold is in the pure unselfish home ; and infidelity's stronghold is the drinking and gambling saloon. Thus, the nearer men live to God, the more confident are they that the Bible *is* his Word ; the further they get from God, the more confident are they that it is *not* the Word of God.

VII. From the influence of that Word on those who accept it. There is more power in that one Book to save, and purify, and gladden life, than in all other literature put together. A stream never rises higher than its source ; this Book *must* have come *from* God, for it lifts men *to* God.

VIII. From the inexhaustible depths of the Book. Nothing has been added to it in eighteen hundred years ; yet a scholar like Bunsen studies it sixty or even seventy years, and still finds unexplored depths ; whilst George Müller, after reading it through *one hundred times,* declares it is fresher now than he ever knew it.

IX. From the fact that as we grow in knowledge, holiness, and likeness to God, we grow toward the Bible ; the nearer to God, the nearer to the Book ; *ergo,* when we get where God is, we and the Bible shall meet.

X. From the testimony of the Holy Spirit. The Spirit, the Comforter, sets his seal, in the heart of the believer, to the divine authority of the Word.

Mr. Torrey closed his tenfold testimony by the story of a sceptic who,

hearing him speak, told him that his (the sceptic's) experience totally contradicted what he now heard. He was an agnostic, and claimed to be ready to accept the truth, if he could find it. Mr. T. induced him to sign a pledge that, if he found Jesus was the Son of God, he would confess him; also, that he would read a few verses in John every day, and pray, if there was a God, that he would help him. A few weeks saw the man converted, and he said (to quote his own words), "It seems to me as if I had been taken up by the Niagara River, and carried along by the current," so blessedly true in experience is the Master's Word (John vii. 17, R.V.), "If any man willeth to do his will, he shall know of the teaching, whether it be of God."

By a happy coincidence, without preconcerted arrangement, many of the speakers through the Convention, arriving on different days, and not knowing what had preceded, were led to insist on the inspiration of the Scriptures.

Thus, Dr. Munhall, on the second day, gave a powerful address on "THE HIGHEST CRITICS *versus* THE HIGHER CRITICS", and dealt some heavy blows at certain learned men, who having set their reason on the throne, straightway fall down and worship it, rather than accept the testimony of Jesus Christ, the Son of the living God, and the Holy Ghost, the Paraclete, who is ever present to *guide* us into all truth. And the Rev. N. West, arriving yet later, spoke with remarkable power on much the same lines, his theme being, "CRITICS CRITICIZED."

Those who have read Dr. Gordon's valuable volumes, *In Christ*, and *Ecce Venit*, will rightly judge that we were favoured beyond measure as we listened to his voice again and again through the Convention. We cannot resist the temptation to show the reader a few of the fair gems from the casket he opened before us, on the theme, "HEAVENLY RICHES."

1. *Riches of his goodness.* Rom. ii. 4. God's outward manifestation in nature: in the rain, sunshine, flowers, and fruit.

II. *Riches of his grace.* Eph. i. 7. Grace is not simply a tight-fit for sin, merely covering it; but "where sin abounded, grace did *much more* abound." In the fifth chapter of Romans Paul uses "*much more*" six times with reference to grace over sin.

In the Lord's Prayer we ask God to measure his forgiveness by ours; under grace, we are asked to measure our forgiveness by God's. What is HIS measure? "As high as the heavens are above the earth." Mathematicians tell us how long it would take an express train to reach the sun; but that is only the suburbs of heaven. When you are praying the Lord's Prayer, you are asking only a thimbleful of mercy, when you can have an ocean full. In old Hebrew history, when a man was willing to forgive another a debt, he nailed the bond upon the debtor's door in the presence of witnesses, to whom he declared he forgave the debtor; and the entering of the nail *cancelled the bond.* When the nail went through Christ's hand, it *cancelled the bond* for us; and if Satan ever charges your sins back upon you, tell him, "These debts are outlawed, they have been cancelled." There is going to be a "world's fair" of specimens of redemption brought out for the admiration of angels; we are to be instrumental in getting them out.

III. *Riches of glory.* Eph. iii. 16. The riches of grace come from the cross, the riches of glory from the throne.

The riches of glory are—(1) "To be strengthened with might by his Spirit in the inner man." Strength, the first item. The Holy Ghost is the best power for the churches. For a church to bring in an artist-singer, or amusements and secular appliances, to make a church "go", is as absurd as for a Cunard steamer to uncouple its shaft from the engine, and couple it on to the donkey engine.*

(2) "That Christ may dwell in your hearts by faith." There as (*a*) the source of life; and (*b*) the sustenance of life.

(3) The hope within us is connected with the riches of his glory. (Col. i. 27.) Christ in heaven, our hope *in* glory; Christ in the heart, our hope *of* glory. An anchor is useless unless fastened at both ends; so Christ has fastened one end in glory, while the Holy Ghost comes down, and fastens the other end of the anchor in our hearts. In olden time the anchor used to be brought into harbour first, and the ship followed; so Christ has entered as the Forerunner within the veil, and we shall surely follow. "Which hope we have as an anchor of the soul, both sure and stedfast, and which entereth into that within the veil; whither the Forerunner is for us entered, even Jesus."

Is it not time for us to understand that God's promises are drafts on the bank of heaven, that will be honoured night and day? God make us ashamed that we have such a poverty-stricken spiritual life, when all the resources of the Holy Ghost are ready to supply our need! God does not want us to be beggars, but sons. Sit down to the table, and help yourself. Let us pray to-night, "O God, bestow upon us the riches of thy goodness, thy grace, and thy glory!"

And hundreds of hearts fervently responded, "Amen."

JOHN BURNHAM.

(To be continued.)

Better than the World's Best.

SOME years ago, an Oxford undergraduate was giving his testimony for the Master, at a meeting in the Town Hall. He was a famous oarsman, one of the university eight, and had only lately come up from Eton. Since coming up to Oxford, he had been brought to a personal knowledge of the Saviour; and this was his account of it, given in a simple, manly, and perfectly natural manner. "Friends," he said, "when I came up to Oxford, I thought I was the luckiest fellow in the world. I had all this world could give me: splendid health, plenty of money, lots of friends, had been to the best school, and got on splendidly; in fact, I thought it was too good to last. I felt as though something would be sure to happen to spoil it all. Well, something has happened, which, in a sense, has spoilt it all, because it is so much better that it has thrown it all into the shade. That is, I have found Christ, and got the love of God in my heart." And all who heard him saw that he spoke from his heart. So, when this world seems brightest, remember there is something better, and keep your heart fixed on Jesus and his love.—*From "Old-fashioned Christianity," by Rev. F. S. Webster.*

* The force of this simile will be appreciated by those who have crossed the Atlantic in a huge liner.—J. B.

Mr. W. J. Orsman's Year's Work.

FOR thirty years the founder of the many-sided work at Costers' Hall has carried on his Mission to the street-traders and others, in and about the crowded area of Old Street and Hoxton, the start being made in old Golden Lane in 1861. At that time London retained very much of its old-time face, Golden Lane itself, as a favourite retreat of the costers, being as squalid as it had been for generations. All has long since been altered, however; for when the sites of the overcrowded courts and alleys became too valuable for the poor dwellings to stand any longer upon them, the tenants swarmed off elsewhere, when their old houses were destroyed. Thus it happens, that at the present time, Hoxton is as poor and needy a quarter of London as can be found; although those fashionable philanthropists, who would gain some prestige by "slumming", naturally think that the East-end is the only place in which to try their 'prentice hand. The good Earl of Shaftesbury, from first to last, always showed the greatest possible interest in Mr. Orsman's enterprise, frequently taking the chair at the public meetings, while he was personally acquainted with many of the poor people. The Mission has always been considered to be an outpost of the Metropolitan Tabernacle, Mr. Orsman still retaining his membership with that church. He is a voluntary worker himself; and from the smallest of beginnings he has progressed until he is now assisted by one hundred and twenty-six unpaid helpers, some of whom have stood by him for over twenty years. When he commenced this work Mr. Orsman held a responsible position in the General Post Office; but although that office has been relinquished, our friend finds plenty to do as a member of the London County Council, and a Governor of the Central Foundation of the City of London Parochial Charities.

Considering the smallness of the income he has to work with, Mr. Orsman has done a wonderful work. He is thankful to have been enabled to keep clear of debt, although, as he says, "the regretted decease of many subscribers, and the diminishing of gifts by others, have often kept the funds at a low ebb." Mr. Orsman is disposed to think that, in these days, there is a tendency for the older and more genuine works to get pushed into the background. "The sturdiest beggar gets the lion's share of public sympathy," it is remarked. "Nevertheless our faith is in God, who called this work into existence, and who has blessed it beyond measure."

The general work of the Mission itself was never carried on with more energy. Mr. Orsman himself tells us:—"At the present moment Costers' Hall, our headquarters, is crowded to its utmost capacity at the Gospel Services and Prayer Meetings, whilst the evident change in the lives of hundreds of the people proves their sincerity. The Prayer Meetings, Bible Classes, Schools, Juvenile Services, and Young People's Meetings are equally crowded, and the spiritually-minded men and women who conduct them are rewarded with blessed success." There are forty-five meetings held weekly at Costers' Hall; and the contributions of the thrift societies, paid in amounts varying from a penny to a shilling, last year amounted to nearly £4,000.

Last winter being such a severe one, some extra temporal help had to

be given to the poorest of the people, while thousands of free cocoa breakfasts, as well as halfpenny dinners, were served to hungry children who attend the Board Schools. The Irish-stew is sold at a cheap rate to needy families so long as the cold weather lasts.

A cottage for convalescent women is maintained at Shacklewell; and it is hoped that in time a seaside home will be secured. Funds for the purchase of such a house are already in hand, the interest being partly spent in sending children and adults for a fortnight into the country.

Mr. Orsman started a scheme for providing rooms for the poorer class of wage-earners in London; but as he has been able to get only a little over £2,000, he cannot proceed, and is "waiting on the Lord for guidance in this matter." We are somewhat surprised that persons interested in the poor have not more liberally responded to a call on behalf of an enterprise which would confer on the poorest of workpeople such unmistakable benefit. Their chief difficulty in life is to find decent rooms to live in, at a rent within their means. They cannot find such rooms, and never will be able to command them, until some such charitable undertaking as this is carried out on their account.

Costers' Hall represents as good an example of a working Mission Church as could readily be found. Mr. Orsman is the pastor, and his interest in the members of his congregation, and in those they seek to reach in the outside world, never flags. The house where the costers and others find their clubs, rooms for meeting in, and meetings at which the gospel is preached, may be compared to a local lighthouse, but it is really a centre which extends its influence throughout the whole of London. The street-traders are not what they were when Mr. Orsman first appeared on the scenes at Golden Lane; and even the better condition of their animals bears silent but effective testimony to the general reformation. So genuine a work deserves to be more liberally supported. Mr. Orsman's address is Milton House, Shacklewell Green, N.E.

Trusting and Hoeing.

THE Lord commands work, but forbids worry. He inspires faith, without which it is impossible to please him, and then tells us that "faith, if it hath not works, is dead, being alone."

It is related that the celebrated Welsh preacher, Christmas Evans, was once discussing the potato question with his thrifty, diligent wife; and perhaps in a playful, but still in a characteristic way, said to her: "Catherine, you never mind the potatoes; put your trust in Providence, and all will be well."

"I tell you what we'll do, Christmas," replied Catherine, "you go and sit down on the top of Moelly Gest, waiting for Providence, and *I'll go and hoe the potatoes;* and *we shall see to which of us Providence will come first!*"

God helps those who help themselves; but not those only, for he is the Deliverer of the helpless, the Helper of those who cannot help themselves.—*The Christian (U.S.A.).*

Heart Papers; or, Words for Many Hearts.

BY PASTOR C. E. STONE, WANDSWORTH.

III. Troubled Hearts.

"Let not your heart be troubled: ye believe in God, believe also in me."
John xiv. 1.

THIS is one of the sweet songs of Scripture. It is a psalm of comfort in a sentence. I remember standing, one summer night, on a bridge which spanned the rustling waters of the Avon. Behind me lay an ancient town, whose old castellated gateways and red tiled house-roofs glittered in the white light of the moon. Before me, in the shadow of many trees, uprose the grey walls of an old castle, whose windows were aflame with the lights of luxurious rooms. The mists, white and tremulous, floated over the meadows; and under the old stone arches, and by the thick beds of reeds, the river swirled and sang. The shadow of the past, the present, and the future was upon me. My heart was full of doubt and trouble. It seemed then that life was but a confused medley of evil, that prayers fell back unanswered from the sky, that nature lied when, by its million tongues, it whispered, "God is love." Suddenly there came leaping through the air in great bounds of music the notes of distant bells. These sounds seemed tumbling through the starlit silence, one upon another, in wildest tumult and confusion, but they fell on my ears like clear and harmonious messages of peace. "Believe in God. Believe in God. Let not your heart be troubled," seemed to me the refrain they repeated in varying chime; and, as I listened, those merry strains stole my trouble, and went laughing away with it into the night. And it seemed, when they had sung themselves to silence, as though I walked up the solemn aisles over which they rang; and, kneeling by the altar, felt the infinite calm of heaven fall on my heart, and banish its fitful fever.

Now, I never read this text but it sounds to me like the soothing chimings of those bells. I think of men who stand on the bridge of time, over the stream of life; stand, listening to the sullen gurgle of the waters, while their hearts are racked and their feet are weary, and trouble weighs, like remorse, upon the conscience. Then, it seems as if this text must be to them a voice of music, like the sound of bells, coming from afar, and saying, in tones of caressing and infinite tenderness, "Do not worry. Do not be anxious. Believe in God. Believe in God. Let not your heart be troubled;" and heaven's rest falls, silently as the dew, and cools into a sense of delicious peace the hearts heated by the fret and worry of this troublous life. Surely it is not in vain we hope that this may be the effect, as we repeat once more heaven's message of love to the troubled children of care!

Heart Trouble.

"*Let not your heart be troubled.*" Do you notice how all the trouble in this passage is about Christ? It would be well if we troubled about nothing else save Jesus and his kingdom. But, as usual with us all, the worry of the disciples had a selfish side. It concerned Christ; but it was only because it affected their own spirits that they troubled. If there had been nothing to threaten them, they would not have worried about what threatened Christ.

They were troubled because *they could not understand him. Their* Messiah was one destined for great things. Pomp of empire and courts, displays of royalty and martial glory, divine honours and endless reign over subdued nations and an ever-widening kingdom, were to be his. They hoped, too, that all this was at hand. But he, whom they had taken as this Messiah, talked of going away and of dying. Their faith in him was staggered. It

looked as if for three years they had been following a delusion and a dream. Is it not often so? Christ seems so loving and tender; then there comes a sharp trial. He appears to lead us on to coveted hopes; then they remove into further obscurity. The child falls sick; the one who was life's best help is taken from us. Christ knocks away the props on which we leaned. Things of evil creep into our lives. What we thought were answered prayers turn into curses. We look up in dismay. Is this the Christ we trusted, who allows all this to happen? or can we have been mistaken, and are all past emotions and experiences to be branded as the wild fancies our own desires created? We look up into the muttering darkness, and see nothing but the blackness of night.

Upon the disciples, too, fell *the shadow of future trouble*. Their Master's sayings were pregnant with coming trials. He was evidently preparing them for some awful event. What could it be looming so darkly up out of the distant days? Ambition had filled those days with splendours such as the world had never seen. What pleasures and pomps were they to know by the side of this heavenly Cæsar! Yet, under his sorrowful talk, the golden pageantry of their dreams melts away, and from the unknown they hear the sobbing sounds of woe; and the hollow winds sweep by as from lands of desolation and death.

The infant Jesus was painted as reclining in his mother's arms, while the dark shadow of a cross fell over them both. We may not see, but we often feel such shadows upon ourselves. A chill is felt in the noontide of happiness. Our good fortune is robbed of half its pleasure by a doubt as to its continuance. Our lives are often like the streams, which seem to linger in the curve of the bank, as if afraid to go on, not knowing what is round the next bend in their course: there may be rock-needles and rough boulders, or a straight sweep between the meadows. Fancy or fear conjure out of the unknown the shapes of every imaginable evil, and they lay icy hands upon the hot pulses of our joy. We are like children, often standing on the threshold of a dark room, and afraid to lift up our eyes lest some terrible thing should meet our gaze. We live in the joy of the present, yet taste it not, because troubled and downcast because of the shadows that lengthen from the future.

Beyond these, there was the dread engendered by the thought of an *absent Christ*. Their position was perilous. All that was most powerful of men and influence was set against them in immovable hatred. This had not seemed much while Christ was by to lean upon; but it appeared overwhelming regarded in the light of his absence. Their personal attachment to him made it still harder. For three years they had been familiar with Jesus, and had learned to love him, and had paid him reverence such as few leaders had received from their followers. It was the loss of a Defender; but it was the loss of a Friend, too; and in the gloom of such a loss, all around and ahead was painted by their sad fancy in colours of despair.

It is our sins, perhaps, which give rise to such a fear in our hearts; for it often troubles us even as it perplexed Christ's disciples. We do not stop to think of his promises, nor what a contradiction it is to his omnipresent Deity, that he could ever be absent from a place or a person; but we torment ourselves with the supposition that our waywardness will weary him at last, and he will leave us to our fate. It takes us a long time to understand the patience of Christ, the eternal persistency of the Saviour in pursuit of an object. It seems too good to be true, that he will bear with us to the end. Sometimes it appears to contradict our very conception of God; we fancy, that to be God, he must thunder and grow wroth. And like children who have had a thousand evidences of their father's love, and yet dread his presence, we are haunted, in spite of innumerable arguments against it, with the fear of future failure and an absent Christ.

It was all spiritual trouble, then, which burdened the spirits of these men.

It was not care about bread, and home, and children; but the sorrow of Christly souls, wounded in their faith and spiritual hopes. Of all trouble, this is the worst. Better a sick child than a sick faith. No care equals the care of the spirit. This, no doubt, Jesus recognized. In their present condition, they were unequal to his purposes and work. Troubled hearts, like theirs, could never triumphantly move the world with his gospel.

HEART REMEDY.

There is, therefore, first, the tender recognition of their trouble, and then the gently-suggested remedy. The *Sympathizer* says, "Let not your heart be troubled;" but the *Healer* says, "*Believe in me.*"

There is something very pathetic about these words of the Saviour. He stands on the edge of the end. All the sad circumstances of his death are gathering around. The clock of time is striking the hour of redemption. Betrayal, scorn, judgment, crucifixion are at hand. Looking upon these men, he knows, if the warnings so disturb them, how much the events will be felt; and he directs them to the one anchor to hold their vessel in the rising storm. "Believe in me. Faith in me alone will keep you calm, steadfast, loyal in the coming trials." But was it not, too, the appeal of a human heart, dreading the loss of human love and faith? "Have faith in me still. I know how you will suffer, and how terrible will be the apparent accusation of these events against what I have claimed to be; but you, who have known me for three years, have faith in me for four days. If all the world gives me up to scorn, do not you, my closest friends, desert me too." It was the saying of a great spiritual Teacher, applying a general principle to special circumstances; but it was the appeal, too, of a human heart, loth to lose all human faith and regard in and for himself.

Here is the only resource for all our heart trouble—faith in Christ. No arguments, nor books, nor experiences will aid, if faith be wanting. To be at rest amid events that accuse him, to be at ease amid difficulties that veil him, to be in comfort while he is away—we must trust him!

Translate the meaning of these words into others, and you will see the faith required. Does not Christ say, "*Believe that I am right*"? You think I am wrong in not taking to myself temporal splendour. You believe I am wrong because I appear to let my enemies triumph. Because you do not understand, you doubt my rectitude. Do not fear. I am right. Believe that, and be at rest. Did he not say, "*Believe that I am true*"? You begin to think I am not what I claimed to be. I acknowledge that it looks so; but I am still true for all that. I am true to a greater self and a greater will than you know. I am still the Messias you have known and trusted. Believe that, and be at rest. Did he not say, too, "*Believe that I am love*"? I am going away, yet absence will not alter love; you will still be the subjects of love's ministry. I will think of you where I am going, and will send a Comforter to abide with you for ever. If I am hidden from you, I still love you. Believe that, and be at rest.

Such is the faith he asks. He begs us not to desert him because we cannot understand; or because he knows of the trouble, and lets it come. And giving him that heart-trust, you will find mists, confusions, and wild questionings pass away, and leave a song in the place of sorrow, and rest in the room of doubt.

Now, with what a sublime touch does he end the comforting message! He has laid a tender hand upon their grief. He has told of the remedy for *present* trouble; but now his lifted finger points to the *end* of all sorrow. Mansions of ease! Mansions of joy! Mansions of reunions! Mansions of full knowledge! Mansions alight with love, ringing with love's song, and couched with love's rest, are yonder. "Be not troubled. Trust me in your present grief, and look up, and hope for the day when all your clouds will be lost in the dawn; when, amid the mansions, I shall greet you, and make plain what is so dark to-day."

Notices of Books.

Spurgeon's Illustrated Almanack for 1892. Passmore and Alabaster. Price one penny.

NOTWITHSTANDING the Editor's illness, his Almanack will contain almost as much matter as usual from his pen, and we think that readers will find it as interesting and useful as in previous years. On another page we give a specimen of the illustrations and articles in the present issue. Mrs. Spurgeon has devoted a great portion of her time for many months to her suffering husband; but she has found opportunities of selecting the texts for daily meditation throughout the year. As the Almanack itself says, "Sometimes it has been a relief to forget the anxieties of the sick-room while searching the Scriptures to find comfort and guidance for others." Christian parents would do well if they gave copies to all their children, and called their special attention to the "Prayer for the Girls", and "Text for the Boys", in which Mr. Spurgeon simply and lovingly puts the gospel before the young of both sexes. Sunday-school teachers might also present the Almanack to their scholars, with the anticipation of the best results from their study of the contents of the little book.

John Ploughman's Sheet Almanack for 1892. Passmore and Alabaster. Price one penny.

SOME friends may have thought that "John Ploughman's" illness would prevent the publication of his Almanack; but the preparation of so many new proverbs takes such a long time that, before he was taken ill, the Editor had the greater part of them ready. It was, therefore, all the easier task to finish the sheet for which so many friends eagerly look year after year. By special request, the Almanack for 1892 is adorned with portraits of "John Ploughman" and his dear wife, father, grandfather, brother, and two sons; and it also contains a picture of "John Ploughman" surrounded by his orphan boys and their masters. If every employer will give copies to all his workpeople, probably he and they will both benefit from the lessons in thrift, temperance, and the truths of the gospel conveyed in the proverbial sayings for 1892.

Mr. Masters, 32, Wilton Road, Victoria Station, is making gallant attempts to bring his cards and booklets up to a higher standard. But we take special pleasure in his productions because he aims at usefulness, and keeps "Christ and him crucified" ever to the front. It is well to have the best of art in a Christmas card; but to believers it is all-important to use the occasion for the good of souls, and not for the mere giving of a transient pleasure. The improvement made in *The Victoria Publications* is each year very evident.

The Religious Tract Society keeps to its work by issuing *religious* cards. These, albeit that they are rather old-fashioned, and not up to date, are more to our mind than the high-class artistic beauties from which Scripture and the gospel are shut out. We delight in things which charm; but Christians live for a higher object, and look for higher ends in their little Christmas and New Year's gifts, than the mere pleasing of the eye, or even the delight of literary taste. The Society may be relied on for cheapness and usefulness.

The Boy's Own Annual for 1891.
The Girl's Own Annual for 1891.
56, Paternoster Row.

These are noble volumes. The binding is first-class, especially that of *The Girl's Own.* There are quite enough tales for our liking—indeed, rather more than we care for; but even these are better than most of the sort. The engravings are choice, and the tone of both books is good. We might not be quite in harmony with every word, but on the whole we can unreservedly commend both volumes.

The Christian Miscellany and Family Visitor. Charles H. Kelly.

WE always look over the annual volume of this magazine with pleasure, and usually with profit. There is in it the fire of Methodism, and a holy charity for all other forms of Christian service. The editor has the knack of making his serial attractive.

We are pleased to see the *Religious Book Society*, 28, *Paternoster Row*, making so satisfactory an appearance for Christmas and New Year. Those who wish for motto cards for schools or churches will here find the very thing they will like; but they should apply early. Their *booklets for children*, and indeed all their publications, are well up to the mark, and of reasonable price. We cannot be wrong in saying, write for a catalogue to Mr. Ernest Nister, as above. Societies might make some small profits by taking quantities of the mottoes, and retailing them among their members.

The Mildmay Park Illuminations always please us. They occupy a place of their own, and exhibit the results of a chastened taste, and a consecrated aim. Anything strikingly new we do not meet with in our specimens; but they are all so good that we want nothing else. An evenness of excellence is kept up. Whatever else they buy, friends should not forget the work of the good sisters at the Deaconess House, Mildmay Park. *Flower Mission Cards, Calendars, texts for framing*, cards, and mottoes, are all here in abundance; and we are able unreservedly to commend them all.

The Herald of Mercy for 1891. Morgan and Scott.

This is a delightful magazine, as full of gospel as the pages will hold; and withal so interestingly and plainly written that the poorest will like it. The shilling volume ought to be given away by thousands. It has done us great good to read it. Ministers would find lots of good anecdotes in it, fresh and bright.

The Child's Own Magazine for 1891.
The Picture World for Little People.
Pictures for Play Hours. Sunday-School Union.

Three children's books at a shilling each, each one with excellences of its own. How are these things kept up? What an amount of money must be spent on the engravings! O lads, lasses, and babies, how many are planning pretty books for you! Surely you ought to profit by the labour of so many brains.

The Quiver for 1891. Cassell & Co.

First-class. The art is notable, the tone is high, the articles are of the best order; even the stories we have not the heart to carp at. It is a matter for congratulation that a firm of publishers should issue a periodical, as a matter of business, which from a religious point of view equals, if it does not even surpass, the productions of societies whose one object is the spread of saving knowledge. Without a quiver of hesitation we commend *The Quiver*.

The Sunday-school Teachers' Pocket-Book for 1892. Sunday-school Union.

A Sabbath-school teacher with such a pocket-book as this ought to be a paragon. What more can he need to make him remember his duties, and go about them in an orderly way? He who would be up to the mark, will find this memory-helper just what he needs.

The Child's Companion for 1891. Religious Tract Society.

Our dear old friend, *The Child's Companion*, renews its youth, and becomes more splendid every year. In its monthly form it is a star, but the annual volume is a brilliant constellation.

Bright Rays for Cloudy Days. Pictures and Stories for the Little Ones.
Sunny Hours. A Picture Story Book for the Young.
Off to the Fire. By W. Luff.
Animals at Home and Abroad. Partridge and Co.

These books are galleries of pictures, some of them in brightest colours. They are only a shilling each, and are likely to give boys and girls at least a guinea's worth of pleasure.

Memorials of the Rev. Canon Hussey, D.D. Wayre, Lower Kennington Lane.

This book, though intended for local circulation, has more than a local interest. As a lecturer and a preacher, Canon Hussey was known beyond his own parish, and there are thousands who will prize these memorials of a gracious man and a successful ministry. The church and the world are the poorer now that his voice is silent and his labours are at an end.

My Note-Book. Fragmentary Studies in Theology, and Subjects Adjacent Thereto. By AUSTIN PHELPS, D.D., LL.D. T. Fisher Unwin.

THERE are striking entries in this "Note-Book." Some notes we prize greatly, and have taken a specimen extract for this month's magazine. When we do not agree with what Mr. Phelps has written, we are yet glad to have met with his terse, forceful utterances. Very few persons could read such a book without meeting with fresh ideas, sparkling with the dew of originality. There may be super-wise men to whom the sea itself is devoid of salt, and the sun of light. On a closer inspection, these will turn out to belong to a remarkable species of the genus *fool;* but those of lowlier mind, to whom a brother's "Note-Book" is a God-send, are more noble and more intelligent. We have gradually come to think less and less of the man who is a critic and nothing else; we have almost come to think nothing at all of him. To all others we would say, read this remarkable production.

The Companions of the Lord: Chapters on the Lives of the Apostles. By CHARLES E. B. REED, M.A. Religious Tract Society.

WE remember the sorrow excited in the church of God by the death of Mr. Charles Reed, the author of this instructive work. It was in 1883 that the Alps added his name to their melancholy death-roll. This second edition is a tribute well deserved by this notable volume. It is good work, and must not be allowed to perish. It contains brief biographies of the apostles: brief because the rubbish of tradition is sifted out, and only the pure ore of Biblical truth remains. We hardly know any writing in which there are so few superfluous words. Mr. Reed was sententious, judicious, and solid. No theories about Judas, no superstitions upon Peter, no dreams as to John, had any tolerance from him: he kept to the narrow path of sure truth, and found it broad enough for him. This is a masterly work, and makes us sevenfold regret the author's early death.

The Biblical Illustrator: or, Anecdotes, Similes, Emblems, Illustrations, Expository, Scientific, Geographical, Historical, and Homiletic, on the Verses of the Bible. By Rev. JOSEPH S. EXELL, M.A. St. John, vols. ii. and iii. Nisbet and Co.

Another block of comments firmly compacted: not a bit of white to be seen, nor the space of a line wasted. We should expect these volumes to have a large sale, for they contain what many a minister is glad to see, the thoughts of the best preachers upon the passage in hand. Some of the extracts seem poor enough to us; but then that which does not strike one man may have singular force upon another mind. The series will be a gigantic work, and at 7s. 6d. a volume it will place within the reach of many that which a great sum could hardly buy, if laid out upon each of the authors quoted.

England's Light-bringer. By T. H. RICHARDS. J. B. Knapp, Sutton Street, Commercial Road; or 26, Paternoster Row.

IN spite of the title, which is somewhat unfortunate, this is a good book, and will prove of service to Sunday-school teachers and Biblical students. It gives the history of the Bible from the earliest known manuscripts extant, and is a monument of diligent research and careful study. The story is full of interest, dealing, as it does, not only with the life and times of Wicklif and Tyndale, and the deliberations of the Jerusalem Chamber, but with the less familiar scenes and incidents in the completion of the sacred canon. The facts seem to have been carefully verified, so that the work has a value for historical reference. If there is a defect which a reviewer might notice, it is in the style of composition adopted by the author: it is not uniform throughout the book. Some of the sentences are very graceful; others are ill-constructed. A careful revision will remove these blemishes, and enhance the value of what we must pronounce to be a useful contribution to an important and interesting study.

Charles Haddon Spurgeon. By Rev. JAMES J. ELLIS. Nisbet and Co.

THIS volume belongs to a new series of popular biographies, entitled, "Lives that Speak." The author is quite in love with his subject; and as a former student of the Pastors' College, it is but natural that he should write with hearty enthusiasm of his President.

So much of Mr. Spurgeon's history has been already printed, that no man can attempt a sketch of his life without quoting largely from the writings of those who have preceded him, and especially from the autobiographical notices that have from time to time appeared. There are several new stories in this volume; at least, there are some things *new*, and there are several *stories*. It would be quite remarkable to find even a newspaper sketch of Mr. Spurgeon free from egregious blunders; and it would be still more wonderful to read a book about him *all true*.

On the whole, Mr. Ellis has done his work well, though there are indications that he was hurried in the latter portion of the book; otherwise, his volume would have been more evenly good. As it is, friends will find much that will interest them, and not a little that will profit them; but we warn them not to believe all that they read, even though Mr. Ellis has taken great pains to get reliable information from various quarters.

David Livingstone. By Rev. JAMES J. ELLIS. Nisbet and Co.

THIS is number eight of Mr. Ellis's series of popular shilling biographies, entitled, "Men with a Mission." Our friend's pen is never idle; in fact, he seems to write with both hands at once; and he writes exceedingly well. This little life of Livingstone has not a dull line in it, and is well worthy to stand with its companion volumes upon Stanley, Kingsley, Tyndale, Latimer, Howard, Lord Lawrence, and Thomas Cromwell.

Our Young People and our History as Baptists. By Rev. A. PHILLIPS, F.S.Sc. H. H. Walker, Oxford Road, Waterloo, Liverpool.

WE are glad to see our College brethren using their pens for the explanation and defence of the principles they have received from the Word of God. Mr. Phillips has condensed much information into the twenty-four pages before us. His pamphlet is cheap at a penny; but he or the publisher will supply quantities at a lower rate. It is worthy of a large circulation.

The Teaching of the Spirit. A Sermon by ARCHIBALD G. BROWN. Robert Banks and Son. Price one penny.

Eternity. A Sermon by ARCHIBALD G. BROWN. James Taylor, 28, Cressy Place, Stepney Green. Price one penny.

THE first of these sermons was preached at the Metropolitan Tabernacle, on September 6, and is number one of a new series of our beloved brother A. G. Brown's sermons to be issued monthly. We are not surprised to read that "the published discourses of this preacher have been much sought for; and it has been evident that the readers wished them to appear much more frequently than has been practicable hitherto. Large numbers have been bought by customers for gratuitous distribution." They could hardly find sermons better suited for the purpose. Mr. Brown's discourses are full of Bibline; he is such a devout student of the Word of God, that his teaching is full of Scripture, and must bring blessing to his readers.

"Eternity" is a sermon to young men, preached at the East London Tabernacle nearly twenty years ago, and reprinted by request. Mr. Taylor will send 2,000 copies, carriage paid, for £3. Such a discourse on such a theme cannot be scattered too widely.

Young People's Prayer Meetings, in Theory and Practice. By Rev. F. E. CLARK. Sunday-school Union.

MR. CLARK'S labours in this direction are well known, and the counsels here given open up a very fruitful field for the faithful pastor, and all who toil among the young. With such a manual at hand, who would not seek to serve the Master? We thank the Sunday-school Union for this *vade-mecum* of useful hints in the highest and holiest of all service.

A Protest against Agnosticism: the Rationale of Belief. By P. F. FITZGERALD. Kegan Paul and Co.

Agnosticism Found Wanting; or, Atheists' and Secularists' Arguments Refuted. By J. W. MORDEN. Stock.

Agnosticism, and Related Subjects. By Rev. J. B. FIGGIS, M.A. Marshall Brothers.

MRS. FITZGERALD is a trained metaphysician, and her protest against Agnosticism will be hard reading indeed to all who have not traversed the same fields. Her object in this, as in her other works, is "to show that our reflective self-consciousness of the faculties, or attributes of being, is not only as legitimately the subject-matter of science as are the physical forces; but that, as the condition of all science, it claims the title of the science of sciences." Probably this extract will suffice for most of our readers; if not, they will know where to get more.

Agnosticism Found Wanting is not a scholastic work, but is a sturdy book adapted to the controversies of our every-day world. The author seeks to grapple with the foe as he finds him in the ranks of the average British workman. There is much argumentation in this book, but we somehow miss the unction.

Least intellectually elaborated of the books here put together is Mr. Figgis's *Agnosticism and Related Subjects*; but it is by far the most effective of the three. The gentle spirit of the author pervades the volume, which is a model of orderly arrangement, and is likely to have weight with that class of agnostics for whom its pages are intended, namely, those whose doubt is even more a grief than it is a sin. We believe this endeavour to save those who "stumble on the dark mountains" will not be without good results.

A Treatise on Predestination, Election, and Grace. By W. A. COPINGER, F.S.A., Barrister-at-Law. Nisbet.

THIS is an extensive treatise, to which is added, by way of appendix, a voluminous bibliography on the entire range of the subjects dealt with. Professedly, this work is neither Calvinistic nor Arminian; and, while aiming to hold an even balance between these rival systems, aspires to conduct the reader to deeper and juster conceptions of the precise words of Scripture upon these important doctrines. The result, in our judgment, is disappointing. There is, in no sufficient sense, any third path marked out. The whole scope of the work is anti-Calvinistic, at the same time that it is not un-Arminian. According to Mr. Copinger, there is no election of persons unto eternal life. To be foreknown, predestinated, called, justified, and glorified, is not to be construed as ensuring heaven, or embracing eternal glory. In the estimation of this writer, these are all blessings the elect have in time, and which they may forfeit before they pass out of it. For our own part, we have an entirely different conviction, and believe that the election of grace is both an election of persons and an election unto life eternal. Substantially, the treatise under review is an Arminian production, with a dash of dispensational teaching, and strongly tinctured by sacramentarianism. To baptism is assigned all the virtue that Ritualists allege. The child is held to become one of the elect through baptism, and, dying in infancy, to be saved in consequence. Whereas, should it survive, the baptismal font is but the beginning of the path of an election, the happy results of which depend on a contingent perseverance. We cannot commend this work; and, though it has to do with the deep things of God, we look here in vain for "waters to swim in."

Tried and True. By Rev. JOHN FORDYCE. Marshall Brothers.

IN reviewing the first edition of this booklet, in 1865, we said that it was "a brief but powerful appeal to the experimental effects of the gospel, in proof of its divine reality." We need not add anything to this commendation, except to endorse the words of Principal Moule, when asked his advice as to the republication of this little work: "The book is, to my judgment, of real and abiding value. May the Lord greatly bless it!" So say we.

A Modern Exodus. By FAYE HUNTINGTON. Charles H. Kelly.

A CAPITAL American story for young men and maidens, of a brother and sister, who felt called to be, as they said, "the Moses and Aaron" to lead their family out of the Egypt of debt and impending bankruptcy, and their neighbours from the thraldom of the drinking customs. There is a good deal of shrewd common-sense and temperance teaching in the story, and it also contains clear statements of evangelical truth.

Tatters and *Jennie's School-days.* By LILLIE PETHYBRIDGE. Methodist Sunday-school Union.

LIVES there a child with soul so dead, who never to himself hath said, "Oh, how I should like to have a real live dog for my very own"? Now, our very many little friends cannot have a dog each; duty forbids this; but everyone may have a tale of a dog; for "Tatters" and "Ray" were two good dogs, so that here is a tale of two dogs; and a very tender tale, too. Though "Jennie" is at the end of "Tatters", it is not what we should style a tale; but we hope it will be read, because it is like "Tatters" in one thing—it tells about HIM who is "altogether lovely."

Elise Fontaine. A Story of Life in Belgium. By ALICE BRIGGS. Methodist Sunday-school Union.

A SHORT and simple story of a poor little Catholic child, who "by chance," as the phrase is, stepped into the little Protestant church near her home one Sunday, and what came of it. The book is prettily got-up, but there is not much of it; yet that only helps to strengthen our conjecture, that it is substantially true. We therefore recommend it to our little friends.

Dudley Carlton's Wife. Wops the Waif. The Clares of Cloverly. In other Lands. Horner's Stories. Pocket Edition. Horner and Son.

IF fiction must be read, this is as free from evil as it can be made. The writers know their craft, and whilst investing their stories with life and interest, avoid the sensational and impure. In most of the stories there is a decided religious tone, which cannot but be influential for good. The illustrations of this neat edition are a distinct acquisition.

Ned's Victory. By ALICE BRIGGS.
Broughton Manor. By EDITH RHODES. Wesleyan Sunday-school Union.

NICE little books for nice little people.

Father Flynn; an Irish tale of Conflict and Victory. By GEORGE C. NEEDHAM. Boston (U.S.A): Bradley and Woodruff.

AN interesting story of the conversion of an Irish Catholic priest; and, further, it is a story, not only with a *moral*, but with an *object*. That object, we give in the writer's own language:—"Perhaps, in the near future, some Christian citizen will seize upon the golden opportunity of providing *a Home for the shelter and training of converted priests.*"

Mr. Needham is such a lover of the gospel, that, when he writes a story, the truth as it is in Jesus has the first place. Here is an extract from the chapter upon "Try or Trust":—"'Try' is of doubtful quantity; it implies incompleteness, dissatisfaction, discouragement. 'Trust' is confidential, restful, assured. 'Try' is cumbered with duties, observances, tasks attempted, but never done. 'Trust' rises into an atmosphere of faith, hope, love; good works follow, as the train of cars is drawn by the powerful engine. 'Try' is restless, feverish, moved or arrested by moods and feelings. 'Trust' is peaceful, going out of self to God, from whom come salvation and strength; for he who would obtain salvation must have his heart fixed, trusting in the Lord. The Bible, with its index-finger, ever points to Jesus, announcing, like the Baptist, 'Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world.' It is by this testimony of the divine Word that the Christian believer is persuaded. He heeds its admonition, 'Trust ye in the Lord for ever, for in the Lord Jehovah is everlasting strength;' and he has an experience of its assurance, 'Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on thee, because he trusteth in thee.'"

The Hearing Heart. By ANNA SHIPTON. Nisbet and Co.

To those of our readers who are familiar with Anna Shipton's writings, these heart-communings with the Well-beloved need no commendation. Among many choice experiences recorded, not the least interesting are the narratives of answers to prayer for help and guidance in the holy art of soul-winning. This is how the author prefaces her little book:—"The following pages offer but a feeble transcript, from my life's lesson-book, of my personal experience of God's tender forbearance and changeless love. In its blotted leaves (made white in the blood of the Lamb), I have proved that the Lord is not limited either in his mercy or his favour; and having loved his own, he loves them to the end."

The Sunday-school Teachers' Hymn Book. Sunday-school Union.

WHY teachers require a distinct book we are at a loss to guess, unless it be that the Sunday-school is becoming more and more independent of the Church. Many of the hymns are in the books used by the congregation; and as teachers' meetings are, *or should be*, of a devotional character, such books are, we should think, sufficient for their purpose. We do not like to see our Sunday-schools drifting from the Church, and therefore we question the wisdom of this selection. Besides, the teachers are sufficiently taxed already, without having to purchase over again the hymns they already possess in another form. As a collection, the book merits praise, and will, no doubt, be found useful; but we cannot admit its necessity.

My Soul and her Saviour. To the Friends of Long Ago. By THOMAS GODFREY JACK. Houlston & Sons.

THESE two books of blank verse are rather for the select circle of the interested than for popular taste. The former narrates the experience of one brought up in the Christian faith, drifting into the errors and evils of the day, like many around us; but strikingly awakened, convicted, and saved. The latter describes a visit to Guildford Grammar School, the author's *alma mater*, whence he would write to woo to the Saviour his "friends of long ago." Both books contain some true poetic touches, and are devoutly spiritual. We shall rejoice with the writer if former friends are led thereby to his soul's Saviour.

Notes.

SPECIAL NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS AND CONTRIBUTORS.—All being well, by the time that the present number of the Magazine is in the hands of our readers, or very shortly afterwards, both Mr. and Mrs. Spurgeon will be in the South of France; and no one will be left at "Westwood" to reply to letters. It is earnestly requested that all donations for any of the institutions under Mr. Spurgeon's care may be addressed to the Secretary, Stockwell Orphanage, Clapham Road, London. Cheques, money orders, &c., may be crossed London and County Bank, Newington Branch, and can be made payable to the Treasurer of the College, Orphanage, Colportage, or other work desired to be assisted.

All letters relating to College applications, supplies, &c., should be sent to Pastor J. A. Spurgeon, Metropolitan Tabernacle, Newington, London; and all communications relating to Tabernacle business, to the Secretary at the same address. Friends will greatly oblige if they will attend strictly to these instructions.

Mrs. Spurgeon particularly requests that no letters upon Book Fund business be sent to her during her absence, as the Fund must be entirely closed while she is away from home. This request applies both to contributions and applications, as it will be impossible for her to attend to them and also to her husband, with whom she is going abroad for the first time for very many years. Special prayer is asked that the stay in the sunny South may be greatly beneficial to them both; and that, if it be the Lord's gracious will, they may return to England strengthened for future service. The more complete rest both can have, the better; and this will be the more readily obtained if only such letters as are absolutely necessary are forwarded to them. If friends *must* write, will they kindly remember that the postage to France is 2½d. for every half-ounce? In previous years we have constantly had to

refuse underpaid letters, or to pay considerable sums for deficient postage.

No sooner was Mr. Spurgeon a little better than there commenced a plague of begging letters for sums small and large, and for situations. No minister's purse could meet these numerous demands: situations we know nothing about. Certain of the requests were examined by friends, and such as were not satisfactory were declined, bringing as the result letters tinctured with abuse. As all this is a severe trial, it may be well for professionals to save their writing, for it will not pay.

Since our last notice, letters or telegrams of sympathy with Mr. Spurgeon have been received from the Western Baptist Association in annual session at Shoolar, Iowa; the North-West Baptist Convention of Western Washington and British Columbia, in annual meeting at Tacoma; the Baptist Conference at Long Eaton, near Nottingham (representing eighty-one Baptist churches); the Liverpool Baptist Union; the Pembrokeshire Baptist Association: the Metropolitan Association of Strict Baptist Churches; the Baptist Union at Manchester; some of the old students of the Pastors' College, at a prayer-meeding at Manchester; the Dublin Christian Convention; the Clifton Conference; the Sussex Association of Sunday-school Unions, meeting at Eastbourne; the Haverhill District Sunday-school Union; the National Protestant Congress at Brighton; the Evangelical Alliance at Bath; the South Australian Baptist Association (inviting C. H. S. to visit Australia); Rev. J. G. Paton, and the workers of the New Hebrides Mission; and large numbers of other friends at home and abroad. God bless all the kind friends who have thus helped to cheer the sufferer and his beloved wife in their time of trial!

Not a few have expressed their sympathy and congratulation in the very practical and welcome form of help for the work carried on by Mr. Spurgeon. During the President's absence, the institutions will need to be supported, and one of the best ways of helping his complete recovery will be that of keeping him without anxiety concerning any portion of the work.

Friends often like to know which part of the work needs help, that they may allot their gifts where they are most required. At this time, the Society of Evangelists, the Colportage Association, and the Pastors' College Missionary Association are the three objects for which contributions will be most timely.

Dr. Pierson at the Tabernacle.—We think our friends will be interested in a brief narrative of the negotiations which have resulted in Dr. Pierson's present visit to the Tabernacle, that they may see how manifestly the hand of God has arranged the whole affair.

Early in August, the Pastor remembered that the good doctor had kindly offered to come to London at any time when his services might be required, so he directed his secretary to make enquiries as to his address, probable engagements, &c. The very next morning, a loving letter arrived, and among other helpful words were the following: "If by coming across the sea I could now serve you, I would cheerfully do all in my power." To this a reply was at once sent, and the return mail brought the following confirmation of the belief that the proposal was of the Lord:—

"My beloved in the Lord, dearest Spurgeon,—Your most loving letter of August 7th has just reached me, forwarded from my city residence. Please do not 'Reverend' or 'Doctor' me! I am not as reverend as you are, for I am only fifty-four, and you are a little more venerable; and, as to the doctoring, you unhappily need it more than I. Now, henceforth let me be plain Pastor Pierson!

"As to contents of your letter, I fell on my knees—there was in all this a touch of the supernatural, and I was overawed.

"First of all, I was unexpectedly called to preach in the Tabernacle, Dec. 6, 1889; and never had I felt such divine uplifting: the atmosphere of prayer and of the Holy Ghost was there, and those blessed men of prayer all about me, and the conscious demand of the congregation for the plain Word of God, with no chaff of science and art and human wisdom, falsely so-called; I felt that such a congregation and environment evoked the best there was in me, and that such eloquent hearing would make any man mighty to preach. And so it pained me to be unable to comply with after-appeals by letter and telegram asking me to preach again, for I felt that nowhere on earth would I so gladly hold forth the Word of Life. And then my deep love for Pastor Spurgeon, nourished through many years, and increasing day by day, led me to feel it a divine joy to do anything to help you, for no man on earth has ever had more of my love and sympathy than you. Every utterance of tongue or pen has an echo in my heart, and especially in this *Greatest Fight in the World*.

"Well now—listen! for the first time, I think, since I began to preach at twenty years of age, I am entirely free of all positive engagements from October 1st; my last appointment to preach, thus far, is September 27. By some strange leading I have been made to keep clear of all embarrassing promises and pledges; and although it will upset all my supposed and presumed course, I cannot offer at present any insuperable barrier to my coming and preaching for you, from about the middle of October, indefinitely. I know not what I may be able to cable you, for I feel that I must write fully on a subject so grave. It is of supreme consequence for me only to *do the will of God*, and that can be known only in answer to believing prayer. My counsel is,

that you call your deacons together, and, after earnest prayer, ascertain by their unanimous voice what is the divine mind. I am making this matter one of fasting and prayer; and if your mind, and theirs, and my own, are led in the same direction, I will accept it as a token of God's will, and come with joy to you.

"My hesitation is due, not so much to the necessary doubt investing such a manifest interruption of my ordinary work, which, like other men's, runs in the ruts of habit; but I cannot but hesitate for clear signs of the divine will, before daring to take up a work so vast, and of issues possibly so momentous. To enter such a field, and there labour at this critical time, when the whole people have been chastened, and the soil is mellow and ready for the sowing,—I simply *dare not*, unless I am thrust into it and anointed anew for the work by the Master himself."

Three days after writing the above, "Pastor Pierson" cabled:—Acts xvi. 9, 10. The passage runs thus—"And a vision appeared to Paul in the night; there stood a man of Macedonia, and prayed him, saying, Come over into Macedonia, and help us. And after he had seen the vision, immediately we endeavoured to go into Macedonia, assuredly gathering that the Lord had called us for to preach the gospel unto them."

In due course the deacons met, and unanimously agreed to the proposal; it was afterwards approved by the elders; and on final details being arranged, October 25th was fixed as the date of our friend's first services at the Tabernacle. We trust that his coming will indeed be like Paul's mission to Macedonia, and that not only will believers be edified and strengthened, but that many under his ministry may be brought out of darkness into light.

We believe that he will heartily co-operate with our brother, the co-Pastor, and with our esteemed friend, Mr. Stott, and that thus the interval in which we are laid aside will be happily filled up.

Perhaps this is the best place to call attention to Dr. Pierson's little sixpenny book, *Hope: the Last Thing in the World*. It is published by W. G. Wheeler, 21A, Warwick Lane, E.C., who has also issued Dr. A. J. Gordon's companion booklet, *The First Thing in the World; or, the Primacy of Faith*. Friends should get them both.

It is well known that Dr. Pierson is one of the ablest and most earnest advocates of foreign missions. One of his last acts before leaving America was the preparation of "A Solemn League and Covenant", of which we subjoin a copy. Communications with reference to this matter may be addressed to Dr. Pierson, at the Tabernacle:—

"Who of God's people are ready to join in an agreement of prayer to carry out some such solemn confession of duty, faith, and privilege as the following?

'We, the undersigned, deeply feeling the reproach and dishonour of the Church of God in the long neglect of the perishing millions of our race, and the selfish hoarding and spending of money which has been committed to disciples as stewards; and painfully conscious that unbelief has led to the still worse neglect of believing prayer in behalf of a world's evangelization, do, in the name of Jesus, declare our deep conviction that it is the duty and privilege of the disciples of Christ to bear the gospel message to the whole race of man with all possible promptness; that every believer is responsible before God for the carrying out of our Lord's last command; that the avenues of self-indulgence should be closed, that we may have the more to give to those that need; that we ourselves should be ready to go wherever we are sent, and to send others where we may not go; that our children should be consecrated, from the first, unto God's service, and encouraged to cherish the spirit of missions. And we are especially impressed that daily and believing prayer should be offered for the speedy evangelization of this world and the coming of the kingdom of God. We believe it is the privilege of all true believers to implore God for the speedy outpouring of his Spirit in a world-wide Pentecost of power.

'And in this faith we do solemnly undertake, in holy agreement before God, however widely separated from each other, to meet each other at the throne of grace in the early morning hours of each day in earnest and importunate prayer.'"

Surrey Square Mission, Old Kent Road.—The twelfth anniversary was celebrated on *September* 20 *and* 21. At the public meeting, Elder Everett, from the Tabernacle, presided, and the report was presented by Mr. C. A. Pavey, the hon. superintendent of the Mission. From this we learn that 27 members from the Mission have joined the Tabernacle church during the year, making 120 now in fellowship; the prayer-meetings have been well sustained; there are 460 scholars and 31 teachers in the Sabbath-school; the 42 distributors of the Tract and Benevolent Society have paid 72,000 visits; 60 persons have signed the Gospel Temperance pledge; there are 221 members of the Band of Hope; 47 open-air services have been held; while the Young Men's and Young Women's Societies, the Young Christians' Band, Mothers' Meetings, Maternal Society, and Lodging-house Mission have all done much useful work.

On *Monday evening, October* 5, the annual meeting of the Metropolitan Tabernacle Poor Ministers' Clothing Society was held in the lecture-hall, under the presidency of Pastor J. A. Spurgeon. Addresses were delivered by Messrs. Stott, W. Olney,

and H. Rylands Brown. A special appeal had been issued by Mrs. Spurgeon, and as the result 879 garments were brought in, beside £8 17s. 6d. in cash, a quantity of material for making up, and a number of books, magazines, and other articles for enclosure in the parcels sent out by the Society.

The Annual Report refers in appropriate terms to the death of Mrs. Evans, who was for so many years the leading worker in the Society. Her portrait in oils now hangs in the Ladies' Room, as a loving memorial of one who long laboured there on behalf of the Lord's needy servants. The Report contains, as usual, several letters from applicants for grants, or recipients of parcels. These will show the continued need of the Society's work, and also the gratitude of the poor pastors and their wives for the help rendered to them. During the past twelve months, 55 parcels, valued at £407 18s. 2d., have been sent out. The cash receipts of the year have been just under £100, and the value of the clothing and material received, rather over £300.

At the prayer-meeting in the Tabernacle, Mr. Stott intimated that Miss Brown, daughter of our beloved friend, Pastor A. G. Brown, was about leaving England for China, in connection with the China Inland Mission, and he asked that special prayer should be offered on her behalf, and also for several other missionaries leaving about the same time. Several brethren then prayed for these devoted women, and also for our brother H. Rylands Brown, of Darjeeling, who was present to ask that the Tabernacle church would still remember him and his work in India. Mr. Brown reminded the friends that, ten years ago, our dear Pastor commended him and the work upon which he was then about to enter to the Lord, and to the prayers of the church of which he was doubly the child, having been a scholar in the Sabbath-school and a student in the College. Our brother gave some very interesting particulars of his work among the Anglo-Indians and the English-speaking natives. He described his visits to the tea-planters, and others of our fellow-countrymen, who are for the most part without the means of grace, and among whom he is enabled to preach the Word, and circulate the Scriptures, and large numbers of Mr. Spurgeon's sermons. Deacons W. Olney and F. Thompson commended our brother to God in prayer, not forgetting his aged mother, who is one of the most energetic and useful of our Tabernacle workers. During the evening much prayer was offered for the absent Pastor and Mrs. Spurgeon.

On *Monday evening, October 12th*, the annual meeting of the METROPOLITAN TABERNACLE MATERNAL SOCIETY was held in the lecture-hall. Pastor J. A. Spurgeon presided, and addresses were delivered by the chairman and Messrs. Stott, W. Olney, and G. Gray. About 190 boxes have been lent to poor women during the year, and efforts have been made to help them spiritually as well as temporally. A balance of nearly £15 in hand will enable the committee to replenish the boxes, and carry on their much-needed and helpful work. The Society is one of the oldest of our church institutions, and deserves increased support. Mrs. J. T. Olney is the treasurer.

COLLEGE.—Mr. J. Bateman has removed from Hanley to Niton, Isle of Wight; and Mr. B. Brigg, from Drummond Road, Bermondsey, to New Cross Street, Margate; Mr. W. Walker, from Burgh, to Holbeach; and P. A. Hudgell is leaving Wrexham, to undertake pioneer work in Ireland. Mr. J. J. Ellis, late of Richmond, is seeking to gather a new congregation at Turnpike Lane, Hornsey.

Mr. H. R. Brown has returned to Darjeeling, and Mr. J. G. Potter to Agra. Mr. Brown has been ill during a great part of his holiday, and appeared to be quite unfit for resuming his work. We trust, however, that the voyage will strengthen him, and that he will still be greatly used of the Lord in India. We wish every blessing also to Mr. Potter and all our other brethren in that great heathen land.

Mr. C. Boyall has taken charge of the churches at Marrickville, Kingsgrove, and Rockdale, New South Wales. Mr. C. E. L. Good sends a cheering account of the progress of the work in the Falkland Islands.

Mr. G. A. Huntley, in sending us the little article that appears in another part of the Magazine, says:—

"This morning I was very much cast upon the Lord in preaching for the first time in Chinese at our public service. My sermon was not very long, and perhaps not very intelligible; but it is a great joy to have at last made a start in real missionary work. Please pray for our little church here. We number about fifty members, and as many enquirers. Seven were received as enquirers to-day after three months' attendance, and we hope to have a baptism of twelve or more in a fortnight. We have also connected with our work here out-stations at Yang-hsien, eighteen miles away, and Ts'ao-ba-li, five miles away, where services are conducted nearly every Sunday by my dear brother, or myself, or one of the native brethren. We get an average attendance of one hundred and fifty at service on Sunday mornings, and of twenty per day at our dispensary for medicine. The Lord hath done great things for us, for which we praise him; but we long, oh, so much, for the fulfilment of the promise of our Saviour to Nathanael, 'Thou shalt see greater things than these.' I have been longing to hear of some of the College brethren coming to this portion of the great harvest-field, which is indeed 'white unto harvest.' I am exceedingly happy in my connection with the China Inland Mission. Urge the brethren to come. *A million a*

month are dying in China, without Christ, and without hope."

EVANGELISTS. — Rev. James Owen, of Swansea, writes as follows: "My dear Mr. Spurgeon,—I feel that I must send you a few lines in regard to the visit of *Messrs. Fullerton and Smith.* We have had crowded meetings, most impressive services, and souls have been saved. We feel very thankful to the two brethren for this mission. Mr. Fullerton's sensible and powerful gospel addresses, and Mr. Smith's sweet singing and kind talks, have been greatly enjoyed by the people. We believe that great results will follow, for the work was preceded by much prayer. Yesterday afternoon we had a meeting for *men.* There were nearly a thousand present, and the service will be long and gratefully remembered. At the closing meeting, last evening, my chapel was crowded out to the street; and, before we left, many anxious seekers were led into the light and liberty of the gospel. I feel sure it will cheer your heart to know that, while you have been for a time laid aside from active service, yet that the work is going on, not only in the Tabernacle, but in different parts of the country, through brethren who give themselves with such a self-forgetting consecration to prayer and the ministry of the Word."

Just as we go to press, a very cheering report of the Evangelists' mission at Malvern has reached us. We regret that we have no space available for the insertion of even a portion of it.

During the greater part of October our brethren have been in Sheffield, where the Lord has given them large congregations and much blessing. This month they go to West Brighton, Worthing, and Eastbourne.

We have received the following report of *Mr. Burnham's* services at Stantonbury:— "I rejoice to say that God's Spirit was manifestly present during the services. Twelve of our number have found peace in the Saviour, and we have every reason to believe that many more are under conviction. The members, too, have been much stimulated and quickened. We shall be most glad to give our dear brother a hearty welcome another season."

During October Mr. Burnham has been at High Road, Tottenham; and Redoubt Mission, Radford. This month he goes for a second time to Caddington and Perry Green, near Luton.

In September, *Mr. Harmer* conducted a twelve days' mission at the Sailors' Institute, Rotterdam. The missionary, Mr. Jones, gathers a congregation by taking a launch to the English ships, and inviting officers and men to the service, conveying them back to their vessels at the close. In the course of the mission a large number attended, including a few Dutchmen, and some of the President's very hearty praying friends. Mr. Jones hopes to have a larger and better place for the work, and he entreats the generous help of all who are interested in the welfare of British sailors abroad.

At the beginning of October, Mr. Harmer took a few services at Beulah Chapel, Thornton Heath, where he is always welcome; and afterwards he went to Hockliffe Chapel, Leighton Buzzard. From October 25 to November 2, he is to be at Bromley Road, Lee; November 8 to 18, at Longford, Coventry; and November 22 to December 2, at Queensbury, Bradford.

ORPHANAGE. — The autumnal gathering of collectors proved to be one of the most interesting we have held. In spite of the severe storm of wind and rain, a goodly number assembled, and brought in rather more than the average amount. The lamented absence of the President had proved a stimulus to our collectors, and had rallied a larger number for the meeting than we thought could possibly attend in such unfavourable weather. Their zeal and devotion call for grateful recognition. We shall be glad to enrol other friends in our devoted band of collectors, if they will kindly send their names and addresses to the Secretary, who will supply either boxes or books as may be preferred.

After tea in the dining-hall, the company adjourned to the play-hall, where the boys gave an exhibition of musical drill, under the direction of their teacher, Mr. George Matthews. It having been resolved to present the chairman, Mr. James Alabaster, with an illuminated copy of the inscription on the foundation-stone of the Sermon House, one of the little girls residing in this house read a very prettily-worded letter in the name of the entire family, and the Vice-President, Pastor J. A. Spurgeon, made the presentation in a few well-chosen sentences. In his reply, Mr. Alabaster evidenced the sympathy of his heart for the Stockwell orphan family, and spoke of his loving regard for the absent President. The audience then returned to the dining-hall, where the children delighted the audience with singing, hand-bell ringing, and recitations. The Vice-President, having to leave for another meeting, opened the proceedings with prayer, and expressed the thanks of the Trustees to Mr. Alabaster for the services he had rendered to the Institution. *Acta non verba* is evidently Mr. Alabaster's motto, for he relied upon the eloquence of his deeds rather than of his words to express his interest in the work, and his love and loyalty to Mr. Spurgeon. As Mr. Charlesworth is about to proceed to Scotland, he introduced a choir of 18 boys, who will accompany him, and a new peal of bells, for which he appealed for subscriptions toward their purchase. These boys rendered several pieces in their new programme in a manner which reflected great credit upon their teachers, and called forth expressions of delight from the audience. Mr. Charlesworth acknowledged the kind-

ness of Mr. William Higgs to the Orphanage, and his generous gift of two massive boxes in which the bells can be packed for travelling without sustaining injury. Before the meeting closed, Mr. T. H. Olney, in a very genial and graceful speech, moved a vote of thanks to the chairman, which was seconded by one of the boys, and supported by Mr. Charlesworth. The seconder had a lively recollection of the kindness of Mr. Alabaster and his partners, who for several years have sent 250 new shillings, to be given to the boys on Christmas Day. As Mr. T. H. Olney intended to visit the President, at Eastbourne, the following day, he was requested to convey the loving greetings of all present. And so passed another of the happy collectors' meetings, and all separated with their sympathies deepened, and their zeal quickened, for Mr. Spurgeon's work amongst the fatherless children at Stockwell.

STOCKWELL ORPHANAGE CHOIR VISIT TO SCOTLAND.—October 26, Peterboro'; 27, York; 28, Newcastle; 29, Hawick; 30, Galashiels; November 1—4, Edinburgh; 5, Kirkcaldy; 6, Dunfermline; 7, St. Andrews; 8 and 11, Dundee; 9, Broughty Ferry; 10, Arbroath; 12, Montrose; 13, Brechin; 14—16, Aberdeen; 17, Perth; 18, Crieff; 19, Stirling; 20, Dumbarton; 22, Greenock; 23, Paisley; 24, Rothesay; 25, Glasgow; 26, Hamilton; 27—30, Glasgow; December 1, Berwick. Will our friends kindly note the above dates, and look to local advertisements for the time and place of meetings? The Lord's-day services will afford opportunities for special prayer and thank-offerings towards the support of the Orphanage.

Baptisms at Metropolitan Tabernacle:—October 1st, twelve.

Pastors' College, Metropolitan Tabernacle.

Statement of Receipts from September 15th to October 14th, 1891.

	£	s.	d.
Mr. R. J. Beecliff	0	2	6
Mrs. Raybould	1	0	0
Collection at Stoke Green Baptist Chapel, Ipswich, per Pastor R. E. Willis	2	4	4
Thankoffering for special mercies in answer to prayer	0	10	0
Mr. W. Bumpus	0	5	0
Mrs. James Carnochan, sen.	41	1	11
Miss Bidewell	1	0	0
Readers of "The Christian," per Messrs. Morgan and Scott	1	10	0
Mr. W. C. Bugg	0	2	6
Adelphi	1	10	0
Mr. R. J. Beecliff	0	2	6
Miss Tolmie	0	5	0
Miss Hall	0	10	0
Mrs. Welch	0	5	0
Mrs. Elgee	0	10	6
Mrs. Edwards	2	0	0
Mrs. Yates	0	10	6
Mrs. Robertson	1	5	0
Miss Hadfield	10	0	0
Mr. J. Billing	2	0	0
Collection at Lake Road Chapel, Landport, per Pastor C. Joseph	11	8	6
Mr. R. Greenwood	0	5	0
Mr. James Fish	0	10	0
Mrs. Townsend	2	2	0
Weekly Offerings at Met. Tab.:—			
Sept. 20	35	6	6
,, 27	8	0	0
Oct. 4	25	0	0
,, 11	22	6	0
	90	12	6
	£171	12	9

Pastors' College Missionary Association.

Statement of Receipts from September 15th to October 14th, 1891.

	£	s.	d.
W. G.	1	0	0
Alpha	10	0	0
Mr. A. Pitts	1	1	0
Miss Ellie S. Preston	0	3	0
Mrs. Pledge	2	10	0
Readers of "The Christian," per Messrs. Morgan and Scott	1	2	6
A thankoffering to the Hearer and Answerer of prayer	0	2	6
A grateful reader of "The Sword and the Trowel"	0	5	0
"Jesus only"	0	10	0
L. N.	5	0	0
A. L.	1	0	0
Mrs. Townsend	1	1	0
	£23	15	0

Stockwell Orphanage.

Statement of Receipts from September 15th to October 14th, 1891.

	£	s.	d.
Mrs. Faulconer	100	0	0
Miss Steedman	100	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. E. Rawlings	100	0	0
Mr. Walter S. Cowell	5	0	0
Mrs. Poate	1	0	0
Mr. Chas. Brown	10	0	0

	£	s.	d.
Baptist Chapel, Bath, per Rev. S. R. W. Moody	0	12	0
Mr. W. Jones	0	10	0
A friend, Arbroath	0	6	0
Mr. C. Ibberson	0	2	6
Mr. F. de La Fontaine Verwey, per Rev. J. H. Weeks	20	0	0
Mr. W. Mallett	0	10	0
An Irishman	1	0	0
Collected by Mrs. Lang:—			
Mrs. A. Beckinsale	0	5	0
Mr. F. Beckinsale	0	5	0
Miss Wyatt	0	2	6
A. D.	0	5	0
R. W. F.	0	10	0
Miss Daft	0	10	0
A cottager's self-denial pence	1	0	0
	2	17	6
Mr. Thomas Hopkins	0	5	0
Mr. Lawrence Shepherd	1	0	0
Friends at Earl's Colne, per R. F. Spurgeon	2	0	0
Mr. F. Dillistone	0	10	0
Miss L. Hamblen	0	2	6
Mr. J. Bettman	5	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Newman	0	5	0
J. W. Y.	1	0	0
Collected by Mrs. Withers:—			
Mr. J. H. Fuller	2	2	0
Mr. J. R. Grubb	1	1	0
Mrs. Walter Palmer	0	10	0
Mrs. Collier	0	5	0
Mr. Cox	0	2	6
Mrs. Deane	0	2	6
Mrs. J. Davis	0	2	6
	4	5	6
Mr. and Mrs. Porter	0	5	0
Mr. J. Farley	2	2	0
Mr. T. L. Hankin	1	1	0
Mrs. James Carnochan, sen.	41	1	11
Mr. and Mrs. Woolidge	1	0	0
A Belfast working-woman	1	0	0
Miss West	0	5	0
The Misses Heap	4	0	0
Miss Watts	1	1	0
Miss Hall	3	3	0
Mr. James Gilmour	1	0	0
The late Miss A. Pratt	1	0	0
Readers of "The Christian," per Messrs. Morgan and Scott	45	18	0
Mrs. Shaw	5	5	0
C. P.	0	5	0
Dr. Shaw	2	2	0
From the scholars and friends at Birch Meadow, Broseley, per Pastor A. Shinn	2	0	0
Miss Way	1	0	0
Mr. John Clark	1	0	0
Mrs. Black	0	10	0
Collected by Mrs. Seymour	0	2	10
Collected by Mr. G. W. Ritchie	0	9	6
Collected by Miss Lillie Davies	0	5	0
Collected by Mrs. Woodcock	1	10	0
Mrs. Raybould	1	0	0
W. J. G.	0	10	0
Battersea Park Tabernacle Sunday-school, per Mr. F. W. Mitchell	1	1	6
Mrs. Elder	0	5	0
Collected by Miss E. Chamberlain	0	10	6
Mr. W. C. Bugg	0	5	0
Mrs. Sparrow	0	10	0
Mr. W. D Crowhurst	1	1	0
Collected by Mr. T. Vincent	0	6	6
Collected by Miss L. Davey	0	5	6
Young Women's Bible-class at the Orphanage, per Mrs. J. Stiff	1	16	7
Mrs. Thorne	1	0	0
Mr. F. Frank	2	2	0
Collected by Mrs. Hinton	2	3	6
A widow, per Mrs. Ward, per J. T. D.	3	0	0

	£	s.	d.
Postal order from Newport, Isle of Wight	0	5	0
Box at Orphanage-gates and office-box	1	14	11
Collected by Miss Knight	0	1	2
For the work of the Lord in the care of his little ones	0	2	0
Collected by Mrs. Webb	0	5	11
Mr. Thomas Porter	10	0	0
Mr. E. R. S. Porter	1	1	0
Mr. M. Job	0	10	0
Mr. W. Kirkland	0	10	0
Collected by Mrs. M. Pennings	0	6	0
Collected by Pastor J. H. Barnard	0	5	0
Miss Way	0	10	0
Collected by Mr. S. C. White	1	5	0
Collected by Mr. G. Frost and friends	0	12	0
St. John's Green Sunday-school, per Mr. H. S. Dennis	0	10	0
Mrs. Bucknell, per Messrs. Passmore and Alabaster	5	0	0
Collected by Mrs. P. Wooltorton	2	14	0
Christian Band, Deal, per Miss Pledge	2	5	6
Collected by Mrs. Parey	0	6	0
Collected by Mrs. Wardell	0	5	0
Collected by Mrs. Walker	0	5	0
Orphan Boys' collecting cards (second list)	2	18	1
Orphan Girls' collecting cards (second list)	5	7	7
Collected by Mr. James Simpson	1	0	0
Collected by Mr. H. Teverson	0	14	0
Mr. Wm. Nash	0	10	0
Collected by Mrs. Elder	0	3	6
Collected by Mr. A. Colley	0	11	0
Orphan Girls' collecting card—Hilda Shaw	0	11	0
Collected by Master W. Gale	0	14	0
Collected by Miss A. Everett	1	10	0
Mr. Wadland	1	0	0
Mr. Park	1	1	0
Mrs. Oldfield	1	0	0
The widow's mite	0	2	6
Two sermon-readers	0	3	6
Mr. J. Grant	0	10	0
Mrs. Elgee	0	10	6
Mrs. Shipway	0	10	0
Mrs. Tilson	20	0	0
M. E. J.	0	1	0
Mrs. B., Oundle	0	10	0
Mrs. C., Oundle	0	10	0
Mrs. Edwards	2	0	0
R. E.	0	2	6
Mr. George Fryer	0	12	6
Mr. J. Smalley	0	10	0
Mrs. Yates	0	10	6
Miss C. Heasman	0	10	0
Mrs. Robertson	1	5	0
Postal order from Hatton Garden	0	2	6
G. H. S.	0	10	0
Mr. Thomas Steer	0	10	6
Miss Hadfield	10	0	0
Mrs. Pentelow	0	5	0
M. E.	1	0	0
X. S.	10	0	0
Collected by Mr. Henry Smith	1	0	0
Mr. J. Billing	5	0	0
Mr. George Morton	5	0	0
Maggie	0	2	6
Rev. E. Evans	0	10	0
Mr. and Mrs. H. Nichols	1	0	0
Mr. S. H. Dauncey	0	2	6
Mr. P. S. Baldenoch	1	0	0
Mr. J. G. Casswell	5	0	0
Mr. Edwin Davis	1	10	0
Mr. J. Kipling	1	0	0
Mr. Edward Marsh	68	0	0
Mr. Alfred Joynes	10	0	0
Mr. Clement Norton	0	4	0
Mr. R. Greenwood	0	5	0
Collected by Miss H. S. Newbold	0	16	0
Produce of pear-tree, per Mrs. Adlem	0	6	3

	£	s.	d.
Mr. John Carter	0	2	6
Mrs. Mackenzie	1	0	0
H. O. N.	0	2	0
P. and P.	0	5	0
Miss Carpenter	2	0	0
A friend	5	0	0
Mr. William Lawrie	1	0	0
E. S. M.	0	10	0
Mr. J. G. van Rijn	4	0	0
Collected by Miss A. H. Rust	0	6	0
Mrs. Townsend	1	1	0
Mr. John Mee	0	5	0
Mrs. Martin	0	5	1
Mrs. William Hicks	1	1	0
Collected by Mrs. F. Battam	1	10	0
Collected by Miss E. G. Comber ...	0	3	6
Collected by Miss E. Slade	0	17	3
Collected by Master Hoyles	0	7	6
Collected by Mrs. Bentlett	0	10	0
Collected by Mr. A. Comber	0	9	6
Mrs. Latta, per Mr. A. Allan	0	10	0
Collected by Mr. W. E. Pitman ...	0	5	6
Collected by Mr. W. G. Booth	0	4	0
Collected by Mrs. Watson	0	5	0
Collected by Mrs. Court	0	6	0
Mrs. Cooper...	0	5	0
Mrs. Tolley	0	5	0
Collected by Mr. John Garratt ...	0	5	0
Collected by Miss E. Cobley	0	10	6
Collected by Miss C. Smith	0	2	6
Collected by Miss A. Solomon ...	0	8	3
Collected by Mrs. Burton, Schoolroom-box...	0	10	6
Collected by Miss E. Fish ...	0	6	3
Collected by Mrs. Ashton	0	4	0
Collected by Mr. W. Sherlock	1	10	1
Collected by Miss Wolfenden ...	0	6	0
Collected by Miss M. A. Knight ...	0	4	0
Collected by Miss Bagshaw	0	3	0
Collected by Miss M. Bennett	0	8	8
Collected by Miss E. Girdlestone ...	1	0	0
Collected by Miss A. E. Hill	2	13	6
Collected by Miss Luxford ...	0	10	0
Collected by Mrs. Cox	0	10	0
Collected by Miss E. M. Lockett ...	0	9	0
Collected by Miss A. Wilmot	2	2	6
Mr. and Mrs. Battley, Auckland, N.Z.	5	0	0
Collected by Mrs. Martin	0	5	0
Collected by Mr. Thomas Watts ...	0	13	0
Collected by Mrs. Blant:—			
Miss Hill 0 2 2			
Miss Jones 0 4 3			
Miss Ward 0 2 3			
Miss Monk 0 4 5			
Anon.... ... ... 0 0 11			
	0	14	0
Collected by Miss Jeffery	0	9	0
Collected by Mrs. Miller	0	12	0
Collected by Mrs. S. E. Goslin	0	2	6
Collected by Mr. G. Spooner	0	5	0
Collected by Mr. H. Wood	0	10	0
Collected by Miss V. Dew, per Miss F. Good	0	10	4
Collected by Master C. and Miss M. Bown	0	14	0
Collected by Mrs. Perry	0	7	6
Collected by Miss E. Bruin	1	0	0
Collected by Mrs. R. Laker	0	9	0
Collected by Mr. James Harman ...	0	7	6
Miss Marsh	0	5	0
A vegetarian	0	10	0
Collection at Harvest Thanksgiving, Baptist Mission, Theydon Bois, per Miss R. Thompson	0	12	0
Mrs. H. W. Thompson	0	3	6
Collected by Mrs. Durwin	0	14	9
Collected by Miss G. Harvie	0	7	0
Collected by Mr. A. Webb	0	1	0
Collected by Mrs. Guyer	0	6	0
Mrs. Slodden	0	2	6
Collected by Miss C. M. Bidewell ...	0	10	0
Collected by Master W. Chisholm ...	0	15	0

	£	s.	d.
Collected by Mrs. Roberts	0	6	3
Collected by Master Rillumo	0	15	0
Sandwich, per Baukers	2	2	0
Mr. E. K. Stace	0	10	0
Executors of the late Mrs. A. M. Durrant	100	0	0
Collecting Boxes:—	£	s.	d.
Allen, Miss	1	4	10
Butler, Mrs....	0	10	10
Bull, Mrs.	0	11	0
Bartlett, Master E. ...	0	10	0
Belleini, Miss P.	0	2	5
Belleini, Miss C.	0	3	0
Brook, Miss	0	6	7
Barber, Miss	0	3	7
Brewer, Misses A. and L.	0	5	3
Burgess, Misses A. and E.	0	5	0
Beecliff, Mrs.	0	10	0
Buswell, Miss	1	10	0
Cox, Miss A.	0	3	11
Coleman, Miss J.	0	0	4
Chard, Mr. T. P.	0	5	8
Cooper, Mr. J.	0	17	4
Carter, Miss	0	9	8
Conquest, Mrs.	0	4	6
Charlesworth, Miss F. ...	0	1	1
Dennish, Master A. ...	0	14	3
Davey, Miss	0	6	1
Eyles, Miss A.	0	1	8
Fisher, Masters H. and B.	0	8	9
Fletcher, Miss G.	0	5	3
Field, Mrs.	0	2	1
Field, Miss and Master ...	0	1	6
Fuller, Miss E.	0	4	3
Fathers, Mrs.	0	3	7
Frisby, Miss A.	0	5	3
Goetz, Miss M.	0	6	1
Grant, Miss	0	10	1
Green, Master E.	0	1	1
Groom, Master P. R. ...	0	4	10
Green, Master A.	0	1	0
Gray, Mr. A.	0	6	8
Godbold, Miss	0	6	4
Grimes, Mrs.	0	3	5
Grose, Master V.	0	5	6
Hart, Mrs.	0	3	6
Henderson, Mrs.	0	3	10
Hill and Dearden, Misses E.	0	3	0
Holland, Master J. ...	0	5	7
Jones, Mr. H. A.	0	6	3
Johnson, Miss N.	0	8	5
Kirby, Mrs.	0	4	5
Kirby, Miss	0	2	1
Lucas, Miss F.	0	1	7
Ling, Master H.	0	1	10
Macgregor, Mrs.	0	5	9
Marriott, Mrs.	0	3	7
Moore, Miss E.	0	2	2
Morgan, Mr. J.	0	14	7
Meredith, Master C. ...	0	2	4
Madell, Miss F, ...	0	2	6
Middleton, Mrs.	0	4	1
Madell, Miss	0	12	10
Oliver, Miss T.	0	10	6
Pike, Mr. G. H.	0	10	7
Pawsey, Misses A. and E.	0	7	9
Pankhurst, Mrs.	0	9	3
Palmer, Mrs.	0	7	1
Pinnegar, Mrs.	0	4	8
Peters, Miss F. W. ...	0	6	6
Probyn, Miss G.	0	3	6
Parker, Master H.... ...	0	2	7
Preedy, Mrs.	0	8	7
Porter, Mrs.	0	3	7
Parker, Miss L.	0	2	2
Parker, Master W. ...	0	2	3
Quennell, Master	0	2	2
Raddenbury, Master G. ...	0	0	8
Russell, Mrs.	0	2	11
Ricketts, Master W. ...	0	2	7
Ricketts, Master S. ...	0	1	8

	£	s.	d.			
Round, Miss L.	0	7	0			
Roper, Mrs....	0	4	2			
Rayner, Mr.	0	4	4			
Reavel, Miss	0	5	2			
Sidery, Mrs....	1	0	0			
Smith, Miss D.	0	19	0			
Smith, Miss L.	1	2	6			
Smith, Miss R.	1	2	0			
Smith, Master A.	1	2	3			
Smith, Mrs. E. H. E. ...	0	5	9			
Skinner, Miss E.	0	5	7			
Senechal, Mrs.	0	2	10			
Spink, Mrs.	0	11	3			
Stevenson, Mrs.	0	10	6			
Spencer, Miss	0	10	0			
Sayer, Miss	0	3	6			
Tuck, Master W.	0	1	3			
Turner, Miss M.	0	2	3			
Thompson, Master A. ...	0	3	4			
Tanner, Mrs.	0	4	8			
Trim, Mrs.	0	3	3			
Taplin, Master F. G. ...	0	0	8			
Taylor, Miss S. J.	0	17	1			
Ville, Mrs.	0	7	6			
Watts, Mrs....	0	5	9			
Weekes, Mrs.	0	6	7			
White, Mrs....	0	14	6			
Wyld, Miss M.	0	1	7			
Ward, Miss M.	0	1	3			
Wicks, Master W.... ...	0	4	0			
Wilkinson, Mrs.	0	6	11			
Whitelock, Mrs.	0	6	1			
Watling, Mrs.	0	18	2			
Young, Mr.	0	1	6			
Name obliterated	0	12	7			
Odd halfpence and farthings	0	1	4			
				37	5	1
Collecting Books:—						
Bonser, Miss	0	5	0			
Barrett, Mr. H.	1	1	0			
Brown, Miss J. H.... ...	0	14	6			
Cunningham, Mrs. ...	1	10	0			
Charles, Miss F. Boyle ...	0	12	6			
Coleman, Mrs.	0	10	0			
Good, Miss	0	4	2			
Lawson, Mrs.	0	13	6			
Rayhould, Mrs.	1	1	0			
Snellgrove, Mr. H. ...	0	11	1			
Saunders, Mr. E. W. ...	3	10	0			
Smith, Mrs. E. H. E. ...	0	18	2			
				11	10	11
Collected by Miss K. E. Buswell:—						
Mr. Woodley	2	0	0			
Mr. Cleaver	1	0	0			
Mr. Meredith	0	10	0			
J. J. S.	0	10	0			
Smaller sums	0	10	0			
				4	10	0
Collected by Mrs. Charlesworth:—						
Messrs. Pocock Brothers...	2	2	0			
Mr. W. W. Thompson ...	1	1	0			
Mr. G. R. Smith	1	1	0			
Mr. G. L. Aukland ...	1	1	0			
Mrs. Olney	2	2	0			
				7	7	0
Donation:—						
Mr. F. W. N. Lloyd				10	0	0
Sale of tea tickets				0	8	0
Meetings by Mr. Charlesworth and the Orphanage Choir:—						
Victoria Road Baptist Chapel Band of Hope, Wandsworth—						
For expenses	2	10	0			
Sale of programmes ...	0	16	10			
				3	6	10
Waltham Abbey—						
For expenses	2	10	0			
Sale of programmes ...	0	11	10			
				3	1	10
				£919	3	4

Orphan Boys' Collecting Cards (second list).—Kent, J., £1 1s; McArthur, K., 2s; Pegg, G. W., 9s; Sambell, F., 9s; Sones, P., 5s; Virtue, C. F., 2s 1d; Webb, E. W., 10s.—£2 16s 1d.

Orphan Girls' Collecting Cards (second list).—Arnold, S., 1s 6d; Blatchford, H., £1 18s; Ellis, E., 7s; Fitt, M., 10s; Grimes, E., 2s 6d; Hollins, L., 14s 6d; Hall, F., 3s 4d; Heath, K., 2s 6d; Mayhew, E., 8s; Robottom, G., 15s 6d; Seymour, F., 8s 3d; Villars, C., 1s 6d.—£5 7s 7d.

List of Presents, per Mr. Charlesworth, from September 15th to October 14th, 1891.—PROVISIONS:—1 barrel of Apples and Pears, Mr. W. D. Garrood; 9 jars Jam, Mrs. Smith; a quantity of Pears, from a friend at St. John's Wood; 4 hampers Plums, Mr. F. F. Norman; 2 cases Apples, 1 bag Walnuts, Mr. Frederick Fisher; a quantity of Pears, Miss Pillett; 2 New Zealand Sheep, Sir A. Seale Haslam; 6 Stilton Cheeses, Mr. J. T. Crosher; 1 large Loaf, from Harvest Thanksgiving, St. Ann's Road, Brixton, per Mr. W. Sullivan; a quantity of Cabbages, Mr. Watts; a quantity of Vegetables, Fruit, &c., proceeds Harvest Thanksgiving at Corton, per Mr. Barnes; 12 bushels Apples, Messrs. W. and E. Wells; 6 bags 2 boxes containing a quantity of Vegetables, Fruit, Bread, &c., proceeds Harvest Thanksgiving at Devizes, per Pastor H. Oakley; a quantity of Vegetables, Fruit, &c., proceeds Harvest Thanksgiving at The Metropolitan Tabernacle Mission, Palmer's Green, per Mr. W. Aldridge; 1 cwt. 3 qrs. Pears, Miss F. Hulbert; a quantity of Vegetables, Fruit, &c., proceeds Harvest Thanksgiving Service at the Stowupland Congregational Chapel, per Mr. E. Sparrow; a quantity of Fruit, Flowers, Vegetables, &c., proceeds Harvest Thanksgiving Service at Westminster Baptist Chapel, per Pastor George Davies; 224 lbs. Rice, Mr. J. L. Potter.

BOYS' CLOTHING:—1 suit Clothes, 1 Reefer, 1 Overcoat, Mr. H. Phillips; 2 Coats, 1 Waterproof, Mrs. R. Allen; 7 Articles, The Misses Lovells' Mothers' Meeting at Surbiton; 21 pairs Socks, and 3 Articles of Clothing, C. S. M; 1 pair Trousers, 1 Vest, 2 Night Shirts, 1 Overcoat, 1 Flannel Shirt, Miss Berrill; 5 pairs Stockings, 5 pairs Socks, a friend, per Mrs. Geale; 8 Shirts, The Cheam Baptist Working Society, per Mrs. E. Cox; 4 Vests, Mrs. A Pitts; 2 pairs second-hand Boots, "Anon."

GIRLS' CLOTHING:—5 knitted Scarves, Miss Salter; 91 Articles, The Misses Lovells' Mothers' Meeting at Surbiton; 12 Articles from the Sewing Class, Penge Tabernacle; 48 Articles, The Ladies' Working Meeting, Metropolitan Tabernacle, per Miss Higgs; 2 pairs Boots, "A Dorset friend"; 2 pairs Boots, Mrs. Hinton; 17 Articles, The Cheam Baptist Working Society, per Mrs. E. Cox; 1 dozen Straw Hats, a friend, per Miss Higgs; 36 Articles, friends, per Mrs. J. A. Spurgeon; 10 garments, Miss Way; 24 Articles, Mrs. Watling; 97 Articles, Mrs. A. Pitts; 5 aprons, Mrs. Porter; 9 Articles, Miss Marsh; 17 Articles, M. E. D.

GENERAL:—1 box Flowers, Mrs. E. Parsons; 1 parcel Toys, Mrs. Lenton; 161 Volumes for the Library, Mr. Edward Joy; 8 Articles House Linen and Sundry other Articles, Miss Way; 1 Rocking-horse, Mrs. W. S. Caine; a large quantity of Firewood, Mr. Frederick Fisher; 4 dozen Comb Bags, 1 Antimacassar, 3 dozen Ironholders, Miss Descroix; 1 Quilt, Miss Marsh; a few Magazines, Cards, &c. Mrs. Pankhurst; 1 parcel Books and Prints, from a Vegetarian.

Colportage Association.

Statement of Receipts from September 15th to October 14th, 1891.

Subscriptions and Donations for Districts:	£	s.	d.
Wilts. and East Somerset Association	25	0	0
Orpington, per Mr. W. Vinson... ...	5	0	0
Bromley Congregational Church, for West Wickham	10	0	0
Ironbridge and Coalbrookdale District, per Mr. A. Maw...	7	10	0
Southern Baptist Association	55	4	0
Newbury District	10	0	0
Worcestershire Colportage Association	30	0	0
Wolverhampton and Shipley	10	0	0
Malton, per Rev. J. Rigby	2	10	0
Rendham District	7	10	0
Disley District, per Rev. C. S. Macalpine	10	0	0
Kent and Sussex Baptist Association	30	0	0
Norfolk Association	20	0	0
Bethnal Green District:—			
Mr. C. E. Fox 5 0 0			
Mr. W. R. Fox 5 0 0			
	10	0	0
Suffolk Congregational Union	30	0	0
Great Totham District	10	0	0
Corton District, per Mr. Thos. Harris...	10	0	0
Mrs. Keevil, for Melksham	10	0	0
Mrs. White, for Tewkesbury	2	10	0
Stratford-on-Avon District	7	10	0
Yorkshire Baptist Association	20	0	0
Mr. Thomas Greenwood, for Brentford	10	0	0
Thornbury District, per Mrs. Taylor ...	5	0	0
Horsforth District, per Miss Bilbrough	10	0	0
Ilkeston District, per a friend, New Zealand	40	0	0
Cheddar District, per Rev. T. Field—			
Mr. R. Clark 2 0 0			
Mr. Day 0 10 0			
Mr. Armstrong 0 10 0			
Rev. S. P. Jose 0 5 0			
Mrs. Webb 0 5 0			
Mrs. Tilley 0 5 0			
Mr. E. Spencer 0 5 0			
Mr. R. Shervy 0 3 0			
Rev. E. Edgington ... 0 2 6			
Rev. C. Merrick 0 2 6			
Mr. Boley 0 2 6			
Mr. Churchill 6 2 6			
Mrs. Davies 0 2 6			
Mrs. Jeffries 0 2 6			
Rev. T. B. Field 0 2 0			
A friend 0 1 0			
Rev. T. B. Knight 0 1 0			
	5	2	0
Expense of collecting ... 0 2 0			
	5	0	0
Less remitted in August... 4 0 0			
	1	0	0
	£388	14	0

Subscriptions and Donations to the General Fund:—	£	s.	d.
Sale of boat, per Mr. G. Sparks, Cowes	2	7	6
Mr. A. Pitts...	1	1	0
Mr. William Laurie	0	10	0
"In loving memory"	50	0	0
Miss Hadfield	5	0	0
Mr. J. Billing	1	0	0
Mrs. Townsend	1	1	0
Mr. C. Matthews	5	0	0
Annual Subscription:—			
Rev. H. J. Kitchin	2	0	0
	£67	19	6

Society of Evangelists.

Statement of Receipts from September 15th to October 14th, 1891.

	£	s.	d.
Mr. A. Pitts	1	1	0
J. H. L.	0	10	0
R. P.	25	0	0
Pastor W. Jackson	1	0	0
Postal order from Saffron Walden ...	1	0	0
Postal order from Clifton	1	0	0
Miss Duncan	1	0	0
Mrs. Pledge...	2	10	0
Mr. George Bryant	1	0	0
Young Men's and Women's Bible-class, Shoreditch Tabernacle...	0	12	0
Mrs. Williams	1	0	7
J. Mc I.	1	0	0
Rev. W. L. and Mrs. Lang	5	0	0
Mrs. Wood	0	10	0
Mrs. Thomson	0	10	0
Mrs. Roxburgh	0	5	0
Thankoffering for Mr. Harmer's services at Beulah Chapel, Thornton Heath...	1	10	0
Mr. J. G. Casswell...	5	0	0
Mrs. McLaren	4	0	0
Mr. H. Proctor	2	0	0
Mr. William McClintock...	0	5	0
Mrs. Elgee	0	10	6
Mrs. Foster	1	2	6
Mrs. Hopkins	0	10	0
A thankoffering for Mr. Harmer's services at Staincliffe	3	0	0
Mrs. Spencer	0	10	0
Mr. D. A. Macdonald	0	5	0
Mr. C. F. Whitridge	5	0	0
A thankoffering for Mr. Burnham's services at Stantonbury	2	5	0
Mrs. Townsend	1	1	0
Miss Bailey	1	0	0
	£70	17	7

ERRATUM.—In last month's College list, Miss Adanley, £2 10s., should be Miss Adderley.

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, 1891.

? ? ?

BY C. H. SPURGEON.

AFTER a long, wasting sickness, there came a time of gracious improvement to me. The indescribable pleasure of a sense of recovering visited my heart, and I was glad. A journey was taken to a warmer climate, and the expected weariness did not follow as its result; in fact, I felt better than when I started. All this put the patient in high spirits, and made me hope that a cure, which had been granted in answer to the prayers of the universal church, would be carried to perfection with unusual speed. Nothing seems impossible to one upon whom a marvel of healing has been wrought by the hand of the Omnipotent. With sanguine spirit, in exceeding gratitude to God, I planned a return to my pulpit which might surprise my beloved people by its speediness. How could I be idle even for a week? The moment I could preach, I would do so; and that moment would come very soon. The bells of my heart began to ring out a welcome to returning health and strength. I wrote in a style of exhilaration, with the gold pen of expectation, and I fear I raised a thousand false hopes in others through my own vain confidence.

Before many hours, suspicious tokens of feebleness appeared; but these were regarded as mere relics of a disease which had fled, and the roseate colours of false hope were by no means lowered. The doctor came; expressed his surprise and delight to find such a patient

presenting so hopeful an appearance, but remarked that he would be round in the morning, before I had left my bed, and examine me for himself. He had received an exceedingly full and correct account of my goings on from my medical attendant at Norwood, and he would like to see for himself whether any alteration had occurred through the journey. He came at the appointed hour, and listened with his instrument to the sounds of the lungs and the heart. He said very little; but I could read his countenance. I saw that he did not feel pleased about a certain "murmur" which was by no means less than when I was at home. I had hoped that this was reduced to the imperceptible; but it was not so. By another test it was soon apparent that *the disease* itself was not changed from what it was in Norwood; or if any change was manifest, it was for the worse. The leakage of life-power was not stopped. No sudden relief had come; but the case was proceeding according to ordinary rules.

Now, all this was what I might have expected, and it was told to me with a very tender reserve; yet it was a great disappointment. It was only a disappointment because of my unwarranted confidence. The temperature of my animal spirits fell below zero; though, I thank God, my faith in the sure result of prayer in obtaining a full restoration did not waver for a second. Proposals of speedy return home to my happy service vanished into thin air, and I saw that I must remain an invalid for a considerable season. Since then I have had infallible proofs that the physician's judgment from the symptoms was far more reliable than my hasty conclusions from my feelings. "Things are not what they seem." A flush of excitement, or a temporary pulling of one's-self together for a special effort, may be quite consistent with a real decline of inward vigour; and it is undoubtedly so in my case. I am apparently strong for the moment; but it is a temporary illusion.

It may be whispered that it was a pity to let the patient know depressing facts, and that it might have been well to allow him to buoy himself up with pleasing hopes. Might not his high spirits, however they were sustained, have wrought beneficially? There is no need to discuss the question; for it was absolutely necessary that the sick man should be aware of his own serious condition, just because it was so serious. He needed to be warned, and warned most solemnly, against taking a chill, or climbing hills or stairs, or hurrying, or giving way to excitement of any kind, or talking too long with friends who might call, or indulging in any wearying mental labour. Very kindly, but very earnestly, were the danger-signals held forth, and the right track pointed out. It was a stern necessity of the case that premature hopes should be swept away; for they might lead to very serious mistakes in diet and in conduct. If the patient tried to act like a person in full health, he would soon bring upon himself a serious catastrophe, by acts most natural, and, to the healthy, most beneficial. Now I am thankful that I know enough of my malady to make me careful, and that I am not likely very soon to make sorrow for myself by again indulging unreasonable anticipations. It is such a pity to be up in the sky upon waxen wings, which the sun is sure to melt: the higher we soar in such a case, the more terrible the fall, and the consequences of such a fall are likely to be fatal. Every letter from my

medical friend in England has CAUTION written large within it, varied with the Italian proverb, "*Chi va piano va sano*"—who goes softly goes safely. All this should save the sick man from unfounded expectations.

But why have I written this? To what purpose do I rehearse the story of my own folly and disappointment? I do so, because I desire to point a moral, which may apply to my reader, and be useful to him. Is it not a common tendency of mortals to view their spiritual condition in a flattering light, and to prophesy smooth things for themselves? Do we not know persons who are assuredly doing this? If this be the case *with them*, may we not be unwittingly in the same condition? Are we wiser than those members of a renowned church, who thought themselves "rich and increased with goods, and needing nothing", when at the same time they were, in their Lord's judgment, "wretched, and miserable, and poor, and blind, and naked"? If we are confident that we could not be so foolish as to deceive ourselves, is there not reason to fear that we are overloaded with self-conceit? He who is sure that he never needs to be cautioned is probably the man who most requires to be checked. Does my reader put our Magazine aside with a toss of his head, as beginning with a dreary, melancholy article from a sick man? Or does he say to himself, "Very true; but I am well aware of all this, and hardly need to be troubled with the same old note of warning"? Then I would beseech him to linger a moment and consider; for to him is my message really directed.

> "He that never doubted of his state,
> He may, perhaps he may too late."

It may be that the Lord intends these lines for one in whose house Carnal-confidence has become a favoured guest. If so, I pray that the "still small voice" may have more power than wind and tempest. It is true my subject is not a cheering one; but yet its honest consideration may ultimately lead the mind to a peace of a far more enduring kind than that which it now possesses. The chart having been consulted, and his longitude and latitude having been taken, the captain is more at ease about his vessel's course. When one has examined his foundation, he rests upon it with a surer confidence. He not only rests, but he knows *why* he rests, and that is to rest indeed. If our peace of mind can be placed in jeopardy by self-examination, it is not worth much. He that fears to ring his money on the counter is not a safe man to deal with, neither is he likely to be quite innocent of carrying counterfeit coin about him. Let us not only search ourselves, but even ask the Lord himself to aid us in the solemn test; for when we have safely passed the ordeals of conscience and of God, our inward rest will be comparable to the "sea of glass", which is never ruffled with a wave.

But what if, upon honestly looking within, we should learn that we have taken too flattering a view of our spiritual position? Suppose we should find ourselves barely solvent, and very far from being rich in grace. It will be well for us to know our true state, that we may either lower our profession to our possession, or, better still, may increase our wealth of grace, and rise to a higher platform of service and enjoyment. He who thinks himself high enough will not care to climb. Convince him that he is sadly low in the scale, and you may stir him

to exertion. Usually, the first step to advancement is self-dissatisfaction; and self-examination is invaluable when it first humbles, and then stimulates.

The saddest alternative remains. What if, upon search, the professing Christian should discover that he is not saved? This is a dreadful possibility—*to me, to you*—yes, dear reader, TO YOU. Are you a minister? A bishop over the churches? A leader among men or women? Yet you are not beyond the possibility of self-deception. Are you? I trust you are not so far given up to a fatal presumption as to claim any degree of immunity from the common follies of humanity. You also are a man, and well did the Psalmist say, "Lord, what is man?" Presumption is most unbecoming in so frail a creature. As well might a moth boast that it could not be crushed. Presumption is the poison which is passed off for strong faith by the fiend who seeks the destruction of precious souls. It is well to be sure; but then we must be sure on sure ground, or we shall be surely lost. False assurance and despair are two nets of Satan, but he takes far more in the first than in the second. It would be better to go to heaven limping with fear all the way, than to ride proudly to hell on the high-horse of carnal confidence. "Lord, let me know the worst of my case!" is a safe request, for it argues an honest heart, which would deal with truth, and truth only.

Let no one hide himself from the light under the notion that his own insignificance renders his condition a matter of small consequence. Every man should be too precious to himself to trifle with his soul. The obscure as well as the prominent may be self-deceived. Not only among apostles may there be a Judas: in the humblest rank of camp-followers there may be traitors. It was the man with one talent who digged in the earth, and hid his Lord's money. There are dangers connected with littleness as well as with greatness. No one, therefore, may wrap himself about with the foul garment of self-reliance; there is safety for no one except in the grace of God, and personal reliance upon the Lord Jesus. They are safe who are truly in him, by a living faith, which bears fruit unto holiness; but no others can claim the privilege. To such, the priceless boon of full assurance comes in due time. Their faith is not in frames and feelings, but in the finished work of their Lord and Saviour; and hence they cannot have too much of it, nor can they be too joyful in the infallibility of their foundation. If, indeed, we are dwelling in God, realizing his presence, trusting his promise, united to his Son, and quickened by his Spirit—it is well with our souls. But if these things be not so, the sooner we are aware of our mistake the better; and how are we likely to come profitably by this knowledge except by searching, severe, solemn enquiry of our own hearts, accompanied by the Psalmist's prayer, "Search me, O God, and know my heart: try me, and know my thoughts: and see if there be any wicked way in me, and lead me in the way everlasting"? The heart by nature is "deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked", and it is hard to make it admit a humbling truth; but it must be honestly dealt with, for although the Scripture saith, "Who can know it?" there are some who have attained to this knowledge, for the Holy Spirit has taught them all things; and it is written, "If our heart condemn us not, then have we confidence toward God."

Islam and Moslem.

NO question should have more interest for the intelligent Christian, whose sympathies extend beyond the narrow bounds of his own country, than the relation of Mohammed and Mohammedanism to Christianity. Remembering the many millions of followers of the false prophet who exist in our Indian empire; the frequent collisions between British valour and Arab fanaticism on the confines of Egypt; the persistent manner in which Mohammedanism, as a system, has been extolled, even by dignitaries of the church; and, finally, the fact that a Moslem mission has been begun in this country, with promises of reinforcements from the East; any serious attempt to array the evidence for and against this religion, which myriads of men still hold as divine, must be gratefully welcomed.

Years ago, Carlyle, in his lecture on "The Hero as a Prophet", said, once and again, "This religion of Mohammed's is a kind of Christianity." This has ever been a favourite dictum of men who stay at home, making the acquaintance of Islam only in the study, and of travellers who, in a hurried journey, see but the best side of Mohammedanism. It is fashionable to speak of it as a connecting link between Paganism and Christianity, whereas the missionaries who have lived longest in the countries where Islam reigns, and who see not only the veneer, but the heart of the religion, lament but too truly that, instead of being a link between the two, it is an almost impassable barrier. No man is harder to win for Christ than a Mohammedan; he has so much to unlearn, and his faith has such a tendency to engender an excessive sense of superiority, and an extreme contempt for anything besides.

Many books have been written on the subject, but the latest, which now lies before us,* by a missionary who has had long experience amongst the people of whom he writes in various countries, is the best analysis of the subject we have seen. Dr. Koelle, who is on terms of personal friendship with Moslems, and yet not blind to the evil of their religion, truly says: "If our goodwill to the Mohammedans is of the sterling kind which wishes to help them into the full daylight of Christian truth, we are more likely to benefit them by frankly pointing out the distortion of the lengthened shadow they are following, and the perfect symmetry of the image it reflects, than by assuring them that however distorted the shadow may be, yet it is not quite so distorted as has been represented."

An impartial view of any faith must begin with its source; hence our attention is chiefly directed to the history of Mohammed (as the name should always be spelled) himself. An intimate acquaintance with Arabic writings enables our author to produce a tolerably clear portrait of what the Meccan prophet must have been apart from the halo of romance which has been thrown around his memory, and which is presented to us in the second part of the book. The third part considers the historical position of Mohammedanism, and the verdict is that it is, and always has been, decidedly anti-Christian, both in nature and practice.

* "Mohammed and Mohammedanism, Critically Considered." By S. W. Koelle, Ph. D. Rivingtons.

Mohammed was born at Mecca, in Arabia, in the year 570, and was the son of Abd-Allah and Fatima his wife. He sprang from one of the most influential families amongst the Koreish Arabs, who had charge of the Kaaba, or sacred house, at Mecca, built beside the well which is supposed to be that at which Hagar quenched the thirst of Ishmael, their forefather. His father died when he was young, and the boy was placed in the charge of Abdu-l-Mattaleb, his grandfather, who was a native of Medina. In his babyhood he was sent away to the country in charge of a wet-nurse: when he was eight years of age his grandfather died, having placed him under the care of another son, the boy's uncle, Abu Talib, who, in later years, befriended him in many ways.

Very early he began to have visions. The fact of the early death of his father and mother, added to the necessity of giving him the benefit of the exhilarating air of the country, place it beyond doubt that he was a delicate boy, suffering probably from *hysteria muscularis*, a species of epilepsy, during the attacks of which memory retains its ascendency. His frequent revelations from Gabriel were doubtless the result of this morbid condition. While quite a boy he had such a seizure, when out with his foster-brothers, tending the flocks: they ran home affrighted, crying that Mohammed was possessed by an evil spirit. The account he himself gave was, that two men in white clothes stretched him on the ground, split him open, took out his heart, and removing a black clot cast it away: then they washed heart and body in snow water, and weighed him first against ten of his people, then against a hundred, then against a thousand; he outweighed them, so they said, "Leave him now, for if thou put his entire people into the scale, he would outweigh them all."

He accompanied his uncle with the trading caravan to Syria on one occasion; hence has arisen the mistake of thinking of him merely as a camel-driver. By-and-by he took charge of the caravan of a wealthy widow Khadija, and subsequently he married her; while she lived he married no other, but after her death he added one after another until he had nine wives—the worthy prophet!

His prophetship was the product of several factors. The Arabs were at that time split into factions, yet longed for freedom from the Roman power: they had many idols, and all came to Mecca, where, in the Kaaba, were no less than 360 gods, from which they could make their choice. Mohammed's family had charge of this holy place, and the exclusive right of providing for the pilgrims. He was thus brought into touch with all parts of the country, and it was little wonder that he became a patriot.

At that time also there was a sect—the Hanifites—who advocated a reform in religion, insisting on the unity of God, and the spirituality of his worship. With these Mohammed was brought into contact; and what wonder that he became a religious reformer!

Further, he was of a very meditative turn of mind, and, as we have seen, subject to hallucinations. It is not surprising, then, that this combination of circumstances should make him the patriot-prophet!

For patriot, as well as prophet, he always was. The lovely pictures which have been given to us of the young man setting forth with pure zeal for God, but afterwards warped by opposition, are wholly mythical. Many of the Hanifites became Christians; and if Mohammed

had not deliberately shut his eyes, his earnest search might have led him to the same goal of rest, instead of which he set himself up as a prophet who outshone Jesus in everything. Dr. Koelle, in the second part of this interesting book, gives fifty circumstances in which Mohammed caricatured the holy prophet of Nazareth; and, elsewhere, as clearly shows that the political object of uniting the Arabs and throwing off the yoke of the Persians and Romans was in his mind from the beginning.

"Before the coming down of the Koran", says an Arab writer, "for a space of eleven years Mohammed was hearing voices without seeing any person: and for the space of seven years was seeing a light." During this period he was accustomed, like many other Arabs, to spend the summer in the mountains with his wife and family, and in this retirement in a cave he had some of his most startling trances. On the blessed night of El Kadar, according to traditional accounts, he was awakened at midnight by Gabriel, who was accompanied by 50,000 angels. The early vision of the heart-washing was repeated, and then mounting some animal called "*Borak*" (which evidently is a corruption of the Hebrew word for lightning, "*Barak*", seeing he would require to go at high speed to accomplish the journey before him), he was carried to the temple of El Aksa at Jerusalem, and from thence ascended to heaven, where all the angelic hosts did him reverence. After many honours were paid to him, God himself invited him a thousand times to come nearer, until he came to the place of "Nearness", then to the place of "Intimacy", and then into the innermost Sanctuary, only a bow-shot from the throne of God, upon which his fervid imagination saw written the legend which henceforth became the watchword of his followers, and is daily chanted by the faithful muezzins on the minarets of thousands of mosques,—"There is no God but Allah, and Mohammed is his prophet." That this visit to heaven and Jerusalem really took place, in the short space of three hours of the night, is a prime article in the creed of the Moslem. At Jerusalem I was gravely shown a mark on the Dome of the Rock, under the Mosque of Omar, which I was informed was made by the hand of Gabriel as he held back the rock, as it, by the holy attraction of Mohammed's person, was following him to heaven. The mark is there —what further room is there for doubt?

From the age of forty until he was fifty-three, the prophet, now fully convinced of his mission, preached it in and around Mecca, at first secretly until he had made a few disciples, his beloved Khadija being the first, and then, amid much opposition, more openly.

We cannot agree with Mr. Gilman, in the volume *The Saracens*, in "The Story of the Nations" Series (from which our portrait of Mohammed is taken, by the kind permission of Mr. T. Fisher Unwin), that "the new prophet did not seem to have any ulterior objects in his mind as he entered upon his mission," but we heartily echo his words that the mission itself was "either the sublimest impudence or most wonderful faith."

After thirteen years prophesying at Mecca—his wife, who counselled him, and his uncle, who protected him, being dead—he fled to Medina, where already he had made disciples, and where the people were not



From "The Saracens." MOHAMMED. *T. Fisher Unwin.*

unwilling to receive him, first, because they had a feud with Mecca, and next, because his grandfather had been a native of their city.

Here, first, the new faith, that "amalgam of God and the world", took root. The wily prophet made much use of his inspired camel, here and elsewhere, asserting that it would be guided by God to stop at the place where he was to stay, thus avoiding any jealousy on the part of his followers, which might have been manifested had he chosen himself. A mosque was built, and the new worship set in order. Much of the sacred book—the Koran—was here revealed, a Sura, or chapter, being given to extricate Mohammed from any difficulty as it arose.

The military spirit became at once manifest: caravans from Mecca were attacked, sometimes being captured, oftener missed. Several battles were fought. Mohammed was unsuccessfully besieged in Medina; and, at length, so far conquered his enemies, that he was permitted to visit Mecca with his followers, and worship at the Kaaba, while all the Meccans vacated the city. Mr. Gilman, from whom again we quote, may well say, "When before had there been such a scene? When since? When did a populace go out of their houses to permit a body of religionists, to whose observances they were hostile, to enter in and occupy, not their streets and their houses only, but their very temples and their altars?" This visit of the new leader, accompanied as he was by about two thousand followers, deeply impressed the Meccans with a sense of his power; and in the beginning of the next year, when he came against the city with ten thousand men, he had little trouble in conquering it. At once he hurled down the three hundred and sixty idols from their places in the temple, and exhorted the people to worship only one God, seeing they now believed Mohammed to be his prophet. To his honour be it said, that he treated very kindly those who, in the early days of his career, mocked at his claim.

"What can you expect at my hands?" he said to their leaders.

"Mercy, O generous brother!" they replied.

"Be it so: ye are free!"

Soon Islam, which means "the faith", spread over all Arabia, and the people became Moslems, which means "just men", or, as others have it, "resigned or surrendered men." Mecca continued to be their holy city, and to this day every faithful Moslem turns towards it when he prays. A curious example of this may be seen at St. Sophia, at Constantinople, which was built first for a Christian cathedral, and faces towards Jerusalem; but now, used by the Moslems, the prayer-carpets have to be placed at an angle on the floor, to allow the worshippers to look more to the south.

Mohammed clearly proclaimed that there was only one God, a truth greatly forgotten in those days, even by the Christians, who were already beginning the image worship of the apostate churches. So far his creed was good. At first he was friendly to the Jews, hoping to win them to his standard. When he failed, he treated them brutally, his action towards them at Medina being one of the most infamous of his life. He was well acquainted with the Christian gospels, and, no doubt, jumbled much of his teaching from them and the Old Testament. He declared he was "the Paraclete", whom Jesus promised. Most ludicrously, on another occasion, he referred that other text to himself, "The prince of this world cometh, and hath nothing in me," saying he

was "the prince of this world." Perhaps, indeed, he had a nearer connection with Satan than he imagined; for despite the truth in the system, it was from the beginning bitterly opposed to Christianity.

After ten years at Medina, Mohammed died; but even while he breathed his last, an expedition to Syria was starting. With terrible rapidity the faith spread, until in a few years it reached Persia and Egypt, surging on through Asia Minor, to be stopped for centuries at Constantinople; passing unhindered along Africa, into Spain. "Death or Islam" was the war-cry; what wonder that Islam triumphed!

Condé, in his *History of the Arabs in Spain*, recounts the deeds of the Moslems in Western Europe. Taric, their general, embodied the spirit of the faith. "The enemies are before you, but behind you is the sea," he said to his soldiers; "there is no help for you save in your own valour and in the aid of God. On, therefore, warriors and Moslemah!"

There is no space for more, though the subject is too vast even to be treated in outline in a few pages. We cordially recommend Dr. Koelle's volume. We have scarcely noticed the second book here, but it is full of interest. It shows that, in the traditional history of Mohammed, there are many rivalries with the history of Christ, and seeing that "the antecedent cannot imitate the consequent, the later biography can only be a designed, though more or less disguised, copy of the earlier."

Might I direct the attention of the student of this subject to the ninth chapter of the Book of Revelation, and ask him to consider whether this is not God's history of Mohammedanism, written long before Mohammed was born? As a key, take these words, which were spoken about Mohammed: "Verily, in the seas his name is Destroyer, for he will destroy all idolatry;" and compare with the marginal reading of verse 11. Notice, also, in connection with verse 5, where the woe is said to last for one hundred and fifty days, that from the time when Mohammed first declared that his faith was to be spread by the sword (A.D. 612), until the Saracen Caliphate was removed to Bagdad (A.D. 762), was exactly one hundred and fifty years. Notice, again, in connection with verse 15, that the second woe was to last a little over three hundred and ninety-six days; and in effect the irruption of the Turks began on 18th January, 1059, and on 29th May, 1453, Constantinople fell, being a period of three hundred and ninety-four years. Is this only coincidence?

In conclusion, however great the barrier the false faith puts in the way of the gospel, Christ must at length conquer. On the front-door of the mosque at St. Sophia, at Constantinople, there is a motto in Greek, which has been allowed to remain when all other Christian inscriptions have been carefully removed. This evidently was not understood; yet there it remains to-day, an impetus to the efforts of the servants of Christ, who seek to supplant the Crescent by the Cross,—JESUS CHRIST ASSISTS THEE. And on the side of the mosque at Damascus, there is another Christian inscription, forgotten by the Moslems; I have climbed on the top of the silversmith's bazaar, and read it; is it not a prophecy of the doom of Islam?—"HIS KINGDOM IS AN EVERLASTING KINGDOM, AND HIS DOMINION IS FROM GENERATION TO GENERATION."

So we have no doubt as to the end.

W. Y. F.

Jottings on our Journey to the Sunny South.

BY C. H. SPURGEON AND J. W. HARRALD.

WE have so often recorded for our readers items of interest on our way from "Westwood" to Menton, that we should have to repeat former expressions if we described in detail our thousand miles' journey. On this occasion, therefore, we have only jotted down a few fresh illustrations that we noted *en route*, or on our arrival in the sunny South.

ANOINTING WITH OIL.

An eminent Indian physician recommends me to be anointed with the best oil from head to foot every morning; and he adds that, when he could not rest at night, he found that his best remedy was another application of the same unguent.

Assuredly, for my inner man, there is nothing so beneficial as an anointing from the Holy One. Of this healing oil no one can speak too highly. What power, what rest it brings!—C. H. S.

SEA-SICKNESS.

When *enjoying* the crossing from Dover to Calais, I note that, as soon as the clatter of basins and certain unmusical human sounds begin, those who might have been well otherwise are seduced into the *mal de mer*, and become as troubled as others.

I believe also that many Christians would be blest with full assurance if they lived with others of like faith; but where doubts and fears are always being mentioned, and one after another grows despondent, many are made to despond. Our painful frames and feelings may therefore do great harm unless we keep them to ourselves.—C. H. S.

THE USELESS CLOCK-CASE.

The hotel-keeper must seem to put a clock in every bedroom. In mine there was a black marble case; but there was an empty space where the time-keeper should have been. It was a mere professor.

I fear there are many in our churches who are *without works;* and what a wretched disappointment they are to those who fain would make some use of them!—C. H. S.

CHRISTIANUS SUM.

I said to the *femme de chambre* at the hotel at which we stayed in Calais, "You speak English." With a very decided emphasis on the second word, she replied, "I *am* English."

It is not everyone who can speak the language of Zion who, through grace, is a citizen of the New Jerusalem. Many can talk like Christians; but happy is the man or woman who can truly say, "I *am* a Christian."—J. W. H.

GOD'S WILL, NOT OURS.

As soon as we land in France, we alter our watches to Paris time, and all the while we are in the country we remain under that regulation.

Directly we enter the kingdom of God, our whole life should be under the control of the divine will. We must not attempt the fruitless task of trying to make God's law subservient to our wishes; but with unqualified submission, we must adopt the language of our Lord in Gethsemane, and say, "Thy will, not mine, be done."—J. W. H.

CUSTOMS.

When we have passed the custom-house officers at the frontier, we are free of the whole kingdom. There may be a few *sous* to pay for *octroi* on a luncheon-basket passing through some French city, or into a town; but there will be no more upsetting of our carefully-packed portmanteau, &c., in the search for anything on which duty can be charged by our Gallic neighbours.

There are guards very properly posted at the entrance into God's kingdom, so that none but believers may pass the barrier. Even they must have nothing contraband that they attempt to smuggle into the King's dominions. Once let the guardians of the crown-rights of King Jesus say, "Come in, thou blessed of the Lord," and the one addressed is put in possession of all the privileges of the saints of God. It is a pity that any who have such glorious rights should not avail themselves of them, but go limping to heaven, when they might dance and sing in honour of the King who hath done such great things for them.—J. W. H.

TOO MANY PALM-TREES.

Standing on the balcony of our hotel, the first morning after our arrival at Menton, we noticed that the palm-trees in the garden were gradually shutting out the view, and someone remarked, "These palms will soon grow too big, and be a nuisance."

Wouldn't our friends in dear Old England like to be troubled with such a nuisance as too many palm-trees? No doubt worldlings sometimes think there are too many "righteous" flourishing "like the palm-tree"; but they must put up with them, as we shall have to put up with the Menton palms; for believers belong to the Heavenly Gardener, as these trees are the property of the owner of the hotel and garden.

May we all be found among the great multitude who will be for ever clothed with white robes, and with palms in their hands!—J. W. H.

A Message from Mont Cenis.

A YOUNG lady was on her way to Italy, and passed in the railway tunnel under Mont Cenis. The mountain was right above her, covered with its pure unblemished snow, and she was hidden beneath the everlasting hills. "So is it", she thought, "with my soul. The mountain of God's righteousness is over me, the covering of a snow-white robe of perfect justification hides me and all my sin. I am nothing, but Christ is everything."—*From "In the Morning," by Rev. George Everard.*

"The Unspeakable Gift."

2 Cor. ix. 15. Gal. ii. 20.

OH, for a golden harp to praise,
In tones of sweetest harmony,
Jesus, the King of truth and grace,
"Who gave himself for me."

I was a slave in fetters bound,
And none, alas! could set me free;
But love divine the ransom found:
He gave himself for me!

Oh, gift all other gifts above!
Oh, marvel of eternity!
Oh, pledge of unexampled love—
He gave himself for me!

Himself! Not wealth of gems or gold—
Himself! whatever that may be—
Himself! a gift of worth untold—
He gave himself for me!

Sure, in no other words beside
Such strength and sweetness can there be,
As in these precious words abide:
He gave himself for me.

When tempted by the world to cast
Aside my faith and loyalty,
This is the bond that binds me fast—
He gave himself for me.

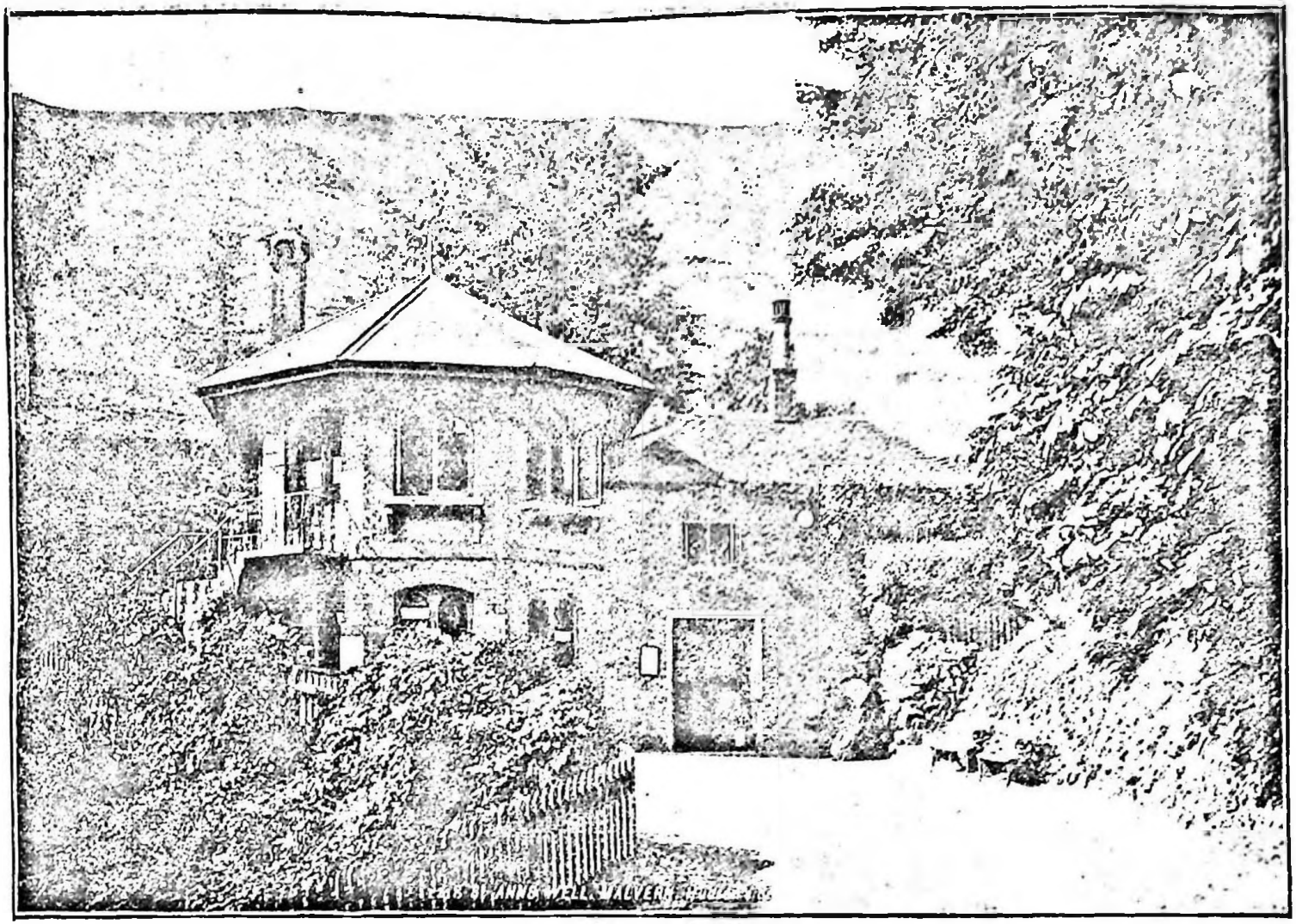
If ever my distrustful heart
Doubts if I may draw nigh to thee;
This thought doth confidence impart—
He gave himself for me.

And when my work is here complete,
And in the heavens his face I see;
I'll fall adoring at his feet
"Who gave himself for me."

Sidcup. E. A. Tydeman.

A Present Danger.

IT is well that the days of persecution have gone by; that the fires of Smithfield are extinguished, let us hope, for ever. But now we are running to excess upon the other side. Instead of saying that, "if a man does not think exactly as I think, or as the Church thinks, he ought to be burned," we are beginning to say that if a man lives a tolerably moral life, he may *think* exactly as he pleases, and it would be the acme of intolerance to hold him in any way responsible for mere opinions. But freedom of thought cannot alter immutability of fact. Facts are hard and stubborn things, against which men may break their heads; and so it is but common honesty and common charity to speak the truth in love, to make them known.—*From God's Champion, Man's Example. By Rev. H. A. Birks, M.A.*



ST. ANN'S WELL, MALVERN.

The Parable of the Well.

BY W. Y. FULLERTON.

IT is said that the water at Malvern is the purest in England, and of all the sources of its supply, St. Ann's Well, on the hill behind the town, is the most famous. By the permission of Mr. Catford, photographer, Ilfracombe, we are able to give our readers an excellent view of the well. A short walk up a gentle incline brings us to it: we find a pretty structure built over the well, and remark that it is a favourite resort for visitors. Here, on summer Sunday afternoons, it is the custom of some earnest Christians to gather together, and declare the gospel of the grace of God. As they urge people to draw water with joy from the wells of salvation, they might almost get their text from the striking notice which hangs on a board outside the well-house, a portion of which I transcribe.

"ST. ANN'S WELL.

"*Notice to Visitors.*

"This spring of beautiful water is free to the public, to bring glasses or cups and drink at pleasure, without payment of any kind. Glasses are also provided by the attendants at the well for the use of those who do not bring their own.

"The gratuitous supply of water, and the keeping of the well-room and the paths to the well in good order, involve a considerable expense, and it has always been customary for visitors who frequent the well to make an occasional contribution to the box kept in the well-room for this purpose. This is in no sense meant to be a payment for the water (which is free), but to provide the funds necessary for defraying the cost of keeping the environs of the well in good order, and for providing glasses for the convenience of the public.

"Visitors, especially those who have derived benefit from their visits to St. Ann's Well, will not think it unreasonable to be invited to contribute something towards the expenses incurred for their convenience and comfort. In case of accident or misadventure occurring on the hills, the attendants at St. Ann's Well are always ready to render all the help in their power."

Here are several points of resemblance. First, *the water is free.* The framer of this notice has been careful to make that clear: for the water there is no charge whatever, anyone can come and have as much as he wants "without payment of any kind." This is equally true with reference to the water of life. "Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters, and he that hath no money; come ye." It is most difficult to get people to believe this truth, though it seems so simple and natural, and though in the Word of God nothing is clearer than that salvation is absolutely a gift. "I will give unto him that is athirst," saith the ascended Christ, "of the fountain of the water of life freely."

Again, there is more than a free gift of sparkling water; *glasses are provided,* out of which we may drink; and as it is by faith that we receive salvation, we may think of that as the cup or glass. Where there is faith, all that has to be done is to bring it in contact with the

fountain—let the living water fill the cup. The same cup that is used to hold other things will suffice here, just as the faith we put in other people is exactly of the same nature as the faith we are asked to put in God. Any cup will do; the difference is not in the cup, but in the water which it holds. But if you feel that you have no faith, the parable speaks truly in saying that cups and glasses are supplied at the well. God, who gives you salvation, will also give you the faith to receive it; such is the superexcellence of his grace.

The third point is, that though the water is thus more than gratuitous, there are expenses connected with the paths and the room, towards which *contributions may be given*. Preachers would do well to be as careful in making clear to the people, as the author of this notice has been, that the offerings asked of them are in "no sense meant to be a payment for the water." He says, both delicately and justly, that visitors "will not think it unreasonable to be invited"—mark the choice of the word—"to contribute something towards the expenses incurred for their convenience and comfort." Why should they? In the same way, those who are blessed by the gospel should be ready to respond to the invitation to contribute towards the expenses connected with it, and at the same time distinguish between payment for the salvation, and a thank-offering towards the cost incurred for their benefit. A negro preacher, who had been holding forth on this very subject, the freeness of the water of life, immediately thereafter announced a collection. With the absence of restraint which characterizes gatherings of coloured people, a member of the congregation arose and said that he thought the water was free. "Yes, sah; the water is free, but you must pay for de buckets," was the instant and witty rejoinder. This also is the philosophy of the well.

The Cost of Being Like Christ.

HE who would be most like Christ must pay the cost. If a furnace is needed to purify and brighten you, do not shirk the furnace. Patience is an admirable grace; but it is not oftenest worn by those who walk on the sunny side of the street in silver slippers. It is usually the product of head winds and hard fights—of crosses carried and of steep hills climbed on the road to heaven. "The *trial* of your faith worketh patience." So it is with all the noblest traits of a robust, healthy and symmetrical character. No man is rocked into godliness in a hammock. Christ offers you no free ride to heaven in a cushioned parlour-car. John Bunyan sent his sturdy "Pilgrim" to the "Celestial City" on foot, and some pretty rough walking and hard conflicts did he encounter before the pearly portals welcomed him to the streets of flashing gold. His piety was self-denying, stalwart, and uncompromising; he relished even the stiff severities of duty, and was never coddled with confectioneries. Self-indulgence is the besetting sin of the times; but if you long to be a strong, athletic Christian, you must count the cost. It will cost you the cutting up of old favourite sins by the roots, and the cutting loose from entangling alliances, and some sharp set-tos with the tempter; it will cost you the submitting of your will to the will of Christ; but it is worth all it costs, and more.—*Dr. Cuyler.*

"Light from Heathen Lamps."

A REVIEW, BY C. H. S.

WE are much pleased to receive three books by *Ralph Venning*, which have been reprinted by *Howe and Co., 23, St. Paul's Buildings:* these pieces of old gold should never be out of circulation. We will give a notice of each one of them month by month, and for the first we have selected a little set of one hundred and twenty-five illustrations selected by Venning from classic story, now published under the title of "*Light from Heathen Lamps.*" They may not be new to our more educated readers, but they will be none the less serviceable to those who, in teaching others, use up a great deal of illustrative matter, and sometimes are at a loss to find it. Bound in leatherette, and printed in good clear type, no one will grudge a shilling for such a book. Our choice of specimens has not been a laboured one. Gather where you will in this little garden, you will easily make up a garland, for each flower has its own special beauty. We feel we cannot do a better service to workers than to guide them to parables, and similes, for they secure attention, and engrave truth upon the memory.

"'Twas accounted so great honour to be free of Rome, that whoever was free of that city, was not to be free of any other.

"Shall not saints think it honour enough to be free denizens of the city—the new Jerusalem—which is above?"

"Endamedes, seeing Xenocrates, an old man, studying philosophy with young scholars in an academy, demanded of one that stood by what he was. And being told that he was one that sought after virtue; said he, 'If he be still studying and still seeking it, when will he use and practise it?'

"Alas! how many are there that are ever learning, but never coming to the knowledge of the truth."

"Said one, and I suppose a Roman, 'It is unbecoming a Roman spirit to cry out, "I am undone!" while Cæsar is safe.'

"Oh, how unbecoming of Christians to cry out, 'I am undone!' while Christ and their interest in him are safe."

"One of the Emperors said of Rome, 'Inveni lateritiam, marmoriam reliqui—I found it built of bricks, but I leave it of marble.'

"Christ always makes us better than he finds us. He finds us a lump of dunghill dirt, a sink of sin and uncleanness, but he purgeth us from dead works, and builds us up a holy temple unto God."

"Julius Cæsar would never fore-acquaint his soldiers of any set time for removal or onset, that they might be always in readiness.

"'Be ye also ready: for in such an hour as ye think not the Son of man cometh.'"

"Numa Pompilius put so much confidence in the gods that, one day, when it was told him that his enemies were in arms against him, his answer was, 'And I sacrifice.'

"Thus said David, 'They fought against me without a cause . . . . but I give myself unto prayer.'"

Sowing and Reaping.

AN ENCOURAGEMENT TO SUNDAY-SCHOOL TEACHERS.

"A CUP of tea is one of the most refreshing things I know of on a hot July day," said an old minister to me, as he sat back in his large armchair, and invited me to join him in partaking of a cup of this most refreshing beverage. My host was a fine-looking old man, and to my thinking the very ideal of a Christian. His face was full of benevolence and sunshine; his locks were long, and as white as the driven snow. His heart seemed quite boyish, and the story of his past experience of God's dealings with him was like unto the prophet's, when he said, "The Lord is good, a strong hold in the day of trouble." As I listened to this aged pilgrim, relating to me something of the Lord's dealings with him, my heart was gladdened, and my faith made stronger and brighter, and I left his cottage a richer and better man for what I had heard. I will, therefore, at the risk of wearying you, recapitulate the conversation we had together over our cup of tea.

"How I wish I were young again," said this dear old saint, "that I might join you in this mission-work for the Master! You have my heart with you, and my prayers will follow you, though my feeble state of health will not allow me to attend the meetings. Whatever you do, be sure and keep faithful to the old gospel and the atoning work of Christ; and then, if, like myself, you live to be old and grey-headed, you will find that the fragrance which comes from active service for Christ during days of strength will gladden and refresh you in your days of retirement. But, after all," said the aged preacher, "I think the days I spent as a Sunday-school teacher have yielded quite as much fruit, in proportion, as those spent in my pastoral charges. I did not think so at the time, for it was work under great discouragements. Village life, as a rule, is most trying for Sunday-school teachers. We just get attached to the lads, and have the joy of seeing them growing up into young men of promise, when off they go to the large towns. There are many true-hearted village Sunday-school teachers who feel this continual exodus of their scholars very keenly. I often think, if their souls were not specially fired by God's love, they would, at times, give up in despair. I have known many who have wept over scholars whom they have trained for Christ, and then have lost sight of them for life. But there will be some grand rejoicing days for these faithful teachers. In glory, the joy and reward will be according to our fidelity down here, and not according to our success, as we are apt to measure it. God watches over all his seed, and his sowers also. Let me tell you, for your encouragement, how my heart has lately been cheered by fruit resulting from my Sunday-school labours."

"I was sitting, one morning, quietly meditating upon God's goodness to me in the past, when a stranger called to see me. I said to him, 'I cannot remember your name or your face.'

"'I am somewhat surprised,' said he, 'that you have forgotten me. I can assure you, sir, I have never forgotten you; and have, for many years, prayed daily for God to bless you. One of my chief objects in visiting this place was to see if you were still alive, that I might grip

you by the hand, and try to cheer your heart. Do you not remember how, about forty years ago, you used to teach a class of rough boys in the Congregational Sunday-school?'

"'Oh, yes! indeed I do; and a happy time it was,' I answered.

"'Do you remember having a boy in your class named Ted Trotter?' he asked.

"'Very well,' I said, 'but he left England when quite a boy, many years ago, and I have never seen or heard of him since.'

"'Well, sir, you see him now. I was that boy; and I cannot tell you what joy it is to me to be on English soil, and to see, and to talk once more with my teacher.'

"At this I became quite excited, and, with a long look, I saw the old face over again; and, after all, there was not such a great alteration in him, excepting the beard and moustache.

"'And do you remember, teacher, having a boy in your class named Edwards?' he continued.

"'Oh, very well! poor lad,' said I; 'he was always a frail flower, and before he was twenty the seeds of consumption had set in, and he went away to Australia. I fear he must, ere this, have followed his father and mother to rest; for the whole of his family were consumptive, and dropped off one by one.'

"'Yes, sir, you have guessed rightly; he went home some years ago, and I was with him when he died.'

"'Really!' I exclaimed; 'so you met with him?'

"'Oh, yes! indeed I did. It was a strange meeting and a sorry parting, half sad and half glad,' he said.

"'Tell me all about it,' I replied; 'you have made me feel quite young again already.'

"'Well, sir,' he continued, 'I will try to give you his own words. Edwards was a good scholar and a splendid clerk, but with his frail body he found it difficult to get employment; and what with fretting and affliction, he was hard put to it, and at length became an inmate of a small hospital. Poor fellow! he was not so fortunate as I was. I wish I had met with him before the disease had gone so far with him; for I should have been glad of his help, as I was not much of a pen-driver at any time, and often found it hard work to get through with my books in business. You see, sir, my father, before he died, taught me, as a boy, to work hard to lay bricks quickly and straight, and I found plenty of scope for my trade in Australia; and soon, by God's help, I was able to set up as my own master. God blessed me; and by sticking close to work I was able to take a wife, and keep up a good home, and my business has steadily increased ever since.

"'But I must tell you how I fell in with Edwards. You will remember, some years ago, old Thomas Binney, of the Weigh House Chapel, London, came over on a visit to our country. Whilst he was there he was asked to preach in several places. On one occasion he was to preach out in the open-air, a few miles from my place. I ordered my carriage and pair, that I might drive over to hear him. There was a great crowd of people from many parts, so I put up my horses, and made straight for the preaching-place. I found a good position for seeing and hearing, by climbing on some large trees, piled one on the

other. I took my seat on the top row, and saw beside me a young man, whose pinched, pale face drew out my sympathy. I said, "Stranger, you look very ill." "Yes, sir," said he, "I am very ill, and quite unfit to be here. But, sir, Thomas Binney comes from the Old Country; so, when I heard he was to preach here to-day, I felt that, if I died in the attempt, I must go and hear a sermon by a voice from England."

"'And do you come from England?' I asked.

"'Yes, from the west coast; from the town of B——.'

"'You don't say so, friend!' I said. 'Why, I am a native of that very place, and was brought up in the Congregational Sunday-school there.'

"'And so was I,' said my newly-found friend; 'and my teacher's name was ——.'

"'And so was mine,' I exclaimed; and at once our hearts drew together like those of Jonathan and David. We talked and wept, and laughed and shook hands, all at the same time; and although we had both come some distance to hear Mr. Binney, and each had looked forward to a great treat, our joy was so full, that the sermon, in a great measure, was lost to both of us; we were really longing for the service to close, that we might talk more to each other about our school days.

"'I asked Edwards where he was living, and found that he had come straight from the hospital to the service.'

"'And where are you going at the close of this service?' I asked.

"'Back to the hospital,' he replied; 'where, I think, I am going soon to die.'

"'Not if I know it, Edwards,' I answered. 'My carriage will be here in a short time; and if you are willing, you will go with me, and spend the rest of your life on earth under my roof.'

"'But I shall be such a trouble to you. I am so weak and so helpless,' the poor fellow said.

"'Never mind that.' I told him, 'The best doctor that money can procure, shall see you; and the best nursing the land can produce shall be yours.'

"'But you have not consulted your wife,' he said. 'She might not like your taking home a confirmed invalid.'

"'Why, bless you, Edwards,' I said, 'if I took home a dog, my wife would love it right away, if I wished it. She is the best woman on God's earth. So, get into the carriage; we will call round at the hospital, and let them know you have left for good, and are going home with me.'

"This we did; and for some nine months the doctor, my wife, and a trained nurse, did all that human beings could do to alleviate his sufferings, and to cheer his closing days. We all loved him, and gave him the best that could be purchased; and at last we buried him in our family vault." The old minister wept during the whole time he was telling me this touching story, though, doubtless, he had told it to others before, many times; but it was cut into his very heart. Nor was it any wonder it should be so.

"Then, sir," said he to me, "this noble-hearted man took out his purse, and said, 'Teacher, I don't know your position, and I don't want

to insult you; but I have brought you a cheque for a thousand pounds as a mark of gratitude for your faithfulness to me in my early days; and if you are in needy circumstances, I will make it two thousand.'

"'No! No! No!' I said; 'I could not touch your money. I have not much longer to remain on earth, and I have quite enough to carry me to the end of my journey. You, dear fellow, have given me more than two thousand pounds to-day.'

"'I can well afford it, Teacher', said Ted Trotter; 'I owe much to you. But for your instruction and counsel, to make God my Guide, and to take Christ as my Lord and Master, I might have been in a drunkard's grave instead of being a successful man.'

"'No, friend, I cannot take the money,' said I; 'but to have lived to have seen a scholar of mine do such a Christ-like act for a fellow-scholar in a distant land, and to speak as you have spoken to me to-day, is just as much as I can bear. I can now understand more fully Simeon's feelings, when he exclaimed, "Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, according to thy word; for mine eyes have seen thy salvation."

So spake the old minister; whilst I rejoiced with him in his joy.

J. MANTON SMITH.

Notes from Northfield.

(*Concluded from page* 623.)

WITH such a rich and varied programme at each meeting of the Convention, it is no easy matter to pack into one more paper all we would wish to say.

We should like to have given a sketch of Mr. Moody's Training Schools at Northfield and Mount Hermon, and also of his Bible Institute at Chicago.

Then, the earnest addresses of Evangelists Needham, Munhall, and Pratt deserve more than a passing reference. Most helpful, too, were the hints given by Revs. R. A. Torrey and A. S. Gumbart, on "How to use the Bible with Enquirers."

The two Sabbaths at Northfield deserve special mention. An hour before service-time the roads were lined with eager worshippers; and fully half-an-hour was spent by the crowded congregation in singing ere the service commenced. On the first Sabbath we were favoured with a practical sermon on "Reasonable Service," by Dr. Hamlin, the U. S. President's Pastor. The following Sabbath morning we listened to two sermons—one by Dr. Gordon, on "The Three Gardens," John xviii. 1; xix. 41; and Luke xxiii. 43; basing his discourse on Solomon's Song viii. 13; a delightfully refreshing *pastorale!* The second sermon was by Rev. F. B. Meyer, on Matthew xvii. 4.

Mr. Meyer's books are widely read in America: his advent was eagerly anticipated; and his addresses were a distinct feature at the Convention.

An incident here deserves note, as illustrating Mr. Moody's very practical turn of mind. He mentioned, for the information of strangers,

that seat-rents had long been abolished here, and the worship of God was entirely supported by the "free-will offerings" of the people. "And now the stewards will take up the collection." Here Mr. Stebbins proposed "a hymn, while the collection is being taken." At once Mr. Moody rose, and said, "No, Mr. Stebbins; we won't have the attention of the people diverted from the box. It is as much a religious duty to *give* as it is to praise and pray: we'll have the hymn after the collection."

Time would fail me to tell of all the helpful words that fell from the lips of Drs. Cuyler, Hastings, Lorimer, Pierson, and others; of the special day given to Dr. Pierson for the advocacy of Foreign Missions, and how the good doctor's enthusiasm became so contagious that the crowded gathering in the evening was wrought up to white heat, and when Mr. Moody proposed a collection for his mission among the Dakota Indians, within twenty minutes upwards of £740 was given. Nor can I record J. E. Clough's wondrous story of the Telugu Mission; nor Dr. W. W. Eddy's account of gospel work in Syria; nor J. R. Hykes's address on conquests of the cross in China; nor the thrilling testimony of Signor A. J. Diaz, concerning his conversion, and the work of God in his hands in Cuba; and how Mr. Moody thereupon rose beside the signor, his heart full to overflowing, and throwing his arm across the neck of this brother, praised God, and prayed with a fervour of holy zeal that moved every heart in that great assembly.

Moreover, had we space to spare, we would have preferred more than a passing notice of the sweet singers who, in turn, led us in song—Messrs. Sankey, Stebbins, Towner, Burke, Low—with an efficient *Christian* choir; "singing with grace in the heart," the songs became a means of grace to all of us. And we are very reluctant to pass with a mere mention the hours of sweet fellowship we enjoyed in the home of that prince of songsters, Ira D. Sankey; his gracious and cheery intercourse will remain a sunny memory. So will our two visits to Fanny J. Crosby, the blind poetess, well known by her hymn, "Safe in the arms of Jesus," and hosts of others. Seldom have we met a more transparent, humble, devout soul among "the King's daughters"; it was just delightful to hear her unaffected talk on the various circumstances that have given birth to her sweet songs—for most of them were *born*, not *manufactured*.

"A prophet hath no honour in his own country." Doubtless this is *the rule;* and as no rule is without an exception, we claim that exception for Mr. D. L. Moody. Here, in his birth-place, he lives in the hearts of rich and poor alike. Whenever it was announced that he would speak, the large hall was packed long before the time of service. His homely, pithy, practical talks were bristling with points.

Few of us will forget his Bible-reading on Haggai, and his scathing onslaught upon the ruinous monopolies of the present time, in which many professing Christians are shareholders; or his advice to believers to "clear out" of the railway companies where they run their trains seven days a week, and extra Sunday excursions to the ruin of our young folk. Then, from stern denunciation, he melted to pathos on the seven promises of God in Haggai, upon which he had been feeding since daybreak: (1) "I will take pleasure in your work," (2) "I will be glorified," (3) "I will shake the heavens and the earth," (4) "I will shake the nations,"

(5) "I will fill this house with glory," (6) "I will give peace," (7) "From this day will I bless thee."

"The man of one book is the man of power," said Mr. Moody when in England; and he himself is a fine illustration of that fact. Most helpful was his address on "How to use the Bible." Here are a few jottings. Turning to Ex. vi. 6-8, God begins by saying, "I am the Lord," and closes with the same. Dwell on the seven "I wills" of God in these verses, and see what he pledges himself to do for his people. Note the five declarations in Isaiah xli. 10, "I am with thee," "I am thy God," "I will strengthen thee," "I will help thee," "I will uphold thee." Isaiah xlii. 16 contains a five-fold promise: "I will bring the blind by a way that they knew not; I will lead them in paths that they have not known: I will make darkness light before them, and crooked things straight. These things will I do unto them, and not forsake them." With wonderful facility Mr. Moody turned to and fro in the Word, and handed out the precious nuggets, with his pithy remarks thereon, until some of us felt that we knew far less of our Bible than we thought we did.

On the last day of the Convention the people would hear him again, and he preached a searching sermon on "Obedience." It was full of good points; the closing sentences will convey some idea of the whole: God demands an obedience that does not ask questions. What does he command you to do? To repent, to take up your cross and follow Christ, to deny yourself, to seek first the kingdom of God. That's the great pendulum that regulates life—seeking God's kingdom. Take up this Bible, and look through it. You will find that every man in it who was blessed, was blessed in the act of obedience. Naaman dipped seven times in the Jordan, and his leprosy left him. The ten lepers were healed "as they went." The man with the withered hand was made whole in the act of obedience. If God tells me to jump over a wall ten thousand feet high, I'll do it: it is God's business to get me over the wall. I'll do what God commands. The Saviour anointed the blind man's eyes with mud—not a good ointment—and bade him wash in the pool of Siloam; in the act of obedience his sight was restored. You say, "It's unreasonable." Let reason go to the four winds. Obey God. Christ is the same to-night as when on earth: if he tells you to obey, he gives power to obey with the command. If he bids you "go out into the highways and hedges, and compel men to come in," *go*. Too many stand on platforms and in pulpits, trying to reach people with ten-foot poles and kid-gloves. You cannot reach anybody that way.

A BAPTISM IN LAKE WANNAMAKER.

After a week of such intense spiritual power and stimulus (than which, except our Pastors' College Conference, we have never attended more helpful meetings), and especially after Mr. Moody's practical address on "Obedience," an open confession of Christ, according to Scriptural order, was a most fitting close. And as we all felt that the Spirit of God had rested in superabundant measure upon Dr. Gordon in his various addresses during the Convention, it likewise seemed most fitting that he should lead in the path of duty those who were willing to prove their love to Christ by obedience to his command.

As there is no Baptist church in Northfield, Lake Wannamaker was selected as a suitable place for the ordinance. Lying in the midst of a beautiful bit of woodland scenery, and, on this quiet Sabbath evening, illumined by the golden tints of the setting sun, neither place nor time could have been more suited to the observance of our Lord's command.

Vehicles and foot-passengers thronged the paths and byways leading to the spot, until a congregation numbering upwards of two thousand lined the banks of the lovely lake. By far the larger portion of this crowd had evidently never before witnessed "believers' baptism."

It was a thoroughly representative gathering. The sombre hues of the Society of Friends, from neighbouring New England farmsteads, blending with the black broadcloth of a heavy contingent of ministers, threw into bold relief the predominating gay American summer garb.

The whole scene of sunlit woodland and gathered multitude was clearly reflected in the translucent blue of the lake, and presented a charming picture. In the centre of the crowd, and near the water's edge, was erected a small white tent, from which emerged Dr. Gordon and Pastor F. J. Flatt (who assisted him), followed by the candidates.

As the people listened, they heard, distinctly read, the record of the baptism of Christ by John, and a few verses from Romans as to the Scripture symbolism of the ordinance. These, without note or comment, were followed by an earnest prayer by Pastor Flatt; and then a hush fell upon the people, as the man of God took by the hand a brother, and together they stepped into the lake till waist-deep; the silence was broken only by the Doctor, as (addressing the candidate by name) he asked, in clear tones, "Dost thou believe on the Son of God?" The answer fell with equal clearness on the listening throng, "I do." "I baptize thee in the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost." Then a burst of song, "like the voice of many waters", broke from the multitude, and as the sound of the hymn, "Jesu, lover of my soul," was borne on the breeze, a brother minister had been "buried with Christ in baptism", and had risen in token of the resurrection life of the twice-born. As the first verse closed, the second candidate, a sister clad in white, was by the side of the minister, and there fell distinctly on the ear, the question and answer as before, and the next verse of the hymn, "Other refuge have I none." Thus, one by one, seven believers "witnessed a good confession before many witnesses", and the minister emerged, hand in hand with the last candidate, as the grand old Doxology was sung. Briefly pausing by the waterside, he dismissed the throng with the benediction, and they went their ways to muse on the service in which they had taken part, and to ask themselves the old, old question, "What mean ye by this ordinance?" The correct answer is very simple—We follow our Lord's example, and we obey our Lord's command.

JOHN BURNHAM.

Notices of Books.

Gospel Pictures in Bible Stories. By W. Y. Fullerton. Passmore and Alabaster. Price 1s. 6d.

All Mr. Fullerton's writings are full of the gospel, and they sparkle with originality of illustration. He is a born evangelist, and puts soul-saving truth in a clear and attractive light. In the present neatly-bound volume he is fully up to his highest mark, and we lovingly commend his "Bible Stories" to all our friends.

Words of Faith, Hope, and Love from the Chamber of a Dying Saint: being a Series of Letters written by the late John Dickie, of Irvine. Partridge and Co.

Such letters as could only have been written by one "chosen in the furnace of affliction." They are nothing from a literary point of view, and therefore they would disappoint the worldly reader; but knowing in some degree the experience which is wrought by endurance of severe suffering, we sympathize in the expressions employed, and rejoice in the lessons inculcated. The writer valued his five years upon the bed of pain fifty times more than his preceding sixty years of health, because they brought him fuller knowledge of self, and deeper enjoyment of his God.

If it had been possible to omit the repetitions, the book would have been all the better; but, as it is, we have found in it several living seeds of sermons, and fresh expositions of Scripture. Mr. Dickie was a pillar among "brethren" who met in the name of the Lord Jesus in Irvine till he was promoted to inner service upon his solitary bed, in years of intercession, and *enjoyment* of his God. Assuredly, there are certain lessons which are never well learned except the rod makes the scholar's flesh to tingle; but what lessons they are! Personally, we owe more to the fire and the hammer than to all pleasant days and soft indulgences; and it was the same with John Dickie. He wrote, "I feel as the old dying disciple did, to whom some brother said, 'Patience a little, John, you will soon be happy.' 'No, no,' replied the dying man, 'I am quite happy now.'" The cross grows sweet at length, though at first it is bitter to the flesh; yea, it even becomes a sweetener, and being cast into the Marah waters of our disappointments, it makes them fit for pilgrims' lips.

Only the truly spiritual will care for such a book as this; and possibly not every one to whom that title rightly belongs would prize so highly the letters as the brother who received them. To us they have been a drink of the brook by the way. As in water face answereth unto face, so does our own experience answer to that of this gracious sufferer—though we blush when we mark his patience, and our own haste to escape from disease.

The Cup of Loving Service. By Eliza Dean Taylor. Bagster and Sons.

A touching little story, illustrating the beauty and worth of Christian self-sacrifice. Charmingly illustrated, and forming an appropriate gift-book for any young person at the approaching festive season.

United States Pictures. By Rev. R. Lovett, M.A. Religious Tract Society.

Worthy of the great country which it describes, both as to the work of the engraver and the writer. We have always admired the series of illustrated books of travel of which this is one, and we think our readers on examination will agree with us that as a drawing-room book for 8s. it is marvellously cheap, and as a brief guide-book to the States it is singularly full. This is not a reproduction of *American Pictures*, but an entirely new work.

The Cottager and Artisan for 1891. Religious Tract Society.

Very well done indeed. Very seldom is the present writer seduced into reading a serial story; but he acknowledges that he fell a victim to "Reuben Wray's Career." We do not feel ourselves any the worse for reading it; neither will any other cottager or artisan derive anything but good from following our example.

We were getting a little fagged, when a box came from *Raphael Tuck and Sons*, with *Cards for the Season, and Calendars and Booklets, and Gift-boxes, full of choice works of art.* It gave us a fine half-holiday to look through these marvels. We always wonder what next these great card-men will invent; but now we ask no longer: there is no end to their originality. The very catalogues deserve note, and help to create some idea of the great business of this firm, and the vast demands for such luxuries as they produce.

The Little Choristers' Panel might worthily decorate the boudoir of a princess. *The Porcelain Panels* are in date all the year round. The *Cards* and *Books* vary from the severely classical to the supremely comical. If a young gentleman would go a-courting, here he can select a present for the fair one; or if an older person would console a sufferer, here are the texts or verses which suit his design. Those who retail these goods should get Messrs. Tuck's catalogue from 72, Coleman Street, E.C., and they will find an abundance of most saleable works of art.

The two or three cards intended for Romanists we do not include in our praise. The Virgin is by us held in too much respect to be placed in the throne to be worshipped.

Our space does not allow us to give an adequate idea of the specimens sent us. We have on our brains a conglomerate of birds of paradise, pansies, water-lilies, and horseshoes, intermixed with roses, dogs, shells, jewels, angels, choristers, and all things in heaven above, in the earth beneath, and in the waters under the earth. Out of the whole dance of delight we hear the voice, not of Raphael the painter, but of Raphael Tuck, saying, "Look, and be pleased."

Hildesheimer and Faulkner send us selections of their *Illustrated Gift Books, Booklets, Cards, and Games for Children.* We are sorry that very few of them fall within the special range of our Magazine. We prize most those things which are of a distinctly religious character, and these are not so. Still, we are not impervious to the charms of beauty, and one would need to be reduced to that condition before he could refuse a good word for works of art of so high a character as many of *the cards* of this firm. We have examined our box with great pleasure. The variety seems endless, and the taste displayed is marvellous. We have here everything, from the serious to the comic, from the lowest price to the highest. Tradesmen who retail these luxuries could not find a wider range of choice, so far as talent is concerned, than will await them at 41, Jewin Street. Our wonder is that so many gems of beauty should come from one house. The pity is that our English colour-printing is still unable to compete with the foreigner, so that these works in colours or monochrome, though designed in England, are produced in Germany.

The Books are mostly made up of love-songs sweet as sugar-candy, and therefore not quite in our line; but we are greatly pleased with *The City of Gondolas*, and *Recollections of Venice*, which are truly delicious works at 1s. 6d. each. *Souvenir of Bettws-y-Coed*, and *Stratford-upon-Avon*, at 1s. each, are also much to our mind. But, like the cards, the books must be seen to be appreciated. Were we writing for the review department of some secular periodical, we would say more; and we do not wish our brevity to be construed into a want of appreciation. Could not this firm use more texts?

The Games are instructive and harmless; but they do not strike us as works of great genius in the direction of amusement.

Messrs. John and Walter Wheeler, of Warwick Lane, and 80, Mildmay Park, are issuing *Cards with Texts, and Booklets, and Calendars*, for the approaching season. Most of these publications are after the good sort which we have seen many years; but *Nos.* 141 *and* 142, *Art Ruby Series*, are worthy of special mention. The little books, *Royal Grace* and *Heart Chords*, are delicious. It is very hard to keep out of a rut, and perhaps there is the less need to do so when that rut is straight and clean; but in process of time this card business will lose its interest through unavoidable repetition.

The Family Friend. Vol. XXII.
The Mother's Companion. Vol. V.
The Friendly Visitor. Vol. XXV.
The Children's Friend. Vol. XXXI.
The Infants' Magazine. Vol. XXVI.
Partridge and Co.

THESE are all first-rate. There's no making any choice except by choosing all of them. In *The Children's Friend* there is a picture in colours well worth framing—worth the price of the book; and we ought to say the same of that in *The Infants' Magazine.* We could not give better praise than by saying that there is no falling off since the palmy days of Mr. Smithies' editing. These publications are a fountain of living waters.

The British Workman. Vol. XXXVII. Partridge and Co.

THE foe of drink: the friend of the working-man. Three cheers for those whose genius produces this grand paper! It is a fine work of art, as well as a treasury of moral lessons. We are proud to have our portrait on the first page.

The Band of Hope Review. Vol. XLI. Partridge and Co.

THIS does for the children what *The British Workman* does for the adults. What a shilling's-worth the volume is! It is No. 41, and the paper is thus in the prime of life. May it never decline; but go on to teach all coming generations, till drink-shops exist no longer!

Young England for 1891. "Young England" office, 56, Old Bailey.

AS long as boys are boys they will like this kind of book. We have passed beyond that stage of life, but we have not left behind us the love of adventure and marvel. Still, we think a little more of practical and religious matter might be inserted in these pages, and yet the work would be quite lively enough for the liveliest lad. Anyhow, this is an all-alive Magazine for Young England, and we doubt not that it secures its full share of youthful patronage. Oh, that Young England may excel its ancestry in all that is good and gracious!

The Rosebud Annual. James Clarke and Co.

CONTAINING nearly three hundred illustrations, and any quantity of fun, this is one of the best of play-books—pure and simple. Grandchildren who had last year's *Rosebud* will give grandpa no rest till he gets them the new one. The drawings are of that telling kind which all boys and girls appreciate.

Little Folks for 1891. Cassell and Co.

AFTER we had almost exhausted our vocabulary in praise of half-a-dozen lumps of delight for the youngsters, Messrs. Cassell sent another large lump, *Little Folks*, and we fancy we hear them say, "What do you think of that?" Well, it is certainly second to none. The copious index reveals a wealth of blended amusement and instruction for little folks of all ages, the funniest nonsense, most interestingly curious bits of natural history, travellers' tales, "tee-to-tum" tales, prize puzzles and pictures, and special pages for "Our Sunday Afternoons."

As for pictures, they are both abundant and beautiful. In short, it is true to its title as a "Magazine", that is, "a place for holding valuable articles."

The Century, Illustrated Monthly Magazine. English Edition. T. Fisher Unwin.

WHAT magazine can compete with *The Century?* Its engravings and other illustrations are surpassingly good, while the writing is fresh, fine, and original. The American flavour of the whole only offers a new relish to the English literary appetite. Some periodicals find it a constant struggle to keep up to a readable point; but this monthly is rich and increased in goods, and each of its articles is a leading one. We have heard of a man who married because he had too much *poverty* for one, and certain periodical literature is coming to that point; but *The Century Magazine* is well up to the mark as to wealth of everything that establishes a Magazine. The bound volumes furnish splendid reading for quiet half-hours, and never fail to fascinate a reader whenever he looks into them. A set of the forty-three volumes would be a library in itself: we suppose that few possess such a treasure. We half wish that we did.

Bogatzky's Golden Treasury: a Reprint of Mr. JOHN THORNTON'S Edition of 1775, together with Critical Notes by JOHN BERRIDGE. Edited by CHARLE P. PHINN, B.A. With Introduction by H. C. G. MOULE, M.A. Elliot Stock.

BOGATZKY'S *Golden Treasury* must have the true life in it, or it would not have survived the lapse of so many years, and still have held its own amid a crowd of competitors. To us it seems rather commonplace, though always good; but it must have some special qualities, or it would not have enjoyed so vast a circulation during one hundred and sixty years.

It is a new thing to publish the annotations of Berridge. These are bold, pithy, and witty; sometimes they are caustic, and even too severe. We like these brief and pungent remarks; but a good many in these days of imaginary charity will deem them bigoted and bitter. Anyhow, they give a new feature to Mr. Stock's issue, and call upon the frequent reader of Bogatzky to read him again.

This is an interesting edition, rather dear at six shillings, if you judge by quantity; but incomparably cheap, if quality is mainly considered. It would be a pity that any word which Berridge ever wrote should be lost. To us, at any rate, his playful sentences are as "dust of gold."

Human Destiny. By ROBERT ANDERSON, LL.D., Barrister-at-Law, Assistant Commissioner of Police. Third Edition. Hodder & Stoughton.

WE commended the first edition of this ably-written book to the attention of those who abide by the eternal verities, and would know how one who is faithful to the teachings of revelation on this momentous subject refutes the sophistries and errors of those who boast of their advanced theology. Dr. Anderson reviews the theories of the future state that are propounded in such works as *Salvator Mundi*, *Eternal Hope*, *The Restitution of all Things*, &c. These are dealt with in so masterly a style, that though the book has provoked the hostile criticism of the champions of the modern school, no one, so far as the author can ascertain, has attempted to answer his refutation. We are glad to see so good a work on the subject in a third edition; we again commend it to all Bible students, and especially to all whose minds are troubled on this solemn question.

Harvest and Thanksgiving Services. Sermons and Outline Addresses. Nisbet and Co.

A VERY fair collection of sermons and addresses suitable for harvest thanksgiving and flower services; enough to start a man with a theme, when hard put to it, or to aid him by suggestion and illustration when already started. Among the writers are Hugh Macmillan, Monro Gibson, Gordon Calthrop, Henry Allon, and W. J. Dawson. A serviceable, sensible, suggestive volume. Country deacon, give your pastor a copy.

The Christianity of Jesus Christ. By MARK GUY PEARSE. T. Woolmer.

A RECORD of addresses delivered at St. James's Hall, in connection with the West Central Mission. The style is vivid and popular, and the substance such as befits the conception that the mission of the gospel in this age is to convert the world. We think a more sober and Scriptural view would lead to less demonstration in method, and not less of reaping in actual result. Many now, as in Christ's own day, will not believe, because they are not his sheep. Howbeit, the gospel does not miss its mark; for by means of it some from all peoples are gathered out according to God's purpose.

Aspects of Scepticism, with special reference to the present time. By JOHN FORDYCE, M.A. Elliot Stock.

A WORK of an apologetic character, in which Secularism, Materialism, and Rational Scepticism, are forcefully opposed. It is not easy to teach the wisdom of this world, or rather, to teach those who are imbued with it. But such work is not always love's labour lost; and we hope this masterly production will be the means of delivering many of scepticism's captives from the dreary wilds in which they wander. While not able to defend every position taken up by Mr. Fordyce, we consider that his book is, of its kind, an able and useful work.

William O'Bryan. By S. L. THORNE. J. C. Holland, 83, Cambridge Street, Plymouth.

An interesting little book, especially to the Bible Christians. In the West of England they flourish, and the reason is that they are a plain, earnest, gospel-loving people. The names of William O'Bryan and his colleagues are well known, and beloved by many. Most of the pioneers of the denomination have gone to their rest and reward; but their work remains. The second edition of this little memoir of the founder of the Bible Christians should soon be sold out.

Franz Delitzsch. A Memorial Tribute. By SAMUEL IVES CURTISS. Edinburgh: T. and T. Clark.

A WELCOME foretaste of the larger work in German to be hereafter published. Delitzsch has left his mark so deeply on his age, that details of his life will awaken interest, and we hope incite emulation. His father was a second-hand clothes dealer, and Franz Hirsch Levy, a Jew, was one of his god-fathers. It is touching to learn that, in his later years, the old Jew was baptized on confession of his faith in the Messiah, two years before he died. It appears that both Delitzsch's parents were of pure German extraction, and there was no Jewish blood in his veins. Born in 1813, in Leipsic, he passed through the free city school, where he says he became a complete Rationalist. On entering the University, "he felt himself drawn to God, but the person of Jesus Christ was veiled in utter darkness." While still a student, "a great change came over him. A gifted, godly fellow-student, named Schütz, who was an intimate friend, had long laboured for his conversion. One day, as he was near the old Grimma gate, he became a new creature in Christ." This book contains brief notices of his subsequent career, as teacher, theologian, author, and the friend of Israel. A list of fifty of his works is given at the close. The exact niche he will occupy in the world of Christian thought has yet to be determined; but this we may gladly say, that in person he was devout, humble, and sincere; in doctrine, as evangelical as so strict a Lutheran could well be; in industry and application, almost a giant; in the service of his Master, solicitous for the conversion of souls, and the coming of the Kingdom. In his last years he modified some of his earlier defences of the faith, and was unduly moved by the works of Wellhausen, and the like. Yet we would that, on the whole, the Fatherland had many such fathers in the faith; a wish that yet our God may make reality.

Henry Martyn: his Life and Labours. By JESSE PAGE. Partridge and Co.

THIS is one of a series of missionary biographies, published at a very cheap rate. The book is well written, and gives a graphic account of the heroic achievements of one of the most saintly and gifted of men, who gave himself to the work of "preaching amongst the Gentiles the unsearchable riches of Christ." We cannot have too many of such productions.

Declarations and Letters on the Vatican Decrees, 1869-1887. By IGNAZ VON DÖLLINGER. Edinburgh: Clark.

WE have been extremely interested and edified by the perusal of this work, and heartily commend it to those of our readers who desire to see the dogma of papal infallibility hurled to the ground as if by a thunderbolt. Nothing can surpass these "Declarations and Letters" as masterpieces of reasoning on the subject of which they treat. Though a son of Rome, and an honoured teacher in her schools, Dr. Döllinger raised the standard of revolt when the time had come to crown the apostasy with the top-stone of the pope's infallibility. His reasons for this stand are here fully given, and mention is also made of his manliness in braving the anathemas of Rome rather than sacrifice his moral sense. We venture to think that Dr. Döllinger's indignant and intrepid protest, maintained to the end, will rear for him a monument more lasting than brass. Happy are they who have a conscience that can serve as a fulcrum for truth in the day of trial!

The Garden of Cymodoce. By T. PRESTON BATTERSBY. G. Cauldwell.

A TALE of the Isle of Sark, of small interest, and still smaller worth.

The Acts of the Apostles to the Revelation: being supplementary to the Four Holy Gospels according to the Authorized Version, with variations of type in the use of capital letters, and with Marginal Notes. By Rev. E. T. CARDALE. Rivingtons.

THE author of this new version of the Scriptures has unbounded faith in the power of capital letters to compel reverence for the Word of God. This has been the great prompting motive in this laborious work, and which, within its own limits, is very successful. We do not anticipate a large public appreciation of it, nor are we sure that in all cases it is desirable. We note that, in reference to the cup and bread in the Communion Service, our author is very decided as to the use of the capital letter. Is this significant of any doctrinal belief as to the nature of those elements? Capital letters are not much after all, either by way of defence or exposition of the Book.

The Apocalypse: its Structure and Primary Predictions. By DAVID BROWN, D.D. Hodder and Stoughton.

A BRIEF book on a confessedly difficult theme; but, so far as it goes, a worthy contribution to Apocalyptical literature. Dr. Brown is at his best when annihilating Sir William Hamilton for his attack on the Book of Revelation. He seems a born polemic; and after the clangour of battle, the serene air of the commentator seems a little tame. Whilst reserving our opinion on details, we heartily commend this as a sober, cautious, and capable comment on this dazzling Book. Dr. Brown has a warm heart, a cool, clear head, and a transparent diction; splendid equipments for an expositor. The only drawback to this book is its comparatively cursory character; but prolix commentators abound, and Dr. Brown can afford to be unusually concise.

A New Translation of the Book of the Revelation, with concise Notes. By SAVILL HAYWARD. Haughton & Co.

NOTHING startling here; but much to make us grateful for the stately, majestic English of our Authorised Version. We confess that the "New Translation" is not so musical as the old, nor are the "Concise Notes" of profound suggestiveness to any Bible student. We *have* read poorer books, and better, too.

The Book of Job and the Song of Solomon, translated into English Metre. By TALMID. Edinburgh: Jas. Thin.

To convey more accurately the structure and emphasis of these books, while preserving the metrical arrangement of the original Hebrew, is this author's design. We have been able to examine only a small portion of the work critically, but we infer that this is a production of real merit. The marks of sanctified scholarship are patent, and though in bulk the volume is small, the labour expended must have been very considerable. We trust this endeavour to vivify, for English readers, the inspired original, will command the interest which it undoubtedly deserves.

The Gospel History of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, in a Connected Narrative in the Words of the Revised Version. Arranged by C. C. JAMES, M.A., Rector of Wortham, Suffolk. Clay and Sons.

A BETTER gospel harmony, on the basis of the Revised Version, could not, we think, be secured. It is done with care and intelligence, and on a plan that is perspicuous. We commend this volume to all who desire a carefully-executed harmony of the gospels on the basis of the Revision, which, Mr. James thinks, has proved its right to general adoption. It is excellently printed, and issued at a low price.

A Commentary on St. Paul's Epistles to the Ephesians, Philippians, Colossians, and to Philemon. By JOSEPH AGAR BEET. Hodder & Stoughton.

WE welcome this commentary, not as a sufficient exposition, but as a means of frequent stimulus and edification. As an expositor, Mr. Beet is patient and minute, and oftentimes acute. It is a pleasure to follow in the path he has trodden, even when we differ from him. We are conscious, too, of a true spiritual sense in this writer, by which the higher truths are made to glow with a captivating brightness. The scholarly detail is of value, but the inner appreciation of the hidden treasure is much more precious.

Jesus Christ the Divine Man: His Life and Times. By Rev. J. F. VALLINGS, M.A. Nisbet and Co.

IN the "Men of the Bible" series, the life of our Lord should be as apples of gold in dishes of silver. We confess to a feeling of disappointment as we lay this volume down; and yet it is not the fault of the author. Who could do justice to the life of lives? Who could write freshly and originally where inspired Evangelists have led us from our childhood; and where Stier, and Geikie, Farrar, Pressensé, and Stalker have humbly followed? Mr. Vallings has done well. He faces difficulties, explains seeming discrepancies, preserves unity of thought, and often rises to eloquence. The tone of the book is a little churchy; but we readily condone this for the devoutness of spirit that is manifested. Altogether, it is a good investment for half-a-crown.

The Man of Galilee. By A. G. HAYGOOD. New York: Hunt and Eaton.

The Carpenter's Son. By H. A. TUPPER. Baltimore: Woodward and Co.

TWO goodly volumes, hailing from across the sea, and each a worthy contribution to Christian apologetics. The former is dedicated by a college tutor to his old students; the latter, by a Bible student to a beloved wife. Though starting from different standpoints, and travelling by different routes, both reach the same terminus, Jesus our Lord is the Christ of God, and the only Saviour of men. Long may our Transatlantic brethren think as strenuously, feel as reverently, and write as effectively in defence of the old faith as in these pages!

The Lord's Supper. By Rev. J. P. LILLEY, M.A. Edinburgh: Clark.

WE have much enjoyed the perusal of this book, which is a careful and exhaustive treatise upon the Lord's Supper. We agree with it in nearly all points, save its universal-redemption teaching; and we commend the author's candour on baptism, when he says, speaking of the "constituted society", the Church: "The one condition of entrance into it was faith in Jesus as the Christ and the Son of God. And those who submitted to this requisition were bound to confess him by passing through a simple initiatory ceremony." "It was under his sanction, too, that, at baptism, every new candidate had to make personal acknowledgment of trust in him." We heartily commend the book.

Fulfilled Prophecy, a Proof of the Truth of Revealed Religion. By the Very Rev. W. GOODE, D.D., F.S.A., Dean of Ripon. Second Edition. Edited by Rev. E. W. BULLINGER, D.D. Nisbet and Co.

GOOD indeed! A dozen sermons, preached at Lincoln's Inn Chapel, from 1854 to 1858, with a dissertation on the seventy weeks of Daniel. As to the bulk of these 240 pages, all lovers of truth will rejoice in their republication, and agree in their solid and enduring worth, taking high rank among the Warburtonian Lectures. Israel, Edom, Babylon, Tyre, Nineveh, the Seven Churches of Asia, and Rome, pass before us in succession; while chief attention is given to prophecies respecting the Messiah. Whether all the predictions here set down as fulfilled are finally and exhaustively so, may be questioned; but no student can peruse the volume without profit and stimulus. We fear seven-and-sixpence is an almost prohibitory price for the book, good as it is.

Transformers and Spiritual Chameleons. By Major-General H. AYLMER. Nisbet and Co.

THIS work is designed to expose the shifts, tricks, and artifices of Jesuits in general, and their aiders and abettors in the Anglican communion. In this endeavour General Aylmer succeeds admirably. While laying no claim to scholarship or literary form, he proves that he is fully competent for the task he has undertaken. He is well up in his subject, has a keen perception of the divine authority of Scripture, and a holy horror of the means employed by such men as the late Cardinal Newman to compass their ends. It is well that the guise of sanctity masking moral corruption should be torn off, and that the wolves should appear minus the fleece they try to wear.

Biblical Eschatology. By ALVAH HOVEY, D.D., LL.D. Philadelphia: Baptist Publication Society.

The Fate of the Dead. An Address to Laymen. By THOMAS CLARKE, M.D. Norgate.

Facts and Theories as to a Future State. By F. W. GRANT. Holness.

THESE works, though varying in title, deal with the same thing. Dr. Hovey's volume is an attempt, by a direct appeal to Scripture, to establish the orthodox view of the nature of man, and the ultimate fate of the righteous and the wicked. We think him in error as to his anti-premillenarian reasonings; but, otherwise, the book seems to us sound, and, at the same time, compact. There is nothing redundant in Dr. Hovey's style: instead of canvassing the whole field of literature on the subject of which he treats, his grand aim is to evolve the meaning of the Word itself.

Dr. Clarke, in his *Fate of the Dead*, contends warmly for the conditional immortality hypothesis. His views seem to us to concur with those expounded in Edward White's *Life in Christ*. Unlike the greater number of teachers of that school, he believes in the soul's survival at death —that the wicked soul passes at once into Hades, "fully conscious of its future doom, and with a perfectly clear vision of all that it has lost by its folly, its viciousness, or its indifference." How this view, while Scriptural, can be made to fit in with the conditional immortality definitions of "life" and "death", has ever been to us a mystery. Either death is not extinction, or soul-consciousness after it is impossible.

Mr. Grant's work is almost an encyclopædia on the whole subject, and is exceedingly able. It deals *in extenso* with the whole range of modern thought, whether as represented by the Restorationists, or the school of which Dr. Clarke is such an eminent representative. We would commend this work to those whose minds are disturbed by modern theories, or who may be anxious to see the recent novelties in interpretation Scripturally confuted. Should another edition of *Facts and Theories as to a Future State* be called for, we would recommend the author not to leave the locality of Hades in the sea of mist in which he has enveloped it. The teaching of Scripture on that point is by no means obscure.

Womanhood in the God-Man. By ERNEST MASON, A.T.S. Kegan Paul and Co.

IN this portly volume of 325 pages, the author sweeps the horizon of history with his telescope of observation, and concludes his diligent research by the reflection that much of the false religion of the world is owing to man's ignorance that our Saviour was the perfect Ideal Man, combining in himself the characteristics of woman as well as those of man. Much of the book is excellent. It is well arranged, lucid, and readable. Striking theses are amply proved; *e.g.*, that the very peoples who have deified woman, and worshipped her, have degraded her, and treated her with the utmost contempt (p. 139). This is admirably shown as to Heathenism, Roman Catholicism, and Positivism. After showing how little all the world's religions have done for woman, the stage is clear for effective proof that Christianity alone has been the lever to raise her to her true position. We are sorry to find some jarring notes, however, which lessen the value of the work. The creative story of Gen. ii. is declared "untrue, though it contains the truth. The narrative must be treated poetically or philosophically." Indeed! Was the writer present at that primal scene, to know that the record is not literally true? Again: "If it was through woman that this world came to ruin—for Eve was first in the transgression, then Adam—through her ministry will come about the redemption of the world" (p. 255). Is this poetry or philosophy? It is certainly not theology. Yet to many we think this book may have a mission, in setting forth, from a unique stand-point, the glory of Christianity, and in exposing the insufficiency and errors of its rivals or substitutes.

Notes.

THE EDITOR has written so fully in the first article and the Preface, concerning his illness and his present condition, that there is little further to be said in the "Notes." The latest letter to his sermon-readers, published at the same time as the present Magazine, will give the fullest details of his state up to the third week in November.

"Menton, Nov. 21, 1891.

"TO THE READERS OF MY SERMONS.

"My dear Friends,—This morning I read in *The Times* that 'Mr. Spurgeon is *rapidly* recovering.' These words exactly describe what I am *not* doing. The symptoms are the same as when I was at home. I am tossed up and down upon the waves of my disease, and what is thought progress to-day is gone to-morrow. I have seasons of utter prostration. Always weak, it seems at times that I have no strength whatever, and must altogether collapse.

"*I shall recover*, for this is the tenor of the prayers which our God has so far answered; but there are no traces or signs of anything *rapid* about my condition. *Emphatically*, any advance I make is *the slowest of all slow things*. I write this at once, to prevent disappointment to sanguine friends. I know not why I should be the object of so much tender sympathy, but as I am thus privileged, I would have a sensitive regard for the feelings of such benefactors, and warn them against statements for which there is no basis in truth. Their friend remains feeble, and has no hasty recovery to expect.

"Please continue prayer. Have great patience. Relieve me of anxiety as to the institutions; and praise God for what he has already done.

"Your deeply-indebted servant, for Christ's sake,

"C. H. SPURGEON."

Letters of sympathy and congratulation continue to come from various quarters. The following *representative* communications are to be added to the lists previously published:—Resolutions from Baptist friends in Ceylon; the half-yearly meeting of the Monmouth English Baptist Association; the Canadian Baptist Convention of Ontario and Quebec; the Baptist Union of New South Wales; six of our Pastors' College brethren assembled at the annual meeting of the Ohio Baptist Convention; and the same number of "our own men" gathered at the half-yearly meeting of the Baptist Union of Tasmania. Several of the letters are well worthy of publication, as are many of the loving epistles from private friends, both old and new, from far and near; but we cannot spare the space. However, they are recorded on high, and their contents have caused continual joy to the grateful recipient.

CHRISTMAS AT THE ORPHANAGE.—Whatever is forgotten or omitted during the Editor's illness, one matter *must* be remembered; that is, that old Father Christmas is expected at the Stockwell Orphanage this month, and 500 fatherless girls and boys will be grievously disappointed if he does not bring them the usual bountiful supply of good things for the festive season. Happily, the children are not dependent upon the mythical Father Christmas, nor upon him who, under God, has been to them as an earthly father; but the Father of the fatherless will not let his adopted children want. He usually supplies their needs through his stewards. Will all such kindly note that anything and everything suited to the season will be welcome? This year, all contributions, as well as provisions, &c., should be sent to the Secretary, Stockwell Orphanage, Clapham Road, London.

Mr. Spurgeon's latest shilling book, entitled *Memories of Stambourne*, of which we gave a *résumé* last month, has already reached a second edition, and there is every probability that a third edition will be speedily required. We have had many cheering words concerning the little volume; and, among the rest, letters from former residents in the region, which would have greatly helped us in writing the book if they had reached us before its publication.

The first number of *The Christian Church* will appear on December 4th. A small company has been formed to produce a family newspaper, which will advocate those old-fashioned views of truth which once were called "sound doctrine"; but are now denounced as "obsolete opinions." We wish abundant success to this venture; but we know the great difficulties which surround such an undertaking, and we solicit thoughtful help. If the friends of gospel truth would rally around the standard, apart from their denominational views, and only having regard to evangelical fundamentals, this publication might grow into a first-class weekly paper, and become an instrument for great good. The plan has been on the anvil for months, and we should have personally aided the counsel of the directors, but illness has quite prevented our doing anything. Our son has thrown his heart into the enterprise, and he is surrounded by friends who will labour to make it a success; but, after all, this must depend upon the public, or rather upon those who value the gospel undiluted by "modern thought." Many should take shares, and all should order the paper for

their own household. As far as a sick man can, we will help. A sermon will appear every now and then, and an article occasionally, when we have strength enough to produce one. If the Lord will prosper this undertaking, which commences in the quietest manner, and with no blowing of trumpets, we shall be greatly rejoiced. Each one of our friends should feel that the success of *The Christian Church* depends upon himself.

On *Tuesday evening, October* 13, the annual meeting of the METROPOLITAN TABERNACLE EVANGELISTS' ASSOCIATION was held in the lecture-hall. Pending the arrival of Pastor J. A. Spurgeon from the Orphanage collectors' meeting, Deacon W. Olney took the chair. The first half-hour was devoted to praise and prayer, chiefly on behalf of the senior Pastor.

From the Report which was read, it appears that the Association has eleven permanent mission-stations, at which 2,100 services have been held during the year. In addition, regular Sunday-school and Band of Hope work is carried on at nine out of the eleven stations. A second branch of work is the sending of Associates to conduct services in chapels and mission-halls belonging to other organizations. Nearly 1,000 such services have been conducted during the year. According to the balance-sheet, the cost of all this work to the Association was only £211 19s. 4½d., of which £15 12s. 2d. remained due at the annual meeting.

Pastor J. A. S. briefly, but suitably, addressed the meeting, after which verses two and fourteen of the third Epistle of John were wired to the sick President at Eastbourne, as a loving and sympathetic message from the Association.

An interesting feature of the meeting was the display of an illuminated and framed address, together with a collection of pictures, which had been subscribed for as a present to the late secretary, Mr. G. E. Elvin, whose retirement, through his long-continued ill-health, after 15 years' earnest and faithful service, is deeply regretted. In a characteristic letter, read by his son Fred., Mr. Elvin expressed his appreciative acceptance of the testimonial.

Addresses upon the work of the Association were delivered by Messrs. C. Ford, S. Evans, J. Shurmer, W. H. Green, and F. F. Favell: and choirs from Besson Street, New Cross; George Street, Camberwell; and Little George Street, Bermondsey, contributed much to the enjoyment of the friends. The meeting was full of life and force, and greatly encouraged the committee and members of the Association.

So useful a Society as this ought to have a long list of subscribers. Mr. Thos. Cox, the present secretary, will promptly acknowledge all amounts sent to him at 5, Crown Villas, Kennington Oval, S.E. Friends should not mistake this Association for the Pastors' College Society of Evangelists. That useful Society employs paid agents, who were formerly in the College; this Association has unpaid agents only, most of the members being engaged in business, and devoting their spare time to the Lord's work. Any such brethren who are able to undertake evangelistic work should communicate with Mr. Cox.

On *Monday evening, October* 26, Mr. Stott presided at the usual prayer-meeting at the Tabernacle. After singing, and prayer by Brethren Young and Ely, Dr. Pierson spoke about the Lord's work in France, in the absence of Pasteur Saillens, who had promised to be present, but was unable to come before the following Monday. Dr. P. referred in the highest terms to the politeness, tact, zeal, and soundness in the faith of M. Saillens, and said, "Like myself, Brother Saillens is an old-fashioned believer, and he believes in the Bible *just as it is;* and I believe in the man and his work." He described meetings of Parisian working-men and women, especially noting the eagerness of the factory women to attend the meetings; coming direct from their work, late at night, bringing a little food to help them stay on, and hear of Christ, rather than go home to a comfortable supper and much-needed rest. The Doctor closed with a powerful appeal on behalf of Pasteur Saillens' work.

Mr. Stott gave a glowing account of a meeting at the Orphanage, the interest of the boys and girls in his address, and the loving messages to their dear President with which the children charged him. Before the meeting closed, a telegram was read from Calais, reporting that the Pastor and his party had arrived at Calais, "safe and happy." Thereupon the congregation rose and sang the Doxology, and several brethren presented praise and prayer on behalf of the Pastor and his travelling companions.

Brother J. Manton Smith gave an account of the meetings which Mr. Fullerton and he had just been holding at Sheffield, and related many notable instances of conversion, resulting from this and a previous visit to the town. After he had sung one of his favourite gospel songs, several requests for prayer were read, and presented at the throne of grace by Mr. Dunn.

On *Wednesday evening, October* 28, the annual meeting of MRS. STIFF'S BIBLE-CLASS was held at 197, Clapham Road. Nearly 60 members of the class sat down to a liberally-spread tea-table. After tea, Mrs. Stiff read the report, which stated that the class has been in existence twelve years. During the past year the President had to be frequently absent. At the last anniversary, the class numbered 56 members, 13 had been added, and 17 had been taken away to fill various positions, which prevented their further attendance. Generally from 38 to 42 have been present. £10 9s. 5d. had been given, during the year, to the

Orphanage; £4 8s. 3d. to Zenana work; and £1 6s. to the Ragged-school Holiday Fund; total, £16 3s. 8d. Besides this, 215 presents, mostly articles of clothing, have been presented to the Orphanage. Ten of the members are matrons at the Orphanage. During the 12 years of the existence of the class, 243 members have passed through it. Many have left to engage in Sunday-school teaching, and other Christian service. At the close of the report, Mrs. Stiff announced the sorrowful fact that she could no longer continue the work. Her own health, and the advancing years of her beloved husband, positively forbade her continuing. This news was not a surprise to many; but it was a grief to all. After Mr. Stiff and Mr. William Olney had addressed the class, a long discussion took place upon the best way of continuing the work. It was determined to get supplies for the present; and earnest prayer is asked that God will find the good woman to carry on this valuable work which Mrs. Stiff has so ably and successfully conducted for so long.

On *Monday evening, November* 2, the annual meeting of the TABERNACLE AUXILIARY of the BAPTIST ZENANA MISSION was held in the College. After tea, Dr. Pierson presided. A brief Report was read by Mr. W. Olney, from which it appears that the Society's receipts for the year were £143 2s. 3d., being an increase of £10 2s. 10d. on the previous twelve months. This is mainly due to the energetic help of Miss Edith Higgs, who has joined Mrs. Charles Murrell, both in the work of collecting, and in attendance at the Committee meetings of the parent Society. Mr. Olney made an earnest appeal for new subscribers. (Mrs. Murrell's address is 67, Bedford Road, Clapham.) Mrs. Armstrong, an American lady, who has spent twenty years in Burmah as a Zenana Missionary, told a touching tale of the deplorable state of the women of India. Pasteur Saillens followed with a description of the gross superstition and idolatry of the women of France, and instanced especially the credulity of the 120,000 pilgrims whom he saw at Lourdes. He pleaded for Christian "Zenana ladies" for Paris, where he considered they were needed as well as in India. In his own church there were already several devoted women, who have given themselves to the work of the Lord in France. Dr. Pierson enforced his appeal for funds for the Zenana Mission by saying that he had an aged mother, who considered giving to the work of the Lord as necessary a part of Christian duty as praying for a blessing upon it; and therefore he must give £1 for her, and as he was of the same mind, he would add £1 each for himself, his wife, and his two daughters.

At the prayer-meeting in the Tabernacle, there was one of the largest gatherings that we have ever seen at a Monday evening prayer-meeting. This was no doubt caused by the desire of many of the members to render special thanksgiving for the Pastor's arrival at Menton, with so little fatigue. Mr. Stott presided. Mr. Dunn gave a brief account of the previous meeting, and then prayed for Zenana and other mission work, and for the restoration of the Pastor, thanking the Lord for so far answering prayer on his behalf. Mr. Stott read a letter from Pastor J. A. Spurgeon, giving details of the journey to Menton, and cheering intelligence as to his brother's state. Our Brother Barley spoke of his interview with the Pastor at the Paris railway station, and said that his chief topic was the wealth of loving sympathy and prayer that had been lavished upon him. He then told the story of the work in which M. Saillens and he and others are engaged, and Deacon Hall prayed for a blessing on their labours. Pasteur Saillens gave some details of the work at the different halls in and around Paris, and related cases of conversion of Romanists: the membership, which was 14 three years ago, is now 52. Mr. Chamberlain sang, "Show me thy face," and engaged in prayer. Mrs. Armstrong again spoke of the needs of the women of India, and Mr. W. Olney commended her and her work to the Lord in prayer. Lord Radstock gave an earnest address to Christians on the necessity of "keeping in touch" with God by constant fellowship, if we would effectually pray for help in the work of the Lord. He then offered prayer; after which several special requests for prayer were read, and suitable petitions offered. Altogether, it was a memorable meeting.

On *Wednesday evening, November* 4, the annual meeting of MR. DUNN'S BIBLE-CLASS was held in the Tabernacle lecture-hall. A large number sat down to tea. Mr. George Williams presided at the public meeting. After prayer by Mr. Olney, Mr. Hudson, the secretary, read the annual Report, which was encouraging considering the many drawbacks the class has had during the year. For eleven weeks the President (Mr. Dunn) had been absent through serious illness. The present number of members is 102. About 20 from the class have joined the church during the year. The weekly collections for the twelve months amounted to £55 1s. 11d., of which £25 were given to the Pastors' College, and £30 to Messrs. Wigstone and Blamire, the College missionaries in Spain. Mr. Boulter, the treasurer, also gave an account of his stewardship, and said how highly favoured the class was in having Mr. Williams there. Mr. Gray, the missionary secretary, having spoken, the chairman said that, considering the illness of Mr. Dunn and the Pastor, and the many other things that had been mentioned, he thought they had had a very satisfactory year, and he thanked God for it. He had noticed that out of the Bible-

classes came the strong men, men who were able to overcome the adversary. He had asked the Lord to give him a word for them, and this came, "Watch ye, stand fast in the faith, quit you like men, be strong. Let all your things be done with charity." Upon this passage Mr. Williams delivered an appropriate address, and he was followed by Mr. Stott, Dr. Pierson, Mr. Jas. Hall, and Mr. Wigstone, from Spain. The meeting was of a most profitable character, and very cheering to Mr. Dunn and the members of his class. Any men who are not attending another Bible-class will be heartily welcomed any Lord's-day afternoon in the class-room at the back of the lower platform of the Tabernacle.

On *Monday evening, November* 9, the very wet weather somewhat reduced the attendance at the Tabernacle prayer-meeting. Dr. Pierson presided, and after giving out the hymn, "The Holy Ghost is here," and offering prayer, he read a request from Mr. Stott for prayer for a blessing on a five days' mission he was just commencing. Two brethren offered the supplication desired.

Dr. Pierson gave an instructive exposition of Matt. xvii. 20, and xviii. 19, 20, and Mark xi. 23, 24: and several brethren prayed. Mr. W. Olney gave thanks for the blessing which has already rested on the ministry of Dr. Pierson at the Tabernacle, and prayed fervently for a large outpouring of the Spirit of God on all the services. Mr. Chamberlain sang the hymn beginning, "I have a Saviour, he's pleading in glory," after telling how he was called to visit a poor woman dying without hope. He sang this hymn softly to her, and when he came to the verse—

"I have a Father: to me he has given
A hope for eternity, blessed and true:
And soon he will call me to meet him in heaven;
But oh, may he lead you to go with me too!"

the words were blessed by the Holy Spirit to her conversion, and comforted her as she was passing away.

After more praise and prayer, Dr. Pierson gave a brief exhortation from Isaiah lv. 11—"My word . . . shall not return unto me void," and related some personal experiences of God's faithfulness in blessing the word preached, although there were not seen at the time any "signs following" the delivery of the gospel message.

COLLEGE.—Mr. Herbert Thomas has accepted the unanimous invitation to the pastorate at Thornton Heath, which Mr. Harrald was obliged to resign through the increased pressure of his duties as Mr. Spurgeon's secretary.

Mr. W. H. Doggett is the third of our students recently selected for work in connection with the South Africa Baptist Union. He hopes to sail for Bloemfontein about the end of this month.

Mr. J. M. Murphy is removing from Barnstaple to South Street, Hull; Mr. W. F. Price, from Dolton to Paignton, Devonshire; and Mr. S. J. Baker, from Leominster, to Zion Chapel, Bacup, Lancashire. Mr. G. C. Williams has left Boston, U.S.A., and become the first pastor of the church at Harlesden, N.W.; and Mr. J. Hollinshead, late of Macclesfield, has become pastor of the churches at Aurora and King City, York County, Ontario, Canada.

EVANGELISTS.—Pastor David Davies sends the following characteristic and cheering account of *Messrs. Fullerton and Smith's* visit to Brighton:—

"My dear Mr. Spurgeon,—I said in my haste, when I last wrote you, that I would not write you during your stay at Menton. I had no business to say so. I must now break my word; for I have good news to tell which will cheer your heart.

"Messrs. Fullerton and Smith have just brought to a close a glorious mission at Holland Road Chapel. From beginning to end it has been one of growing power, until at last the results took us all by surprise. The good Lord has outvied our faith, although we looked for great things. Converts have come in from the east and from the west, from the north and from the south. Although it was a mission in connection with Holland Road Church, I believe it will yet be seen that almost all the other evangelical churches in Brighton will be blessed through this mission.

"I believe, if you had witnessed what we have seen, it would have cured you. What the prayers of the saints have begun, this would have finished. Last Sunday night, we had a congregation like that which thronged to hear you more than a year ago. We had an overflow meeting in the school-rooms. They, too, were crowded. The result was, that the Lord touched the hearts of more than FIFTY-FIVE, who then witnessed for Christ for the first time.

"To-night we had a *Praise-meeting*, instead of the usual *Prayer-meeting*. Our school-rooms were quite filled, and we had a meeting quite in character with the splendid mission which led up to it.

"There is a mighty awakening in this West End. About one hundred converts have responded to the earnest appeals of your evangelists; and even now that they are gone, there are still more coming.

"My own heart is overflowing, for my eldest son and daughter are among those who have been 'found.' One of my deacons and many of my members have been similarly blessed. Ah, yes, and we welcomed in two girls who have but recently left your Orphanage!

"I must write no more, although 'I feel like *writing* all the time.' This much I do, because I believe it will cheer your heart to know that, even while you are laid aside,

and watching the fray at a distance, your lieutenants are doing valiant things for the Lord. What medicine can cure you like this?"

After leaving Brighton, the evangelists held a brief mission at Worthing, and afterwards went to Eastbourne.

During November, *Mr. Burnham* has paid his second visit to Caddington and Perry Green, near Luton. This month he goes to Okehampton, Devonshire.

Mr. Harmer has been again to Bromley Road, Lee; and on this occasion he was accompanied by *Mr. Jenner*, the student who plays a cornet given to him by Mr. Spurgeon. The meetings were well-attended, and the results were encouraging. Mr. Harmer has since been to Longford, Coventry; and Queensbury, Bradford.

Mr. Harrison is sufficiently restored to be able to recommence occasional services, though he is not yet strong enough to conduct a lengthened mission. All being well, he will be at the Great Assembly Hall, Mile End Road, for the five Sabbaths in January.

ORPHANAGE.—Mr. Charlesworth and his choir have been well received in Scotland. It is, however, too early to give our readers details of their tour.

We call special attention to the paragraph on another page headed—CHRISTMAS AT THE ORPHANAGE.

THE NEW MORTMAIN ACT.—By an Act of Parliament, bearing date August 5th, 1891, land and houses may now be left for charitable uses; but property so left must be sold within one year of the death of the testator, unless an extension of time be granted.

Money left by will, with the direction that it be invested in land or houses, was forfeit until this Act was passed: it will not now be lost to the charity, but must be used for its general purposes.

An important exception is made in the case of land or houses left or directed to be acquired, if it be proved that the property is necessary for the actual use of the charity, and not for investment.

There is no alteration in the law as to money secured on land, or other personal estate arising from or connected with land: such money cannot be left by will for any charitable use.

There is no alteration in the law as to the gift of land or houses for charitable uses during the lifetime of the donor. Such gifts must be enrolled, and cannot be revoked; but the charity cannot become entitled to their possession within twelve months from the time the gifts were made.

Intending benefactors need, therefore, be in no doubt as to their bequests of land or houses for charitable uses being legally acquired by the Institution they desire to benefit. It is necessary, in drawing up a will, to "follow slavishly the regular form of a legacy," and to be assured that the will is properly drawn and executed, otherwise the charity it is intended to benefit may be involved in serious anxiety and expense.

COLPORTAGE.—This useful agency for spreading the gospel and good literature is still receiving manifest tokens of divine approval. The simple preaching of the Word in the villages is often made a blessing, where no one beside the Colporteur is found to bear witness to the truth as it is in Jesus. Many a weary sufferer is comforted by the cheery words and loving sympathy of the "book-man", while hundreds of thousands of good magazines, books, and Bibles scattered throughout the land are creating a taste for purer reading, displacing trashy literature, and often leading sinners to Christ. The work only needs to be better known to receive from the Christian public the attention and support which its intrinsic worth claims. Below are a few extracts from one of the colporteurs' letters, which, it is hoped, will interest the readers of *The Sword and the Trowel*, and lead to practical help, which is needed just now, as the funds are getting very low, and, unless replenished speedily, the work will have to be restricted, and some districts discontinued:—

"I visited to-day a young woman, who is very ill; I spoke to her about Jesus, who was willing to receive her, and cleanse her in his precious blood. I read to her about blind Bartimæus, who came to Christ to receive sight. She has since passed away. I called just after her death, and her mother told me she believed she died trusting in Christ."

"After the services to-day, I spoke to a young woman, who had been much impressed by a sermon delivered by Mr. ——, of ——. She was led to yield herself to the Saviour, and found joy and peace in believing that her sins were washed away in the precious blood of Christ."

"A Christian brother, whom I have visited during his affliction, has been much encouraged and helped to bear his pain with patience. He is now for ever with the Lord."

We record, with deep regret, the loss recently sustained by the Association through the death of Mr. R. Beard, of Swadlincote, after a few days' illness. For twelve years he faithfully served the Association, and was one of the most useful and successful of the colporteurs. He was universally respected in the district, and many expressions of esteem were uttered by ministers of various denominations during the funeral services. He has left a widow and four children unprovided for.

Any help for them will be gratefully received by the Secretary, W. Corden Jones, Colportage Association, Pastors' College, Metropolitan Tabernacle.

PERSONAL NOTES.—In the October number of *Regions Beyond*, there was a letter by Mr. Peter Whytock, Missionary on the Upper Congo, which contained the following interesting paragraph:—

"Bongandanga, Sunday, June 7. Had an opportunity of again preaching the Word. A good many gathered to hear it: and we had a good choir of the steamer and station boys. We had reading and prayer among ourselves, the preacher for the day being C. H. Spurgeon, whose text was, 'The just shall live by faith,' a sermon delivered by him exactly twenty-three years ago to-day. In the evening we had the privilege of remembering the Lord's death together, and spent a precious and refreshing season."

Mr. Fullerton writes: "In a letter from Belfast, I hear of an old gentleman, 79 years of age, constant sermon-reader, Sunday-school teacher, &c., on Sunday, October 18, his wife was reading to him, 'Lay Hold on Eternal Life' (No. 2,226), as he sat propped up in his chair. In the middle of it the dear old man obeyed the text by dropping down his head in death."

Baptisms at Metropolitan Tabernacle:—October 29th, thirteen.

Pastors' College, Metropolitan Tabernacle.

Statement of Receipts from October 15th to November 12th, 1891.

	£	s.	d.
All my sufficiency is in Him	100	0	0
Executors of the late Mr. Thomas Hamilton	90	0	0
Miss B. Hoering	0	10	0
Mr. J. Wilson	1	13	4
Executors of the late Mrs. John Evans	10	0	0
Mrs. Thomas Hill	100	0	0
M. R.	1	0	0
Mr. William Fowler	50	0	0
O. B., per Mrs. J. A. Spurgeon... ...	25	0	0
Mrs. Raybould	1	0	0
Mr. T. H. Stockwell	1	1	0
"From Scotland"	25	0	0
Contents of Tabernacle office collecting box	0	9	9
Mr. R. J. Beecliff	0	2	6
Contribution from Catford Hill Baptist Chapel, per Pastor T. Greenwood ...	5	0	0
J. S. B.	1	1	0
Rev. J. Green	0	10	0
Mrs. Gardiner	2	2	0
Mr. Dunn's Bible-class	25	0	0
Weekly Offerings at Met. Tab.:—			
Oct. 18 ... ... 26 0 0			
,, 25 ... ... 5 14 3			
Nov. 1 ... ... 32 10 0			
,, 8 ... ... 31 10 0			
	95	14	3
	£533	3	10

Pastors' College Missionary Association.

Statement of Receipts from October 15th to November 12th, 1891.

	£	s.	d.
Mr. Walter Mills	5	0	0
L. A.	10	0	0
M. R.	1	0	0
Beulah Baptist Chapel Auxiliary, Thornton Heath, per Pastor J. W. Harrald	5	0	0
Mr. G. Ranson	1	16	1
Mr. G. F. Jobbins	5	0	0
Mr. Dunn's Bible-class, for Spanish Missions	30	0	0
J. G. M., s.s. "Pathan"...	5	0	0
Per Mrs. S. Green:—			
Mrs. McKenzie 0 15 0			
A friend 0 10 0			
Mrs. S. Green 0 5 0			
	1	10	0
	£64	6	1

Stockwell Orphanage.

Statement of Receipts from October 15th to November 12th, 1891.

	£	s.	d.
Executors of the late Mr. Thomas Hamilton (less duty and charges) ...	89	15	0
Executors of the late Mrs. Tyson, on account of dividends	300	0	0
Anonymous...	1	0	0
Collections at harvest-home services at Sheepwash	1	10	2
Mrs. Kennedy	0	5	0
Mrs. Gollan...	0	3	0
Mr. F. J. Rumsey	0	5	0
Mr. C. Ibberson	0	2	6
Mrs. Whatley	0	5	0
Mr. R. Lewis	1	0	0
W. H. H.	0	10	0
Mrs. J. Smorthwaite	1	0	0
Miss M. A. Bacon...	0	5	0
Mr. J. Wilson	0	10	0
Executors of the late Mrs. John Evans	10	0	0
Mr. Alfred Jeynes...	10	0	0
Mr. E. M. Absolon	0	10	0
Mr. John Best, J.P.	1	0	0
Mrs. Court	0	10	0

	£	s.	d.
Mrs. Mead	5	5	0
Mr. J. Cutler	1	0	0
Mrs. Baines	5	0	0
L. E. P.	1	0	0
Mrs. Thomas Hill	100	0	0
Mr. Walter Mills	5	0	0
A commercial traveller	20	0	0
Mrs. Pool	1	1	0
M. R.	1	0	0
Mr. Noah Keevil, per Mr. Joshua Keevil	2	2	0
Mr. J. McInnes	0	5	0
Per F. R. T:—			
Mr. C. Tidmarsh 0 5 0			
Mrs. Tidmarsh 0 5 0			
Miss Winckworth 0 5 0			
	0	15	0
O. B., per Mrs. J. A. Spurgeon	50	0	0
Mrs. Lines	2	0	0
Miss Pakeman	2	2	0
Collected by Mrs. R. C. Allen	0	7	0
Mrs. London	5	0	0
J. B. C.	1	0	0
Mr. J. Pester	0	5	0
Postal order from Wilton Road	0	10	0
Mr. E. Hoddy	1	1	0
E. C., a thankoffering	0	10	0
Mr. James Wilson	1	0	0
Mrs. Garroway	5	0	0
The Dowager Lady Abercromby	1	1	0
Collected by Daisy and Cottie Gardner	0	7	2
Miss Jones	0	2	6
Mansfield Street Sunday-school, per Mr. E. Johnson	2	0	0
English Baptist Band of Hope, Perth, per Rev. Owen Owens	0	7	0
"Far Away"	1	13	2
Collected by E. and M. Chance	0	5	0
A thankoffering for the restoration of the beloved President, from friends at Romney Street Chapel, Westminster, per Pastor G. Davies	2	5	0
Mr. T. Dorch	0	5	0
Collected by Mr. A. Hoyles	0	14	6
Mr. John Lamont, per Mr. Murrell	5	0	0
E. E.	5	0	0
Mrs. Whitfield	0	5	0
Miss Hulbert	2	0	0
Collected by Mrs. E. H. Rhodes	1	0	2
Mrs. Munton	0	2	6
Collected by Mrs. Wilmot	0	10	0
Sunday-school Scholars' Benevolent Fund, Goudhurst, per Mr. S. Kendon	0	10	0
A friend	0	5	0
Collected by Miss Jephs	1	10	0
Collected by Miss D. Sutherland	0	14	8
Miss E. C. Clutterbuck	0	5	0
"No. 5895"	50	0	0
A thankoffering from three	0	5	0
B. G., Norwich	1	0	0
"In memoriam"	0	5	0
Collected by Miss Sharp	3	4	2
Mr. Thornton, Huddersfield, per Mr. C. Foster	0	2	6
S. M.	50	0	0
Mr. W. H. Clark	1	5	0
"Error in accounts"	0	10	0
A friend and well-wisher	0	10	0
Miss Sizmur	0	5	0
Townley Street Mission Hall, per Mr. R. H. Tomkins	0	13	0
Mr. A. Hawkes	0	5	0
Stamps from Berwick	2	0	0
T. C.	1	0	0
Mrs. Williamson	2	0	0
Mr. W. Turnbull	10	0	0
Mrs. Ross	0	3	0
Rookery children's box	1	1	0
Collected by Miss Fitzgerald	0	11	0
Miss A. L. Deverell	1	0	0
Young Women's Bible-class, per Mrs. J. Stiff	0	13	6
M. G.	0	1	0
An old friend from Cambridge	0	10	0
Orphanage-box at Tabernacle Gates	2	4	4
P. W. H.	0	1	0
Mrs. George Cowan	1	1	0
Mr. W. T. Lewis	2	0	0
Mr. G. H. T. Shipway	0	10	0
E. Birtwistle (orphan girl's card)	0	3	0
Sunday afternoon Y.W.B.C., Lancaster, per Mr. J. Brash	0	5	0
Collected by Miss E. Attwater	0	9	7
Collected by Master F. Court	0	4	2
Mr. S. H. Dauncey	0	2	6
Mrs. Hine	1	0	0
Mr. Thomas D. Adams	1	0	0
Mr. D. Foord	5	0	0
Shellness Sunday-school, per Mr. W. Muchamore	0	4	6
Mrs. Barns	0	10	0
Junior Band of Christian Endeavour Society, Octavia Street, Deptford, per Mr. G. Ayton	0	5	0
Mrs. Veale	2	2	0
Two sermon-readers, per Miss A. A. Philip	0	2	0
Mr. F. Howard	2	2	0
Executors of the late Mrs. M. A. Lucy	100	0	0
Miss S. Holcombe	0	5	0
A. Bird (orphan girl's card)	0	2	0
In remembrance of the late Rev. Chas. Miller, per Mrs. Miller	0	10	0
Collected by Mrs. Shipway	0	14	6
A. C., Edinburgh	1	0	0
A reader of "The Christian Herald"	0	10	0
In memory of mother, S. A., Aberdeen	0	3	0
Miss M. Birrell	2	0	0
Mrs. Gardiner	2	2	0
Mr. A. Cumpstey	1	0	0
S. A. L. E.	2	10	0
M. A. L. E.	2	10	0
Sandwich, per Bankers	2	2	0
Mr. E. K. Stace, per Bankers	0	10	0
Meetings by Mr. Charlesworth and the Orphanage Choir:—			
Mr. W. Conolly (for services of hand-bell ringers) 10 0 0			
York 17 0 0			
Hawick 21 19 5			
Miss Hankins (donation) 0 5 0			
	22	4	5
Newcastle 28 12 7			
A friend, per Mr. C. Rosevear 2 0 0			
	30	12	7
Mr. J. Alabaster (towards new hand-bells)	5	0	0
Galashiels	28	14	1
Dunfermline	39	13	0
	£1071	9	2

List of Presents, per Mr. Charlesworth, from October 15th to November 12th, 1891.—PROVISIONS:—6 Stilton Cheeses, 12 Pork Pies, Mr. J. T. Crosher; 1 barrel of Apples, Mr. J. Cocks; 28 lbs Baking Powder, Messrs. Freeman and Hildyard; a quantity Fruit, Vegetables, &c., Harvest Thanksgiving at Baptist Chapel, Loose, per Mr. J. Funnell; a quantity Fruit, Vegetables, Bread, &c., Harvest Thanksgiving at Baptist Chapel, Guernsey, per Pastor G. H. Harris; 14 lbs. Cake, Miss Dawson; 20 lbs Tea, Messrs. Armstrong and Co.; 1 New Zealand Sheep, Sir A. Seale Haslam; a hamper of Bread, Mr. Nelson Read; 1 case Apples, Mr. Higgins; a quantity Vegetables, Fruit, 1 sack Flour, Harvest Thanksgiving at Wylye Congregational Chapel, per Mr. H. J. Sutton; 1 sack Potatoes, Mr. M. Lavey.

BOYS' CLOTHING:—1 dozen pairs Knitted Socks, Mrs. Drummond Grant; 20 pairs Knitted Socks, Mrs. Vinson; 193½ yards of Cloth, Messrs. Fisher and Co.; 4 pairs Cricketing Trousers, 5 Cricketing Vests, Anon.; 14 pairs Knitted Socks, Mr. John Haigh; 13 Shirts, The Ladies' Working Meeting, Metropolitan Tabernacle, per Miss Higgs; 6 Flannel Shirts, Miss Dransfield; 12 Shirts, Mrs. Holcombe.

GIRLS' CLOTHING.—17 Articles, "M. E. D.", Torquay; 17 Articles, The Baptist Working Meeting, Newbridge, Mon., per Mrs. Phillips; 11 Articles, Mrs. Maclaren; 9 Aprons, The Juvenile Working Society at the Metropolitan Tabernacle, per Miss Woods; 38 Articles, The Ladies' Working Meeting, Metropolitan Tabernacle, per Miss Higgs; 14 Articles, Miss Clayton; 15 yards Red Flannel, Miss Burton; 12 Articles, The Ladies' Working Meeting, Burwell, Cambs., per Mrs. Morgan; 4 Knitted Scarves, 6 pairs Stockings, 5 pairs Cuffs, Mrs. Warriner.

GENERAL.—A quantity of magazines, "The Temperance Mirror," Mr. A. P. Brown; 2 Scrap Books, Miss Dawson; £2 2s. for the orphan children, "to provide a treat," a thankoffering for the recovery of the President, from Mr. Thomas Buckmaster.

Colportage Association.

Statement of Receipts from October 15th to November 12th, 1891.

Subscriptions and Donations for Districts:

	£	s.	d.
Friends at Maldon	15	0	0
Cambridge Baptist Association	10	0	0
Mr. R. Cory, J.P., for Cardiff and Penrhikyber	10	0	0
Mr. John Cory, for Castletown, Cardiff, and Penrhikyber	20	0	0
Mr. R. W. S. Griffith, for Fritham	10	0	0
Pastor E. J. Farley, for St. Luke's	10	0	0
Caine District	15	0	0
Hockliffe District	10	0	0
Borstall District	10	0	0
Stow and Aston District	10	0	0
Portsmouth "Thanksgiving Band"	5	0	0
Kettering District	10	0	0
Mrs. Robinson, for Tewkesbury	5	0	0
Greenwich, per Pastor C. Spurgeon	10	0	0
South Devon Congregational Union	10	0	0
Okehampton District	10	0	0
Home Counties' Baptist Association	30	0	0
Repton and Burton, per E.S.	20	0	0
Metropolitan Tabernacle Sunday-school, for Newington and Walworth	10	0	0
	£230	0	0

Subscriptions and Donations to the General Fund:—

	£	s.	d.
Mr. J. R. Bayley	1	0	0
L. A.	10	0	0
H. W. C.	5	0	0
M. R.	1	0	0
O. B., per Mrs. J. A. Spurgeon	10	0	0
Mr. A. W. Penrose	5	5	0
Mrs. Gardiner	2	2	0
Annual Subscriptions:—			
Mr. James Stiff	1	1	0
Mr. B. P. Bilbrough	1	1	0
Messrs. S. W. Partridge and Co.	2	2	0
Mrs. E. Tucker	0	5	0
Pastor J. A. Spurgeon	0	10	6
Mr. F. W. N. Lloyd	10	10	0
Mr. J. Buswell	1	1	0
Mr. W. Wayre	1	1	0
Mrs. Calder	5	0	0
	£56	13	6

Society of Evangelists.

Statement of Receipts from October 15th to November 12th, 1891.

	£	s.	d.
Thankoffering for Messrs. Fullerton and Smith's services at St. Helen's	20	0	0
Adelphi	2	2	0
Nameless	2	0	0
O. B., per Mrs. J. A. Spurgeon	10	0	0
M. R.	1	0	0
Mrs. Pool	2	2	0
Mr. J. McElkinny	0	7	6
Mr. J. R. Bayley	1	0	0
Thankoffering for Messrs. Fullerton and Smith's services at Malvern	10	0	0
L. A.	25	0	0
Mrs. Halcrow	1	0	0
Mrs. Fletcher	0	5	0

	£	s.	d.
Thankoffering for Mr. Burnham's services at Radford	1	0	0
Thankoffering for Mr. Harmer's services, from Louisa, Lady Ashburton	5	0	0
Thankoffering for Messrs. Fullerton and Smith's services at Mount Pleasant, Swansea	20	0	0
Mr. F. Smyth	1	1	0
Gratitude for the Lord's work	5	0	0
Mr. G. E. Rees	0	5	0
Mansion House Mission prayer-meeting, per Pastor G. W. Linnecar	0	12	6
	£107	15	0

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

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Vol.	I., containing	Psalms	I. to	XXVI.—Twenty-seventh Thousand.
,,	II.,	,,	,,	XXVII. ,,	LII.—Twenty-fourth Thousand.
,,	III.,	,,	,,	LIII. ,,	LXXVIII.—Twenty-second Thousand.
,,	IV.,	,,	,,	LXXIX. ,,	CIII.—Twentieth Thousand.
,,	V.,	,,	,,	CIV. ,,	CXVIII.—Sixteenth Thousand.
,,	VI.,	,,	,,	CXIX. ,,	CXXIV.—Twelfth Thousand.
,,	VII.,	,,	,,	CXXV. ,,	CL.—Ninth Thousand.

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10M, 11/91.

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