

THE
SWORD AND THE TROWEL.

AUGUST 1, 1870.

The Little Matchbox Makers.

EXTR^EME poverty, when it involves cold and hunger, has only to tell its tale, and the heart of humanity is touched. Be it man or woman, criminal or drunken, har'ot or thief, we pity the creature suffering want of bread; but when the victim of want is a child, innocent of vice, helpless, and confiding, compassion overflows. There may or there may not be wisdom in current tirades against indiscriminate charity, but one thing is certain, he who feeds a hungry child has done a good deed, let heartless political economy say what it will. The hard struggles needful to many of our workers, if they would keep body and soul together, are slightly, if any, less severe than the toils of the most cruel slavery; and it seems to our unphilosophical mind to be a right and Christlike thing, as far as we can, to help all we meet with in human shape to drive the famine wolf from their door. Surely bread, and coals, and blankets are things "against which there is no law" as yet, though at the rate we are going at, it is not unlikely that in a few years it will be a civil offence to give away a sixpence to a starving woman. Men and women are to be ground alive, blood and bones and all, in the great mill of half-paid work, and the least aid granted to them by Christian love is to be resented as an interference with the regular action of our celestial Poor Law system. Whether or no, we hope both humanity and grace will keep Christians from the petrifying process which is nowadays everywhere commended as the finest cure for hearts troubled with the nation's miseries.

It is terrible to think that in this nineteenth century, when according to our modern seers we ought to be verging on the Millennium, a bare living cannot be earned in certain trades except by excessive labour; but this unhappy fact reaches its climax of sadness when the never-resting toiler is a sweet little creature of four years of age. Our most valued friend, Miss Macpherson, now of the Refuge and Home of Industry, Commercial Street, Spitalfields, whose life is spent in doing good, has in her interesting book, entitled, "The Little Matchbox Makers," revealed griefs of the bitterest kind which should no longer be allowed to disgrace our civilisation. The verse so well known in our Sunday-schools, in which the child praises God, by singing—

"I was not born a little slave
To labour in the sun,"

might more correctly be sung by some of the poor pining workers of the east-end of London, with the following slight alterations—

I wish I were a negro slave
That I might see the sun;
This garret is a living grave,
My labour's never done.

Let the reader who delights in the rosy cheeks of his mirthful children, picture such a scene as Miss Macpherson depicts* :—

"In a narrow lane, having followed high up a tottering spiral staircase till we reached the attic, the first group of wee pale-faced matchbox makers were met with. They were hired by the woman who rented the room. The children received just three farthings for making a gross of boxes; the wood and paper were furnished to the woman, but she had to provide paste and the firing to dry the work. She received twopence halfpenny per gross. Every possible spot, on the bed, under the bed, was strewn with the drying boxes. A loaf of bread and a knife stood on the table, ready for these little ones to be supplied with a slice in exchange for their hard-earned farthings. This touching scene, which my pen fails to picture, gave a lasting impression of childhood's sorrows. Never a moment for school or play, but ceaseless toil from light till dark. Oh, the words of the prophet came vividly to mind: 'Wee unto him that useth his neighbour's service without wages, and giveth him not for his work.'"

Can it be really needful that babes under four years of age should be called upon to bear the yoke of labour? Is it not disgraceful that even the nursling, scarce out of his mother's arms should be required to stick the sand-paper on the boxes? It is said that France and Germany distance us in competition because their working classes are content with less wages, and fare less sumptuously! What wages can be less than three-half-pence a gross for matchboxes, and what fare less luxurious than dry bread? Can it be possible that in any land greater hardships can be endured than those which pinch the women and children-workers of London? Take the case of a widow hard by the Tabernacle, in the parish of St. George's, Southwark, and let it be seen how some toil is

* "The Little Matchbox-makers." By Annie Macpherson. Morgan and Chase. Price Fourpence.

so badly requited that it will not even provide the worker with lodging, much less with food or fire. "The order she had from the toy-shop was for two gross of halfpenny and two gross of furthing shuttlecocks. The one has four and the other six feathers; in the latter, two are white, two pink, and two black. The wooden part costs ninepence and sixpence per gross, according to the size, and the feathers sixpence per pound; but before the latter are used they have to be carefully washed, and the coloured ones dyed. When finished they are packed in paper bags, which have to be made, containing a gross each. She gets 2s. 4d. per gross for the larger ones, and 1s. 3d. for the smaller; and it is doubtful if the profits amount to 9d. per gross on the average. She says, "I must sit very tight to make and take home three gross in two days, but my profit on this order will be greater because I had the feathers by me; but even with this advantage I shall not have more than 2s. 4d. profit on the four gross, and I shall, of course, have to give it all for rent." Our city missionaries could tell stories enough to harrow up the soul and put a heart within the very paving-stones. The fringe of respectability which is seen along our wider streets is hemmed on to a vesture of wretchedness and poverty such as we trust no other part of the world can equal. Hungry bellies and naked backs are not, as some imagine, mere tales of the past, and rarities in the present, for it is sad to the writer's heart to know that thousands in this happy England will lie down to-night on a few rags, who have not this day eaten enough of nourishment to stay the pangs of hunger. People who are willing to work are sitting at this moment in the valley of the shadow of death, bound in worse than iron, pining even for a morsel of dry bread; the workhouses are full, and thousands are gradually descending into the pauper class. A relieving officer tells the following tale, which is but a specimen story, one of hundreds; we have had cases almost as bad before us while receiving children into our Orphanage at Stockwell:— "E. P., a widow, aged thirty-eight, with four children, aged respectively fourteen, ten, and four years, and the youngest fifteen months. She had formerly had a comfortable home, her husband, a carter, getting 18s. per week, and herself and daughter 3s. or 4s. more. About four months ago he was killed suddenly in the street, and she was left destitute. A small subscription was raised amongst her husband's fellow-workmen, by which a mangle was purchased, and selling nearly all her furniture to bury him, she removed with the rest to her present single room, where the mangle was set up. Her rent is 3s. per week, and she owes 15s.; she is allowed to remain only because the mangle is worth much more. After her husband's death she applied to the parish, went before the Board, and was ordered 2s. 6d. per week. After three weeks she was too ill to attend, and did not apply again until now. At present she gets nothing from the mangle, indeed, she has received only 2s. 6d. since it was set up. She does shoe-binding, and makes match-boxes, and she has thus earned about 2s. per week. The eldest daughter earned 1s. per week by making buttons, but she is at present so badly clothed that they will not trust her with material. The wretched hole in which they live is two steps below the level of the street, about nine or ten feet square, and devoid of every particle of furniture. The mangle was the only thing present. They were sitting in the dark, to

save candle, of which there was less than one inch in the house, and they had nothing but a thin flock bed to lie upon, which was stowed away in a corner cupboard. The floor was perfectly clean, so were the hands and faces of all the family, but the children were barely covered with worn-out rags, and had, none of them, either shoes or stockings. The eldest girl was a picture of shame, perfectly dreadful to contemplate, for she was evidently horrified at being seen in the state she was. She might have a place of service at once had she clothes to go in. This family has never tasted meat but once since the husband's death, and for two days before our visit neither she nor her children had tasted bread. All of them had the appearance of starvation, the lips of the youngest boy being as white as paper." Many eyes will glance over these lines, but few, very few, will be able to guess the great deep of misery which they feebly indicate. Alas! alas! that sin should have made such sorrows common among mankind, and that Christian zeal should as yet have proved itself too feeble to grapple with the evil. O Lord, how long?

But we have strayed away from the little matchbox makers, and nearly lost ourselves in Giant Despair's grounds. We will come back at once to the appointed road, dreary as it is. Of course, hard work kills many of the little ones; that is perhaps the least, because the last of ills; many more, alas! it condemns to life-long ignorance, weariness, and disease. Here is a clergyman's portrait of one of the tiny victims, and his remarks on others in a similar plight. Israel in Egypt endured nothing worse than this:—

"The other day I took upon my knees a little girl who is employed in this manner. She told me she was four years old. Her mother said the child had earned her own living ever since she was three years of age. This infant now makes several hundred boxes every day of her life, and her earnings suffice to pay the rent of the miserable room which the family inhabits. The poor little *roman*, as might be expected, is grave and sad beyond her years. She has none of a child's vivacity. She does not seem to know what play means; all her thoughts are centred in the eternal round of lucifer-box-making, in which her whole life is passed. She has never been beyond the dingy street in which she was born. She has never so much as seen a tree, or a daisy, or a blade of grass. A poor sickly little thing, and yet a sweet, obedient child, the deadly pallor of her face proclaiming unmistakably that she will soon be mercifully taken away to a better world, where, at last, the little weary fingers shall be at rest. And this is only one case out of scores and hundreds. The mortality among young children is something frightful.

"I do not know anything more terrible than the statements which one continually hears. It is a common thing for a mother to say that she has buried six or eight, and reared one or two. This mortality among the children is chiefly owing to the deadly overcrowding, and insufficiency of food and clothing. Last summer we found a family of eight children, living with their father and mother in a room some ten feet square, and almost in a state of starvation. The whole of the children had the small-pox out upon them. They had no medical care or nursing; the only medicament that had been used was a little oil rubbed over their faces: this the father said he had heard was good for the small-pox. The man was engaged, meanwhile, in the delicate work of making white chenille, to be sold in the fashionable West-end shops.

"Hardly a family in the parish possesses more than a single room, in which all the members live and work and sleep. For this one room from three shillings to four shillings weekly is paid out of the scanty earnings, leaving a sum quite

insufficient to provide the most necessary food. Last week my colleague went into a room where the father lay seriously ill, and asked the wife some question about the nourishment she was giving him. 'I will show you, sir, what we have,' was the reply. She opened a cupboard door. One slice of dry bread lay carefully treasured on the shelf; this was all that was left for the support of the sick man and the whole family, and not a halfpenny did they possess wherewith to procure more. I believe I am under the mark when I affirm that not one family in twenty has a blanket of their own, and not one in twelve has a sheet."

It was a Christly spirit which led Miss Macpherson to feed the lambs which famish in the parched pasturage of Bethnal Green, and she did well to imitate in her mode of effort the great and generous Lord who fed hungry bodies as well as instructed ignorant minds. We are hearty believers in the gospel of good household bread, and not averse to the high doctrine of a slice of plum cake. We trust none of our readers will suspect the orthodoxy of a cup of weak tea, or milk and water, if it be properly sweetened; at any rate we hope we shall be tolerated if we declare that we cannot detect heresy even in big slices of bread and butter. Tea-meetings were held to entice these wee workers from their dens, and means were used to render these meetings as pleasurable as possible. Singing and magic lanterns, and pretty stories and smiling faces, were all enlisted in the service of the poor bairns. A friend who was present at one of these gatherings, has recorded his observations:—

"The friends who have taken so warm an interest in the poor little matchbox makers of Bethnal Green, and have so kindly sent funds to supply them with a tea, will like to know that, chiefly by the help of several of the blessed army of Bible-women, 300 were gathered together at Bedford Hall, on Friday evening last. Many of the parents have appeared much touched by this treat given to their children; and as to the poor little ones, it is impossible to express their delight. Hundreds more are clamorous to come, and it is hoped all may in turn be admitted. The work being given out at uncertain hours, and finished necessarily at a given time, many of the poor little labourers were prevented coming, and some who were present were compelled to leave at eight, to spend part of the night in finishing an order. One kind friend gave up his otherwise much occupied time to spend the evening in exhibiting dissolving views, chiefly on Scripture subjects. Another Christian brother came from Mr. Spurgeon's College to speak a few loving words, and Miss Macpherson's sister and beloved fellow labourer raised at every interval some sweet song of praise, in which nearly all could join; for this was the greatest comfort in witnessing such a gathering—to know that all were or had been taught in Sunday-schools. If ever one felt one's heart bow in adoring thankfulness for the compassionate lovingkindness of him who set apart one day in seven, it was in hearing the hymns of these little ones, knowing that if it had not been for that blessed Lord's-day not one moment would have been spared to them to learn of 'Jesus who lives above the sky,' or of that 'Happy, happy land, far, far away,' perhaps not so far away as some may think.

"It is scarcely possible to imagine a more touching sight than some of them presented; their ages were from six to fourteen, but some were younger, one or two not four years old. With full knowledge of the facts, it yet seemed scarcely possible to realise that the little baby hand which stole so confidently within my own had been that morning working for its daily bread, and that another apparently helpless little one lying in my arms overwhelmed with sleep, amidst all the uproar of delight of the elder ones, could, as her mother expressed it, 'make boxes against any one.'

"But the saddest sight of all was that of a dear child of six, with broken spine. I trust immediately to supply this poor child with a chair, on which he can rest; for at present, on inquiring at his home, I found he was compelled to kneel to his work, which consists of putting on the sand paper to the boxes; and his sister said they often cried to see him then, and afterwards when in bed, resting on his knees. Blessed it is to know that this little sufferer kneels in prayer as well as to his work.

"How many sorrowful recollections cling to the homes of the matchbox makers! One, in a narrow alley, well-remembered in the stilling heat of last summer, no longer owns the tenant who, in that close, dark room was refreshed by the river that maketh glad the city of our God. But the pale child with tangled hair still labours on, and the mother still pastes the boxes with a consumptive child upon her lap. Another is near the end of her warfare. She lies on her dying bed (if bed it may be called) watching the three little ones, and they watching her, while still busy at their daily or nightly toil, whichever it may be: the one bed is their only resting-place, and the floor is covered with the materials for their work. Soon they will be left orphans, but the mother is a child of God, and his promise is sure.

"I have just left a house where the only earnings are those of a boy working at silk trimmings from eight A.M. till ten P.M. This boy's mother once kept a shop in a most distressed street in Bethnal Green, and told me children of four and five years old often came in for errands at ten P.M., and when she asked them to come earlier, said they had only just left work. These were poor little matchbox makers. Hours of daylight are wasted in waiting for the materials, and then the order must be finished, and night must be spent in work. Lately I found a poor girl of fourteen and her young brother had been up till five A.M. helping their father to finish an order for pipes. In another family, left fatherless by cholera, the oldest, a boy of eleven, works twelve hours a day at paper-ruling, yet strives to attend evening-school. It is most affecting to see the eagerness of these poor little ones to learn to read, and too often they have no clothes to attend Sunday-school."

It is something more than touching to observe the tokens of loving, generous natures among these poor children. One's heart blesses the little creatures in whose bosoms tender affection burns so brightly. We gave our own orphan boys a couple of large biscuits for their tea the day before they were going home for their holidays, and we noted that a very considerable number of the aforesaid biscuits went into jacket pockets "*for mother.*" So with Miss Macpherson's little clients.

"One dear boy, during the middle of the tea, called me to him, saying, 'Would you be angry if I take home this piece of bread-and-butter to my baby?' By the time a piece of paper was procured to wrap it in, the lump of cake had been distributed to each, then a host of hands were up for paper to carry it home to 'my mother,' or 'my baby.' They were then enjoined to eat it, for another piece would be given to carry home on leaving."

The help rendered appears to have been wisely directed. In addition to the grand treats of teas and dinners, dolls, toys, and pinafores have been distributed to the delectation of the juvenile martyrs; while towels, needfully suggestive in many cases, unbleached calico, and twopenny teas made glad their mothers' hearts. Lessons were given on, "The uses and abuses of a Towel," "The advantages of having a Tablecloth," "The pleasure connected with an *all-over* Wash," and "How to make home cozy, the gudeman contented, and the bairns happy." Above all, the gospel of the blessed God has been made to

perfume and season all, and beyond a doubt many dear lambs have been led to the Good Shepherd, to be carried in his bosom evermore.

Hitherto the voluntary aid rendered has sufficed to keep the work in vigorous action, and we feel sure that as long as it is headed by so gracious a Christian woman, and attended with so much success, funds cannot fail, but rather with the divine blessing, will be supplied in growing abundance. Our best wishes and most earnest prayers are with this sacred mission of mercy. "Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of the least of these my little ones, ye did it unto me."

Among contributions for "Sword and Trowel," we received some time ago the following short paper from an earnest evangelist in Bethnal Green, and as we believe we shall never find a better place for it than at the end of this article, we hope he will excuse our hooking it on. "Come with me, dear reader, in thought, to a narrow court in the parlicus of Bethnal Green. Some nine or ten houses stand on either side, and a pump in the centre of the court supplies all the inhabitants with water. The residents are mostly an ill-favoured people, few, if any, ever crossing the threshold of God's house. Dirt and drunkenness go hand in hand; but few comforts can be found in any home, if homes they can be called where the barest comforts of life are missing, and a few shillings would transfer the whole of the furniture to the broker's shop. In the corner house, two years since, lived a once respectable mechanic, still able to earn good wages, but whose love of the deadly cup had changed the man into a demon, and made him the terror of his family. His wife, who still retained something of early religious impressions, did her best with five children to keep the wolf from the door, and more than once, after a day of slavery, has had the street door shut upon her with her infant in her arms, and her life threatened if she dared to enter. The second girl, Lizzie, then twelve years of age, was a little matchbox maker, one whom God appeared to have kept by prevenient grace from outward sin by her father's evil example. She was among the first who came to hear of Jesus, at the opening of our Gospel Hall, perhaps for the first time in her life. Lizzie was seldom absent afterwards: with her mother's shawl pinned over her ragged clothes, she did her best to make a decent appearance, and was generally among the first comers. Very soon the Lord seemed to be dealing with her, and one night after hearing of Jesus' love in dying for sinners, Lizzie, with several others, was weeping for sorrow. That night, on returning to her home, she told her mother that, come what might, ridicule or persecution, she meant to pray by her bedside morning and evening. And the Lord did not forsake the work he had commenced, but led the lost lamb into the Good Shepherd's fold. Some few months after her conversion, the poor girl was permitted to backslide from her Saviour for a brief season, through force of strong temptation. Much prevailing prayer was made on her behalf, and God in his mercy bestowed on her his restoring grace, though it was long before the broken bones were fully bound up, and the first joy of salvation regained. We were enabled to obtain a good situation for Lizzie, and subsequently a second one, where she still remains, and our young sister, now respectable and well clothed, walks over three miles, winter and summer, each Lord's-day, to the place where Jesus met with her, her mistress kindly permitting her the

afternoon and evening. During the past six months Lizzie has proved her sincerity by learning (almost unaided) to read the New Testament, and is one of the most intelligent scholars in my elder girls' Sunday School class. We had the joy lately of seeing her baptised with two others, once wandering girls, at Brother Lewis's hall in Spitalfields. As the finest pearls are found in the deep waters, so does our blessed Lord often find his most precious jewels among the slums of sin and vice in the dark places of London. Though oftentimes dispirited in our labours, the Good Shepherd gives us these encouragements that we faint not by the way, and while constantly meeting with the most brutal opposition, the thoughts of these rescued ones spur us to use renewed energy in our warfare with ignorance and sin. O that our gracious God may raise up many more men and women who will dare to consecrate their lives by toiling in these wastes, and send help and helpers to those whose hands and hearts often well nigh faint for need of sympathy and help. Brethren and sisters, arise and be doing; in Bethnal Green alone (exclusive of many other districts in much the same condition) out of 180,000 inhabitants, MORE THAN 150,000 (and this is far under the real computation) are living, and dying, and hurrying to be damned, without God and without hope."*

Sunday Afternoon in Islington.

BY EDWARD LEACH.

SUNDAY afternoon. Warm, sunny, cloudless. Hour, quarter-past three. "Evangelical Islington" has its High-street, as what city, or town, or parish, or village, or rural hamlet has not? And, for once, it is high. The ground is higher the higher you go. So the people. Canonbury square highly respectable. Highbury more highly. Monday sees the High-street crowded with idlers whose weekly attack of indolence falls with remarkable regularity on the second day of the week, the Mondayish feelings being common to those who work at home and sundry who labour abroad. Succeeding days witness scenes of parade; fashion vieing with fashion—change emulating change. The same faces day after day leisurely taking stock of each other's amiable weaknesses. The price per yard of silks, and of stuffs less costly, is reckoned with unfailing accuracy outside as well as within the drapers' establishments which here are as plentiful as women's wants, (and says Sir Grumbler, that is saying a great deal). Said sagacious arithmeticians, with their shrewd guesses at the position in life of each other, saunter along as if the world were a show and they its chiefest attractions. Sunday sees them outnumbered by others not less gaily but less expensively attired. Thousands of promenaders of the working and middle classes, some bound for the outskirts, others ignorant of where they are, care little where they go, and float along with the stream.

* This brother we know to be greatly in need of help, and we should be only too happy to be the medium of helping him. His name and address we will give to any one who wishes to know it, in order to assist him.

Young men and women, pent up during the week where fresh air comes only through districts that befoul it, journeying towards the few fields which the hands of speculating builders have kindly left untouched. Families of children, guarded by the mother with babe on one side and the father with perambulator on the other; smoking lads of rowdyish propensities and advanced pretensions, but infantile experience; courting couples, who have only recently shot out of short frocks or small jackets, and whose hopes in life are more precocious than realisable; servants whose prayer-books are confined in the pockets from which they are not likely to issue this afternoon in church, or until they are quietly deposited on the shelf for the remainder of the week, when the same kind of service may be expected of them—these are the persons who throng the “High-street” on the Sunday afternoon.

The neighbourhood of the Agricultural Hall is a mixed one. The middle classes seem to predominate, actually they do not. Houses which once they occupied are let, sub-let, and re-let to working people, who keep them tidily; while the courts and alleys shield from public gaze the habitations of the densely-packed Irish and labouring poor, who swarm the mouths of the narrow avenues, in their *déshabille*. Hideous squalor, however, is not to be seen here as in Golden Lane; still there is sufficient to indicate the prevalence of deep poverty and social degradation. Within almost a stone's throw of the Hall, is a little nest of depredators upon society; while to the west, on a line with the Pentonville Road, are the dwellings of the social pest, who are the curse of the district. The questionable places of amusement bring thousands of persons, more or less disreputable, into the locality every evening; and the midnight orgies of the infamous and drunken, who turn the small hours into open day, give Islington a name its quiet residents do not deserve.

If there be any part of the metropolis more suitable than this for special services of an earnest character, it has not come under our observation. The field is indeed wide. Chapels and churches are not few, but they are not all filled. Ministers, both Nonconformist and Evangelical church, are numerous, and better men on the whole we do not know. Evangelistic effort is as active here as in any part of London, as we can personally testify. City missionaries and Scripture-readers, and skirmishers of all kinds, carry on operations with a zeal which betokens healthy piety. It cannot be said that any of the leading Christian communities are slothful in action, or indifferent to the religious wants of the district. As a proof of this we may mention that at least two extra special efforts have been made to reach the irreligious classes, one of which has been so pre-eminently successful, that it deserves mention in our records of Christian work in the metropolis, and the lessons it affords may be serviceable to others.

Multifarious as have been the purposes to which the Agricultural Hall has been put at various times, few would dream of its being devoted to religious services. Admirably arranged for cattle shows, and exhibitions of various kinds, it has never been a desirable place for holding political meetings, or monster concerts. Having no acoustic properties, he must be a bold orator who would venture to address there an assembly of from eighteen to twenty thousand people. Mr. Spurgeon

succeeded admirably and beyond all expectation in the spring of 1867, and we remember with what delight we heard his resonant voice at the extreme end of the great unwieldy building, for five Sabbath mornings. But we should be sorry to witness for any succession of Sabbaths the renewal of an effort which must tax the powers even of so easy and powerful an orator as our honoured friend. These temporary services acted beneficially in many ways, and led to the belief that the building could be utilised for such purposes. A Presbyterian minister, whose church is situated within a few yards of the "Angel," conceived the idea, and having communicated it to his friends, was encouraged to make the experiment. Mr. Thain Davidson was struck, as we have been, so many times, with the large numbers of non-chapel-going people who pass the hall every Sabbath; and deemed it possible not only to gain the persons who will not, from various causes, attend ordinary religious services, though they willingly enter a theatre to listen to preachers, but also to secure the attendance of some who would prefer a concert room to a second-rate theatre. As a Scotch Presbyterian, too, Mr. Davidson felt some respect for those whose scruples are, as we English would probably think, a little overnice*, and who object to entice persons into places associated with the levity and wickedness which seem to be inseparably attached to theatrical representations, even for so laudable a purpose as that of preaching Christ to them. He felt thankful therefore that the present building was freed from these objections; and so, with the energy and hardihood of his persevering race, he resolved upon securing a part of the premises.

At first, the smaller hall, capable of holding one thousand persons, was opened, but as from the commencement it was crowded, and persons were unable to find room, it was ultimately found expedient to procure a larger place. The services were then transferred to the east gallery of the great hall, which was partially curtained off for the purpose, and from time to time the space was expanded, until it embraced seats for four thousand persons, sometimes five thousand crowding into the allotted area. Whether so large a gathering could be expected every Sabbath, is questionable; and very wisely, the new concert hall which forms a part of the great building, seating two thousand five hundred persons was hired, as soon as finished.

The time for holding the service is most favourable. In the first place, it does not interfere with any other congregation; then it suits the large class of domestic servants, to whom it is more attractive than any more formal service; and middle class and working people who find the heat too great for the afternoon stroll, will postpone their walk till the evening and take rest in the hall. Not an inconsiderable attraction is that afforded by the fact that on no account is the service prolonged beyond one hour. Orators have, therefore, either to clip their wings or to descend with unflinching certainty into the sober realm of silence. If the wings show signs of flapping beyond the appointed time, a tinkling

* We do not believe this scruple to be overstrained; our own conviction is that preaching in theatres has done a great deal of mischief as well as good—we fear more mischief than good. Our people who are drawn there on Sundays are tempted to go on week-days, and the great gulf between the church and the theatre is lessened for both sides.—C. H. S.

table-hell brings them back into a quiescent condition. If the rocket must burst in the midst of a perspiring peroration, the stick must fall into the seat. There is no help for it. A solemn compact is made with the audience, and a Presbyterian minister is the last man in the world to break it. All these recommendations of the service almost ensure its popularity, but there is one other, the choice of speakers, which on this point renders assurance doubly sure. We are not of those who believe it to be to the eternal disgrace of a minister that he should confess his inability to secure the attention of the neglected masses, if his qualifications render his ministry more acceptable to an ordinary Christian church. Such men may captivate the ear, and largely influence the heart of the better educated, while they may hold no power over the rougher and more uncultivated. It is no discredit to Dr. Raleigh, whose church is within about a mile of the hall, that his inspiring eloquence and sententious sermons should fail to secure any other than a crowded house of well-dressed, well-to-do people. And if, in catering for the wants of another class of hearers, Mr. Davidson secures the help of men who already have the ear of the masses, it is much to his credit that the costermonger and converted burglar should not be omitted. One class of speakers who boast of being revivalists, are not engaged. The vociferous orator, whose special call is to "cry aloud, and spare not," is spared altogether at the Agricultural Hall, and his pulmonary powers, with which alone he can serve the Lord, are permitted to be employed elsewhere, where he may "testify" with a voice like the bassoon, in the grating discords of a fulminating, detonating rhetoric. The consciences of the dwellers in Islington not being in the tympanum, his loss is not felt, and speakers less swift and terrible, and possessing the quality of vigour combined with non-explosiveness, occupy his place. The feeling of preference which some working men harbour for lay preaching is respected; hence, a large number of the speakers consist of those who are not devoted to the ministry. But, as a rule, the man who has something to say worth the saying, and who knows how to deliver himself effectively, be he minister or lay preacher, is popular with the people. Lively preaching undoubtedly "takes." Men who paint the Christian life in glowing colours, with an imperturbable frown on their countenance, as though the joys of that life were to be shunned, confirm people in their scepticism, and awaken suspicions, groundless and unjust, as to the speaker's sincerity. Confidence is ensured in Mr. Davidson's movement, by the co-operation of ministers belonging to the various evangelical communities. Among the Baptists, Dr. Brock's fine, manly, John Bull eloquence, and Mr. Sawday's earnest simplicity, have won the sympathy they are sure to command; and if it were not for the fear of inflicting a species of refined cruelty upon the Editor of this magazine, his help would long ago have been solicited, but two services a day in the Tabernacle are considered enough for the strongest of men. Evangelical Churchmen have been well represented, as also Congregationalists, Wesleyans, and Presbyterians. Mr. Brownlow North, Mr. Varley, Mr. Samme, once a costermonger, and Ned Wright, once a burglar, have also delighted the audience.

On the afternoon of our visit, we found crowds in the High Street, crowds outside the hall, crowds in the vestibules, crowds inside, and a

goodly crowd on the platform or stage: respectable and respectful crowds too. There might have been much hustling, for it was not easy to gain admittance, and on leaving the hall the pretty general desire to leave all at once might have produced an unpleasant crush, but the crowd was well-behaved. Since it is believed that at least three-fourths of the persons present are unconnected with any place of worship, it may be of interest to state to what class or classes they appeared to belong. Probably there was not one deplorably ragged person there. But these are not the people who are attracted to such gatherings. If they receive religious instruction at all, it is in halls and rooms where their class is specially invited, and where they may creep in unobserved, without having their pride wounded. The non-chapel classes in Islington are of a different order. Poverty is well represented, but it is the poverty of misfortune, not of mere indolence. Fustian jackets are scarce, but working men and women are not. The majority were evidently of the artisan class, well-dressed, comfortable folks, who pride themselves upon a respectability others lower in the scale might well covet. There were hundreds of young persons, who have just entered upon, or are about to enter upon the responsibilities of life, most of whom manifested considerable interest in the service. Elderly people were there, and it is no small blessing that many such, after having neglected the calls of piety all their lives, should have sought the Saviour in this hall ere the night of life had come. Just a few persons were fashionably dressed, and looked as if they belonged to the tradesman class. "You must keep in mind," said Mr. Davidson to his brethren, at the last Mildmay Conference, "that there is even in our highly-favoured Islington, an immense population of well-dressed, respectable, well-to-do people, who live in comfortable houses, and who look almost like ladies and gentlemen, who never think of entering a place of worship, and therefore, if we can get these out to hear the gospel, it is a work which is certainly as important as that of getting the lower classes to hear." And there is no doubt of this, that the attention throughout, in the simple reading without comment of the word of God, and the *extempore* prayer, as well as during the preaching, is in the highest degree praiseworthy. It afforded quite a contrast to a scene we had witnessed a Sabbath before, at the special afternoon service in St. Paul's Cathedral. There we saw little devotion. The people had come to hear the grand choral singing and the solo voice that sang some sacred piece in the same fashion as at an ordinary Crystal Palace concert, and they maintained perfect silence during this part of the performance, but as soon as the excellent Canon Melvill ascended the pulpit to preach a sermon on the glories of heaven, the attractions of the earth outside proved more potent to one-half of the congregation, who unceremoniously left their seats. But we did not see one person leave the Agricultural Hall until the benediction had been pronounced.

The engagements commenced with singing a well-known hymn to a quick, melodious tune. Penny hymn-books, containing fifty-four of the best known hymns are provided, and the tunes are such as every evangelical congregation sings. A small organ leads the singing, and a choir from Mr. Davidson's church assists. The appointed chapter is read in that clear, musical voice which in a Scotchman is a peculiar charm, and after a short prayer the name of the speaker is announced.

This afternoon it is Mr. Wright, commonly known as Ned Wright. A fine manly figure is this Ned ; and although he has been a prize-fighter, a prize rower, a soldier and a sailor, a thief and burglar, and in prisons oft, there is a tender simplicity and a genuine earnestness about the man which surprise you, when it is considered that he has been an associate and a ringleader of some of the vilest characters in South London. A working man by our side who had casually dropped in this afternoon, whispered to the writer, "I know his face, sir, very well : I have seen him hundreds of times in Bankside." "And you knew nothing good of him?—did you know him as a thief?" I asked "Not exactly," was the reply, "but as a low fellow that you wouldn't like to meet with alone in the dark." And as we saw the speaker's face fired with the passion of an expressive earnestness, we understood how easily he might have held respectable men in awe. This was the man who some years ago heard one of the students of Mr. Spurgeon's, then the pastor of New Park Street Chapel, preach one Sabbath afternoon at the river-side, and who resolved to drown him. Ned was standing, with a few boon companions, at the bar of an adjoining public house, when the tall form of the said student was seen just opposite as he was about to mount his extemporised rostrum. This rostrum was on a vacant piece of ground close to the railings which protect persons from falling into the Thames. Over these rails it was arranged that the street preacher should be thrown that he might enjoy the privilege of a soft bed in the water. As Ned was on the point of carrying out his purpose, the preacher, guessing his polite intentions, gave utterance, in a solemn tone of voice, to some of the most powerful warnings of Scripture, in the hope they might arrest his assailant. Ned was compelled, involuntarily, to listen, and paid deep attention to all that followed, not finding it in his heart to molest any further the man who had thus mastered him.

His address on this occasion was not equal to others which have startled his hearers—especially those of the lowest classes, to whom he is most accessible and for whom he is perhaps best fitted. Illness, also, blunted his unquestioned powers ; but his address evidently told upon the people, who saw in him a living evidence of the power of the gospel over the hearts of the depraved. Let sceptics say what they will, here was a man whom only a miracle could have changed. And as he told the story of his own conversion in simple, unaffected language, and appealed in a few impassioned words to the consciences of his hearers, one could not but think that give such a man a few educational advantages, and he might become one of the most powerful evangelists in this country.

At the close of the service, a missionary looks after those who may be desirous of some religious conversation. This is an important part of the work, and Mr. Davidson acted prudently in seeking the aid of an able missionary from the London City Mission, and he is to be congratulated upon having one so well qualified. This missionary lives close by, and has a room in which he can see anxious enquirers. There are many who, from various causes easily understood by those acquainted with the habits and circumstances of the working poor, would hesitate to receive a visit from a missionary, and would prefer calling upon him. They are, therefore, made acquainted with the room in which he can

be seen, and thither many have come to enquire still further the way to heaven. Out of a considerable number who have promised to seek instruction from the missionary, only one has failed, proving that the impressions made upon the soul during the services have not been such as could be readily removed. Such anxious ones are not forgotten, but in many instances they have been looked after, until they have joined some Christian church. This they are advised to do, but care is taken not to recommend any particular denomination, although it is no secret that Mr. Davidson is a Presbyterian, and his missionary a Baptist. The neighbouring churches must, therefore, have shared the benefit gained by these services; not only in an accession to their congregational strength, but to their churches. And it is no small encouragement that scarcely a Sabbath passes without its peculiar blessing. Backsliders have been restored; a few church members whose profession had been a mere pretence, have been converted; and indifferent and careless ones, who have rarely entered a place of worship, have heard the gospel gladly.

Cases of usefulness, similar to the following, have been known. An aged gentleman (eighty-two), speaks of himself as a babe, not quite four months old—because it is only four months since that he knew the Lord. He came to this great city from the north of the Tweed when a young man, and although brought up under Christian influences, he forgot the lessons of his old home, and sought amidst the gaiety and pleasures of London the satisfaction of his inclinations. The consequence was, distaste for the house of God, and ultimately total neglect of it, and disregard for the sanctities of the Sabbath-day. When the Agricultural Hall was opened for divine service, he was impelled by motives of mere curiosity to attend. He was struck with the warmth and earnestness of the preaching, and came again and again. It was not, however, until the beginning of the present year that the gospel powerfully impressed his heart. In March, he was addressed by the missionary after the service, when he said, "I'll try to pray, and make myself better;" but being assured that such an improvement would not gain him the joy and peace which an evangelical trust in the Redeemer's merits would afford, he seemed to become desponding, and, as he said, "hopelessly worse." In this state of mind he remained three weeks, when, on the 3rd of April, after the service, the missionary sought to speak to him, when he was rejoiced to see joy beaming on his face, and to hear him say, "I am all right now, Mr. Hunt, I know that I am saved; I'm not now afraid to die; I can trust my Saviour, for he died for me—yes, for an old sinner like me. What a mercy he has spared me to see it! Where should I have been, if he'd cut me down in my sins!" Since then he has been frequently visited, and his humble and simple manner of expressing himself, his earnestness and devotion, his growing delight in God's word, and deep sorrow on account of a wasted life, have caused the missionary to rejoice greatly in the aged man's conversion. Another case is told by Mr. Davidson. It is that of a working man, a neglecter of God's house, who one day strolled into the hall. "He came again and again, and then, feeling the importance of religion, he was led to take a sitting in a neighbouring place of worship. One Sunday after that, he brought

his son, a grown-up young man, with him, and he shook hands with me cordially, as I was going up to the platform, and told me, with an air of great delight, which he was sure, he said, I should reciprocate, that his own son had overcome his prejudice, and had come to hear the gospel. Well, in the course of a few weeks, this son also took a sitting with his father in the same place of worship. This young man is about to be married, and he succeeded in bringing to the hall the young woman to whom he is engaged, for she also had been accustomed to attend no place of worship. She, likewise, was led to take a sitting with them; and just about a fortnight ago, the man came up to me as I was going on the platform, and with an air of very great satisfaction, said, 'Here is my next son, who has been persuaded to come thus far, and I hope that he also will come to the place of worship.' Thus the hall is made a kind of stepping-stone from utter carelessness to regular attendance upon the sanctuary." An Atheist became a believer through the services, but closing his business on the Sabbath, he lost his customers, and had to suffer severe reverses of fortune. A low, vulgar blackguard, who was the pest of the neighbourhood in which he lived, was led to the Saviour in this hall. An orphan boy, clothed in rags, and in a state of utter destitution, was brought through the services to Christ, and now he is one of the most active helpers in the hall. Other cases of a similar kind might be cited as evidence that the gospel is the power of God to the salvation of the careless and indifferent.

In addition to the large posters that are placarded in the district announcing the services, many thousands of small hand-bills are judiciously circulated among the poor by the missionary and his band of helpers. This is a work best done by young men, and if Christian men were everywhere to follow their example, many of our chapels might not lack, as now they do, attendants. On Saturday evening, housewives who are out shopping, are invited to come on the Sunday afternoon to the hall with their husbands. Working men who feel themselves compromised by attending a church or chapel—(compromised by worshipping God, think of it !!)—consent to attend a place which will not be regarded as a Christian assembly by their companions, and therefore they will be freed from the suspicion of being religious! For say what we may in praise of the working-classes—and sickly laudation has often demoralised them—there is no doubt that by their powers of chaffing and sneering at all that is good, they exercise a tyranny over the minds and liberties of some of their fellow men, which many have not the courage to defy; and so they are afraid to enter God's sanctuary. The lowest classes of society have far more liberty, and it is easier to secure their attendance at a mission-hall, than to persuade working men to *compromise themselves* by worshipping God in a religious conventicle. The thieves, and they are not few, of the district, are also visited, and encouraged to come. On the occasion when Ned Wright preached, more than a dozen were present, having been assured by the missionary that if they conducted themselves properly and sat together (that they might not be tempted to pick any one's pocket), he would see that the police did not touch them. And they behaved so well that you would not have suspected them of being rebellious members of society. And in some recent controversies with a teacher of wretched heresies

outside, the missionary has been secured from anticipated harm, by one of these young men, who has learnt to respect him so highly, that one prays he may yet receive into his heart the good tidings of salvation.

The lessons which may be derived from these services are very trite, but most important. The working classes can be reached—that is evident; they will also maintain the services they care for—nearly the whole of the money required is deposited in the boxes every Sabbath. Our readers may learn from the success which has attended this effort how to engage in others of a similar kind. Mr. Davidson deserves our highest commendation for undertaking this extra responsibility, and for leaving no stone unturned to secure its prosperity. The Sunday Afternoon Services at the Agricultural Hall may now be regarded as almost, if not quite, an established institution.

John Ploughman's Letter on the War.

TO NAPOLEON, EMPEROR OF THE FRENCH, AND WILLIAM,
KING OF PRUSSIA.

THIS comes hoping that you are getting better, at least better tempered with one another, though I am much afraid, as the saying is, that you will be worse before you will be better. I beg to send my most disrespectful compliments. Scripture says, "Honour to whom honour is due;" but kings who go to war about nothing at all have no honour due to them. So I don't send you so much as would lay on your thumb nails. Perhaps you are not both alike, and only one of you is to blame for beginning this dreadful fight; but I do not know your secret tricks, for kings are as deep as foxes, and it is safest to lay it on to you both, for then the right one will be sure to get it. I should like to give you both a month at our workhouse, and a taste of the crank, to bring your proud spirits down a bit, for I expect it is your high living that has made you so hot blooded.

Whatever do you see in fighting that you should be so fierce for it? One would think you were a couple of game cocks, and did not know any better. When two dogs fight, one of them is pretty sure to come home lame, and neither of them will look the better for it. One or other of you will get a thrashing; I only wish it would come on your bare backs, and not on your poor soldiers. What are you at? Have you got so much money that you want to blow it away in powder? If so, come and let off some fireworks down by Dorking, and please our boys. Or have you too many people, and therefore want to clear them off by cutting their throats? Why don't you do this in a quiet way, and not make them murderers as well as murdered? I don't think you know yourselves what it is you want; but, like boys with new knives, you must be cutting something. One of you has the gout, and that does not sugar the temper much, and the other is proud about having beaten his neighbour; and so you must needs let off your steam by beginning a murderous war. You are as daft as you are days old if you think any good can come of it. If you think you will get ribands and flags by

fighting, you had better buy them at first hand of the drapers ; they will come a deal cheaper, and there will be no ugly blood stains on them. If you are such great babies you should come to our fair, and buy yourselves lots of stars and garters, and blue ribands, and the stall-keepers would be glad to serve you.

If you must have a fight, why don't you strip and go at it yourselves as our Tom Rowdy and Big Ben did on the green ; it's cowardly of you to send a lot of other fellows to be shot on your account. I don't like fighting at all, it's too low-lived for me ; but really if it would save the lives of the millions I would not mind taking care of your jackets while you had a set-to with fisticuffs, and I would encourage you both to hit his hardest at the gentleman opposite. I dare say if you came over to Surrey the police would manage to keep out of your way and let you have a fair chance of having it out ; they have done so for other gentlemen, and I feel sure they would do it to oblige you. It might spoil your best shirts to have your noses bleed, and I dare say you would not like to strip at it, but there are plenty of ploughmen who would lend you their smock frocks for an hour or two, especially if you would be on your honour not to go off with them. Just let me know, and I'll have some sticking plaster ready, and a bason of water, and a sponge, and perhaps our governors will let Madame Rachel out of jail, to enamel your eyes, if they get a little blackened. I've just thought of a capital idea, and that is, if you will both drop a line to the keepers of the Agricultural Hall, where they have those Cumberland wrestling matches, they would let you have the place for a day, and give you half the takings, and I'll be bound there would be a crowd, and no mistake. So you see you could get glory and ready-money too, and nobody would be killed. I like this idea, for then I can get out of my first offer, and can wash my hands of you, and I can truly say, the less I see of two such kicking horses as you are the better I shall be pleased. My good old grandfather set me against the Bonyparts when I was a boy, but I did think that you, Lewis, were a quieter sort than your uncle ; however, what is bred in the bone will come out in the flesh, and as the old cock crows the young cock learns. Why you, the king of the Germans, want to go into the butchering line I don't know ; but if you are at the bottom of this it shows that you are a very bad disposed man, or you would be ashamed of killing your fellow creatures. When war begins hell opens, and it is a bad office for either of you to be gate-opener to the devil ; yet that's what one of you is, if not both.

Did either of you ever think of what war means ? Did you ever see a man's head smashed, or his bowels ripped open ? Why, if you are made of flesh and blood, the sight of one poor wounded man, with the blood oozing out of him, will make you feel sick. I don't like to drown a kitten ; I can't bear even to see a rat die, or any animal in pain. But a man ! where's your hearts if you can think of broken legs, splintered bones, heads smashed in, brains blown out, bowels torn, hearts gushing with gore, ditches full of blood, and heaps of limbs and carcasses of mangled men ? Do you say my language is disgusting ? How much more disgusting must the things themselves be ? And you make them ! How would you like to get a man into your palace-garden, and run

a carving-knife into his bowels, or cut his throat? If you did that you would deserve to be hanged; but it would not be half so bad as killing tens of thousands, and you know very well that this is just what you are going to do. Do you fancy that your drums and fifes, and feathers and fineries, and pomp, make your wholesale murder one whit the less abominable in the sight of God? Do not deceive yourselves, you are no better than the cut-throats whom your own laws condemn; better, why you are worse, for your murders are so many. Think, I pray you, for your poor people will have to think whether you do or no. Is there so little want in the world that you must go trampling on the harvest with your horses and your men? Is there so little sorrow that you must make widows by the thousand? Is death so old and feeble that you must hunt his game for him, as jackals do for the lion? Do you imagine that God made men for you to play soldiers with? Are they only meant for toys for you to break? O kings, a ploughman tells you that their souls are as precious in God's sight as yours, they suffer as much pain when bullets pierce them as ever you can do; they have homes, and mothers and sisters, and their deaths will be as much wept over as yours, perhaps more. How can you sit down to eat when you have caused war? Does not the blood rise in your throats and choke you? Or are you only devils with crowns on? Creatures who were never suckled at a woman's breast, and therefore have no human feeling. It will be hard for you to think of the blood you have shed when you lie dying, and harder still to bear the heavy hand of God when he shall cast all murderers into hell. Whichever it is of you that has been the wicked cause of this war, I say you smell of blood; you ought to be more hated than the common hangman, and instead of being called "his majesty" you ought to be hooted as a demon.

You have both made mighty fine speeches, laying all the blame off of yourselves, but the worst cause generally gets the best pleading, for men who cannot walk take to horseback; but all the world knows that wranglers never will own that they are in the wrong, and your words will only go for what they are worth, which is not much. Emperor and king, who are you? Though the great folk flatter you, you are only men. Have pity upon your fellow men. Do not cut them with swords, tear them with bayonets, blow them to pieces with cannon, and riddle them with shots. What good will it do you? What have the poor men done to deserve it of you? You fight for glory, do you? Don't be such fools. I am a plain talking Englishman, and I tell you the English for glory is DAMNATION, and it will be *your* lot, O kings, if you go on cutting and hacking your fellow men. Stop this war if you can, at once, and turn to some better business than killing men. Set up shambles and kill bullocks for your nations; you can then eat what you slay, and there will be some reason in what you do. Before the deep curses of widows and orphans fall on you from the throne of God, put up your butcher knives and patent men-killers, and repent.

From one who is no servant of yours, but

A Fighter for Peace,

JOHN PLOUGHMAN.

Pleasant Voices from across the Channel.

VOICE THE FIRST.

"Thou art with me."

IN the beginning of August my brother and I took up our quarters in H——, a good-sized village, in that northern part of France called the "Pas de Calais." Although not very far from Boulogne (as the crow flies), it takes several hours of "Diligence" to reach it, for as yet, the district is guiltless of railways. "Our village" possesses categorically, two streets, one church, and one rather handsome Hotel-de-Ville.

H—— stands on a hamlet-sprinkled plain, across which the Canche and Ternoise (capital fishing streams) wind erratically through clumps of sedges and willowy thickets. The said plain is on three sides hemmed in by hills, and quite near there is a "real" forest, tangled and wild. About this forest there are current, in the locality, thrilling legends of the Valentine and Orson order, and its shades are so deep that even in these unromantic days there is a possibility of getting lost therein. In the only public house of entertainment, to wit, the "Hotel de France," we arranged to stay at a cost of twenty-five francs each per week, exclusive of wine. The hotel is a great rambling white-washed building, with a heavy balcony of dark wood running along the second story. It is quadrangular, having in the centre a white court wherein the local stages take up and set down passengers. So all day long the place is in a state of bustle, greater or less. This court opens on the "biggest" street by means of a tall ever-open *porte-cochère*,† and sitting of a broiling noontide in the "bower of greenerie," beside the hotel door, one sees, through the aperture, as in a peep-show, passers-by, lay and clerical. In strict justice I ought rather to say clerical and lay, for of all priest-encumbered spots, H——, is surely the most infested. In huge-brimmed hats, long black robes, and soft velvet shoes, they swarm in couples, here, there, and everywhere, gossiping at cottage doors, sitting in shops, dotting chalky, white roads like immense beetles: verily, the plague of flies was not more inflictive.

The day succeeding our appearance in H——, was Sabbath, which proved extremely warm. But it was in the village no day of rest, although nature was keeping holy-day, arrayed in loveliness under a sky of sapphire, and a sun so brilliant that each object seemed "gold-gilt" at the edges. Country stage-coaches kept lumbering and jangling into our court, covered and filled with smiling "hob-nails," flower-bedecked and fruit-laden, come to visit "town friends" (everything goes by comparison), and execute weekly shoppings. Ever and

* From amid masses of pamphlets, newspapers, and magazines, we disinter the present papers. We do not know how they come to be there. We beg to request the authoress to be so good as to communicate with us. We do not even know if the "voices" were intended to be printed, and we should not like to put the next into type till we hear from the writer. If any letter has been sent us with these MSS., we fear we lost the connecting link; at any rate we do not remember any communication respecting them. We have put foot notes for our poorer readers.

† Gateway.

anon, the church bells burst into merry little jiggish snatches, or blithe rill-like runs, ducting and blending with the booming hum of the insect world. Countrymen in blue blouses and peg-top trousers thudded past on grey cart horses, equestrianised *pro tem.*, and got-up in large antique saddles, with holster pistols at the bow. Or, at some cottage portals a man of eighteen stone weight would dismount, and be received with a jolly, "Ha! my child, thank God you are come, and shall dance with us this evening!"

Strings of little boys and girls, looking as serious as if being asked to repeat a half-learned lesson, promenaded the streets beating solemnly (how is it that French children are as a rule so solemn?) on toy drums their mimic "ram pat-a-plan."

All went merry as a marriage-bell; yet to our yearning hearts and earth-bound gaze, it appeared as if God were far from the thoughts of the people on whom he was lavishing so much joy, and love, and beauty. But

"Not as man loves, loves God,
Not as man sees, sees he."

In H——, though as yet we knew it not, Jesus had some of his own ransomed ones—some who through sore trial, and amid carking cares had, Spirit-taught, learned that "new song," so oft on earth only a plaintive "miserere," but which in the better land shall rise to a joyful, endless doxology.

The church was only two minutes' walk from our seat in the "Green-bower," so Tom and I looked in for a few minutes. There was the usual amount of incense, and pillars, and flowers, and nuns, and "lay-females," and Latin, and organ. Barring the performing ecclesiastics, I don't think there were three males in the congregation.

Shortly after our entrance, a father with a flat Chinese face, and such a wicked, knowing pair of jet-beady eyes, told himself off for the duty of "sanctifying the church." *Aspergès** in hand, and preceded by a tiny, white-gowned boy, bearing a silver *goupillon*,* he at the words, "So will I compass thine altar," made thrice the tour of the building, with a skipping, polking step, and a smirk that was absolutely provoking in its self-sufficiency. Right and left he sprinkled and splashed holy water, and on nearing our locality, with a low bow and an odious twinkle of the cunning eyes, deluged my unlucky face and shoulders with the blessed element, so completely as, without any pun, to render my crape veil literally a rag of popery. Then came the collection for the poor which was made in a *per force* fashion that was amusing. The beadle in cocked-hat and halberd, ushered to the altar an elegantly got-up lady, and mounted guard while she said her prayers, in face of the congregation. Having finished, she seized a scarlet pocket, and preceded by the aforesaid church-officer, visited each individual within the sacred walls to demand a donation; for to persons of moderate "check," the alms-giving was almost a matter of necessity. The halberdier grounded arms with a clash close to your toes, the lady-collector faced you bolt upright, and held out for your behoof the open scarlet pouch, while Dick, Tom, and Harry looked on, and the band

* Holy-water sprinkler.

played selections from the "Traviata"! Who would not get rid of the annoyance at almost any price within reasonable bounds?

On Monday we "took stock" of the neighbourhood, which really grows prettier on closer acquaintance. The staple crops are white poppies, tobacco, and flax, which being planted in small, square, unenclosed fields, blend into one another in exquisite colouring. And then, scattered over the plain, there are dots of trees, and tiny white hamlets, and poplars so trimmed that the whole foliage is a-top; and best of all, there is a sky as blue as blue can be. No wonder the natives go a-soldiering so sorely against their will, as they tell us they do.

On our way home we sat down on a grassy bank at the road-side, to drink in the view, which just then was flooded with the glory of liquid, mellow, sunset. Distant vesper bells were tinkling, and the air was filled with the scent of wild flowers. Homeward-bound peasants returned our "Fine evening" with a cheery and polite. "*Mais oui*—It is indeed superb!" The sun dropped lower and lower in the glowing horizon, and wayfarers waxed fewer, till all seemed past.

We were rising to go, when by came a very pretty, bright-looking peasant-woman. She stopped, as she said, "to rest a few moments, and have a short chat with Monsieur and Madame." She was so likeable and frank, that in five minutes we were quite on friendly terms, and in reply to our question, "Whether she had sold the contents of the pile of fantastically-shaped fruit baskets, towering betwixt her shoulders?" said with a smile, "Ah, yes. Thanks to the dear Saviour, who never forgets me. I came this morning all the road from Ouchy, to sell my cherries."

"So far?"

"Yes, indeed; it is hard enough work, but I have to support seven, oh! such dear little children, and my husband also. He is a shoemaker, but is so often ill in bed that he earns next to nothing."

There was about Mimi such an air of independence, and though poorly, she was so respectably dressed, that it was impossible to saddle the idea of *begging* on the back of her statements.

"But," said I, "if your husband and children love you, don't you think *le bon Dieu* has, along with toil and care, bestowed on you very great happiness?"

I shall never forget her look, as, tears rushing to her magnificent deep eyes, she stood there with clasped hands, her small gilt cross and long ear pendants catching the last lingering sunbeam.

"Ah, yes, *miladi*. If—if—"

"Well, but," said Tom, "Jesus, who knows every one of our sorrows, pities them, too."

"Oh, *oui*," cried Mimi, looking up. "My dear Saviour, without thee, what should I do in this weary world? Thou hast loved and guided me always! Ah, I see that plainly now; and when by thy help, the journey of life is finished, then comes the happiness of the beautiful heavens up yonder, where thou, O Jesus, dwellest. Dear Monsieur and Madame, as I walked just now along the road, I was thinking over my past life. Should you like to hear about it?"

"Very much indeed. Pray sit down, and tell us your history."

"*Hé bien*, my friends. I am a Parisian by birth. *Mamma* was, ah!

so very, very wicked; my elder sister also was not too good. As I grew up, something in my heart kept whispering, 'You, too, will become like them.' I knew not then, whose was that voice, I now know that it was the blessed Holy Spirit, who wished to save me from sin. What could I do? I ran from mamma, and my sister, and Paris. I possessed in money only seventy centimes, but what of that? People were very kind in giving me food, and sometimes shelter."

I wandered all the way to H——. It was summer time, and quite warm, so, the first night I slept within the shade of a covered-in *calvaire*,* and the stars shone down on me like the eyes of good angels.

Next morning I procured a place as a servant in a small public house. I was almost thirteen years old, and quite strong, so I could manage a good deal of work.

Bit by bit I got on, and into better situations, till with my savings I purchased a cottage, and some furniture, then said I, "I shall take to myself a husband."

N.B. In this part of the world it is the grey mare who literally enacts the part of "better horse" and makes provision for setting up the matrimonial *ménage*.

"I hope," said I, "you selected well; I'm sure, my friend, you deserved a good one."

"Listen, madame! To my poor husband the good Lord has given much pain, and oh! how he swears and hates Jesus. When he is in bed and I carry to him some soup or tisane,† and smile and say, '*Voyons, mon ami!* this will make you strong.' But he speaks evil words, and bids me go away, and not keep talking of that Saviour of mine. Sometimes, too, he flings at me a pillow or a boot."

"And what do you do then?"

"Ah, dear friends, I quietly pick them up, and say to him gently, 'You cannot overcome the dear Saviour.' Then I retire to a little dark corner in the passage, just behind the bed room door, and there I kneel down and whisper very low, 'O dear, dear Jesus, thou who didst love and die for the very men who abhorred thee, do soften the heart of my poor husband who is so suffering and so wicked.' And then I come back and look into the room where he lies, and ask whether I can do anything to make his pain easier. But pardon me, I must now run away; I hope one day Monsieur and Madame will come to see my home, and my little children, and my garden, and taste the rich milk of my cow 'Babette.'"

"In your troubles does not your priest assist you?"

"Hai! Hai! *Non!* my friends! priests hereabouts don't know the good themselves, they cannot teach others. *On dit*, that elsewhere there are "fathers" who are not evil men; here, it is not so; but stay, I am wrong. One there is at St. G——, he is quite young, but loves the Saviour. When I confess, I go to him at St. G——. But it is so far, I cannot get there very often. However, you know, there's always Jesus to tell things to, at home, is it not so? But I really must run away now. Adieu! adieu!"

* Literally, Calvary—a crucifix.

† Herb Tea.

We shook hands, and promised to visit Mimi's cottage, when the obnoxious husband's periodical attack of illness, should have passed its climax, and he should, as she phrased it, "be out of bed, and prepared to grant us a fitting reception."

Tom had left his purse at the inn, and mine only contained a single franc. I offered it, with a request that she would buy a doll for her "youngest," of whom she appeared very fond. But with a most grateful "*Non! Non!* thank you all the same, dear friends," away she hurried, smiling back a farewell from time to time, and calling out, "Don't forget Ouchy."

One day, very long ago, John the Beloved, seated on a high sea-girt rock, caught thence, through the mist of the Revelation, a glimpse of scenes that shall be enacted when time's fleeting story is all told and done. Did he, amid that throne-surrounding multitude which appeared before his delighted vision, see the glorified spirit of this poor peasant? This true follower of the Lamb, who, though nominally in an idolatrous and doomed church, was yet not of it. For the Holy Ghost had, in her soul, whispered, "Come," and she had made answer, "Yea, Lord, I come, I come."

VOICE THE SECOND.

"Behold the Man."

THE large-flagged court of the "Hotel de France," was a sort of general rendezvous for everybody in H——, and to sit in the yew-bower, beside the house door, taking text of comers and goers, was sometimes most amusing. The gnats which infested the sedgy borders of the best fishing bits of the Canche, found my skin so tempting, that I was fain to let Tom do his piscatory work all alone. So while he thrashed the stream, I sat in the aforementioned green arbor, tatting and making acquaintances. These soon multiplied, till I had quite a large and interesting circle. First, there was little black-eyed merry rollicking Pierrot, the official "hen-boy" of the establishment, whose days were mostly passed in plucking skinny chickens.

We lived a good deal on poultry, so Pierrot's post was anything but a sinecure. Clad in a green flannel apron, squatted in a huge nest of feathers, the little fellow sat in his special corner all day and every day, picking away, and crooning *patois* ballads. Occasionally, he would vary the facts by grinning across to me, and calling *Bon Jacquot, bon Jacquot*, to a vicious looking parrot which abode, I regret to say, in the "bower" I had chosen as my temporary *gourd*.

Pierrot was nine years of age, had been a workhouse foundling, and now in addition to his feathery occupation, acted as "scape-goat in ordinary" to the hotel servants. According as these, "*his public*," were in what children call good tempers, or naughty ditto, was the small orphan boy petted or bawled at.

But, ah! the beautifulness of that child's sunshiny disposition, nothing even dulled or dimmed it. There he squatted, as happy as a king, perhaps happier than *l'Empereur*, who seemed in his mind mixed up confusedly with *la Sainte Vierge* and tri-colored flags.

But the friendless little fellow's heart abhorred a vacuum (what

heart does not?); so, to fill his felt necessity of loving, he had elected Jacquot to be "faither and mither, an' a' things beside."

I considered the parrot an uncomfortable neighbour, sitting on his tall perch beside me, squinting ferociously at his beak, and sometimes casting an evil look at my fingers. But to Pierrot it had been a labour of pure love to educate "the red and green creature" up to a pitch which rendered it a local celebrity. And truly the wretch did repay the pains spent on his instruction by more pat and sensible speeches than unfeathered bipeds might have uttered on the occasion.

The adjurations wherewith he used to hurry the heavy-toed cook in the matter of dinner were remarkable for their rationality; and through the entire process of arriving too late at a railway station, etc., did he go, as cleverly as if either he or his teacher knew what a railway station meant.

Pierrot became our sworn friend, and begged we would take him and "Ce cher Jacquot" with us to our country. "And, as for the *sea*, Madame, I am *rather* fond of water. I wash myself in the Canche sometimes, and it makes me not sick at all. No, I am not afraid to go with you across the *sea* if only you will take Jacquot." Disagreeable Jacquot, inclined to bite though you were, you had the whole of a fond heart to yourself!

A daily visitor in the Court was Madame T., mounted on a couple of club-feet, and a pair of staves. She was a clean, tidy beggar woman, and made known her willingness to accept the smallest donation with an air that removed her a thousand miles from either "ragged Ireland or Paisley weaverdom." After the usual morning salutation, or remarks on the weather, she would, with the patronising manner of a stage duchess, enquire whether I could favour her with a few sous? If, perchance, I apologised for having no *petite monnaie** with me at the moment, she would say, condescendingly, "Oh, pray Madame do not discompose yourself, you can just pay me to-morrow, that will do quite as well." Her magnificent demeanour was natural, not acquired, for she had never been ten miles from the village in her life. Perhaps it is indigenous to the district, for in our walks Tom and I used to come across a legless, one-armed old fellow seated at the road-side begging, who had such a superb tone of *de haut en bas* affability about him that I always felt inclined to ask pardon for presuming to offer coppers. He, also, was "home-raised."

One very hot day, I, seated in the bower, was virtuously making a last attempt to master a difficult pattern by counting aloud the requisite number of stitches from a page of the "Knitters' Manual." While I was so occupied, Elise E——, a nice young married woman, who happened to pass along the street, spied me, and turned into the yard for a chat. Besides being a *dame Anglaise*, I fear she must have considered me a Pharisee of the first magnitude, for when I explained the use of my book she burst out with, "Excusez-moi—excuse me, but I fancied Madame was doing her prayers here, in order that we might all know she wants to be thought religious." Blessed unsophistication! "*Qui s'excuse, s'accuse*," says the proverb. Nevertheless, I stuck up stoutly in defence of my own integrity and humility, and Elise's mistake resulted in leading us to

* Change.

speak of "true prayer." She sat down, and by-and-by, as we were exchanging thoughts concerning the "heavenly life begun on earth," began to weep violently. With irrepressible emotion she exclaimed, "Ah, dear lady, it is terrible to think how this beautiful life is passing away! passing away! It goes so rapidly, and one has nothing *real* or *firm* to hold by. I love my husband, I adore my little boy Carlot, but they may die. Ah! then assuredly I should go mad, or expire of a broken heart. Ah! if we had only priests like those you speak of. Married priests, who could sympathise with us in those dark hours that enter into even a happy lot, and lead us and tell us of some visible road to heaven. Ah, we should then be happier women and better ones, too! To you, dear lady, I shall confess that the greater number of our priests hereabouts are *mauvais sujets*"—Jesuits! Ah, one would like to confess direct to the *bon Dieu* himself; but, bah! it must be done to the priest also."

Elise was naturally tall and graceful, and, as she sat with the dark yew shadow falling on her brow, and big tears running down her thoughtful face, a more interesting Niobe could not be imagined.

It was no special grievance which caused her excitement, for in domestic life I knew her to be the happiest of the happy. Her distress arose simply out of the same newly-discovered want of something stable and sure to lean on, which we constantly found cropping up. Souls, once sin-enthralled, but now in glory, heard ye not everyone, while yet in the body, two celestial utterances? The first was *Ephphatha*, the other *Ecco Homo*. Sometimes the last blest answer-voice followed the first so soon that they almost formed one single harmonious chord, thrilling through the heart. But sometimes, too, it was otherwise. A blind man when first restored to sight is glare-stunned, and the familiar guide-posts so well known to touch, only now create chaos, wherein he sees trees and men whirling confusedly. So may the first faint inlet of spirit light but disclose to the soul mist-clouded shapes of vague terror. Mighty waves that lash and lap the vanishing sand-bank whereon are garnered beloved idols, beautiful and brave. In new-found distress the stricken cry to God, and hark, clear and sweet above howling winds sounds the "*Ecco Homo*." He is the rock, the changeless.

Poor Elise! she, as well as many of her neighbours, seemed, by the direct touch of the Lord's own finger, to have their spiritual eyes open far enough to behold "Fading away, fading fast away," written on earth, but who was there to direct them to the *imperishable*?

Once, on a bitter winter's day, a renowned surgeon of Paris, when paying his daily visit at the Hotel-Dieu, saw a mason fall from the scaffolding where some repairs were being done. He very kindly went to prescribe for the injured man, at his lodging, which was *au cinquième*,† in a wretched alley of the *quartier Montmartre*. It was late in the afternoon, and the air dark with coming snow. The stair had no light, for oil was expensive, and in that locality not to be spent in illuminating staircases. Having prescribed for the mason, the doctor was groping his way down to the alley, when a ring slipped from his finger, and rolled away into some obscure corner. It was a very valuable ruby circlet, and had, not two hours previously, been presented by a grateful patient, the Duc de

• Bad characters.

† On the fifth floor.

B——. After vainly fumbling for two or three minutes, the doctor knocked at a door. It was opened by a tall, slim youth, who speedily fetched a light, but one of a curious sort, being a ball the size of an orange, held on an iron shovel. It emitted a gleaming red glare, that lighted up each nook and cranny of the rickety wooden staircase. The lad spoke sweetly, but did not offer to aid Doctor O—— in his search for the missing jewel, which however was soon found.

Turning round to thank his light-bearer, the surgeon's experienced glance found too full an explanation of the youth's want of courtesy; for the great blue eyes, apparently staring at him, were quite blind. He went into the house and sat down by the stove. The "fire-ball" died away, and from his young companion, whose voice sounded soft and clear in the "darkness visible," he heard a touching history. His Christian name, *Desiré*, was likewise that of his father, who had once been a ribbon-weaver at Lyons. Twelve years before, when he, the only child, was five years old, a fire broke out at midnight in an overcrowded building, where the weaver's family occupied an apartment. This room was far up (on the topmost story, indeed), and its inhabitants slept soundly. They barely escaped with life, but for that were thankful to God. Yet that sad night brought to the weaver a long trial of woe. Within two months his cherished wife, though unscathed by the flames, expired in consequence of the shock to her nervous system. From the pretty blue eyes of "*le-petit*,"* light had fled (though they too were untouched by the fire), so when needing care more than ever, young *Desiré* was left motherless.

But for sake of his boy, the broken-hearted weaver would fain have lain down in the grave beside his wife. Remain in Lyons, among its memories, he could not; and taking little *Desiré* in his arms, he set out to try fortune elsewhere. After many wanderings, the pair landed in Paris, and there took root. Since then, they had experienced ups and downs, but were now very comfortably off, although *Desiré père*† being old and rheumatic, could do nothing more than hawk about these fire-lighters manufactured by *Desiré fils*,‡ and called "*Boules*." Their joint trade, however, kept the *pot au feu* always full, and the small home snug. These said "*Boules*" had gained fame, even beyond the *quartier Montmartre*, and their manufacture was a "*specialité*" belonging to the two *Desirés*, being a secret confided to them by a deceased *brodiste*|| who had lodged in their house, and brought it from her native Poland.

More than once did the benevolent M. O——. return, to assure himself that a successful operation was possible, before he should tell the *Desirés* that there was a chance of sight for the younger. And then another doubt sprang up in the surgeon's mind. Would it be either right or prudent to utterly change a life, so full and happy, as that now led by the ever-busy young man? He, however, ran the risk, and successfully accomplished the surgical operation. So long as bandages were needful, brighter than fairy-tales were young *Desiré's* anticipations of what he by-and-by would do for his "dear father;" hearty the blessings he invoked on the doctor's head. The last dark day at length

* The little one, the infant.

† Father, or as we say, senior.

‡ Son, or, junior.

|| Embroidress.

arrived. The surgeon had left orders that the bandages should be taken off, and in the evening he called to refresh his world-worn spirit by well-earned thanks. But what does he hear as he opens the door?

O doctor, what shall I do? 'This terrible light! It blinds me! I seem lost in confusion. All is changed. Everything slips from me! Ah! how happy I was in my old blindness. What shall I do?

Of course, in a few days matters righted themselves, and the Desirés were as grateful as men could feel.

At H —, we daily spoke to ignorant peasants, who like Desirés were crying, "What shall we do? Every earthly thing keeps slipping away so fast! Oh! so very fast! Where shall we find something firm to hold by?" As yet theirs was only the wail of a child crying in the night—

"A child crying for the light,
And with no language but a cry."

Outward means of grace there were none. We could only pray and trust that as God has literally in this work been the Alpha, he would fulfil his own promise, and also prove the Omega.

Sunshine.

BY PASTOR MC'LELLAN, CUPAR, FIFE.

"IT is not good for the complexion," sighs some gentle reader. "No, nor for the turnip crops," add some surly farmer. Well, I reply, complexions and turnips must even take their chance, for sunshine, whether you like it or not, is the order of the day. If you tremble for your complexion, my fair reader, you will find it a much easier task to carry about your winter umbrella, for more adequate protection, in lieu of your gossamer-like parasol, than by dint of sighing or any other expedient to extinguish this brilliant sunshine. As for you, my surly friend, you would do well to ponder the fact that sunshine visits the planet for two or three other ends besides that of enabling you to grow turnips. But, if you *will* persist in grumbling, why then you can just grumble away to your heart's content. I shall console myself with the reflection that, with the trifling exception of owls and bats, a few superfine beauties, and here and there a surly farmer, I carry with me the sympathies of all things that breathe when I shout, "Glorious sunshine!"

Well, courteous reader, would it not be a grand thing to have sunshine, and flowers, and the singing of birds all the year round? "Yes," you say, "but in these latitudes that is out of the question." In that, *literally* speaking, I of course agree with you. But don't you think that *metaphorically* speaking the thing is attainable? I think so, and that is why I wish to have this talk with you just now.

Have you not among your acquaintances persons who appear to be always happy? They live in constant sunshine. They carry it about with them wherever they go. They have somehow a knack of seeing something bright about everything but *sin*, and even *that* won't make them despair. Where others, with fear and trembling, see lions in the way, ready to destroy them, *they*, with their clearer vision, see that though the lions are truly there, yet they have stout chains securely

fastened around the necks of them. If some trial overtakes them they at once discover that it might have been far more severe. Should they, for instance, become dull of hearing, they are profoundly thankful that the faculty of vision still remains unimpaired; and, should they lose the use of one eye, their gratitude knows no bounds when they think that the other has been left them. When placed in circumstances which would prostrate others in the very dust, they may be heard singing, "Why art thou cast down, O my soul, and why art thou disquieted within me? Hope thou in God: for I shall yet praise him who is the health of my countenance and my God." *There* is the grand secret—*hope in God*. Life without this hope must be a very dreary thing. The *sceptic*, for example, cannot be a happy man. To him life is, in the words of Hume, "A riddle, an enigma, an inexplicable mystery." Like a traveller wandering about in some mist-covered valley, "he knoweth not whither he goeth, because the darkness hath blinded his eyes." The past, the present, and the future, are to him all wrapped in gloom. If he would only climb the mount of revelation, leaving the dreary mists of prejudice, and pride, and ignorance beneath him, he would soon find himself in the gladsome light in which he would see light. His doubts and perplexities as to his whereabouts in God's moral universe would vanish, and at a glance he would see the road that leads to the celestial city—that highway, concerning which it is written that "the wayfaring man, though a fool, shall not err therein."

But, sceptics aside, it appears to me that many Christian people don't walk in the light as they might, and as they ought. There is our friend *Doleful*, he has not been known to smile since he made a profession, except on that morning when his child, tottering towards him with outstretched arms, succeeded for the first time in calling him Papa. The little fellow was evidently as full of joy as he could hold, and all because he had a strong, loving father to totter to in his weakness. It would have awakened a smile on the very face of Despair to have witnessed the joy of that child when it found itself in its father's strong embrace. It crowed in every key of its little gamut. It performed all sorts of unexpected springs and jerks, as if it would have taken to flying if let go. And as to its laughter, why it laughed all over, hair and all. Would that the father had taken a lesson from his own child! But no, he goes about with downcast look, from day to day bemoaning his imperfections, for ever ringing the changes upon the devil, the world, and the flesh. As if such words as these had never been written, "The God of peace shall bruise Satan under your feet shortly," "Be of good cheer; I have overcome the world," "My grace is sufficient for thee: or my strength is made perfect in weakness." Dolorous brother, dost thou hear? Hie thee, weak and sinful as thou art, to the sunshine of thy Father's love. Totter, just like that child of thine, towards him, stretching out the arms of thy faith, and crying, "Abba, Father." Thou shalt then feel that "the eternal God is thy refuge, and that underneath thee are the everlasting arms."

We all profess to believe that if we set our hand to any work which is agreeable to the will of God, our labour is not in vain in the Lord; yet how many good people are constantly under a cloud because they do not see, at the outset, what the issue of their labour is to be! Whoever heard

of an architect, previous to his beginning to build, gathering together all the masons, and carvers, and craftsmen in brick, and wood, and iron, to explain to them his ground plans and elevations; his sections and specifications? No, he contents himself with mastering all these things for himself. And, as for *them*, he just lets them know, day by day, what their work is to be. In due time they will all see the complete design. Fellow labourer! instead of spending your time in weeping in secret places, because of your inability to forecast the exact results of your present efforts, step out into the sunshine of the *promises*, and ply your trowel in the out-of-the-way corner allotted to you as cheerfully as those who are engaged on the more conspicuous portions of the edifice. Depend upon it, the Master hath need of you; and on that day when "the head-stone shall be brought forth with shouting," you will find that your humble labours have contributed somewhat towards the grand result.

There, again, is our acquaintance, *Mr. Grumbler*. He has arrived at such a pitch of perfection, in his own esteem, that he can afford to devote his undivided attention to the exposure of the faults and failings of the brotherhood. The church, according to him, is making no progress, to speak of; and the love of many is waxing cold. As to the pastor; ah, well, the less said about him the better. The deacons are altogether a very sorry lot. They err on the right hand and on the left. Now they are doing too much without consulting their constituents, and, anon, they are doing too little of the work which properly belongs to them. "They have need that one should teach them which be the first principles of" the diaconate; and brother Grumbler knows *one* who could impart the needed instruction, but, to his no small disgust, he finds that his lot has been cast in a perverse and crooked generation; and, therefore, he must even hide his light under a bushel. When he attends the prayer-meeting he finds that his soul, instead of being edified, is cast down within him. One brother prays too long; another too loudly; while a third leaves out a something which every orthodox prayer ought to contain. Next, the Sabbath-school is found to be grossly mismanaged; then, something else is out of joint; and so on *ad infinitum*.

Who does not see that such a man is out of place in the church militant? Why is he not transferred at once to the ranks of the triumphant? Do they wear white robes? So does he—a robe spotless to his own eyes. Do they wave the palm-branch of victory? So does he; for he has overcome all his weaknesses, all his ignorance, and all his pride? Why not place the victor's crown at once upon his brow? "Alas," you say, "providence is often very mysterious." Yes; but, here, I don't see that there is anything very mysterious, after all. The Lord of that "better country" has the peace and happiness of the inhabitants too much at heart to admit a Grumbler into their midst. Why, he would impute faults to the twelve apostles; not at all to speak of the patriarchs. He would fain stop the songs of the redeemed, because, forsooth, he did not like the tune; or because he always objected to the use of instruments in the worship of God. Every saint with a harp in his hand would be objected to, and the glassy sea itself would be criticised as too dazzling. Clearly, our friend is not yet ripe for translation.

Brother Grumbler, I would honestly counsel you to leave off your

hole-and-corner style of life, and to walk abroad into the bright sunshine of *Christian charity*. If you will only examine your own heart and conduct in the light of "the Sun of Righteousness," you will become far more tolerant of the imperfections of others, and you will perceive that others have, at least, as much reason to complain of you as you have to grumble at them.

There, again, is *sister Timorous*. She can trust God with her soul, but not with her body. She is always in a state of distressing anxiety regarding her prospects. True, her circumstances, at the present moment, are fully as comfortable as those of the ordinary run of mortals. But, then, who knows what may befall her on the morrow? She is at the mercy of ten thousand contingencies of the most appalling description: accidents of all kinds are lying in wait for her; every breath of wind is charged with some infection; mortal diseases, unknown to her, may be already forming in heart or brain. And, then, there is the dismal end—the bed of death with its "clammy sweat," "weeping friends," "last adieus," "breaking eyestrings," and "expiring groans." Then come the shroud, and the mattock; and, then—but my hair is beginning to stand upon end. I must play no longer on this mournful sackbut. Thank God for sunshine! I pity from my heart these Lapland Christians. They remain poor, shivering, dwarfish Esquimaux. How can it be otherwise? They rarely see genuine heaven-born sunshine. Come, daughter of Malancholy, leave the frigid zone at once; you will never thrive there; come south to the sunshine; and, as you journey, sing the ninety-first Psalm. Remember that your heavenly Father always careth for you, and that his provident care of you is so minute that the very hairs of your head are all numbered. Leave your future in his hands; calmly, hopefully, joyfully.

As to these harrowing death-bed panoramas, I protest against them with my whole soul. I want chapter and verse for these "clammy sweats," and other hackneyed horrors which many use to pile up the agony. I may fall down dead on the street, or an accident may cut me off in the twinkling of an eye, without my passing through any of these things. I may not, perhaps, have a death-bed at all; but under whatever circumstances I am destined to make my exit, I know that I shall obtain all needed grace. After all that preachers, and hymn-writers, and moralists have said (I believe in their morbid moods) about the spiritual benefits resulting from frequent meditations among the tombs, I, for one, am fully resolved to let them reap the supposed benefits themselves. I know that I am mortal, and I have no desire to forget that fact one single day as long as I live; but as to those horrid details, I positively will have nothing to do with them. I feel that if I were to fill my imagination with death-bed agonies, vaults, worms, and decomposing human remains, I could neither eat nor sleep. If you want me to benefit by studying the grave, bring me to the sepulchre of my risen Redeemer. Point out to me the white-robed angel-forms "sitting, the one at the head and the other at the feet, where the body of Jesus had lain." There I'll sit and meditate as long and as often as you like; but as to digging my own grave—like poor Dr. Judson when he was under a cloud—I shall leave that to my survivors to perform: and when they will be doing that, I hope to be in—well, in *everlasting sunshine*.

Expositions of the Psalms.

BY C. H. SPURGEON.

PSALM XLVIII.

TITLE.—A Song and Psalm for the Sons of Korah.—*A song for joyfulness and a Psalm for reverence. Alas! every song is not a Psalm, for poets are not all heaven-born, and every Psalm is not a song, for in coming before God we have to utter mournful confessions as well as exulting praises. The Sons of Korah were happy in having so large a selection of song; the worship where such a variety of music was used could not become monotonous, but must have given widest scope for all the sacred passions of gracious souls.*

SUBJECT AND DIVISIONS.—*It would be idle dogmatically to attribute this song to any one event of Jewish history. Its author and date are unknown. It records the withdrawal of certain confederate kings from Jerusalem, their courage failing them before striking a blow. The mention of the ships of Tarshish may allow us to conjecture that the Psalm was written in connection with the overthrow of Ammon, Moab, and Edom in the reign of Jehoshaphat; and if the reader will turn to 2 Chron. xx., and note especially verses 19, 25, and 36, he will probably accept the suggestion. Verses 1, 2, 3, are in honour of the Lord and the city dedicated to his worship. From 4—8 the song records the confusion of Zion's foes, ascribing all the praise to God; 9, 10, 11 extolling Zion, and avowing Jehovah to be her God for evermore.*

EXPOSITION.

GREAT is the LORD, and greatly to be praised in the city of our God, *in* the mountain of his holiness.

2 Beautiful for situation, the joy of the whole earth, *is* mount Zion, *on* the sides of the north, the city of the great King.

3 God is known in her palaces for a refuge.

1. "*Great is the Lord.*" How great Jehovah is essentially none can conceive; but we can all see that he is great in the deliverance of his people, great in their esteem who are delivered, and great in the hearts of those enemies whom he scatters by their own fears. Instead of the mad cry of Ephesus, "Great is Diana," we bear the reasonable, demonstrable, self-evident testimony, "Great is Jehovah." There is none great in the church but the Lord. Jesus is "the great Shepherd," he is "a Saviour, and a great one," our great God and Saviour, our great High Priest; his Father has divided him a portion with the great, and his name shall be great unto the ends of the earth. "*And greatly to be praised.*" According to his nature should his worship be; it cannot be too constant, too laudatory, too earnest, too reverential, too sublime. There is none like the Lord, and there should be no praises like his praises. "*In the city of our God.*" He is great there, and should be greatly praised there. If all the world beside renounced Jehovah's worship, the chosen people in his favoured city should continue to adore him, for in their midst and on their behalf his glorious power has been so manifestly revealed. In the church the Lord is to be extolled though all the nations rage against him. Jerusalem was the peculiar abode of the God of Israel, the seat of the theocratic government, and the centre of prescribed worship, and even thus is the church the place of divine manifestation. "*In the mountain of his holiness.*" Where his holy temple, his holy priests, and his holy sacrifices might continually be seen. Zion was a mount, and as it was the most renowned part of the city, it is mentioned as a synonym for the city itself. The church of God is a mount for elevation and for conspicuousness, and it should be adorned with holiness, her sons being

partakers of the holiness of God. Only by holy men can the Lord be fittingly praised, and they should be incessantly occupied with his worship.

2. "*Beautiful for situation.*" Jerusalem was so naturally, she was styled the Queen of the East; the church is so spiritually, being placed near God's heart, within the mountains of his power, upon the hills of his faithfulness, in the centre of providential operations. The elevation of the church is her beauty. The more she is above the world the fairer she is. "*The joy of the whole earth is Mount Zion.*" Jerusalem was the world's star; whatever light lingered on earth was borrowed from the oracles preserved by Israel. An ardent Israelite would esteem the holy city as the eye of the nations, the most precious pearl of all lands. Certainly the church of God, though despised of men, is the true joy and hope of the world. "*On the sides of the north, the city of the great King.*" Either meaning that Jerusalem was in the northern extremity of Judah, or it may denote that part of the city which lay to the north of Mount Zion. It was the glory of Jerusalem to be God's city, the place of his regal dwelling, and it is the joy of the church that God is in her midst. The great God is the great King of the church, and for her sake he rules all the nations. The people among whom the Lord deigns to dwell are privileged above all others; the lines have fallen unto them in pleasant places, and they have a goodly heritage. We who dwell in Great Britain in the sides of the north, have this for our chief glory, that the Lord is known in our land, and the abode of his love is among us.

3. "*God is known in her palaces for a refuge.*" We worship no unknown god. We know him as our refuge in distress, we delight in him as such, and run to him in every time of need. We know nothing else as our refuge. Though we are made kings, and our houses are palaces, yet we have no confidence in ourselves, but trust in the Lord Protector, whose well-known power is our bulwark.

4 For, lo, the kings were assembled, they passed by together.

5 They saw it, *and* so they marvelled; they were troubled, *and* hastened away.

6 Fear took hold upon them there, *and* pain, as of a woman in travail.

7 Thou breakest the ships of Tarshish with an east wind.

8 As we have heard, so have we seen in the city of the Lord of hosts, in the city of our God: God will establish it for ever. Selah.

4. "*The kings were assembled, they passed by together.*" They came and they went. No sooner together than scattered. They came one way and fled twenty ways. Boastful the gathering hosts with their royal leaders, despairing the fugitive bands with their astonished captains. They came like foam on the angry sea, like foam they melted away. This was so remarkable that the psalmist puts in a note of exclamation, "*Lo!*" What! have they so suddenly fled! Even thus shall the haters of the church vanish from the field. Papists, Ritualists, Arians, Sceptics, they shall each have their day, and shall pass on to the limbo of forgetfulness.

5. "*They saw it, and so they marvelled.*" They came, they saw, but they did not conquer. There was no *veni, vidi, vici* for them. No sooner did they perceive that the Lord was in the Holy City, than they took to their heels. Before the Lord came to blows with them, they were faint-hearted, and beat a retreat. "*They were troubled and hastened away.*" The troublers were troubled. Their haste in coming was nothing to their hurry in going. Panic seized them, horses were not fleet enough; they would have borrowed the wings of the wind. They fled ignominiously, like children in a fright. Glory be to God, it shall be even thus with the foes of his church; when the Lord cometh

to our help, our enemies shall be as nothing. Could they foresee their ignominious defeat, they would not advance to the attack.

6. "*Fear took hold upon them there.*" They were in Giant Despair's grip. Where they hoped to triumph, there they quivered with dismay. They did not take the city, but fear took hold on them. "*And pain, as of a woman in travail.*" They were as much overcome as a woman whose fright causes premature delivery; or as full of pain as a poor mother in her pangs—a strong expression, commonly employed by Orientals to set forth the extremity of anguish. When the Lord arises for the help of his church, the proudest of his foes shall be as trembling women, and their dismay shall be but the beginning of eternal defeat.

7. "*Thou breakest the ships of Tarshish with an east wind.*" As easily as vessels are driven to shipwreck, dost thou overturn the most powerful adversaries; or it may mean the strength of some nations lies in their ships, whose wooden walls are soon broken; but our strength is in our God, and therefore, it fails not; or there may be another meaning, though thou art our defence, yet thou takest vengeance on our inventions, and while thou dost preserve us, yet our ships, our comforts, our earthly ambitions, are taken from us that we may look alone to thee. God is seen at sea, but he is equally present on land. Speculative heresies, pretending to bring us wealth from afar, are constantly assailing the church, but the breath of the Lord soon drives them to destruction. The church too often relies on the wisdom of men, and these human helps are soon shipwrecked; yet the church itself is safe beneath the care of her God and King.

8. "*As we have heard, so have we seen in the city of the Lord of hosts, in the city of our God.*" Our fathers' stories are reproduced before our very eyes. We heard the promise, and we have seen the fulfilment. The records of Zion, wonderful as they are, are proved to be truthful, because present facts are in perfect harmony therewith. Note how the Lord is first spoken of as *Lord of hosts*, a name of power and sovereignty, and then as *our God*, a name of covenant relation and condescension. No wonder that since the Lord bears both titles, we find him dealing with us after the precedents of his lovingkindness, and the faithfulness of his promises. "*God will establish it for ever.*" The true church can never be disestablished. That which kings establish can last for time only, that which God establishes endures to all eternity. "*Selah.*" Here is a fit place to pause, viewing the past with admiration, and the future with confidence.

9 We have thought of thy lovingkindness, O God, in the midst of thy temple.

10 According to thy name, O God, so is thy praise unto the ends of the earth: thy right hand is full of righteousness.

11 Let mount Zion rejoice, let the daughters of Judah be glad, because of thy judgments.

9. "*We have thought.*" Holy men are thoughtful men; they do not suffer God's wonders to pass before their eyes and melt into forgetfulness, but they meditate deeply upon them. "*Of thy lovingkindness, O God.*" What a delightful subject! Devout minds never tire of so divine a theme. It is well to think of past lovingkindness in times of trial, and equally profitable to remember it in seasons of prosperity. Grateful memories sweeten sorrows and sober joys. "*In the midst of thy temple.*" Fit place for so devout a meditation. Where God is most seen he is best loved. The assembled saints constitute a living temple, and our deepest musings when so gathered together should have regard to the lovingkindness of the Lord, exhibited in the varied experiences of each of the living stones. Memories of mercy should be associated with continuance of praise. Hard by the table of shew-bread commemorating his bounty, should stand the altar of incense denoting our praise.

10. "According to thy name, O God, so is thy praise unto the ends of the earth." Great fame is due to his great name. The glory of Jehovah's exploits overleaps the boundaries of earth; angels behold with wonder, and from every star delighted intelligences proclaim his fame beyond the ends of the earth. What if men are silent, yet the woods, and seas, and mountains, with all their countless tribes, and all the unseen spirits that walk them, are full of the divine praise. As in a shell we listen to the murmurs of the sea, so in the convolutions of creation we hear the praises of God. "Thy right hand is full of righteousness." Thy sceptre and thy sword, thy government and thy vengeance, are altogether just. Thy hand is never empty, but full of energy, of bounty, and of equity. Neither saint nor sinner shall find the Lord to be an empty-handed God; he will in both cases deal out righteousness to the full; to the one, through Jesus, he will be just to forgive, to the other just to condemn.

11. "Let mount Zion rejoice." As the first of the cities of Judah, and the main object of the enemies' attack, let her lead the song. "Let the daughters of Judah be glad," let the smaller towns join the chorus, for they join in the common victory. Let the women, who fare worst in the havoc of war, be among the gladdest of the glad, now that the spoilers have fled. All the church, and each individual member, should rejoice in the Lord, and magnify his name. "Because of thy judgments." The righteous acts of the Lord are legitimate subjects for joyful praise. However it may appear on earth, yet in heaven the eternal ruin of the wicked will be the theme of adoring song. Rev. xix. 1, 3: "Alleluia; salvation, and glory, and honour, and power, unto the Lord our God. For true and righteous are his judgments; for he hath judged the great whore which did corrupt the earth with her fornication, and hath avenged the blood of his servants at her hand. And again they said, Alleluia, and her smoke rose up for ever and ever." Justice which to our poor optics now seems severe, will then be perceived to be perfectly consistent with God's name of love, and to be one of the brightest jewels of his crown.

12 Walk about Zion, and go round about her: tell the towers thereof.

13 Mark ye well her bulwarks, consider her palaces; that ye may tell it to the generation following.

14 For this God is our God for ever and ever: he will be our guide even unto death.

12. "Walk about Zion;" often beat her bounds, even as Israel marched around Jericho. With leisurely and careful inspection survey her. "And go round about her." Encircle her again and again with loving perambulations. We cannot too frequently or too deeply consider the origin, privileges, history, security, and glory of the church. Some subjects deserve but a passing thought; this is worthy of the most patient consideration. "Tell the towers thereof." See if any of them have crumbled, or have been demolished. Is the church of God what she was in doctrine, in strength and in beauty? Her foes counted her towers in envy first, and then in terror, let us count them with sacred exultation. The city of Lucerne, encircled by its ancient walls, adorned with a succession of towers, is a visible illustration of this figure; and as we have gone around it, and paused at each picturesque tower, we have realised the loving lingering inspection which the metaphor implies.

13. "Mark ye well her bulwarks." Consider most attentively how strong are her ramparts, how safely her inhabitants are entrenched behind successive lines of defence. The security of the people of God is not a doctrine to be kept in the background, it may be safely taught, and frequently pondered; only to base hearts will that glorious truth prove harmful; the sons of perdition make a stumbling stone even of the Lord Jesus himself; it is little wonder that they pervert the truth of God concerning the final perseverance of the saints. We are not to turn away from inspecting Zion's ramparts, because

idlers skulk behind them. "*Consider her palaces.*" Examine with care the fair dwellings of the city. Let the royal promises which afford quiet resting places for believers be attentively inspected. See how sound are the defences, and how fair are the pleasaunces of "that ancient citie," of which you are citizens. A man should be best acquainted with his own home; and the church is our dear and blest abode. Would to God professors were more considerate of the condition of the church; so far from telling the towers, some of them scarcely know what or where they are; they are too busy counting their money, and considering their ledgers. Freehold and copyhold, and leasehold, men measure to an inch, but heavenhold and gracehold are too often taken at peradventure, and neglected in sheer heedlessness. "*That ye may tell it to the generation following.*" An excellent reason for studious observation. We have received and we must transmit. We must be students that we may be teachers. The debt we owe to the past we must endeavour to repay by handing down the truth to the future.

14. "*For this God is our God for ever and ever.*" A good reason for preserving a record of all that he has wrought. Israel will not change her God so as to wish to forget, nor will the Lord change so as to make the past mere history. He will be the covenant God of his people world without end. There is no other God, we wish for no other, we would have no other even if other there were. There are some who are so ready to comfort the wicked, that for the sake of ending their punishment they weaken the force of language, and make "*for ever and ever*" mean but a time; nevertheless despite their interpretations we exult in the hope of an eternity of bliss, and to us "*everlasting*," and "*for ever and ever*" mean what they say. "*He will be our guide even unto death.*" Throughout life, and to our dying couch, he will graciously conduct us, and even after death he will lead us to the living fountains of waters. We look to him for resurrection and eternal life. This consolation is clearly derivable from what has gone before; hitherto our foes have been scattered, and our bulwarks have defied attack, for God has been in our midst, therefore all possible assaults in the future shall be equally futile.

"The church has all her foes defied
And laughed to scorn their rage;
E'en thus for aye she shall abide
Secure from age to age."

Farewell, fear. Come hither, gratitude and faith, and sing right joyously.

A SERMON

BY THE LATE PASTOR JOHN OFFORD.

"We love him, because he first loved us."—1 John iv. 19.

GOD'S love to us is a special love. God loves all his creatures, even his irrational creatures. He does not hate any creature as a creature: he has shown his love and his pity in creating, and preserving, and in all his ways to his creatures. But there is a special characteristic of God's love to the sons of men, who are called by his grace, saved by the blood of his Son, and drawn home to his bosom by the Holy Spirit; such will be loved by him, and dwell with him for ever. "Behold, what manner of love the Father hath bestowed on us, that we should be called the sons of God. . . . and it doth not yet appear what we shall be: but we know that, when he shall appear, we shall be like him, for we shall see him as he is." Individually for you each there is a special love in the heart of God in Christ Jesus. There are diversities of affections in this world—the love of a mother to her child, a husband to his wife, a man to his brother or friend; each love is suited to the relationship.

God's love to us, Christian friends, is essentially that of a father to his children, of which earthly love is but the merest shadow and the merest symbol. I feel that love to be very glorious and very solemn.

This love is revealed to us in his *pity*. He loved us in our misery and sin. In the affecting parable of the prodigal son, when the penitent returned, his father came to meet him in the way, with outstretched arms and words of loving welcome. But not only so. It does not say that was the first time his father loved him. It seems his heart was, all the time of his son's absence and sin, yearning over him, longing to have him back, ready at any time to have received him. Well, that is the character of God's love to us when in our sins. Some of us can remember this. We thought of it, you know, when we were called by his grace; and we wondered why we had not been destroyed long years ago; and we could only ascribe it to the infinite pity and love of our God. To what do we owe it that God did not judge us long ago, and leave us to die in our sins? To his long-suffering towards us. I have read and heard of credible instances of sinners being called by God's grace after living in their sins a hundred years. The provocations of Israel of old are like ours now. Can we remember how we have, since our conversion, continually sinned against him, can we consider the evil of sin, the ingratitude of our neglect towards him, and how all this must grieve him, without marvelling at his forbearance and long-suffering? I am sure this wonderful love ought to be far more thought about than it is.

Love is always best known by its *sacrifices*, its devotedness, its readiness to give up anything for the sake of the object loved. Just so is it with our God. It was known by Jesus, who lived in love, who knew pre-eminently what the blessedness of love is; and it was his to say, "God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life." And the Holy Spirit says by Paul, "He that spared not his own Son, but delivered him up for us all, how shall he not with him also freely give us all things?" God has done all this that he might give us all things. God's love to us has another characteristic—*sympathy*. You know how, when you see in a dear friend suffering and sorrow, you yearn over him in a way you cannot describe. And when relief has come, and ease and joy find place, you experience a corresponding pleasure. So God sympathises with us. We must call it sympathy, else what is the meaning of the words, "Is Ephraim my dear son? is he a pleasant child? for since I spake against him, I do earnestly remember him still: therefore my bowels are troubled for him; I will surely have mercy upon him, saith the Lord." So let us rejoice in this characteristic of our Father's love, that leads him to sympathise with us.

Yet another feature is *complacency*, the love that delights in its object. There could not be this, you know, if God were simply looking at us as sinners. Then we are thrown upon this, that his love must have been extended to us, as we should be, when conformed to the image of his Son. Now I believe that, in his love to his people, he always foreknew them as like unto Christ—first in their renewed condition here, and then in their perfect conformity to him in heaven. What he specially loves in us is that which is in us like Christ.

Then there is the *constancy* of God's love, its invariable constancy. That exists nowhere else in this world. Love will have its ups and downs, even in the dearest relations of life; but the love of God is changeless, and abideth ever. That is the marvel, that whatever you do to estrange or grieve it, it endureth unchanged. God wishes us to feel the truth contained in those wondrous words; "Can a woman forget her sucking child? Yea, they may forget; yet will I not forget thee." His love is wonderful; it is immutable, like himself! "Neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us from the love of God which is in Christ Jesus our Lord." He first loved us, loved us when we were dead in sins. For God to love us when we were dead in trespasses and sins, when we were in

darkness and guilt, when we ought to have been *hated*, implies that his love must be very free, must be given for no attraction in us. It is this love that begets love. "We love him, because he first loved us."

Let us look at a few of the characteristics of our love to God. It is a love caused by *attraction*, and in this is just the opposite of God's love to us. In us there is nothing to attract, in him there is everything. By the revelation of Jesus Christ the Father draws us to him, so that this attraction of our souls to God is the effect of his love to us, and thus we begin to love him who first loved us. The question arises, Have we been attracted to the cross? God always brings the objects of his love to that cross; he *will* meet them there; so if we have gazed on that cross, and met our God there, we may say, "I know I am a child of God, and an heir of heaven." This love of attraction is one thing, but when it has once had its place in our hearts it becomes another thing, the love of *preference*. As we know God loves us, and gave Christ for us, we are led to say "Whom have I in heaven but thee? and there is none upon earth that I desire in comparison with thee" I bless God so it is, that we can say, "I count all things but loss for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus my Lord." However failing and weak we are, yet when the appeal is made to us, even beneath God's own eye, we can, we must say, with Peter, "Yes, we do pre-eminently love our God." Another characteristic we will notice, not so much as having realised it, as that we want to do so. The love of *confidence*. There is nothing so confiding as real love, nothing so unsuspecting as real love. If we have real love to God, it will lead us to a repose we have never known before. I may have a sort of confidence that my enemies will never finally overthrow me, and that I shall be ever preserved by God's power; but after all, real peace arises from realisation of God's love, that his love is all mine, and that in his love I may have perfect repose. As in God, so in us, real love is fond of making *sacrifices*; it desires to gratify the object loved. If there be any depth of love in us towards God, there will be a desire to surrender to him, and so we should think nothing of giving back to him what he has given us. As God has *complacency* in his people, is there not in the love which he has implanted in us, which is the very element of the new nature, that which delights in him? As I can believe that God delights in me, may I not aspire to delight in him? "As for me, I will behold thy face in righteousness: I shall be satisfied when I awake, with thy likeness." And thank God that another aspect of our love is *constancy*, though we cannot of course say that, like God's love, it is invariable. We know how forgetful, how careless, how indifferent we often are, but still there is always a spark of love in our sinful hearts towards God, which shall one day strengthen and glow in his love when we shall be with him hereafter.

Just a word as to the link between these two things, seen in that word "because." It is only because God loves us that we ever love him. No other manifestation of himself would ever have induced love in us. God's love does it all! As the Holy Spirit shows us the knowledge-surpassing love of God, so are we rooted and grounded in love, and filled into all the fulness of God. It is only as we realise his love, and exercise faith in that love, as we contemplate it from the cross to the glory, that we can say, "We love him, because he first loved us." Therefore take care that you do not feed on your lack of love to God, instead of searching into the depths of his love to you, for so your conceptions of God's love will only be narrowed.

Well, then, one lesson from all this. Christians, in all your sorrows, in all your necessities, in all your temptations, in all your bereavements, cling to this one essential truth—remember, God your Father loves you! Under all his rebukes, all his chastenings, his scourges even, remember, love is the cause of all. When others neglect you, when they break your heart, and wither the joys of your life, remember God loves you. When you feel your own unworthiness, your sin, your want of faith, remember God loves you, because his is a sovereign love, not given you for anything in yourself, but because he has locked you up in his love to his own Son for ever.

Being so loved, it is a burning shame, it is what ought to cause us to put our hand upon our mouth, and our mouth in the dust, in bitter self-abasement, that we do so little love him in return!

What can be the state of that rational mind which can pursue the course led by Satan (Eph. ii. 2), instead of turning to God? There can be no creature to compare to man, who can read and hear and know about God's love, and yet give back no response to him. Herein is the guilt of man; this is the condemnation, that man has despised all the love and forbearance of God, and hates God! God deliver you from this.

The Private Life of the Puritans.

THE political and ecclesiastical contests waged by the Puritans have attracted more attention and secured greater sympathy than their private life. Even among those who have cherished with affection their spiritual theology, and have read their literature with an ardour which no other class of devotional writings can so well inspire, there is but little known of their private lives. Macaulay's heavy indictment against them on account of their austerities is somewhat one-sided; their faults are magnified and their private virtues not fully recognised. Yet his portraiture has been generally accepted without further enquiry, and its apparent fairness has satisfied those who respect the work which the Puritans achieved. A defence of their character may be superfluous in the present day, when none but the slanderers of Reformers, like Dr. Littledale, would care to insult their memory; but a short statement of facts not generally understood, may give our readers a truer idea of the private lives of those who have for so long a time borne the name of Puritans. In Dr. Stoughton's history of the church of the Restoration, being the continuation of his Ecclesiastical History of this country,* we have several chapters devoted to their family life, and to an interesting record of the peculiarities of their belief. Dr. Stoughton is an historian with whom we always feel safe. He is not an indiscriminating defender or accuser. Calm and critical, just and careful, laborious and painstaking, he is *par excellence* the man best fitted to guide our judgments on disputed points in ecclesiastical history. His fairness is indisputable; his generosity to men with whose theological or ecclesiastical position he has no sympathy, is refreshing; and the enthusiasm with which he carries out his object, namely, "to state facts and to draw conclusions, without seeking to gratify any particular party, and by such a method to promote the cause of Christian truth and charity," must win for him a high and proud position among historians. While not seeking to sacrifice truth for mere effect, his pages are never dull with the heavy ponderous sobriety of a mere antiquarian. There is life, because there is conviction, there is power because of the intense earnestness with which the author has set about the accomplishment of what he confesses to have been the dream of his life. The warm commendation we gave to his former volumes we as cheerfully give to the present. We regard them as standard works.

The Puritans of Cromwell's day and the Nonconformists of Charles the Second's are really one, and their domestic habits and theological peculiarities were identical. The family life of the Nonconformists "framed itself after the Puritan model." We who live in a bustling age have no conception of the influence which quiet, holy meditation had upon their lives. The seething whirlpool of excitement into which we are thrown is not favourable to long sustained devout thought. We meditate by ten minutes, and think ourselves highly favoured if that portion of time can be snatched from the bustling scenes

* Ecclesiastical History of England. The Church of the Restoration. By John Stoughton, D.D. In two volumes. London: Hodder and Stoughton.

of every day life. Worldly feverishness is the prevailing disease of the Christian church. But with the Puritans, religious meditation was an accustomed and practised duty. They habitually devoted a given portion of the day to secret communion with God; and prayer with one another took the place of the feeble conventionalisms of our every-day conversation. Their characters were therefore largely moulded by these healthy practices; and the impressions they made upon their families were such as to deepen their piety. "Sometimes," says Dr. Stoughton of one Puritan family, "when none but the family were present, each person prayed in turn, the minister, the wife, the two sons, and the maid, beginning with the youngest," while many private fasts amid the quiet scenes of nature were celebrated, that with uninterrupted attention they might pray for a deeper and more intelligent piety, for greater consecration of heart and life, and for richer blessings upon their families. This family devotion gave a character to their domestic life which those whose religion was but a veneration of piety—a thin layer of Christian feeling—could not understand. Anglicanism was so far removed from it that it ridiculed and satirised the stern consistency and the overflowing devotion which it did not prescribe. The poor, however, rightly judged the worth of these good men whose charities and hospitality were the praise of the country. The residence of Philip Henry, the silenced Presbyterian, stood by the road-side, "and any one travelling that way met with a cordial welcome at the bright fire-side." "If he met with any poor men near his house and gave them alms in money, yet he would bid them go to his door besides, for relief there. He was very tender and compassionate towards poor strangers and travellers, though his charity and candour were often imposed upon by cheats and pretenders." On a Sabbath morning he would rise early, and spend a considerable time in private devotions and preparations, after which he would conduct family worship, not forgetting to remember in prayer the minister who was to officiate at the church from which he was ejected. The sermon he heard at the church was the subject for devout consideration after dinner; and after the evening service questions were asked of the children and servants as to what they had heard during the day. That such men should have manifested less outward joy than others, does not prove that their inner life was one of gloom. The ejected ministers who were imprisoned for holding religious meetings, could scarcely be expected to appear otherwise than grave. "If genial they could not be light-hearted. They did not weep, as their enemies often said of them that they did, with a hypocritical whine; nor did they laugh, as some of their enemies really did, with affected glee—their tears and smiles were as genuine as the rain and the sunshine from heaven. Life was not to them, as to some others, a gay comedy—it had in it a tragic cast; yet they never regarded it as a drama acted on the stage, but always as a real earnest battle, fought in the open field, under the eye of God."

The Puritans have suffered much reproach for their strict observance of the Sabbath day. Macaulay refers to their Sunday as being "gloomy as a Pharisaical Sabbath," and there is no doubt that some of the extreme men, in their protestations against the desecration of God's holy day, erred on the side of rigidity. But all of the Puritans did not so err. Baxter walked for his health, but lest it should "tempt others to sin" he did so privately, and he argued that "the body must be kept in that condition (as far as we can) that is fittest for the service of the soul; a heavy body is but a dull and heavy servant to the mind, yea, a great impediment to the soul in duty, and a great temptation to many sins." And Dr. Owen, whose opinions were more strict than Baxter's on this subject, protested against such "rigid abstinences from refreshments as clogged their minds and turned the whole service of the day into a wearisome bodily exercise which profiteth little." But the Puritans were all undoubtedly careful so to use the day that it might be "a delight, the holy of the Lord, honourable." The Sabbath, says Dr. Stoughton, was "the Puritans' peculiar treasure. They put on it the highest price. To them it seemed the jewel and crown, the

bloom and flower of the week, the torch which lighted up its dark days, the sunshine which from eternity streamed down on the waters of time. Unwisdom, sinking into superstition, betrayed itself in the strictness of their conduct, provoking ridicule and producing reaction: but it should not be overlooked that it was from their great love to the festival, that they were so careful to frame rules for its preservation." No devout Christian can disagree with the Puritans in the importance which they attached to the *spiritual* observance of the Lord's day, without which all rules must end in formalism. A proud spiritualism that defies all form may equally be productive of a lifeless observance. In so far as the Puritans combined the form with the spirit, they succeeded in truly keeping the Sabbath day holy. We owe much to their strong protests against the prevailing laxity of their age, and if we could not accept the exact means by which they sought their end, we can seek the same end by using other and preferable means. But it would be a crime to charge the general body of the Puritans with vagaries which only belonged to the few.

The same may be said with reference to innocent recreations. Relaxation from graver pursuits is a law of necessity. The Puritans admitted this, and were more genial and fond of legitimate amusements than has been represented. That which they disliked, and that for which they have been most reproached, was the excesses connected with the church festivals. The Anglican church festivals they rightly regarded as superstitious in origin, character and tendency: and the drunken orgies and the "large amount of social demoralisation which existed under the cover of Christian symbols and in union with professedly Christian observances," rendered them peculiarly obnoxious to the Puritans. Nor were they alone in this opinion. The more devout Anglicans did not fail to observe the evils connected with these festivals, and they condemned them. Dr. Stoughton warmly vindicates the Puritans from the charge of ungeniality. Numbers of them, he observes, were "facetious—to use a word applied to some of their best men—full of pleasantness, and by no means averse to certain English amusements. Many demonstrations of joy they made in common with their neighbours. Feasting and sending gifts to one another, the ringing of bells, making bonfires and sounding trumpets, with thundering of ordnance on great national occasions, had been recommended in so many words from the chief pulpit of Manchester, by the great Presbyterian minister of that city. If Puritans objected to drinking healths, some had no objections to see the street-conduits running with wine."

Ecclesiastical Shakings.

BY PASTOR JACKSON, SEVENOAKS.

"Wherefore we receiving a kingdom which cannot be moved, let us have grace, whereby we may serve God acceptably with reverence and godly fear: for our God is a consuming fire."—Hob. xii. 28, 29.

THE writer of these words confidently expected for the world and the church tremendous shakings. The divine voice had shaken the earth, "but now he hath promised, saying, Yet once more I shake not the earth only, but also heaven." Until the Lord Jesus shall be revealed from heaven with his mighty angels, in flaming fire, taking vengeance on them that know not God, and that obey not the gospel, the church militant shall experience most terrific social convulsions, political agitations, ecclesiastical shakings; and, we are informed, upon divine authority, of the significance of these extraordinary phenomena, namely, "the removing of those things that are shaken, as of things that are made," and the establishment of those things which remain, and which cannot be shaken.

Among those things which remain, the apostle mentions, "a kingdom" as

the principal thing. This kingdom implies a king and a realm. The king is the Lord's anointed, Jesus Christ. "Yet have I set my king upon my holy hill of Zion." The world is his rightful dominion. "Ask of me, and I shall give thee the heathen for thy inheritance, and the uttermost parts of the earth for thy possession." He shall have dominion from sea to sea, and from the river unto the ends of the earth. Thine is the kingdom, the power, and the glory. Let us be assured, then, that this kingdom of our Lord cannot be moved.

1. *Because it is founded in righteousness.* Many thrones have been erected by deeds of oppression and violence. They have supported crowned tyrants. But their monarchy has been but a very limited one, both as to its extent and duration. The brevity of the reign of many a voluptuous Belshazzar proves to us that thrones must soon be destroyed, when they are weighed in the balances, and are found wanting. An unrighteous foundation is a tottering one. Such is the basis of Satan's throne. Because of its unrighteousness, his usurped dominion over the hearts of the children of disobedience will be brought to a speedy and effectual close. Not having a particle of right to the least time or talent of any man, his evil rule must therefore shortly end; and Jesus, the King of kings, will alone reign for ever, because righteousness and judgment are the establishment of his throne. This kingdom cannot be moved.

2. *Because it is governed by omnipotence.* Earthly thrones have been founded upon a right basis, and for a time dynasties have wielded a righteous sceptre, till, at length, right has been dethroned by might. But for such a dubious title, our British historians would not have the reign of Richard III. to record. The might of this usurper smothered the sleeping princes. By such cruel treatment of comparative innocence, in their defenceless sleep, we are reminded of the fatal deed of a similar might in the garden of Eden. Made a little lower than the angels, man was at first crowned with glory and honour; but this honour was soon abased, and this kingly glory laid in the dust by the fiend who could command a low kind of superior might. Even until now how fatally has the race of man, as a whole, been kept in subjection by the potent influence of the "wiles of the devil." We are not ignorant of his devices. By the subtle exercise of his deadly power, he brought the peaceful reign of human innocence to an abrupt termination, and with the desperation of one who has all to gain and nothing to lose, he is still struggling, in a variety of worldly, fashionable, formal, superstitious, and abominable ways, to prevent, if possible, the reign of grace, through righteousness unto eternal life, by Jesus Christ our Lord. This reign of grace Satan now opposes. In rage he would demolish the throne of grace. The King of grace, whom we believingly adore, he dreads. The extent of his happy dominion he would fain circumscribe to the smallest limit; and he would succeed in realising all his desires in this way, if the government of Christ's dominion were left to human hands; but his kingdom is not of this world. The weapons of our warfare are not carnal. The government is upon *his* shoulders. "Upon *his* shoulders:" how forcibly suggestive are these words of the *strength* of his administration of the affairs of his church! "Who among the sons of the mighty can be likened unto the Lord? Thou hast broken Rahab in pieces as one that is slain, thou hast scattered thine enemies with thy strong arm." (Psa. lxxxix. 13.) It is because Jesus is enthroned as King in Zion, and because that in his arm resides the puissance of omnipotence, that his kingdom cannot be moved.

3. This kingdom cannot be moved *because God has decreed its endurance.* Earthly thrones are not naturally abiding. Death has no respect for kings. Families fall before his stroke, and dynasties become extinct. From such a termination the stable kingdom of our Lord is for ever free. "He dieth no more, death hath no more dominion over him." "His name shall endure for ever: and men shall be blessed in him. All nations shall call him blessed." "Thy throne, O God, is for ever and ever." This immovable kingdom is by believers received.

So identified is the church with her Lord that his interests and possessions become the inheritance of the saints. All things are his, therefore all things are theirs. The kingdom is his, therefore the kingdom is theirs. "He hath made us kings and priests unto our God, and we shall reign with him." "Fear not, little flock, for it is your Father's good pleasure to give you the kingdom." Whatever may be the future destiny of the saints and their Saviour in reference to the kingdoms of this world, we may not now be unmindful of the spiritual elements of this kingdom. It is "within you," said the Master. It cometh not with observation. It consists of a new heart and a right spirit. In short, it is the spirit of Christ possessed by men, and produced by the powerful regenerating and sanctifying influences of the Holy Ghost. As yet we do not fully bear his image. The petition, "Thy kingdom come," may teach us that our conformity to Christ is at present partial; the good work of grace within us is but in the blade; it has to develop into the ear, and then ripen to perfection. For these reasons, perhaps, the present incomplete tense is used in reference to this kingdom. We *are* receiving it. Our aims are high, seeing that we are "predestinated to be conformed to the image of his Son." Oh, gracious decree! All glorious event! In this likeness to Christ lies more than Eden's bliss. In the final establishment of this kingdom our blighted world shall put off every remnant of sackcloth, and put on her most beautiful array. Deserts shall blossom as the rose. "Instead of the thorn shall come up the fir tree, and instead of the brier shall come up the myrtle tree, and it shall be to the Lord for a name, for an everlasting sign that shall not be cut off." We, too, who are now receiving this kingdom, shall then be in entire harmony with all that is beautiful and good. Every redeemed power of spirit, soul, and body, shall then be sweetly engaged in the affairs of a peaceful kingdom which can never be moved. "Then shall be brought to pass the saying that is written, Death is swallowed up in victory."

If we are so far rightly interpreting the words, "receiving a kingdom," how suggestive are these following words, "Which cannot be moved." They remind us of the devilish resistance brought to bear against the establishment of that kingdom in the world, and in the regenerate heart of man. How stoutly were the apostles and the early church opposed in their mission of mercy to both Jews and Gentiles! "The enemy sowed tares." Satan shook Peter in the sieve of temptation. Similar resistance is offered to the whole of the Spirit's work, especially at its commencement in the soul. "Let him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall." Many things serve to teach us that there is a necessity for such manifold temptations. In his severe shaking, Peter lost much of his chaff but not a grain of his wheat. Revolutionary shakings in churches have not unfrequently ended in reformation. Many good but timid souls thought noisy Luther would do serious injury to the cause of truth, but he did incalculable good. In our nation we have lately had a great ecclesiastical shaking. Some frightened souls have not yet quite recovered themselves. They appear to be in great heaviness. They think the crisis of the trial, the brunt of the battle, has not yet come; and that probably, "the attack on the Establishment is postponed some ten or twelve years. Surely such a hope is but a poor hope." To the Primate for uttering these words to the clergy, we would respectfully say, "O thou of little faith, wherefore dost thou doubt?" Are the first-fruits of the preliminary attack upon the Irish branch of the Establishment so saddening? To us they appear hopeful, and encourage us to pray and labour that our Episcopalian brethren in England may speedily be liberated from State patronage and control, so that they, too, may have full scope for the unfettered exercise and development of their Christian energies.

May the prediction of the Archbishop of Canterbury be duly fulfilled. Nor will we fear if this should involve great political and ecclesiastical shakings. For what do these signify? Only "the removing of those things that are shaken as of things that are made." In Ireland, we believe none of the divine creations to be injured by recent Acts of Parliament. And when the

impending "attack," so dreadful to timid souls, is over, what of the National Church will remain? In calm confidence we reply, All that is of God. The church of Jesus Christ is neither established nor governed by human laws. It can never be disestablished and disendowed by human enactments. These do sometimes violently shake things that are made, but it is only that those things which cannot be shaken may be free from them. Having some confidence in the living progress of the principles of truth and justice, we have a good hope. By moral suasion we expect the national sentiment to be enlightened and leavened, by means of Christian communications through pulpit, platform, and press. So being under divine and human influence, our legislators in executing the will of the nation, will feel compelled powerfully to attack and remove many ecclesiastical laws from the statute book. Then, when all this cumbrous scaffolding is taken away from the living Temple, the Church of God will re-appear to the world in its primitive spiritual glory.

Reader! Give ear!

THIS moment, while preparing the magazine for August, I have experienced a shock which I shall not soon forget. I opened a letter, and it commenced thus:—

"REV. SIR,

I feel it right, as a friend of Mr. H. E. Elliott's, to apprise you of the sad fact that he *died* last evening."

I have known him and respected him for many years. Only a day or two ago, I saw him and talked with him, and only yesterday I had from him the manuscript of Thursday evening's Sermon. He was the reporter of my Sabbath evening and week evening sermons; and a most able reporter too, and kind, and courteous, and all that I could wish in his own sphere. He made no profession of religion, but he always spoke as if he had a share in it, and was ready at all times to serve the cause as only they are who love it. Can it be that he is gone? Are the nimble fingers still for ever? Is the pen of the ready writer fallen to be used no more? It is not a fact which I can realise all at once. How can Elliott be dead? I must sit down and try to grasp the sad truth.

How soon will the same record be made of me, *and of thee, reader*: yes, of *thee*? Is everything in fit order for the departure so certain, and it may be so near? It ought to be the first concern of life to be ready for the life to come. Reason tells us that. Are we acting like rational beings with such a prospect before us, or are we rushing blindly on like the mad swine of the Gergesenes? It is well to lay these things to heart before we ourselves are laid in our sepulchres.

Reader, repentance of sin and faith in the Lord Jesus are the marks of a saved man. Are these signs seen in you or no? If not, take warning by the sudden calling away of others, and obey the gospel call at once. Trust *now* thy soul with him who died to bear the curse of heaven due for sin. Commit now thy spirit into the hands which were nailed to the tree. Here in this silent place, where no eye sees thee bow the knee, lift up your heart, and yield thyself to the Christ of God. Is it done; then it is well. In Christ all is well for time and for eternity. Be persuaded to yield thy heart now. When these words were written thou wast prayed for by thy friend, and he asked that thou mightest be lead to pray for thyself.

C. H. SPURGEON.

Rebels.

Class-book on the Confession of Faith.

By A. A. HODGE, D.D. Edited by
W. H. GOULD, D.D. T. Nelson and
Son, Paternoster Row.

IN all but its Baptismal teachings, this Class-book commands our approbation. The more it is used by our young men, the better for them and the churches.

Consider Jesus. By O. WINSLOW, D.D.
John F. Shaw, Paternoster Row.

WE thought that we were about to examine a wedding gift book when first we took this little volume in hand, for the binding is toned and illuminated to a most picturesque degree. We looked for a pair of white kid gloves so as to open the book with due honours. Alas! for human expectations. On looking within, we find that one-fifth part of the interior is composed of Mr. Shaw's trade advertisements—surely these cannot call for so delicate an embalming! The remaining four-fifths are composed of thirty-one short meditations designed for daily perusal throughout the month. They remind us of the usual products of the Doctor's prolific pen, and will find acceptance with his many admirers.

Men of Faith; or, Sketches from the Book of Judges. By LUKE H. WISKMAN, M.A. Hodder & Stoughton, 27, Paternoster Row.

A SUPERIOR book on some Bible characters not so much discoursed upon as they deserve to be. The author has carefully studied his subject, and has written a book displaying an extensive range of thought and a finished style of utterance. It has been a treat to read the book and mark how the application of modern Eastern research to the Old Testament narrative of events confirms their accuracy and often develops fresh beauties.

Vols. XXV. & XXVI. of Clarke's Foreign Theological Library. Four Series. T. & T. Clarke, Edinburgh.

THESE two volumes being the second of Keil and Bleek are very valuable

works for scholars and students. Both of them traverse the same field of thought and discussion on the history of the Old and New Testament canon, and supplement each other most fully. The various versions are passed under review, and the sum of modern criticism is exhibited in the dissertations thereon. These authors as thus translated supply a complete introduction to the study of both the Testaments.

[We cannot refrain from again commending to our ministerial readers the priceless commentaries, edited by Lange, which are now being issued by Messrs. Clarkes. The Genesis volume is a mine of wealth.]

The Tabernacle of Israel Illustrated.
By H. W. SOLTAU.

MR. SOLTAU has issued a most valuable series of well-executed chromo-lithographs of the Tabernacle in the wilderness, with descriptive letter-press. These are beautiful works of art, and exhibit most clearly the different coverings, apartments, and holy utensils of the sanctuary. As no publisher's name is given, we fear this very precious volume is not purchasable, otherwise we would earnestly recommend every teacher of the Word to procure it if he can afford the cost. Since writing the above, we have received a private circular from which we learn that subscribers can obtain copies of Mr. R. Hill, 1, Diamond Terrace, Hyde Vale, Greenwich. Copies in cloth and gold binding, 11s.; the work when publicly issued will cost 16s.

Centenary Volume: the Story of a Hundred Years. By THOMAS GOADBY. Being a History of the New Connexion of General Baptists, from its Formation 1770, with a Sketch of the Early General Baptists. To be completed in Six Parts, price Fourpence. Simpkin, Marshall & Co.

VERY interesting to all students of Church History, and peculiarly valuable to General Baptists. The author is equal to his task, and will, we doubt not, complete it with great fidelity.

Every Child's Friend; or, the Infant's Guide, and The Youth's Pictorial Treasure, are penny monthlies, with coloured illustrations. Without a miraculous circulation, these must involve the producers in considerable loss. We fancy that the colours are brighter than the prospects of the periodicals. The engravings are of course rather rude, and coloured very much in the style familiar to boyish possessors of a penny box of paints, but for the money they are so cheap, that we wonder they are so good. They are printed by James Upton, Birmingham, and published in London by Wm. Macintosh, 24, Paternoster Row. Little children will be delighted with them.

Our Work. A paper read before the branch of the Young Men's Christian Association in Belfast, March 31st, 1870. By R. A. HATCHARD, of London. Price Twopence. Nisbet and Co.

A YOUNG man's earnest word for Young Men's Christian Associations. It is a word well and fitly spoken, and it would render efficient help if distributed where a society is about to be formed, or needs recruits.

England's Duties to India, a Lecture, by CHUNDER SEN, at the Metropolitan Tabernacle. Price Twopence. F. Farrah, 282, Strand.

IT would never have entered into our head to ask Mr. Chunder Sen to preach for us, as he is not even a professed follower of Jesus, but we were glad to give him the opportunity of delivering a secular lecture on a subject which he understands so well. The lecture is one which may both shame and instruct our countrymen. Our sins against India are many, the Lord grant that yet in his mercy we may prove a blessing to that vast country. We hope and pray that Mr. Sen will be led to embrace Christ and his cross. We formed a high opinion of him as a seeker, and we should be sorry indeed if he ended in becoming a Unitarian or a mere Theist. With so sincere a desire to find out the truth, as he seemed to us to possess, we could not but trust that he would ere long find the pearl of great price. On the other hand, should he rely upon his own

carnal wisdom, we shall be sure to see another case of pride blinding the understanding, and making the seeker gravitate into an enemy of the cross of Christ.

Fleetwood's Life of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. James Sangster, Paternoster Row.

WE have received two shilling numbers of this edition, but unlike the renowned but rather soft-skulled Greek student, we do not believe in judging a house by examining a specimen brick. These parts, however, are well printed and effectively illustrated. We never could make out why people are so readily induced to buy Fleetwood's book; it is not a tithe so interesting as the New Testament itself, and is to us a most insipid and stilted performance. While the many buy it, of course the booksellers will issue it, and it will do nobody any harm, unless it should be read in large portions, and then its narcotic influence might prove injurious. The third and fourth numbers of Kitto's Bible, issued by the same publishing house, must lie by till their predecessors and successors put in an appearance.

The Reasonableness of Faith. By ANDREW JAMES SYMLINGTON. Houlston & Sons.

AN exceedingly well printed and neatly bound little book, consisting mainly of an earnest letter addressed to seekers after truth. The more of such personal experimental testimonies the better.

Notes of Sermons. By the late JOHN OFFORD, Minister of Palace Gardens Chapel, Kensington. Taken by a Member of the Congregation. Part-ridge & Co., 9, Paternoster Row.

THE utterances of our deceased friend were always weighty and powerful. His was teaching fitted for advanced believers. He was worthy to have been made a preacher to preachers. His very weight and depth prevented his being largely popular; for he was not sufficiently lively in delivery to secure due attention to the exceeding thoughtfulness of his matter. We are glad that this volume has been issued; we print one of the short sermons in this number, and feel sure that Mr. Offord's friends will be glad to procure the entire volume.

The Plymouth Brethren: their Rise, Divisions, Practice, and Doctrines. A Lecture by EDWARD DENNETT. Price Sixpence. Elliot Stock.

THIS admirably concise, and able lecture should be read and circulated by every minister—and these are legion—who is worried by the Plymouth unbrotherly confraternity. Here are facts, which among all men of Christian character and intelligence will brand the Darbyite system with richly-merited condemnation. There was much of good in the early Plymouth movements, and the churches are none the worse for what they learned from it; but the cloven hoof soon appeared, and the good was speedily overbalanced by the evil. Never surely in any age or place have more glaring inconsistencies been perpetrated in the name of Christianity, or more sectarian principles been promulgated under the pretence of unity. Many of the men we highly esteem as Christians, but the system, or rather chaos which they have created, and their conduct towards other believers, we cannot too severely censure. Mr. Dennett deserves universal thanks for his trouble and fidelity in exploring their depths of error.

Christianity Re-examined: Help and Hope for Truth-seekers. Lectures by S. COWDY, of Arthur-street, Camberwell. Second Series. Robert Hall: 256, Camberwell Road.

AT first sight these lectures will strike the reader as odd, for the divisions are singular and unexpected; but a more careful reading will show that much valuable thought and correct information is embodied in them. They form an outline history of the true church, and suggest many lines of argument for the defence of the truth against popery and infidelity. We have been refreshed by its perusal.

Thomas Chalmers; a Biographical Study. By JAMES DODDS. Hamilton Adams & Co.

A BOOK which is very largely indebted to the able memoir of Dr. Chalmers, by Dr. Hanna. Those of our readers who do not possess the latter work will do well to secure this. This volume is highly interesting, not only because

of the pulpit giant whose life it records, but also because of the light it throws upon some important questions now under discussion, which were well weighed and considered by that intensely practical mind which elaborated the sustentation fund for the Free Church.

The Christian: a Weekly Record of Christian life, testimony, and work.

THIS is the *Revival* in a more preservable shape, having all the catholicity and earnestness of spirit which were so conspicuously connected with its former name. While certain other weeklies pander to the heresies of the times, we are glad to see *The Christian* sustaining its sound and simple testimony.

Jesus Christ the Centre. Elliot Stock, 62, Paternoster Row.

A BOOK which has disappointed us. We wearied in its perusal, although it has not one hundred pages of matter. The author is, we think, a Baptist, and an admirer of *Ecce Homo*, and the Commentary of Morrison. The work parades a great deal of Greek, which is the very worst accentuated that it has been our lot to review. We should say that half the Greek words are faulty, it would be far better to leave them all out. It professes to be a manual for Bible students, but it cannot claim attention for scholarship, and will not command it by its spirit or unction.

The Last Trump. By S. A. BLACKWOOD, Esq. Morgan and Chase.

OUR esteem for Mr. Blackwood is unbounded, but we do not believe in his prophetic declarations. All the signs of the speedy sounding of the last trump, which he sees so clearly in the present state of affairs, were equally clear to the vision of interpreters 300 years ago, and yet their lucubrations were disproved by time, as we venture to believe the intimations of our modern seers will be. In the holy exhortations of this pamphlet we heartily join, for the gospel is very clearly set forth in them; but when the drying up of the Euphrates, Louis Napoleon, the Emperor Phocas, the year 1873, and other matters pass before us, like dissolving views on the sheet of a magic lantern, we feel the entertainment to be fitter for spiritual children than for men in Christ Jesus.

Memoranda.

MR. SARGEANT held the Second Anniversary of the Newhaven Tabernacle on the 3rd and 4th of July. Mr. Rogers, of our College, preached twice on the Sunday. A public Meeting was held on the Monday, at which Mr. Moore, of Lewis, presided. An effort was made to commence a fund for building a larger chapel contiguous to the one now in use; the sum of £112 was obtained. This movement has become needful on account of increased and increasing success.

We intend to make an effort to raise a church of our faith and order in Eastbourne, and hope friends there will co-operate.

On July 12th, Mr. J. Dodwell was publicly recognised as pastor of the Baptist Church at Middleton Cheney. The services were well attended, and the prospects for the future are very encouraging.

On Wednesday, July 13th, the recognition of Mr. Colville, as pastor of the Baptist Church at Market Harborough took place. Mr. Colville went from the College to Market Harborough nine months ago, at which time the number of church members was fifteen; it is now sixty, and the chapel has been greatly improved.

General good health is enjoyed at the Orphanage, for which we bless the name of the Lord.

Mr. Orsman has obtained a little longer respite for his chapel in Golden Lane. A very considerable sum is still needed to place him in a building of his own.

On July 19th, we laid the first stone of a new meeting-house for the congregation which meets in the Rosemary Branch Assembly Rooms, Peckham. Our elder and student, Mr. Field, has raised this congregation by the Master's good help; £650 are in hand, being half the sum required.

The week previously we also laid the first stone of a noble set of schools for the church in Drummond Road, Bermondsey, over which Mr. Brown presides.

We are glad to hear that Mr. Amos Stote, late of Earl's Colne, is comfortably located as a pastor in the United States.

We have seen an interesting letter from Mr. Pegg, of Turk's Island. He is a noble missionary, but has many difficulties.

The first stone of a new Baptist meeting-house for Dalston was laid last month. Mr. Bird and his friends have a stupendous work before them, for they commence building a place to cost £4,500 with £800 in hand. We rejoice in Mr. Bird's remarkable success as a preacher of the gospel, and we are glad to see one of our students so

zealous and useful, but we do not see how this project can be carried through; nor should we like to be thought responsible for its having been undertaken. To trust in God is one thing, but to build a chapel on trust is quite another.

Mr. William V. Young, from the Tabernacle College, was publicly recognised as pastor of the Baptist church at Union Street, Maidstone, on July 20th. At the afternoon meeting Mr. J. T. Wigner, of New Cross, presided. The charge to the pastor was given by Mr. Rogers.

BAPTIST CHURCH, PORT ELIZABETH, SOUTH AFRICA.—This church completed its third anniversary since the settlement of Mr. W. Stokes, late of our College, on Sunday, May 15th. This church has much cause to be encouraged. The Lord has blessed it with a very pleasing amount of prosperity since the arrival of Mr. Stokes, and beyond the expectations of many. It was then in a very low state, and the congregation very small indeed; but now the chapel is quite full at every service, so much so that the friends are commencing in a week or two to enlarge the chapel, by adding to it about one-half its present size. They have *already* made several very useful and much-needed alterations, at a cost of about £200; and now the present enlargement is estimated at about £500, most of which is already in hand. There were then only about twenty members in the church; but there are now, after several removals by death and other causes, fifty-two members in regular communion, and this increase has been gained in the face of difficulties and obstacles seldom met with in the old country. There was no Sunday-school when Mr. Stokes arrived, but there are eighty children and twelve teachers. This has been the best anniversary season they have had; and the pastor and members have reason to believe, that once their present chapel is enlarged, there is a brighter and more encouraging future before them.

We were glad to hear of the happy settlement of Mr. Warren at Bridgenorth. We wish him the largest and best success. He is followed at Westmancote by another brother from our College whom we highly esteem.

Mr. C. J. Johnson having resigned the pastorate of the Baptist church, Alford, has accepted a unanimous invitation to the pastorate of the Baptist Church now worshipping in Westgate Chapel, Peterborough.

Baptisms at Metropolitan Tabernacle, by Mr. B. Davies:—June 30th, twenty-two. By Mr. J. A. Spurgeon:—July 14th, sixteen.

STOCKWELL ORPHANAGE, 1869.

From the Annual Report we here give our readers Extracts.

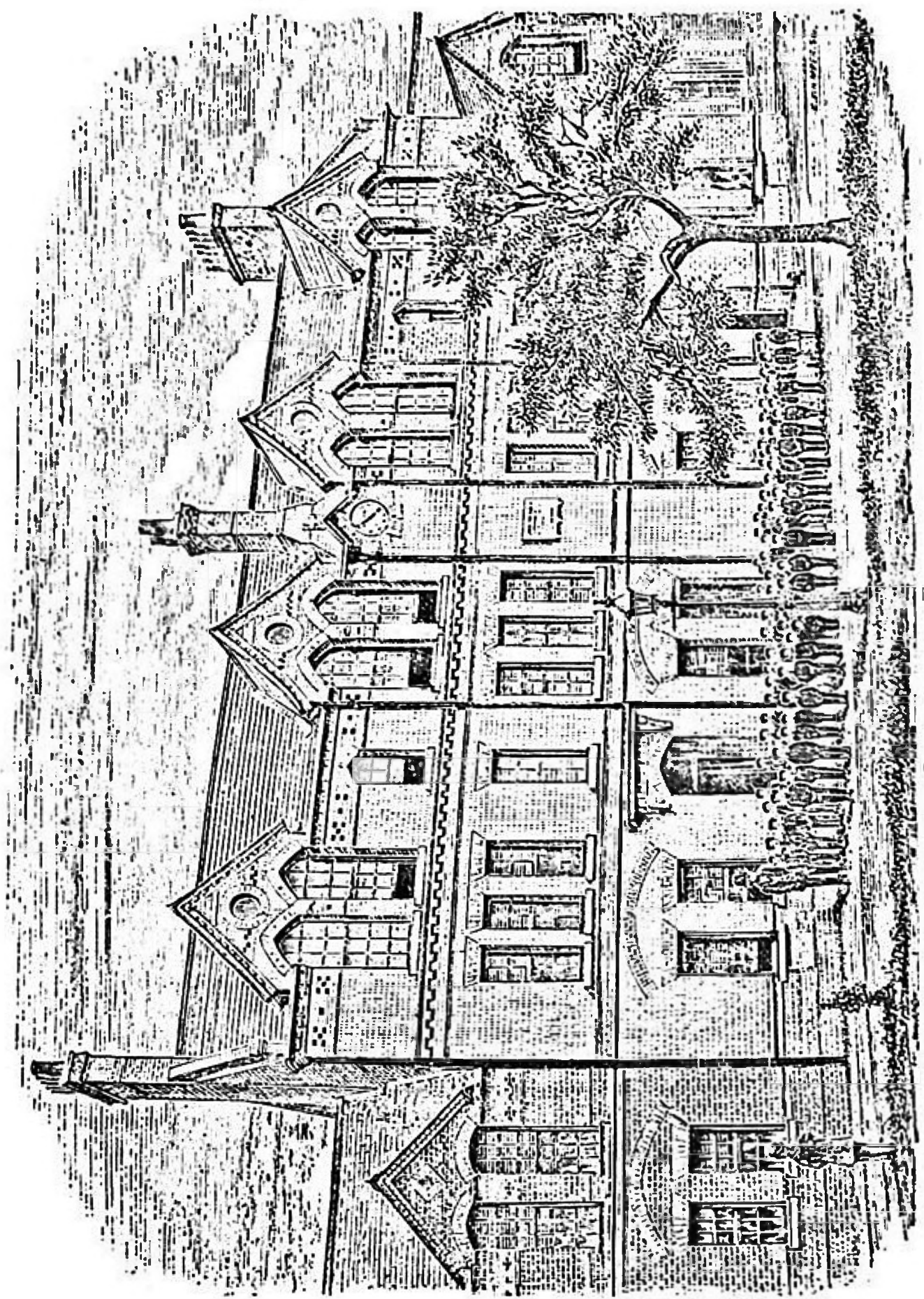


THE present Report of the Stockwell Orphanage, is issued in the spirit of gratitude and praise to the great "Father of the fatherless," for the abounding lovingkindness which he has showered upon this Institution from the first day even until now.

The President was led to undertake the task of caring for orphans, by a direct providential indication, which he could not mistake nor resist. In the year 1866, he received a letter from an unknown correspondent, expressing her intention to place at his command the sum of twenty thousand pounds, to establish an orphanage for fatherless boys. The correspondent proved to be a devout Christian lady who had long settled in her heart to devote her substance to the Lord's work, and nothing could dissuade her from the resolution to make Mr. Spurgeon the agent of effecting her life purpose. Although committed to the great work of the Metropolitan Tabernacle and the Pastors' College, Mr. Spurgeon consented to commence the new undertaking, in the full assurance that it was of the Lord, and that increased burdens would be compensated by increased strength. Since that hour each step has been ordered of the Lord, and the work has been established by his good pleasure. An eligible site was secured for about £3,000, and paid for by voluntary gifts.

The first house was given by Mr. and Mrs. Tyson, and is called the "SILVER WEDDING HOUSE," in commemoration of twenty-five years of happy wedded life. These beloved friends have given very largely since then, and are among our most munificent helpers. The second was presented by "J. H.," a city merchant, and is known as the "MERCHANT'S HOUSE." The next was built by Mr. William Higgs, and his employes, and is designated the "WORKMAN'S HOUSE." The family of the late revered Mr. Thomas Olney presented "UNITY HOUSE," in memory of Mrs. Unity Olney, the wife of the late senior deacon of the Tabernacle. The sum of fourteen hundred pounds, raised by the Baptist churches, as a testimonial to Mr. Spurgeon, secured the erection of the next two houses.* The seventh was raised by the contributions of ministers and students of the Pastors' College, and the eighth by the Sunday Schools of the country. In addition we have a large dining-hall and kitchen, a commodious school-room, and a covered play-ground. The whole of these buildings were raised at an aggregate cost of £10,200, and are entirely free from debt. Each house is designed to accommodate about thirty boys, and is under the care of a godly matron. In this way the loss of the parental home is somewhat compensated for, and the best influences are brought to bear upon the children in the formation of Christian character. The children are taught a sound English education, under the British School system. To obviate the evils of the canvassing

* We give a woodcut of these two houses on next page.



system, and to secure the admission of the most needy and deserving cases, each application is decided upon its own merits. Orphan and fatherless children, between the ages of six and ten, are eligible for admission, irrespective of creed or locality. Already nearly one thousand applications have been received, and these have all been examined with the utmost care, and out of them a selection has been made with all possible impartiality and deliberation. One hundred and fifty boys are at present in the Orphanage. The plan of electing the cases by merit without canvassing and polling deprives the Institution of the aid obtained by the purchase of votes, and so renders the obtaining of funds a greater difficulty, but the saving to the poor widows, and the certainty that the most needy cases obtain the benefits of the Institution, are two beneficial results worth far more than the trouble they involve.

In order to prevent epidemics from running through the whole juvenile community, it has become imperatively necessary to erect an Infirmary, and the Trustees prayerfully hope that the Lord will send all the means to pay for the erection. It has also been decided to erect at the same time a laundry, and a large bath, and all these will involve a considerable outlay. May the liberality of many be manifested, so that we may know no lack in this good work. When all their building operations are complete, the Trustees hope to make up their juvenile army to two hundred and fifty, which is the number for which the Orphanage is at present designed.

The Trustees call attention to the fact that the expenses of management do not exceed £90 12s. 4d. per annum, so that the public money is, without discount for official salaries, at once devoted to the object designed.

Most of the orphans being the children of parents who have died from consumption and other hereditary diseases, and many of them having been poorly fed, it is not surprising that some have suffered from those ailments incident to childhood, after their admission to the Orphanage. The Trustees are thankful to be able to report that only once in the history of the Institution have they had any serious case of protracted illness within their gates.

Many of the boys give promise of early piety, and of future usefulness. Our main end is to accomplish this by God's grace. The hope is cherished that from time to time some of the elder boys will be set apart to act as monitors in the school for several years, thus securing a good teaching staff; and, if really converted to God, and displaying ability and a call to preach the gospel, it is a cherished belief that some of them will be ultimately drafted off to the Pastors' College, to be educated for the ministry. In this way a return will be made to the church for valuable help rendered in support of the Orphanage, and the glory of God will be promoted by a succession of faithful pastors.

The Orphanage deriving its entire support from voluntary offerings, much gratitude is due to him in whose hands are the hearts of all men for sending us so many liberal helpers. The Trustees feel bound however to mention a few names among many, of friends who have abounded in their gifts. To the Misses Dransfield and the young ladies of Surbiton House, Champion Hill, for providing the whole of the boys with shirts; to the Misses Burdon Sanderson for one hundred

pairs of hand-knitted socks per quarter; to Mr. Phillips for supplying one meal of soup per week, to Mr. and Mrs. Tyson for a ton of soap, and for many other liberal gifts, especial thanks are tendered.

Commending their work to the loving care of the widow's God, and the Christian sympathy of the Lord's people, the Trustees desire to go forward, fully confiding in the promise, "My God shall supply all your need out of his riches in glory by Christ Jesus."

Stockwell Orphanage.

Statement of Receipts from June 20th, to July 19th, 1870.

				£	s.	d.					£	s.	d.
Mr. G. H. Mason	10	0	0	E. Mc P.	0	7	6
H. A.	0	5	0	Mrs. M. Bateman	0	5	0
Mr. W. Smith	0	10	0	Mrs. J. Brown	0	5	0
Mrs. Smith	0	10	0	E. B. T. B.	0	2	0
Mrs. Gower	0	1	0	An Orphan	0	10	0
Mrs. S. Wilby	0	10	0	Mr. John King	1	0	0
E. L.	0	5	0	Mr. J. Harraf	1	0	0
Mr. J. Bloodworth	2	2	0	Mr. R. Jenka	1	0	0
S. H.	0	2	6	Mr. C. B. Brown	0	5	0
Mr. W. Phillips	0	10	0	Mr. W. Maxted	0	2	0
Mr. T. Goodwin	0	10	0	Mr. A. Balfour	1	0	0
Mr. E. Joyce, Collecting Book	0	10	0	Mrs. Isabella Benton	0	2	6
A Member, "E"	0	1	0	Mrs. Jane Painter	0	2	0
H. J.	0	10	0	Mr. E. Lightfoot	0	2	0
Miss Platt, Collecting Book	1	0	0	Mr. R. Priest	0	5	0
Master Gardner	0	7	9	Rev. J. Axensfeld	0	10	0
Mrs. Atkinson	0	2	6	Mrs. Ellen Birch	0	2	6
Mrs. E. Webb	0	5	0	Mrs. Esther Harvey	0	2	6
Mrs. Saby	0	2	6	Mrs. Elizabeth Dieks	0	14	0
J. J.	1	0	0	A Seatholder	0	10	0
Collected by Mrs. Koan—							A Mantel-piece Collecting Box, Can-						
Mrs. Keen	1	0	0	terbury	0	3	7
Mrs. Moore	0	2	6	M. K.	0	7	0
Mr. Moore	0	2	6	R. W., C. W.	0	5	0
Mr. H. Card, Jun.	0	10	0	Miss Cowen	0	2	6
Mr. J. L. Parsons	1	0	0	Miss Perry	0	1	0
E. D.	0	1	0	A Reader of Sermons	0	3	6
Mr. Isaac Mannington	1	0	0	Kettering	0	5	0
Miss Turner	0	2	6	A Friend, Helensburgh	0	10	0
Miss C. Turner	0	1	0	M. E. A., and R. A.	2	0	0
Miss Jones	0	2	6	M. A. R.	0	3	0
Mr. D. Huggett	0	2	6	Mr. W. Mathewson	6	0	0
Mr. W. J. Galloway	0	10	6	Collected by Rev. W. Crick	2	3	6
D.	0	2	6	Mr. G. S. Waddelow	0	10	0
Mr. J. Williamson	2	0	0	Mrs. Evans	0	10	0
Rev. H. R. Brown	0	8	0	Mr. J. Mills	5	0	0
Miss A. Tunbridge	0	5	0	Mr. W. H. Brier	5	0	0
A Thankoffering, Mrs. Hall	0	5	0	Mr. and Mrs. Salter	0	10	0
Mr. F. H. Gutheridge, Jun.	5	0	0	Dr. Gervis	1	1	0
Scotland	0	1	0	A Friend	25	0	0
Mr. A. Bennett	0	3	0	A Friend	25	0	0
V. W.	1	0	0	Mr. J. Dawe	0	5	0
Readers of "Sword and Trowel"	0	3	0	Miss Mc Naught	1	0	0
Mr. W. Mitchell	1	0	0	Part of the Tenth	1	0	0
Miss Perritt, Collecting Box	0	19	10	Miss Cruickshank	0	8	0
Mrs. Brako	0	10	0	Mrs. J. Hart	0	10	0
I. Z. Z.	0	1	0	Mr. J. Robertson	5	0	0
First Fruits of Increase, M.	0	10	0	Friends at Aylsham	0	10	0
J. B.	0	2	6	Mrs. Armitage	0	10	0
Dei Gratia	0	10	0	W. J. B.	1	0	0
Mrs. Gwillim, Collecting Box	1	3	4	Mrs. C. H. Price	0	10	0
Mrs. Simmonds	1	1	0	H.	0	10	0
Mr. J. Fellows	0	2	6	Miss Maxwell	0	5	0
Miss Margaret Clarke	0	5	0	Mr. E. Joscelyn	0	10	0
Mrs. Salmond	0	2	6	Mr. J. Fuller	0	5	0
A Friend, Helensburgh	2	0	0	Boxes at Tabernacle Gates	2	16	11
Mrs. Lanehester, Collecting Box	0	10	2	Annual Subscriptions—						
A Reader of Sermons, per Mr. C. H.							Mr. Silas Corke	1	1	0
Price	0	2	0	Mr. G. W. Parnell	1	0	0
Elizabeth	0	5	0	Mr. Kearsley, per F. R. T.	0	5	0
A Friend, per Mr. Murrell	0	10	0	Mr. John Smith	0	5	0
Mr. R. K. Sears	0	5	0	Mr. R. Smith	0	5	0

	\$	s.	d.		£	s.	d.	
Mr. Shuttleworth	1	1	0	Miss Baverstock	2	2	7	
Mr. Josh. Shuttleworth ...	1	1	0	Miss S. Budge	0	12	0	
Mr. Samuel Shuttleworth ...	1	1	0	Mrs. Samuel	2	17	0	
Mr. Harding	1	1	0	Master A. Day	0	9	9	
Collecting Books and Boxes—				Master F. Rose	0	4	4	
Master Phillips	1	14	5	Mrs. Abbott	0	15	0	
Miss Hughes	1	2	1	Mrs. Duncombe	0	5	8	
Miss Coates	0	17	6	Master W. Davis	0	2	0	
Mrs. Boxall	2	0	0	Mrs. Williams	0	7	6	
Mrs. Marsh	1	14	6	Mr. J. Cromble	0	13	2	
Miss Mann	1	7	6	Miss A. Seward	0	10	0	
Mrs. Davis	2	9	6	Mrs. Pope	1	0	0	
Miss Wood	0	10	0	Mrs. Gisbey	0	5	8	
Master Boue	0	2	6	Miss Gisbey	0	6	4	
Miss Lovegrove	1	9	0	Miss E. Fryer	1	12	0	
Mrs. Clover	1	10	0	Mrs. Whitehead	3	1	5	
Miss Mc Alley	0	6	6	Mrs. Osborn	2	12	0	
Miss Hudson	1	15	0	Miss Goodchild	0	14	6	
Mrs. West	0	13	0	Master T. Meltzer ...	0	7	6	
Mr. E. C. Hanks	0	6	6	Mrs. Godbold	0	4	5	
Master Day	0	5	0	Miss M. Wells	0	7	0	
Mrs. Mackrell	3	3	0	Miss Parkins	1	13	6	
Miss Bonser	0	16	3	Mrs. Hubbard	2	0	8	
Miss Maynard	1	0	0	Miss Prosser	0	2	0	
Miss Ann Parker	0	6	3	Master Cockrell	4	0	0	
Miss Snell	0	12	0	Mrs. Robertshaw ...	2	10	6	
Miss Buckler	0	14	2	Miss Cook	0	3	6	
Miss Clark	1	0	0	Mrs. Read	0	4	0	
Miss Ross	2	0	0	Mrs. Young	2	2	0	
Miss C. Perkins	0	8	5	Mrs. Crofts	1	4	0	
Miss E. Brook	0	15	2	Master Gardner	0	12	11	
Mrs. Jumpson	1	2	0	Mrs. Cropley	0	6	6	
Mrs. Tunstall	0	10	6	Miss E. Hughes	0	18	6	
Mrs. Augur	0	10	0	Mrs. C. Norah	0	14	9	
Mrs. Lloyd	0	4	0	Miss Saunders	1	2	1	
Mrs. Lawson	1	1	2	Mrs. Priestley	1	10	0	
Mrs. Coppling	2	9	0	Miss E. E. Phillips ...	0	9	0	
Mrs. Lequeux	1	11	0	Mrs. Hinton	1	3	5	
Miss E. Padbury	0	10	0	Miss Hallett	0	18	0	
Miss E. Conquest	0	5	0	Miss Bartlett	0	7	0	
Mr. G. Faulkner	0	12	8	Miss Tiddy	1	15	6	
Miss Amelia Phillips ...	1	0	6	Mrs. Neville	0	2	0	
Miss E. Baker	0	6	0	Mr. Corrick	1	6	2	
Miss E. Jones	1	0	0	Miss Thompson	0	11	0	
Mrs. White	0	8	0	Mrs. Vernon	0	5	0	
Miss L. Platt	0	6	0	Mr. Tolfield	0	10	0	
Mr. Ferrin	0	5	6	Miss J. Cockshaw ...	0	15	6	
Mr. Croker	0	4	0	Mrs. Nisbett	0	10	0	
Per Mr. Simpson—				Mrs. Saunderson	0	11	6	
Mr. C. Smithers	1	1	0	Miss Carlton	0	6	0	
Mr. Kekelle	1	1	0	Mr. E. W. Saunders ...	1	15	0	
Mr. D. F. Bartrum	0	10	0	Miss Chilvers	1	0	6	
Miss Martineau	0	10	0	Mr. Speller	0	10	6	
		3	2	6	Miss Champion	1	7	6
Miss Baldock	0	14	0	Mrs. Platt	0	12	8	
Mr. Hollis	0	10	0	Mrs. Goslin	2	10	0	
Mr. Field	10	2	4	Master W. Phillips ...	0	4	0	
Master C. Jennings	0	3	3	Miss Parnell	1	12	6	
Mr. R. Willcox	0	15	0	Miss Joyce	0	7	8	
Miss E. Coates	0	1	6	Mr. Padgett	5	0	0	
Master C. Andrews	0	2	11	Master J. Prust	0	0	1	
Mrs. Outrage	0	5	6	Master C. Prust	0	0	8	
Miss J. Tidman	0	4	0	Miss J. Hill	0	11	0	
Miss R. Timms	0	2	0	Mr. E. C. Hill	0	2	0	
Miss S. Belshaw	0	2	0	Miss Weeks	0	7	7	
Mrs. Culver	0	4	0	Mrs. Waghorn	0	8	0	
Master J. W. Clark	0	5	3	Mr. W. Bush	0	7	0	
Mrs. Fisher	0	18	6	Miss Goslin	0	13	6	
Miss Alderson	1	8	0	Mr. W. T. Brook	1	0	6	
Miss Smith	0	10	0	Mrs. Lesser	0	3	4	
Mr. G. Ely	0	9	6	Mr. Harden	0	14	1	
Miss J. A. Langton	0	3	6	Mrs. Abbott	1	1	0	
Master S. Miltzer	0	7	8	Mrs. Read	0	9	0	
Miss A. Wood	0	10	0	Miss Brissenden	0	6	0	
Miss Rosbrook	0	13	0	Mr. Marshall	1	0	0	
Mrs. A. Hall	0	11	0	Miss L. H. Hooper ...	1	13	8	
Mr. Bennett	0	6	0	Mrs. Ashby	0	10	0	
Master Lemon	2	2	0	Mrs. Nugent	1	10	8	
Mrs. Ryan	1	7	0	Miss Fitzgerald	0	14	0	
Mrs. Bryson	0	6	4	Mr. C. Berry	0	5	8	
Miss Leaser	2	7	7	Mr. S. Meyers	0	1	10	

				£	s.	d.					£	s.	d.
Miss Swinfen	0	5	8	W. Eve...	0	4	6	
Mrs. Underwood	0	4	0	E. Fourness	0	5	0	
Mrs. Drayson	0	11	7	J. Gatten	0	5	0	
Miss Gaze	1	1	0	C. Goddard	0	2	0	
Master Wicks	0	9	8	A. J. Heath	0	4	3	
Mrs. Hudson	0	10	0	A. Harold	0	5	0	
Mrs. Mackrell	0	5	0	James Hodge...	0	5	0	
Mrs. Dines	0	5	1	J. J. Hanks	0	6	0	
Master Parker	0	3	2	S. Hitebeox	0	5	0	
Master Hargreaves	0	4	2	T. Harrowing...	0	12	1	
Mrs. Ross	0	15	9	F. Hart...	0	5	0	
Miss Chapman	1	0	0	W. Hobson	0	0	3	
Master Glead	0	8	6	W. L. Hobbs	0	9	0	
Master Bunting	0	1	6	A. H. Harper...	0	5	0	
Mrs. Croker	0	17	0	C. Jones	0	4	0	
Mrs. McGuffie	0	17	4	A. Jones	0	3	0	
Miss Edith Underwood	0	5	2	E. Jacobs	0	5	0	
Master W. Walker...	0	3	4	R. S. Latimer...	0	7	3	
Miss Reeves	0	6	11	J. and E. Loney	0	4	6	
Master Stracey	0	4	0	F. G. Ladds	0	3	0	
Master Rose	0	1	6	F. Lenk...	0	4	0	
Master Robert Bruce	0	7	1	S. W. Lesser	0	5	0	
Mrs. Hoskins	0	14	5	J. Maynard	0	1	11	
Master Raybould	0	6	9	F. Martin	0	5	0	
Mr. Patterson	0	3	2	S. Mancho	0	9	0	
Master Everett	0	14	6	F. Matthews	0	0	1	
Miss Descroix	0	7	6	E. Masenhelder	0	6	2	
Master Higgs	1	3	10	E. H. Marr	0	5	0	
Miss Smith	0	13	1	E. Nicole	0	5	0	
Miss Kinsey	1	7	3	J. H. Osman	0	4	2	
Miss Gillerd	0	15	1	W. Okili	0	10	0	
Miss Quinell	0	5	8	H. Phipps	0	6	1	
Mrs. Hinton	0	12	1	J. Parsons	0	2	10	
Mrs. Ratcliff	0	3	7	George Peck	0	5	0	
Miss Law	0	17	9	J. Pussinghnan	0	0	4	
Master Clifford	3	0	1	F. Palec	0	5	0	
Master Day	0	1	3	W. H. Pendry	0	5	0	
Mr. J. Tanner	0	8	1	J. Read...	0	2	0	
Collected by the Boys of Stockwell							J. Roberts	0	5	0	
Orphanage, per Rev. V. J. Charles-							G. Ratcliff	0	5	6	
worth:-							H. Reeves	0	5	0	
H. J. Amey	0	3	6	W. Rogers	0	6	6	
A. Alexander	0	5	3	W. Randall	0	5	0	
A. Aves	0	5	0	H. Smith	0	8	2	
H. Almeroth	0	7	1	R. Smith	0	7	3	
J. Abbey	0	6	0	W. H. Scates	0	0	7	
F. Apted	0	5	0	F. Schneider	0	5	0	
J. Baker	0	5	0	H. Semark	1	0	0	
H. Bramble	0	5	0	A. Semark	0	10	10	
P. A. Belding...	0	5	0	J. Simmonds	0	5	6	
C. J. Bailey	0	5	0	Saunders	0	2	1	
W. Brownlie	0	5	0	W. Stratford	2	11	6	
J. Brown	0	5	0	H. Smith	0	5	0	
R. Bailey	0	5	0	R. A. Stynes	0	1	5	
A. Brewer	0	5	0	A. Sharpe	0	5	0	
A. Bruchlaeber	0	4	8	C. Plant	0	4	1	
J. M. Boraston	0	5	0	T. Vickery	0	5	0	
R. J. Court	0	2	0	E. Walton	0	5	0	
H. Coulson	0	2	6	G. Wooder	0	5	0	
T. Cockerton	0	5	0	A. W. White	0	5	0	
H. W. Cook	0	5	0	H. Warman	0	2	6	
H. Collins	0	4	0	C. Walker	0	5	0	
G. Coles	0	5	0	A. Watts	0	3	0	
C. Cox	0	5	6	G. Wilkinson	0	5	0	
Bigh	0	7	7	S. Wingell	0	5	0	
James Dunn	0	5	0	C. W. Young	0	5	0	
G. Davis	0	0	11	W. Young	0	5	0	
F. Dobbin	0	1	0	H. Amery	0	4	2	
T. Dawson	0	2	0	Collected by—						
G. F. Dean	0	5	0	Master C. Blackshaw	0	6	0	
J. and C. Dunn	0	5	0	Miss Storer	0	7	5	
J. K. Davies	0	6	0	Miss Drake	0	5	0	
E. E. Evans	0	6	11	Mrs. Drake	1	15	0	
E. Ellis...	0	5	0	Miss Alice Verrall	0	5	0	
C. Ellis...	0	5	0	Miss Benson	0	5	0	
B. Edmonds	0	11	8	Miss F. Gilbert	0	5	2	
R. Ehlers	0	5	0	Miss Charlesworth	0	15	9	
S. Emmett	0	5	0							
Digby	0	4	0							
Durling...	0	5	0							
T. Evans	0	4	0							

33 5 1

£347 4 10

Orphanage Infirmary.

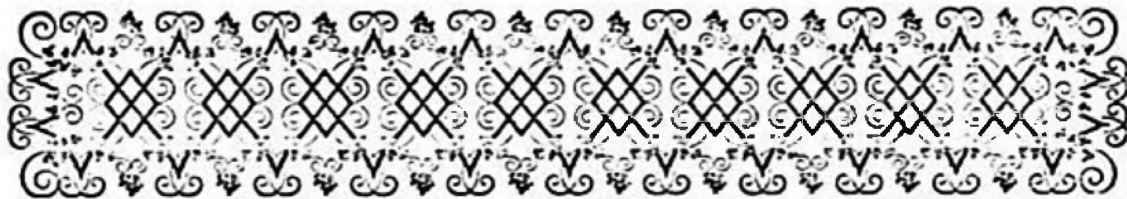
	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
A Friend, per Miss Grant	1	0	0	M. L....	2	0	0
Mr. R. Evans	10	0	0	E. G. ...	0	2	6
Mrs. A. L. Brander	5	0	0	Mrs. Harding	0	10	0
Mrs. Wrentmore	100	0	0	Mrs. Stocks	1	0	0
A very Small Mite	0	1	0	Two Humble Readers	0	2	0
Mrs. Dodwell	2	10	6	Air	0	5	0
Falkirk	0	2	6	Brandon	0	5	0
A Bereaved Father's Mite	0	2	6	S. T. ...	0	2	6
A Reader of Sermons	0	5	0	Leighton Buzzard	0	0	6
Sabbath School Class, George Street				A Glasgow Reader	0	2	0
Edinburgh	0	5	0	Miss Jessie Blewick	1	0	0
Mrs. M. Campbell...	0	5	0	Nell Robertson	0	3	0
Mr. R. T. Lewis	0	3	0	Mrs. Elizabeth McLean...	0	2	0
Aberdeen	0	2	0	A Constant Reader	0	2	0
A Wellwisher	0	3	0	Dundee	0	0	6
Aberdeen	0	2	6	J. D. J.	0	5	0
A Friend, Burnham, Essex	5	0	0	W. H.	0	5	0
A Friend	0	5	0	E. D. ...	0	1	0
E. M. H.	0	2	6	Mr. Wilson	1	0	0
Norwich	0	3	6	Mrs. Wilson	0	10	0
Aberdeen Friends...	0	3	9	Mr. Thorne	1	1	0
B. P. ...	0	2	6	Mrs. Peckham	0	5	0
Mr. T. Wessier	1	0	0	Mr. R. A. Jattray	0	3	0
Mr. F. Peck	0	5	0	Two Friends	0	12	0
Friends	0	1	0	Friends at Brentwood, per Mrs. Gamage	2	12	0
I was Sick and ye visited me	0	4	0	Mr. and Mrs. Fisher	10	0	0
Mr. H. Juffs	0	7	0	Rev. E. S. Nell	1	0	0
F. A. W.	0	3	0	Mr. J. Lee	1	1	0
Mrs. Greenfield	0	5	0	Messrs. W. and R. Salmond	2	0	0
A. Collinge	0	5	0	E. B. ...	36	0	0
Kilgston	0	1	0	Mrs. E. Bateman	0	17	0
Mr. D. Stewart	2	0	0	A Journeyman Miller	0	1	2
Mr. A. Ware	0	4	0	Mr. Mason	20	0	0
Mrs. Morris	0	2	1	Friends, Scotland	2	2	0
D. E. ...	0	2	6	Mrs. Edmonds	2	0	0
Mrs. Hamilton	0	3	0	Mrs. Gobby...	0	10	0
	0	5	0	B. ...	0	3	0
	0	2	0	Messrs. G. Burton, and W. Kitching	2	2	0
Mr. Hudson	0	10	0	Mrs. A. Thomas	1	0	0
A Purse	3	0	0	A Friend at the Bazaar	0	15	0
Mr. C. Davies	0	10	0	A Christian Lady...	5	0	0
Cast all your care on the Lord	3	0	0	Mr. T. Kennard	0	10	0
	0	3	6	Miss T. Hatchett	0	1	0
Mr. W. T. Mackey	0	10	0	E. Tunbridge	0	1	0
	0	3	0	Master Saunders	0	5	0
Mrs. Jessie Dingwall Fordyce	5	0	0	A Widow	0	10	0
Mrs. Croker...	1	1	0	Friends	1	5	6
Miss S. Monek and Friends	0	5	0	Mr. Mackay	0	10	0
M. S. ...	0	4	6	Mr. Chew	5	0	0
Mr. J. Hector	1	0	0	Miss Palfrey	2	14	9
Mr. Stace	0	10	0	D. W. W.	0	5	0
Mr. W. Irving	0	2	6	Montrose	0	2	6
Leven	1	0	0	Falkirk	0	5	0
Reader of Sermons	0	1	0	Mr. T. Rowland	0	7	6
Glasgow	0	3	0	With warmest Prayers	0	1	0
Mrs. Milne	1	0	0	A Widow	0	5	0
A Reader of Sermons, Inverness	0	10	0	Mr. E. Mounsey	5	0	0
With donor's best wishes	0	5	0	Woodbury	0	10	0
W. W.	0	2	6	Mrs. Dix	5	5	0
R. A. ...	0	2	6	Hon. Mrs. Rochfort	1	0	0
Mrs. McLean	0	10	0	Mrs. Anderson	1	0	0
Alford	0	1	0	Mr. B. Tice...	0	5	0
A Reader	1	0	0	Mrs. Dods	1	10	0
E. P. G. Dudley	0	10	0	Mr. J. Mc Dovell	3	0	0
Bricksworth	0	1	0	Tweedside	0	10	0
Kilross	0	5	0	Mr. Temple...	1	1	0
Matt. xxii. 21	1	0	0	E. and A. Edwards	1	0	0
H. V. ...	0	1	6	Mr. J. Stevenson	0	2	0
Sparkbrook	0	2	6	Mr. W. Stevenson	0	1	0
Aberdeen	0	2	6	Miss Jessie Rag	0	1	0
E. M. Bewsey	0	5	0	Mr. W. Dunbar	0	1	0
Mr. Belfast	0	10	0	Mr. L. Walker	0	10	0
E. Kershaw	0	5	0	A Widow's Son	0	5	6
Mrs. C. Hunting	1	0	0	A Reader of Sermons	0	1	0
Dundee	0	5	0	C. Barty	0	2	6
Mr. J. Taylor	0	2	6	M. G. ...	0	2	6

		£	s.	d.			£	s.	d.
W. A. M.	0	2	0	J. B. Kelso...	0	2	6
Mrs. Kiloh	0	7	6	C. P. Kethhall	0	7	6
A Few Friends, Ellon	0	11	0	H. M. Fife	0	1	0
Have Faith in God	0	10	0	Miss Southwell	0	5	0
Mrs. H. White	0	17	0	Thomas Shields	0	1	3
Mr. E. Romaug	1	0	0	First Fruits of Increase, M.	0	10	0
Mr. J. Pool	2	0	0	One who would like to send more	...	0	2	6
Mr. Angus	1	0	6	Ashford	0	2	0
Various	0	4	0	Two Sisters...	0	2	0
Mrs. Toller	5	0	0	A Friend	5	0	0
Mr. W. Toller	0	10	0	Norwich	0	10	0
Mr. Osborn	0	10	0	Aylsham	0	5	0
Mrs. Allen	0	10	0	S. P.	0	10	0
Mrs. J. Toller	1	0	0	H. F.	5	0	0
Mr. Goosey	0	10	6	Miss Baldoek	0	2	6
Mrs. Goosey	0	5	0	S. C. C.	1	0	0
Miss A. Toller	0	5	0	Mrs. Howard	5	0	0
Miss E. Toller	0	5	0	A Shepherd	0	1	0
Mrs. Watkins	0	10	6	E. E.	0	2	0
Miss Prior	1	0	0	Aberdeen	0	1	6
Rev. J. Forth	1	4	0	Benefitted Readers, St. Vincent Street	...	0	5	0
A Thankoffering for Providential Care	...				Mrs. Almers	0	15	0
S. E. W.	0	10	0	Miss Almers	0	5	0
A Carman	0	1	2	M. M.	0	10	0
A Friend	0	5	0	A. V. L.	4	5	2
Mr. G. Cobb	0	5	0	Mr. J. Dolton	5	0	0
Coventry	0	2	6	Miss Paterson	1	0	0
Glasgow	0	4	0	H.	0	5	0
Baptist Denomination, per Rev. J. T. Wigner, and Mr. A. B. Goodall	...	192	9	0	Mr. C. Ball	4	0	0
Mr. A. Allan	1	0	0	Miss Maxwell	0	5	0
Harpenden	0	10	0	Mr. Townend	1	0	0
Mr. T. Knight	1	1	0	Mr. W. Ranford	1	0	0
Mrs. Benson	1	1	0	J. A.	5	0	0
Mr. J. Mitchell	1	0	0	Mr. W. Grant	1	0	0
A Friend, Dundee	0	5	0	T. S.	1	0	0
M. B.	0	1	0	Edward Gaved	0	2	6
J. H. T.	10	0	0	Bessie	0	2	6
A Reader	0	1	0	Mr. T. H. Woodman	1	0	0
A Friend, Liverpool	5	0	0	Collected at the Baptist Chapel, Ken-	...			
A Friend	0	2	6	may, by Mr. A. Black	1	15	0
S. Armstrong	0	2	6	Mrs. Gibson	0	4	0
An Invalid	0	2	0					
A Reader of Sermons, Cherstey	0	5	0					
							£567	13	6

Errors last Month's Account.—The Total for the Orphanage should be £356 9s., instead of £323 7s. In the second column, sixteenth line; the amount is omitted, should be Jane, 10s. As most of the parcels came at one time and just as the Bazaar opened, many goods were received which are not acknowledged, on account of addresses being unfound or overlooked. All however are thanked, and to all donors we shall be happy to send our photograph, with thanks, and autograph.

Received for the Orphanage.—Four Pieces of Mohair, Anon; Four Sets Cricket Bats, Balls, and Stumps, "A;" One Sack Flour, per Mr. Bellsbam; One Hundred Pairs Knitted Socks, the Misses Bourdon Sanderson; Fifty-one Flannel Shirts, Miss Dransfield; Two Boxes Corn Flour, and Half Sack Household ditto, Mr. Nye; Twelve Spades, Six Hoes, and Four Rakes, G. Tice and Son, Ephraim; One Box and Parcel from Melton containing—Twenty Remnants of Print, Six ditto Printed Muslin, Five ditto Cloth, One ditto Window Holland, Twenty-five ditto Fancy Dresses, Four Pieces of Flannel for Shirts, One ditto Unbleached Calico, One ditto Stuff, One Mantle, Five Jackets, Two Coloured Skirts, Two Bonnets, Six Ruffles, Eight Neckties, Three Sunshades, and Three Shirt Fronts.

Mr. Spurgeon thankfully acknowledges the receipt of Goods for the Bazaar, from—Mrs. March, Mrs. Webb, M. E., Brixton, Miss Fanny M. Baker, R. T. L., Mr. G. Grieve, Perth, Mr. Mines, Mr. T. Jones, E. K., Miss Stuart, "Tot," Miss Dodwell, Mr. Rose, Miss Collins, Mrs. Marchant, "S," A. Wipperman and E. J. Brayne, Mr. Doolworth, Mrs. Wright, E. Barnes, Miss Bannock, Worked Slippers from M. Munro, Miss Aphed, An Elderly Lady, Clapham, Mr. Collins, Miss E. Farmer, Miss Harden, Miss Borrett, S. B., and A. E. T., K. Gordon, S. R., Mrs. Jarvis, S. B., Mrs. Evans, Mr. F. T. Ackland, Mr. W. Sutton, Mr. and Mrs. C., Mrs. J. Deacon, Miss Anne Trafford, Miss Lonsdale, Miss Dawbarn, Mrs. R. Fulrey, Caton, Mr. R. Webster, Mr. W. Wane, Two Old Ladies, Blair Gowrie, Miss Jane Stringer, Mrs. Bowls, E. Towerby, Mrs. Lane, Miss Jane Taylor, Miss Henley, Mrs. Priest, A. Garrau, Mrs. Harvey, J. M., Mrs. C. Scruby, Mr. J. Goddard, Mr. W. T. Mackey, Miss Mee, G. F. L., Mrs. Everett and Miss E. Sallor, Miss Saller, Mrs. Griffiths, Mr. S. Hudson, Mr. Norris, Miss Descerwick, Mrs. Fitzgerald, "A Cup of Cold Water," Mrs. Evans, M. and C. W., Miss Janet Barclay, J. Coulson, C. Atwood and E. Marley, M. M., C. H. S., Orkney Islands, Mr. & Mrs. Hadlund, J. B., Messrs. Nelson & Sons, Miss Buckland, Mrs. C. M. Turner, An Invalid, E. D., Three Ladies, Cupar, Mrs. Watkins, Mrs. Tyson, Mrs. Child, Mrs. T. White, R. Adair, Messrs. Olney, Messrs. Heath & Co., Misses Cockehaw, Mr. J. Mathewson, Miss Bannstead, Messrs. H. & G. Eastman, Mrs. Abbott, E. Fenner, Mrs. Drayson, Miss Gray, J. W. M., R. D. Smith, Mr. Sharp, Mr. Fitch, Messrs. Haynes Brothers, Messrs. Bryant & Jay, Messrs. Peck, Freau & Co., Messrs. Anderson & Cutley, Messrs. Fleet & Co., Miss Jesson and Miss Carryer. Five Dorking Fowls, Mr. Priest; Three Summer Hats, anon.



THE
SWORD AND THE TROWEL

—
SEPTEMBER 1, 1870.
—

Gadding About.

A SHORT SERMON. BY C. H. SPURGEON.

“Why gaddest thou about so much to change thy way?”—Jeremiah ii. 36.

GOD'S ancient people were very prone to forget him, and to worship the false deities of the neighbouring heathen. Other nations were faithful to their blocks of wood and of stone, and adhered as closely to their graven images as though they really had helped them, or could in future deliver them. Only the nation which avowed the true God forsook its God, and left the fountain of living waters to hew out for itself broken cisterns which could hold no water. There seems to have been, speaking after the manner of men, astonishment in the divine mind concerning this, for the Lord says, “Pass over the isles of Chittim, and see; and send unto Kedar, and consider diligently, and see if there be such a thing. Hath a nation changed their gods, which are yet no gods? but my people have changed their glory for that which doth not profit. Be astonished, O ye heavens, at this, and be horribly afraid, be ye very desolate.” In this same chapter the Lord addresses his people with the question, “Can a maid forget her ornaments? or a bride her attire? Yet my people have forgotten me days without number.” And here, in this text, the same astonishment appears, “Why gaddest thou about so much to change thy way?” It most certainly was a most unreasonable thing that a people with such a God, who had dealt out to them so graciously the riches of his love, and had wrought such wonders on their behalf, should turn from him to the worship of Baal

or Ashtaroth, mimic gods which had ears but heard not, eyes but saw not, and did but mock the worshippers who were deluded by them.

As in a glass I see myself in these people. The spiritual people of God are well imaged in the typical nation; for, alas! waywardness and wandering of heart are the diseases not only of the Israelites of old, but also of the true Israel now. The same expostulations may be addressed to us as to that erring nation of old, for we as perpetually backslide, and as constantly forget the Almighty One, to put our trust in an arm of flesh. He saith to us also, "Why gaddest thou about so much?" For we are, alas! too often false to him, forgetting him, and wandering hither and thither, rather than abiding in close and constant fellowship with God our exceeding joy.

I desire to put this question to believers, and then to the unconverted. May the Holy Spirit bless it to each class.

If you read this question, taking it in its connection, you will see, in the first place, that there is *a relationship mentioned*. The question is asked, "Why gaddest thou about so much?" The enquiry is not made of a traveller, nor of one whose business it is to journey from pole to pole, and to investigate distant lands. It is not asked of a wayfarer lodging for a night, nor of a homeless vagrant who finds a poor shelter beneath every bush; but it is asked by God of his people Israel, describing them under the character of a married wife. He represents the nation of Israel as being married unto himself, himself the husband of Israel, and Israel his bride. To persons bearing that character the question comes with great force, "Why gaddest *thou* about so much?" Let others wander who have no central object of attraction, who have no house, and no "house-band," to bind them to the spot; but thou, a married wife, how canst thou wander? What hast thou to do in traversing strange ways? How canst thou excuse thyself? If thou wert not false to thy relationship thou couldst not do so! No, beloved, we strain no metaphor when we say that there exists between the soul of every believer and Jesus Christ, a relationship admirably imaged in the conjugal tie. We are married unto Christ. He has betrothed our souls unto himself. He paid our dowry on the cross. He espoused himself unto us in righteousness, in the covenant of grace. We have accepted him as our Lord and husband. We have given ourselves up to him, and under the sweet law of his love we ought to dwell evermore in his house. He is the bridegroom of our souls, and he has arrayed us in the wedding dress of his own righteousness. Now it is to us who own this marriage union, and who are allied to the Lord Jesus by ties so tender, that the Wellbeloved says, "Why gaddest thou about so much?"

Observe, that the wife's place may be described as a threefold one. In the first place, *she should abide in dependence upon her husband's care*. It would be looked upon as a very strange thing if a wife should be overheard to speak to another man, and say, "Come and assist in providing for me." If she should cross the street to another's house and say to a stranger, "I have a difficulty and a trouble; will you relieve me from it? I feel myself in great need, but I shall not ask my husband to help me, though he is rich enough to give me anything I require, and wise enough to direct me, but I come to you a stranger, in whom I have no right to confide, and from whom I have no right to

look for love, and I trust myself with you, and confide in you rather than in my husband." This would be a very wicked violation of the chastity of the wife's heart : her dependence as a married woman with a worthy husband, must be solely fixed on him to whom she is bound in wedlock. . Transfer the figure, for it is even so with us and the Lord Jesus. It is a tender topic; let it tenderly touch your heart and mine. What right have I, when I am in trouble, to seek an arm of flesh to lean upon, or to pour my grief into an earthen ear in preference to casting my care on God, and telling Jesus all my sorrows? If a human friend hath the best intentions, yet he is not like my Lord, he never died for me, he never shed his blood for me, and if he loves me he cannot love me as the husband of my soul can love! My Lord's love is ancient as eternity, deeper than the sea, firmer than the hills, changeless as his own Deity; how can I seek another friend in preference to him? What a slight I put upon the affection of my Saviour! What a slur upon his condescending sympathy towards me! How I impugn his generosity and mistrust his power if, in my hour of need, I cry out, "Alas! I have no friend." No friend while Jesus lives! Dare I say I have no helper? No helper while the Mighty One upon whom God has laid help still exists with arm unparalysed and heart unchanged? Can I murmur and lament that there is no escape for me from my tribulations? No escape while my Almighty Saviour lives, and feels my every grief? Do you see my point? Put it in that shape, and the question, "Why gaddest thou about so much to look after creatures as grounds of dependence?" becomes a very deep and searching one. Why, O believer, dost thou look after things which are seen, and heard, and handled, and recognised by the senses, instead of trusting in thine unseen but not unknown Redeemer? Oh! why, why, thou spouse of the Lord Jesus, why gaddest thou about so much? Have we not even fallen into this evil with regard to our own salvation? After a time of enjoyment it sometimes happens that our graces decline, and we lose our spiritual enjoyment, and as we are very apt to depend upon our own experience, our faith also droops. Is not this unfaithfulness to the finished work and perfect merit of our great Substitute? We knew at the first, when we were under conviction of sin, that we could not rest on anything within ourselves, and yet that truth is always slipping away from our memories, and we try to build upon past experiences, or to rely upon present enjoyments, or some form or other of personal attainment. Do we really wish to exchange the sure rock of our salvation for the unstable sand of our own feelings? Can it be that having once walked by faith we now choose to walk by sight? Are graces, and frames, and enjoyments, to be preferred to the tried foundation of the Redeemer's atonement? Be it remembered that even the work of the Holy Spirit, if it be depended upon as a ground of acceptance with God, becomes as much an antichrist as though it were not the work of the Holy Spirit at all. Dare we so blaspheme the Holy Ghost as to make his work in us a rival to the Saviour's work for us? Shame on us that we should thus doubly sin! The best things are mischievous when put in the wrong place. Good works have "necessary uses," but they must not be joined to the work of Christ as the groundwork of our hope. Even precious gold may be made into an

idol-calf, and that which the Lord himself bestows may be made to be a polluted thing, like that brazen serpent which once availed to heal, but when it was idolised came to be styled by no better name than "a piece of brass," and was broken and put away. Do not continually harp upon what thou art, and what thou art not; thy salvation does not rest in these things, but in thy Lord. Go thou and stand at the foot of the cross, still an empty-handed sinner to be filled with the riches of Christ; a sinner black as the tents of Kedar in thyself, and come only through thy Lord.

Again, the wife's position is not only one of sole dependence upon her husband's care, but it should be, and is, a *position of sole delight in her husband's love*. To be suspected of desiring aught of man's affection beyond that, would be the most serious imputation that could be cast upon a wife's character. We are again upon very tender ground, and I beseech each of you who are now thinking of your Lord, consider yourselves to be on very tender ground too, for you know what our God has said—"The Lord thy God is a jealous God." That is a very wonderful and suggestive expression—"a jealous God." See that it be engraven on your hearts. Jesus will not endure it that those of us who love him should divide our hearts between him and something else. The love which is strong as death is linked with a jealousy cruel as the grave, "the coals thereof are coals of fire, which hath a most vehement flame." The royal word to the spouse is, "Forget also thine own kindred, and thy father's house; so shall the King greatly desire thy beauty: for he is thy Lord; and worship thou him." Of course, beloved, the Master never condemns that proper natural affection which we are bound to give, and which it is a part of our sanctification to give in its due and proper proportion to those who are related to us. Besides, we are bound to love all the saints, and all mankind in their proper place and measure. But there is a love which is for the Master alone. Inside the heart there must be a *sanctum sanctorum*, within the veil, where he himself alone must shine like the Shechina, and reign on the mercy-seat. There must be a glorious high throne within our spirits, where the true Solomon alone must sit; the lions of watchful zeal must guard each step of it. There must he, the King in his beauty, sit enthroned, sole monarch of the heart's affections. But, alas! alas! how often have we gone far to provoke his anger! We have set up the altars of strange gods hard by the holy place. Sometimes a favourite child has been idolised; another time, perhaps our own persons have been admired and pampered. We have been unwilling to suffer though we knew it to be the Lord's will: we were determined to make provision for the flesh. We have not been willing to hazard our substance for Christ, thus making our worldly comfort our chief delight, instead of feeling that wealth to be well lost which is lost as the result of Jehovah's will. Oh, how soon we make idols! Idol-making was not only the trade of Ephesus, but it is a trade all the world over. Making shrines for Diana, nay, shrines for self, we are all master craftsmen at this in some form or another. Images of jealousy, which become abominations of desolation, we have set up. We may even exalt some good pursuit into an idol, even work for the Master may sometimes take *his* place; as was the case with Martha, we are cumbered with much serving, and

often think more about the serving than of *him* who is to be served; the secret being that we are too mindful of how *we* may look in the serving, and not enough considerate of *him*, and of how *he* may be honoured by our service. It is so very easy for our busy spirits to gad about, and so very difficult to sit at the Master's feet. Now, Christian, if thou hast been looking after this and after that secondary matter, if thy mind has been set too much upon worldly business, or upon any form of earthly love, the Master says to thee, "My spouse, my beloved, why gaddest thou about so much?" Let us confess our fault, and return unto our rest. Let each one sing plaintively in the chamber of his heart some such song as this—

"Why should my foolish passions rove?
Where can such sweetness be
As I have tasted in thy love,
As I have found in thee?"

Wretch that I am, to wander thus
In chase of false delight;
Let me be fasten'd to thy cross,
Rather than lose thy sight."

But a third position, which I think will be recognised by every wife as being correct, is not simply dependence upon her husband's care and delight in her husband's love, but also *diligence in her husband's house*. The good housewife, as Solomon tells us, "looketh well to the ways of her household, and catcheth not the bread of idleness." She is not a servant, her position is very different from that, but for that very reason she uses the more diligence. A servant's work may sometimes be finished, but a wife's never. "She riseth also while it is yet night, and giveth meat to her household, and a portion to her maidens." She rejoices willingly to labour as no servant could be expected to do. "She seeketh wool, and flax, and worketh willingly with her hands." "She girdeth her loins with strength, and strengtheneth her arms. She perceiveth that her merchandise is good: her candle goeth not out by night. She layeth her hands to the spindle, and her hands hold the distaff." All through the live-long night she watches her sick child, and then through the weary day as well the child is still tended, and the household cares are still heavy upon her. She relaxes never. She counts that her house is her kingdom, and she cares for it with incessant care. The making of her husband happy, and the training up of her children in the fear of God, that is her business. The good housewife is like Sarah, of whom it is written, that when the angel asked Abraham, "Where is Sarah thy wife?" he answered, "Behold, she is in the tent." It would have been well for some of her descendents had they been "in the tent," too, for Dinah's going forth to see the daughters of the land cost her dear. Now, this is the position, the exact position of the chaste lover of Jesus, he dwells at home with Jesus, among his own people. The Christian's place with regard to Christ is to be diligently engaged in Christ's house. Some of us can say, I trust, that we do naturally care for the souls of men. We were born, by God's grace, to care for them, and could not be happy, any more than some nurses can be happy without the care of children, unless we have converts to look after, and

weaklings to cherish. It is well for the church when there are many of her members, beside her pastors and deacons, who care for the souls of those who are born in the church. The church is Christ's family mansion. It should be the home of new-born souls, where they are fed with food convenient for them, nourished, comforted, and educated for the better land. You have all something to do; you who are married to Christ have all a part assigned you in the household of God. He has given you each a happy task. It may be that you have to suffer in secret for him, or you have to talk to two or three, or perhaps in a little village station, or at the corner of a street you have to preach, or possibly it is the distribution of a handful of tracts, or it is looking after the souls of a few women in your district, or teaching a class of children. Whatever it is, if we have been growing at all negligent, if we have not thrown our full strength into his work, and have been expending our vigour somewhere else, may not the question come very pertinently home to us, "Why gaddest thou about so much?" Why that party of pleasure, that political meeting, that late rising, that waste of time? Hast thou nothing better to do? Thou hast enough to do for thy husband and his church, if thou doest it well. Thou hast not a minute to spare, the King's business requireth haste. Our charge is too weighty and too dear to our hearts to admit of sloth. The Lord has given us as much to do as we shall have strength and time to accomplish by his grace, and we have no energies to spare, no talents to wrap up in napkins, no hours to idle in the market-place. One thing we do: that one thing should absorb all our powers. To neglect our holy life-work is to wrong our heavenly Bridegroom. Put this matter in a clear light, my brethren, and do not shut your eyes to it. Have you any right to mind earthly things? Can you serve two masters? What, think you, would any kind husband here think, if when he came home the children had been neglected all day, if there was no meal for him after his day's work, and no care taken of his house whatever? Might he not well give a gentle rebuke, or turn away with a tear in his eye? And if it were long continued, might he not almost be justified if he should say—"My house yields me no comfort! This woman acts not as a wife to me!" And yet, bethink thee, soul, is not this what thou hast done with thy Lord? When he has come into his house has he not found it in sad disorder, the morning prayer neglected, the evening supplication but poorly offered, those little children but badly taught, and many other works of love forgotten. It is thy business as well as his, for thou art one with him, and yet thou hast failed in it. Might he not justly say to thee, "I have little comfort in thy fellowship! I will get me gone until thou treatest me better, and when thou longest for me, and art willing to treat me as I should be treated, then I will return to thee, but thou shalt see my face no more till thou hast a truer heart towards me"? Thus in personal sadness have I put this question; the Lord give us tender hearts while answering it.

Painful as the enquiry is, let us turn to the question again. A reason is requested, what shall we give? "Why gaddest thou about so much?" I am at a loss to give any answer. I can suppose that without beating about the bush, an honest heart convinced of its ingratitude to Christ would say, "My Lord, all I can say for myself is to make a confession

of the wrong, and if I might make any excuse, which after all is no excuse, it is this, I find myself so fickle at heart, so frail, so changeable; I am like Reuben, unstable as water, and therefore I do not excel." But I can well conceive that the Master, without being severe, would not allow even of such an extenuation as that, because there are many of us who could not fairly urge it. We are not fickle in other things. We are not unstable in minor matters. Where we love we love most firmly, and a resolve once taken by us is determinedly carried out. We know what it is, some of us, to put our foot down, and declare that having taken a right step we will not retrace it; and then no mortal power can move us. Now, if we possess this resolute character in other things, it can never be allowable for us to use the excuse of instability. Resolved elsewhere, how canst thou be fickle here? Firm everywhere else, and yet frail here! O soul, what art thou at? This is gratuitous sin, wanton fickleness. Surely thou hast wrought folly in Israel if thou givest the world thy best, and Christ thy worst! The world thy decision, and Christ thy wavering! This is but to make thy sin the worse. The excuse becomes an aggravation. It is not true that thou art thus unavoidably fickle. Thou art not a feather blown with every wind, but a man of purpose and will: O why then so soon removed from thy best Beloved One?

I will ask thee a few questions, not so much by way of answering the enquiry, as to show how difficult it is to answer it. "Why gaddest thou about so much?" Has thy Lord given thee any offence? Has he been unkind to thee? Has the Lord Jesus spoken to thee like a tyrant, and played the despot over thee? Must thou not confess that in all his dealings with thee in the past, love, unmingled love has been his rule? He has borne patiently with thine ill-manners; when thou hast been foolish he has given thee wisdom, and he has not upbraided thee, though he might have availed himself of the opportunity of that gift, as men so often do, to give a word of upbraiding at the same time. He has not turned against thee or been thine enemy, why then be so cold to him? Is this the way to deal with one so tender and so good? Let me ask thee, has thy Saviour changed? Wilt thou dare to think he is untrue to thee? Is he not "the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever"? That cannot, then, be an apology for thine unfaithfulness. Has he been unmindful of his promise? He has told thee to call upon him in the day of trouble, and he will deliver thee; has he failed to do so? It is written, "No good thing will he withhold from them that walk uprightly." Has he withheld a really good thing from thee when thou hast walked uprightly? If, indeed, he had played thee false, thine excuse for deserting him might claim a hearing, but thou dardest not say this. Thou knowest that he is faithful and true.

"Why gaddest thou about so much?" Hast thou found any happiness in gadding about? I confess, sorrowfully, to wandering often and wandering much, but I am ready enough to acknowledge that I get no peace, no comfort by my wanderings, but like a forlorn spirit I traverse dry places, seeking rest and finding none. If for a day, or a part of a day, my thoughts are not upon my Lord, the hour is dreary, and my time hangs heavily; and if my thought is spent upon other topics even connected with my work in the church of God, if I do not soon come

back to him, if I have no dealings with him in prayer and praise, I find the wheels of my chariot taken off, and I drag along right heavily.

“The day is dark, the night is long,
Unblest with thoughts of thee,
And dull to me the sweetest song,
Unless its theme thou be.”

The soul that has once learned to swim in the river of Christ will, when his presence is withdrawn, be like a fish laid by the fisherman on the sandy shore, it begins to palpitate in dire distress, and ere long it will die, if not again restored to its vital element. You cannot get the flavour of the bread of heaven in your mouth, and afterwards contentedly feed on ashes. He who has never tasted anything but the brown, gritty cakes of this world, may be very well satisfied with them; but he who has once tasted the pure white bread of heaven can never be content with the old diet. It spoils a man for satisfaction with this world to have had heart-ravishing dealings with the world to come. I mean not that it spoils him for practical activity in it, for the heavenly life is the truest life even for earth, but it spoils him for the sinful pleasures of this world; it prevents his feeding his soul upon anything save the Lord Jesus Christ's sweet love. Jesus is the chief ingredient of all his joy, and he finds that no other enjoyment beneath the sky is worth a moment's comparison with the King's wines on the lees, well refined. “Why then gaddest thou about so much?” For what, oh! for what reason dost thou wander? When a child runs away from its home, because it has a brutal parent, it is excused; but when the child leaves a tender mother and an affectionate father, what shall we say? If the sheep quits a barren field to seek after needed pasturage, who shall blame it? But if it leaves the green pastures, and forsakes the still waters to roam over the arid sand, or to go bleating in the forest among the wolves, in the midst of danger, how foolish a creature it proves itself! Such has been our folly. We have left gold for dross! We have forsaken a throne for a dunghill! We have quitted scarlet and fine linen for rags and beggary! We have left a palace for a hovel! We have turned from sunlight into darkness! We have forsaken the shining of the Sun of Righteousness, the sweet summer weather of communion, the singing of the birds of promise, and the turtle voice of the divine Spirit, and the blossoming of the roses and the fair lilies of divine love, to shiver in frozen regions among the ice caves and snow of absence from the Lord's presence. God forgive us, for we have no excuse for this folly.

“Why gaddest thou about so much?” Hast thou not always had to wander for thy gaddings, aforesaid? O pilgrim, it is hard getting back again to the right road. Every believer knows how wise John Bunyan was when he depicted Christian as bemoaning himself bitterly when he had to go back to the harbour where he had slept and lost his roll. He had to do a triple journey; first to go on, and then to go back, and then to go on again. The back step is weary marching. Remember, also, Bypath Meadow, and Doubting Castle, and Giant Despair. 'Twas an ill day when the pilgrims left the narrow way. No gain, but untold loss comes of forsaking the way of holiness and fellowship. What is there in such a prospect to attract you from the happy way of communion with Christ. Perhaps the last time you wandered you

fell into sin, or you met with a grief which overwhelmed you: ought not these mishaps to teach you? Being burned will you not dread the fire? Having aforesime been assaulted when in forbidden paths, will you not now keep to the king's highway, wherein no lion or any other ravenous beast shall be found?

"Why gaddest thou about so much?" Dost thou not even now feel the drawings of his love attracting thee to himself? This heavenly impulse should make the question altogether unanswerable. You feel sometimes a holy impulse to pray, and yet do not pray; you feel, even now, as if you wished to behold the face of your Beloved, and yet you will go forth into the world without him; is this as it should be? The Holy Spirit is saying in your soul, "Arise from the bed of thy sloth, and seek him whom thy soul loveth." If your sloth prevents your rising, how will you excuse yourself? Even now I hear the Beloved knocking at your door. Will you not hasten to admit him? Are you too idle. Dare you say to him, "I have put off my coat, how can I put it on? I have washed my feet, how shall I defile them?" If you keep him without in the cold and darkness while his head is wet with dew, and his locks with the drops of the night, what cruelty is this? Is this thy kindness to thy friend? Can you hear him say, "Open to me, my love, my dove, my undefiled;" and can you be deaf to his appeals? O that he may gently make for himself an entrance. May he put in his hand by the hole of the door, and may your bowels be moved for him! May you rise up and open to him, and then your hands will drop with myrrh, and your fingers with sweet-smelling myrrh upon the handles of the lock. But remember if you neglect him now, it will cost you much to find him when you do arise, for he will make you traverse the streets after him, and the watchmen will smite you, and take away your veil. Rise and admit him now.

"Behold! your Bridegroom's at the door!
He gently knocks, has knock'd before:
Has waited long; is waiting still:
You treat no other friend so ill.

Oh lovely attitude! he stands
With melting heart and laden hands:
Delay no more, lest he depart,
Admit him to your inmost heart."

Yet again, even now, he calls you. Run after him, for he draws you. Approach him, for he invites you. God grant it may be so!

I wish I had the power to handle a topic like this as Rutherford, Herbert, or Hawker would have done, so as to touch all your hearts, if you are at this hour without enjoyment of fellowship with Jesus. But, indeed, I am so much one of yourselves, so much one who has to seek the Master's face myself, that I can scarcely press the question upon you, but must rather press it upon myself. "Why gaddest thou about so much to change thy way?" Blessed shall be the time when our wanderings shall cease, when we shall see him face to face, and rest in his bosom! Till then, if we are to know anything of heaven here below, it must be by living close to Jesus, abiding at the foot of the cross, depending on his atonement, looking for his coming—that glorious hope,

preparing to meet him with lamps well trimmed, watching for the midnight cry, "Behold, the Bridegroom cometh;" standing ever in his presence; looking up to him as we see him pleading before the throne, and believing that he is ever with us, even unto the end of the world. O may we be in future so fixed in heart that the question need not again be asked of us, "Why gaddest thou about so much?"

And now I have to use the text for a few minutes, in addressing those who are not converted.

I trust that some of you who are not yet saved, nevertheless have a degree of desire towards Christ. It is well when, like the climbing plant, the heart throws out tendrils, trying to grasp something by the help of which it may mount higher. I hope that desire of yours after better things, and after Jesus, is something more than nature could have imparted. Grace is the source of gracious desires. But that is not the point. Your desires may be right, and yet your methods of action mistaken. You have been trying after peace, but you have been gadding about to find it. The context says that the Israelites would soon be as weary of Egypt as they had been of Assyria. Read the whole passage, "Why gaddest thou about so much to change thy way? thou also shalt be ashamed of Egypt, as thou wast ashamed of Assyria. Yea, thou shalt go forth from him, and thine hands upon thine head: for the Lord hath rejected thy confidences, and thou shalt not prosper in them." Jeremiah ii. 36, 37. Their gadding about would end in their being confounded at last as they were at first. Once they trusted in Assyria, and the Assyrians carried them away captive; that was the end of their former false confidence. Then they trusted in Egypt, and met with equal disappointment. When a man is at first alarmed about his soul, he will do anything rather than come to Christ. Christ is a harbour that no ship ever enters except under stress of weather. Mariners on the sea of life steer for any port except the fair haven of free grace. When a man first finds comfort in his own good works, he thinks he has done well. "Why," says he, "this must be the way of salvation; I am not a drunkard now, I have taken the pledge; I am not a Sabbath-breaker now, I have taken a seat at a place of worship. Go in, and look at my house, sir; you will see it as different as possible from what it was before; there is a moral change in me of a most wonderful kind, and surely this will suffice!" Now, if God be dealing with that man in a way of grace, he will soon be ashamed of his false confidence. He will be thankful, of course, that he has been led to morality, but he will find that bed too short to stretch himself on it. He will discover that the past still lives; that his old sins are buried only in imagination—the ghosts of them will haunt him, they will alarm his conscience. He will be compelled to feel that sin is a scarlet stain, not to be so readily washed out as he fondly dreamed. His self-righteous refuge will prove to be a bowing wall and a tottering fence. Driven to extremities by the fall of his tower of Babel, the top of which was to reach to heaven, he grows weary of his former hopes. He finds that all the outward religion he can muster will not suffice, that even the purest morality is not enough; for over and above the thunderings of conscience there comes clear and shrill as the voice of a trumpet, "Ye

must be born again ;" " Except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God ;" " Except ye be converted, and become as little children, ye can in nowise enter into the kingdom of heaven." Well, then, what does he do ? He resolves to find another shelter, to exchange Assyria for Egypt. That is to say, as work will not do, he will try feeling ; and the poor soul will labour to pump up repentance out of a rocky heart, and, failing to do so, will mistake despair for contrition. He will try as much as possible to feel legal convictions. He will sit down and read the books of Job and Jeremiah, till he half hopes that by becoming a companion of dragons, and an associate of owls, he may find rest. He seeks the living among the dead, comfort from the law, healing from a sword. He conceives that if he can feel up to a certain point, he can be saved ; if he can repent to a certain degree, if he can be alarmed with fears of hell up to fever heat, then he may be saved. But ere long, if God is dealing with him, he gets to be as much ashamed of his feelings as of his works. He is thankful for them as far as they are good, but he feels that he could not depend upon them, and he recollects that if feeling were the way of salvation he deserves to feel hell itself, and that to feel anything short of eternal wrath would not meet the law's demands. The question may fitly be put to one who thus goes the round of works, and feelings, and perhaps of ceremonies, and mortifications, " Why gaddest thou about so much ?" It will all end in nothing. You may gad about as long as you will, but you will never gain peace, except by simple faith in Jesus. All the while you are roaming so far the gospel is nigh you, where you now are, in your present state, available to you in your present condition now, for " now is the accepted time ; now is the day of salvation." O sinner, thou art thinking to bring something to the Most High God, and yet he bids thee come without money and without price. Thy Father saith to thee, " Come now, and let us reason together : though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be white as snow ; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool." He declares to you the way of salvation, " Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved." He calls to you in his gracious word, and says, " Whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely." He bids you trust in his Son, who is the appointed Saviour, for he hath laid help upon one that is mighty. He thus addresses you, " Incline your ear unto me, and come unto me : hear and your soul shall live ; and I will make an everlasting covenant with you, even the sure mercies of David." You want pardon, and he cries from the cross, " Look unto me and be ye saved, all ye ends of the earth." You want justification, the Father points you to his Son, and says, " By his knowledge shall my righteous servant justify many, for he shall bear their iniquities." You want salvation, he directs you to him who is exalted on high to give repentance and remission of sins. The God of heaven bids you look to his dear Son, and trust him. Though I preach this gospel every day of the week, scarcely a day passes without my telling the old, old story, yet it is ever new. If you who hear me so often grow weary of it, it is the fault of my style of putting it, for to myself it seems fresher every day ! To think that the tender Father should say to the prodigal son, " I ask

nothing of thee; I am willing to receive thee, sinful, guilty, vile as thou art; though thou hast injured me, and spent my substance with harlots; though thou hast fed swine; though thou art fit to be nothing but a swine-feeder all thy days; yet come thou as thou art to my loving bosom; I will rejoice over thee, and kiss thee, and say, 'Bring forth the best robe and put it on him, put a ring on his hands, and shoes on his feet!'" Sinner, God grant thee grace to end all thy roamings in thy Father's bosom. "Why gaddest thou about so much?" Renounce all other hopes and fly away to the wounds of Jesus. "Why gaddest thou about so much to change thy way?" Listen and obey these closing lines:—

"Weary souls who wander wide
From the central point of bliss,
Turn to Jesus crucified,
Fly to those dear wounds of his:
Sink into the purple flood,
Rise into the life of God.

Find in Christ the way of peace,
Peace, unspeakable, unknown;
By his pain he gives you ease,
Life by his expiring groan:
Rise, exalted by his fall;
Find in Christ your all in all."

A Western Pastor in the Olden Time.

BY G. HOLDEN PIKE.

WE English are justly proud of the beautiful West. There we find a mild climate; a superabundance of crystal streams; myrtles twelve feet high luxuriating at farmhouse doors; hills arrayed in nature's loveliest, and fruitful fields, which when gay in their autumnal dress, rejoice in a plentiful provision for men and cattle. If the cyder is sometimes sour, the apples are always sweet. The farmstead wears a happy face, and each house is a rendezvous of generous hospitality. The farmhouses, it is true, for the most part are old-fashioned, and rather comfortless, or, more properly speaking, they are so when judged by our metropolitan ideas of comfort: yet many of these have their own interesting associations. To the antiquary, to the historical collector, or even to the mere observer of human nature, they possess attractions such as amply compensate for hard wooden chairs and ill-fitting doors. There are sombre looking clocks, whose ticking in its measured solemnity sounds like a voice belonging to the era of the Revolution. Pieces of earthenware are often found decking the high mantel-shelves, which an antiquarian scrutiny will pronounce to be as old as the Commonwealth. Iron dogs on the hearth support the burning logs in true Saxon fashion, and the smoke ascends through chimneys designed ere science interfered with primitive customs. The farmers themselves are as stout-hearted as they are hard-handed, and, scorning a semi-gentility, work with hand and head on the red soil peculiar to their region. Their

literature chiefly consists of the county or London newspaper, though occasionally a mind is found among them of respectable attainments in music or letters. Taking them for all in all, the western folk of the middle class are artless and hospitable ; and so far as the farmers are concerned, if this simplicity of taste debars them from enjoying many of the refinements of life, it also preserves them from many dangers to which pampered citizens are exposed.

But if the West has natural attractions of a high order, the religious and intellectual state of the peasantry has hitherto been a moral desolation. The episcopate of the late Bishop of Exeter turned out no blessing to the poor population. His lordship was unenviably successful in persecuting the right, and in advancing the wrong. His life-work belongs to the history of forms and ceremonies rather than to the annals of Christianity. Yet, to some sentimental persons, perfection is attained if a diocese has a narrow-minded political bishop, and their own parish a quaint church, a pretty graveyard, a moral sermon with correct ritualistic actings on Sundays, and no Dissenters to quarrel with during the week. If the forces expended in opposing Nonconformity had been used in spreading the best of knowledge, a few more of the poor people might have been rescued from living and dying in brutish ignorance. But with your Lauds and Philpotts how mean a thing is pastoral instruction, compared with pretty vestments and proper altar cloths !

We purpose taking our readers to the pleasant town of Plymouth, a seaport of which the Romans early realised the value, as may be learned from the relics of the imperial rule occasionally discovered. From a mere fishing station, the town rose in importance as the trade of England advanced, though it was long ere the place assumed aught of its present prosperity. Charles the Second improved the garrison ; but William the Third did more for commerce by constructing a convenient dock. In the olden time, Plymouth contained only one parish church, but about the time of the outbreak of civil war, another was erected, which being left unconsecrated till the Restoration, was dedicated by the Plymouthians, in their extreme loyalty, to Charles the Martyr. Many readers will remember how closely connected with this vicarage of Charles is the honoured name of the devoted Hawker. The inhabitants of old Plymouth were celebrated for valorous devotedness to the honour of England, and, therefore, enjoyed a high reputation among the sailors of all nations. The Eddystone lighthouse, erected about 1696, was destroyed in the storm which desolated England a few years later, a visitation yet commemorated in an annual service at Great Queen-street Chapel, London. As a set-off against the patriotism of her ancient mariners, it may be noted that, this fair town of Plymouth meekly bears the odium of having first plagued the world with those most sectarian and disagreeable of all religious bodies, the various sects of Plymouth Brethren.

At Plymouth, during the first half of the seventeenth century, Dissent largely flourished. The Baptists mustered in strong force, to the discomfort of many good people, who confounded the principles of the Baptists with political retrogression and anarchy. But it was not until the outbreak of civil war that the stern Puritans of the west demonstrated to England their stoutness of heart, and loyalty to the constitution. The

descendants of those who first descried the Spanish Armada, and who lighted the first beacon fire half-a-century before, now, from their trusty ordnance thundered death and defiance at the royal forces from the impregnable ramparts. While the surrounding district was shaken and distracted by the shock of arms, Plymouth enjoyed comparative tranquillity, and was, moreover, greatly favoured in her religious teachers. Besides Abraham Cheare, the subject of our present sketch, there was George Hughes, whose natural capacities and knowledge surpassed the learning and ability of his Baptist contemporary. But in those days the denominations were widely separated in sympathy, and we therefore cannot discover if any friendship existed between the two divines. Probably they differed as much in predilection and sentiment as in pastoral procedure. We regard Cheare as meek and retiring, and as a conscientious, uncompromising exponent of the tenets distinguishing him from other Puritans. He appears to have been a man who knew his strength, while aware of his deficiencies. On the other hand, Hughes rises before us as a scholar whose moral bravery moved the anger of Laud, while it commanded the patronage of the Russells; for silenced by the archbishop in London, he was installed into the pulpit of Tavistock by the Bedford family—a house ennobled by Christianity as well as by broad acres and Norman blood. Plymouth was highly favoured in possessing two such preachers as Hughes and Cheare. The former shortly before, was, as above stated, settled at Tavistock, where his earnestness in the work of evangelisation was such that, he almost repeated the experience of Baxter at Kidderminster. War troubled the surrounding country; Cavalier artillery vainly battered the Plymouth earthworks; but the home of Master Hughes, for the time being, was changed into a Puritan rendezvous. Numbers who sought a retreat from the abounding troubles, there found a hospitable shelter, made the more valuable by the generous welcome accompanying its bestowal.

Abraham Cheare deserves to be ranked among the Christian heroes of Devonshire. His parents were poor inhabitants of Plymouth, and zealous abettors of the Puritan interest. Having to gain their bread by daily toil, this worthy couple could do but little for their son; and, therefore, young Cheare in youth was blessed with more work than culture, and on assuming the pastorate of the Baptist church, his mind was only scantily stored with that knowledge so indispensable to those who would successfully build up or awaken others. But if dull at trade, Cheare was quick at mastering books, and so rose into a competent expounder of the gospel.

Cheare spent his whole life in Plymouth, with the exception of the time occupied in a journey to London, and the dreary months of his imprisonments. We learn with what extraordinary ardour the religious population entered on the war, when we find such as this young evangelist serving in the trained bands, without pay, and in the lowest ranks. He was certainly a brave man. When needful he was ready to defend home and country in the earthworks at Plymouth. When justified in following the path of his inclinations he propounded the principles of peace. To crown all, he died testifying for freedom in a loathsome gaol.

What occurred during the early portion of the pastorate of Cheare we have now no means of discovering. We suppose him to have been comparatively prosperous, for during the Commonwealth time the Baptists made rapid progress in England. The site of the original chapel cannot even be pointed out; but we know that in 1651 a meeting-house was erected in Frankfort-gate, and at that settlement all went well until the Restoration.

But though modern curiosity may constantly be balked in its enquiries concerning the every-day life of our Puritan ancestors, we now and again, from a time-stained pamphlet, or a half-legible manuscript, obtain revelations of the state of society in those stern days, no less interesting than instructive. We proceed to give an illustration of this fact.

In the middle years of that eventful seventeenth century the ordinance of believers' baptism, because held in such high estimation, was defended with a zest and a perseverance unknown in our own time. It is probable that many well-meaning, but half-informed persons, associated the rite with divers virtues without any scriptural authority. It is also likely that, the temptation to exaggerate was encouraged by the insinuations of on-lookers, who averred that, in instances of weakness, danger to health, or even to life, attended baptism by immersion. As in our own times, many ministers of those days steadfastly maintained that the most delicate never sustained permanent injury by their public confession; but when others, in almost wanton extravagance, presumed to allege that diseases might be permanently cured by baptism, the judicious unmistakably dissented. During the otherwise uneventful pastorate of Cheare at Plymouth there occurred a remarkable instance of this delusion. It fell out that one Captain Langdon, on being converted among the Baptists, found a serious obstacle in the way of admission to fellowship in a deeply-rooted consumption, which to common observers seemed to be fast hastening him to the grave. Yet, no sooner did this man embrace Baptist principles than he averred that, in his case, the ordinance so despised by the thoughtless, and even by other denominations, would be found to possess healing power such as would glorify God and astonish the world. What the profane or the clergy contemned, the Lord would vindicate, by making the waters of a Devonshire stream as potent to heal as the ancient pool which the angel troubled. Vainly did sober members of the denomination shake their heads in disapproval of this false confidence, or, as some considered it, this wanton tempting of the Almighty. The truth is, the man had a longing desire to be healed, and it is probable that an enthusiasm common to those times carried his faith beyond the limits of reason. In this state of mind, and under these circumstances, he sent for Cheare; but, hindered as he tells us, by a chain of providences, the pastor only saw the candidate shortly prior to the day of baptism. By a narration of the peculiar circumstances of the case during an interview with the captain, Cheare was sufficiently astonished. In those days baptisms were undertaken in the open air, at the nearest convenient stream, the state of the weather never appearing to have been much considered. The time we are now speaking of was the middle of January, with an intense frost, and a piercing east wind. The patient and subject for

church fellowship, was an invalid apparently within a few days of breathing his last. Given over by the surgeons, he lay completely helpless, the outer air being carefully excluded from his apartment on account of the violent cough by which his feeble frame was shaken. Through excessive weakness his head hung upon his bosom, while his weak voice was all but inaudible. When seated he could only rise with effort, and when up could not walk without assistance. For weeks previously sleep had forsaken him, but his faith seemingly rose in proportion to his weakness. Such were the extraordinary circumstances by which a number of western ministers found themselves perplexed. So troubled, indeed, was Cheare that he spent nearly a night in prayer, with his "soul exceedingly clouded, and unable to see through it." A number of persons acquainted with the affair believed that God would vindicate the ordinance by not allowing harm to spring from its observance; but these set down as presumption the attempt to attach to baptism any healing power. In the meantime, the captain appeared to be sinking. Strength, sleep, and voice seemed to forsake him simultaneously. At length the day of baptism came, and it was arranged that Cheare should officiate. After a number of persons were immersed, Langdon, supported by an attendant, rode up and desired the ordinance; but the pastor frankly confessed that his want of faith would prevent his compliance with the request. While the crowd stood wondering at this spectacle, the invalid's wish was honoured by another minister in the throng. On ascending from the water, Langdon affected recovery. He climbed a steep hill without his attendant. He went home, slept, and ate well, and coughed less. He rejoiced to think that God had owned his ordinance, though because not cured, he confessed to being humbled. Subsequently his friends reported this man as growing better and better, but what became of him finally does not transpire.

All this happened prior to the Restoration. The reinstating of the Stuarts brought little beside disaster to the Dissenters, and none more keenly realised the distress than the Baptist denomination. In town and country the lynx eyes of informers searched out recusants. Here and there Churchmen of sufficient boldness were found to speak favourably of Dissenters, and among them stood forth John Hill, rector of Newton Ferrers, near Plymouth. But indiscretions of this hue were classed among high offences. Anglican pastors might plant May-poles, patronise ale-houses, and instruct their flocks in the art of Sabbath afternoon sportings; but to apologise for Nonconformity was intolerable. Very properly therefore, in the opinion of many, John Hill was reported in London, and the list of his crimes must have sufficed to make the ears of the least sensitive tingle. He favoured Anabaptists. He justified the murder of Charles the First. Formerly he prayed for Cromwell, and contemned the common prayer. The authorities were urged to rid the parish of this impudent ecclesiastic. These records buried beneath the dust and litter of two centuries provoke a smile, or indignation, according to the temperament of those who read them. Yet we may remember that the society then rejoicing in the leadership of Cheare, possibly included some zealots common in those unsettled times—zealots who supposing their own clique possessed the oracles of truth, denounced all others as being in the gall of bitterness. At

Plymouth many of this class were found, who, on proceeding to set their fellows right with a violent hand, interfered with the venerable George Hughes. In other words a noisy party of Baptists, Quakers, and seamen sought to exclude the Prayer-book from the parish church. History does not say whether Cheare sanctioned these riotous reformers; but it does tell us that the pastor's bold conscientiousness secured his lodgment in Exeter gaol, *e.g.*

“ Nigh four years since, sent out from hence to Exon gaol was I ;
But special grace, in three months' space, wrought out my liberty.
Till Bartholomew in sixty-two, that freedom did remain ;
Then without bail, to Exon gaol, I hurried was again.”

While languishing in a noisome prison in 1662, Cheare's lot was yet further embittered by tidings of the ways which the authorities found out of vexing his people. Many of the “ poor lambs,” as he fondly styles them, were fined for non-attendance at church. And, moreover, while he lay lounging for sunshine, pure air, and liberty, in that terrible summer of the plague in England, divers items of news from the outer world relieved the monotony of solitude. He heard how the bishop, after making a grand entrance into the beautiful Exeter, was stricken by a fearful disease; and how the troops quartered in the town were about to be employed in searching the homesteads of Nonconformists. More welcome was news from the neighbouring churches. Of these, some were prosperous notwithstanding the pressure of the times. Others were left unmolested amidst the “ fear and fury ” of the Restoration.

Then occurred some touching incidents of prison experience. Certain large-hearted ones remembered Cheare and his fellow sufferers by sending them a parcel of provisions. The acknowledgment of this bounty occupies eight pages of Crosby's History.

The pastor's death was in all respects worthy of his life. Besides being a spectacle such as Puritans loved to witness, so noble an example of quiet triumph was calculated greatly to inspirit survivors in persevering in the right. In the days of Charles the Second, imprisonment really meant a slow death. The prisons being confined and dirty, the lives of the wretched inmates were cut short by bad diet and impure air. Thus utterly reduced in health and strength the pastor lay in March, 1668. Being too weak to make the effort, he requested a bystander to raise his arms, when he implored those surrounding his bed to remain faithful unto death in spite of abounding perils. Just prior to his departure, one observing his distress in breathing, stepped up and spoke in his ear, “ ‘ They looked unto the Lord and were lightened ; ’ a right look will bring relief under all difficulties.” “ Yea,” returned Cheare, and they were his last words, “ and their faces were not ashamed.”

The above is about all we know respecting the personal history of Abraham Cheare. As a pastor he seems to have been zealous and successful ; and as a man his character will command the respect of posterity. Though as an author, he is now entirely forgotten, his little books were comparatively popular two hundred years ago. There are three publications in which he is known to have had a hand. “ Sighs for Zion ” is a quarto of twenty-two pages, and appeared in 1656. “ Words in Season ” was issued about the time of its author's death in 1668.

“A Looking-glass for Children” came out as a posthumous publication, and went through several editions.

It is quaintly interesting to turn over the leaves of books, forgotten in this busy age, but which our fathers read and prized. In Cheare’s “Looking-glass,” we have a favourable specimen of juvenile literature of the Puritan era; and such as delighted the children of many a quiet household on Sabbath afternoons, while the loyal host were dancing and shouting on village greens. Our quotations are illustrative of the times, if not characterised by superior ability: *e.g.*

“When this child—*i.e.* one Mary Warren who was ten years of age at the Restoration—once had a plain new tammy coat, and when she was made ready to be carried with other children into Moorfields; but having looked upon her coat, how fine she was, she presently went to her chair, sat down, her tears running down her eyes, she wept seriously by herself. Her mother seeing it said to her, ‘How now, are ye not well. What’s the matter that you weep?’ The child answered, ‘Yes I am well, but I would I had not been made ready, for I am afraid my fine clothes will cast me down to hell.’ Her mother said, ‘It’s not our clothes, but wicked hearts that hurt us.’ She answered, ‘Ay, mother, fine clothes make our hearts proud.’”

One night, in February, 1659, “After General Monk had sent his letter to the Parliament to put an end to their sitting by such a time; bonfires being made the night following all over London, and some before her father’s door, when some went down to see them, this child would not. But going to the window and looking out, hearing such burnings and rantings, in the burning of rumps there, she came back, and the tears running down her cheeks, she said thus: ‘Here is a deal of wicked joy, they know not but they may be dead before the morning. Methinks I see our sins fly up to heaven as the sparks fly upward.’”

The greater portion of the “Looking Glass,” however, is poetry, and here and there may be picked out some pretty couplets, *e.g.* a young virgin is thus addressed:

“When by spectators I am told what beauty cloth adorn we,
Or in a glass when I behold how sweetly God did form me.
Hath God such comeliness displayed, and on me made to dwell?
’Tis pity such a charming maid as I should go to hell.”

Here is some advice from a prison, and written for a little boy:

“Spend not your days in wanton plays, though naughty boys entice;
They first begin with little sin, but end in deadly vice.
If naughty boys allure with toys to sin, or lies to tell;
Then tell them plain, you tempt in vain, such ways go down to hell.”

It is very affecting, even after two hundred years, to find the old confessor referring in this manner to his prison on the fever-smitten island:

“The presence of a gracious God doth this a palace make;
It makes the bitter of the rod be sweet for Jesus’ sake.”

Then again, happy must that prison have been whence issued such a song as this:

“Let me thy beauty see, thy countenance behold;
Thy rays of grace fixt in my face, more rich than massy gold.
Let royal robes of praise and righteousness adorn me;
Which one may bring before the King, however mortals scorn me.
Let treasures of thy grace, a portion rich endow me,
In lasting bags though here in rags, men scarce a bit allow me.
If comeliness I want, thy beauty may I have;
I shall be fair beyond compare though crippled to my grave.”

Finally, would not this caution, addressed to a seventeenth century virgin, be seasonable in our own day to many English maidens?—

“ ’Tis true a maid can scarce forget her ornamental ’tire ;
The virgins her at naught will set, whose aim is fixed higher,
But should I my bright morning waste, to make me trim and fine ;
’Twill be but bitterness at last if Christ be none of mine.”

Could not the lives of many more quaint and valuable, but almost forgotten, Nonconformists be recovered by a little industrious research among the provincial meeting houses of England?

[For Abraham Cheare and the Dissenters of old Plymouth, see Crosby’s English Baptists ; Brooke’s History of the Puritans ; Rippon’s Annual Register ; the Calendars of State Papers, Domestic Series, Charles II. ; Cheare’s publications enumerated above, and the Wilson MSS. in Dr. Williams’s Library. To this list we are glad to be able to add, “ Authentic records of the Christian church now meeting in George Street and Mutley Chapels, Plymouth, 1640 to 1870. Compiled by Henry M. Nicholson. London : E. Stock. Price Eighteen-pence.” Mr. Nicholson has earned the thanks of the religious world for the patient industry with which he has collected all available information respecting his subject. Being himself a member of the church at Plymouth, the compiler of this little book is fired by an enthusiastic admiration of his hero, who appears to have been the first pastor of a society which is a parent church in the district. When an historian’s research concerns so worthy a creature as Abraham Cheare, a little partiality is rather commendable than otherwise, and many readers, beyond the boundary of the Western Association, will be glad to possess Mr. Nicholson’s brochure.]

The Fly on the Glass.

MEDITATING at a window, in a sort of day-dream, a fly continued to pass before me. Mechanically I sought to catch it. I put my finger quickly to the pane, but the fly was gone. I followed it and clapped my hand on the very spot it occupied, but I had not taken it. Yet there it was just under my hand. Why had I failed? Excellent reason, the insect was on the other side of the glass. Ye sons of men who seek pleasure in the things of this world, ye must miss it : even when it seems within your grasp ye cannot reach it. Happiness is not to be found on your side of Christ and the new birth, except in seeming. Ye are victims of a delusion, your chase is vanity, your end will be disappointment. Were ye converted so as to see God’s side of things—the true, the real, the wise—then might ye find rest unto your souls, but now it is far from you. The object of pursuit being so much more worthy of effort than a poor fly, you should be the more intent upon seeking it so as actually to obtain possession of it. It were a sad business if at last you should be lost after great effort to be happy, and all because your energies were foolishly expended. Wisely to see happiness to be what and where it is, so as not to seek it where it is not, will save you from the rebuke implied in that ancient question, “ Wherefore do ye spend your money for that which is not bread, and your labour for that which satisfieth not?”

Making an Inventory.

ACCORDING to the newspapers the Empress Eugénie has commanded certain of her servants to make an inventory of the imperial crown jewels. Let us hope that the task will be performed to her complete satisfaction, and that not one brilliant will be found wanting. After all, the gems of the richest earthly treasury can soon be catalogued, but when heavenly things are concerned, the case is altered. The great King of kings, whose jewels are of higher worth, has never allotted such a duty to any of *his* servants, nor could they have performed it. The jewels of our King are "a number that no man can number." The Lord knoweth them that are his, but no other being shares that infallible knowledge. Only very foolish persons ever try to catalogue all the saints of God, and those who profess to do so are sure to omit some of the most precious and insert numbers of counterfeits. There are fewer of heaven's jewels than laxity would judge, but more than bigotry would allow. The "making up" of the jewels is reserved for another day, and will be performed by one who cannot err.

Pleasant Voices from across the Channel.

VOICE THE THIRD.

"Jesus said . . . I am."

"Go to Mourier!" echoed our *Maitre d'Hotel*, in consternation: "go to Mourier, and on foot? It is not possible, at least, for Madame. Why! it is almost a couple of leagues off." Nevertheless, Tom and I, tempted by a cool day, and a second-hand description of that *delicious promenade*, resolved to undertake it. Quitting the high-road, our footpath twined up the face of an ascent, till, like Jack atop of his bean stalk, we found ourselves on a high platform of moor, where the east wind was blowing in keen gusts more Scottish than French. The solitude by-and-by became complete, unbroken either by cottage or hut. On across the expanse of stunted grass we plodded, glimpsing once or twice at shepherds stalking in advance of their flocks, and clad from neck to heel in a long coat, made after the model of Brian O'Linn's renowned breeches—

"Of pure white sheep's skin,
With the skin outside out,
And the wool inside in."

But, putting jesting apart, it really was an instructive and comforting Scripture commentary. to observe how these leaders guided and cared for their helpless fleecy followers. Always going first, be the ground ever so rough, still saying, "come," never "go." And then the long crook, *so long*, that with it even outsiders of the drove could be got at. How gently, yet surely, was it used, to draw on the lagging, and pull back the strayed!

One shepherd, especially, interested us by his insight into what might be termed the idiosyncrasies of his charges, joining to the "marching orders" individualisms concerning the sheep to whom he uttered them! "Come along, Bob, do get over your sulks for once, just to please me." "Mitte, my friend, how often must I warn you not to pull your neighbour's tail? it is a very bad habit indeed." (Listen, humanity at large.) "Courage, my children, courage; are you not going home?" Ah! that *last* was the best of all. The verse of practical application, most cheering to pilgrims in this big world-wilderness! "Courage, my children, you are going home." Tired and rather hungry, we began at last to wonder where Mourier was, and whether our landlord had not drawn the reverse of a long bow in naming a league and a-half as its distance from the hotel. We rubbed our eyes and gazed anew, but like "Sister Anne," of fairy-tale memory, "saw nothing save the green grass a-growing, and the white clouds a-blowing." "When things are at the worst," says a consolatory proverb, "they begin to mend." And sure enough, just as Tom and I are half resolving to turn tail, here is the desired hamlet, ensconced in a chasm close at our feet—the queerest, most romantic, little leafy dell conceivable; so perfectly hidden that when we came on it we felt as if a rift had suddenly opened in the moor. We scrambled down a precipitous road, much overgrown with ivy, and then (I blush to say) instead of flying into poetical rhapsodies, made straight for a food shop. It proved to be the general store, clean, neat, and white-muslin-curtained. Besides hot coffee and bread, one might procure extraordinary looking sugar-tarts, cigars, felt caps, strings of dried apples, scarlet shawls with broad yellow borders, and an authentic likeness of Saint Lawrence, in course of being done brown over a jolly good fire. There was also to be had a bird's-eye view of that place where go the unshriven, "for whom no mass has been sung, no bell has been rung." An awful place it would appear to be, directly opposite flowery gardens, where amid the lilies of paradise, are seen disporting themselves those lucky blessed ones, who providentially invested of their worldly substance in masses for their souls.

Being fed and rested, it did not take us long to do the Mourier lions. There were cottages set anyhow, up and down, among the steep cliffs, in utter disregard of Imperial rectangularism. And there was the big barley-field, and the lesser ditto. In the former of these, nearly the entire population was occupied in "shearing." Among the rest a beautiful Ruth and an oldish man, who but for imperfect nether garments and a battered hat, would have looked Boaz to the life. In front of one of the cottages, literally twirling his aged thumbs in peace, under his private vine, sat a chatty patriarch. He advised us to go to St. L—— on the morrow, as a great many young people were there and then to make their first communion; his two grandchildren among others. "The young curé at St. L—— is a good man," he added; "yes; actually good, and beloved by his people. I assure you, *Monsieur et Madame*, it is really *quite true*, they *do* like him." This was evidently considered an abnormal state of parochial relationship.

We followed the old man's advice, and on the finest possible of Sabbath mornings climbed to that nest-like little village of St. L——, perched, ever so far, up a hill-side. Up we mounted, past the modest

presbytère * past detached huts half smothered in apple trees, past the hamlet itself, so exceedingly whitewashed! past a difficult slanting green lane running betwixt a couple of tall privet hedgerows, till, out of breath, and, beauty-entranced, we stood before the open gateway of a small, ancient, Gothic chapel. The interior of the sanctuary was a queer conglomerate of antique sculpture, new whitewash, and gay flower wreaths. This incongruity was not toned down by dim, religious semi-darkness, but showed bravely in the plentiful daylight that streamed through unstained lancet windows, and the sweet, wholesome mountain air stealing in at the open doors. The altar was a remarkable specimen of ecclesiastical "fixings." Over a table, that looked quite bridal in white lace ruffles and satin rosettes, hung an oblong dressing glass in a gilt frame, supported by a brace of saucy-featured cherubs. In front of this mirror stood the busts (in marble and gold) of a couple of popes; and the manner in which their holinesses seemed to peer at their own unshorn visages, gave one the uncomfortable impression that the poor old men were caught in the fact of taking a chance shave on some female body's premises.

The ceremony we had come to witness was pretty, and the *mise-en-scène* perfect in its unsophistication. Forty peasant lads and lasses filed in with all the traditional magnificence of a grand procession. Traditional, for the banners of red and orange calico, tapers of roughly-painted wood, with bunches of flowers for flames! and palpably dyed lavender satin streamers, were positively affecting in their simplicity. Primitive, too, were the healthy-looking communicants, in orthodox white veils, which, arguing from their thick linen texture, and tiny scarlet initial letters at one corner, had been pocket handkerchiefs, and might probably again be used in that capacity. And lastly, though not least telling in the "get-up," were the snow-white scarfs of the bloused communicants, arranged on the incontrovertible axiom, "That a necktie is a necktie," as no doubt it is.

What the unmusical covenanter called "a kist fu' o' whistles," was a touch beyond St. L——, but some anthems were beautifully chanted by clear young voices, and when, after various uppings and downings and crossings and twistings, the singers wound up by a "Hymn of self-dedication," I saw tears coming down the withered cheeks of an aged Darby and Joan, sitting lovingly in a corner, hand in hand. Poor bodies! their life-race well-nigh run, were they dreaming of that morning long ago when they, too, had stood before that altar, and sung, "O God! I'm thine;" or was memory recalling "star-eyed Ursula," once their joy and pride, but quietly mouldering these many by-past years in the churchyard outside? From the spot where now they sit, they can see, basking in the gay sunshine, her green grave mound, with its small black cross, in the centre of which is a tiny glazed picture of their lost child's patron saint, surrounded, in yellow letters, by the mournful petition, "St. Ursula, pray for us, we have lost our all!"

The countenance of the tall, dark-slim curé corroborated the patriarch's report, for it seemed amiable and frank. Decked in a gown of most dingy white satin, standing within the altar-rail, he told the new church

* Parsonage.

recruits how to quit themselves in the battle of life. His address might be summed up in three words, "Do and live." You are this day set in the heavenward groove: do not lie, do not steal, tell your beads, attend mass, confess, and there's no danger of running off the rails.

But the Holy Ghost, the sanctifier of the wayward, treacherous, human heart? In theory, at least, the curé had not so much as heard whether there be a Holy Ghost. Yet by all accounts the man was *personally* a diluted "dose" of Thomas a Kempis, sincere in his wish to serve God and his neighbour.

Next came the individual repetition of the "creed," by the communicants kneeling, and then, after sundry genuflexions, the curé just touched the sacramental cup with his lips, and administered the wafer to those at his feet. Seizing their banners and *quasi* tapers, the "lads and lasses" then quitted the church in pairs, followed by the whole congregation. As the procession wended down-hill, the males gradually dropped off, and we followed the girls into the garden of the *presbytère*, or parsonage. They went there to offer an extempore ovation of "sacred song" to the curé, who by this time had doffed his satins, donned plain black cloth, and stood on the grass plot ready to receive them. The concert ended, the performers, with bowed head and bended knee, awaited the magical benediction from their pastor's outstretched hand, and we began to feel rather *de trop** in the circumstances! So, gently closing the gate behind us, we joined some few laggards, still dawdling a-down the steep road, chatting to one, going a yard or two with another, till mostly all were housed.

Our latest companion was an aged woman, leaning on a shiny brown staff—the sweetest, most lovable old body possible, despite her bent figure and swarthy furrowed face. There was such deep rest in those dark, trusting eyes of hers; and somehow her snowy coif and apron, her peach-coloured jacket, and petticoat of pink and green stripe, gave one the general impression of apple-blossom. Having heard that a wonderful oratorical gun was expected to preach that afternoon at M——, we stopped to ask her whether the curé we had just been hearing were the man. Reply led to answer, till mutually pleased, we felt quite sorry to say adieu, on coming to a spot where her road diverged from ours. "Adieu, adieu, good friends," she said; "should we never again meet here below, we shall see each other yonder," pointing upwards, "in that beautiful heaven. We have *one* faith; is it not so?" "Nay, nay, dear woman," replied Tom; "we depend for salvation solely on Christ the Crucified. Our good works, the intercession of saints, even of that best of sanctified women, the chosen mother of our Lord's humanity: how can any, or all of these, render a sinner holy?" "Still, monsieur, I repeat it—you and madame and I have one common faith." "Stay," said I, "it is too warm and exhausting for you to stand talking; shall we go sit on that green bank, beside the hedge—see, my parasol will keep our faces from the sun, and we can discuss the question comfortably." So, thereupon, Tom and I helped the dear old pilgrim to a shady spot, and sitting down on either side of her we commenced the conversation After

* "in the way."

awhile we all fell silent and gazed in delight on the glorious view spread far beneath on the plain. Suddenly our companion grasped a hand of each of us, and exclaimed "*Oui, oui*, I shall speak; I shall show to you my poor old heart? What is in *it*? God knows quite well already! I, till to-day, did not understand it myself; at least, not enough to put into words. But you have made everything plain; now I clearly perceive what 'the great Lord' has done for me." (We had been speaking of her creed, and then I repeated ours, or rather its substance, in very plain phraseology. While I was so doing, her face assumed a quaint, puzzled expression, as if she were mentally comparing my words with some idea.)

"Madame! monsieur! do you see yon small village on this side of Ouchy? Fifty years ago I lived there; I was young then, and active. I used to carry to this place, where we now are, chickens and milk for sale. One day a young English lady arrived there. She was dying of consumption, and came, poor thing, to try the effect of our pure air. She was alone, and wore deep mourning. Nobody knew who she was, but she took a lodging in the house of very decent people. Look, it was in that house yonder, with the sloping roof of brown tiles, and the tall poplar beside the door. Well, I was bid come every day with new milk for the stranger, poor child. We had superb pasture at our place, and as for our cream, every one confessed it could not be surpassed. The sick young lady used often when I went, to be in the garden, reading or sewing, but sometimes, also, thinking much, and gazing as if at something far away in the air. Ah! she was so lonely, dear child; with sorrowful dark blue eyes, and hair exactly like that of '*La Sainte Vierge*.'* She used to ask me to fetch a cup, and would drink her milk in the garden. She never laughed, but smiled so sweetly, that it pierced my heart with pain for her. She grew thinner and thinner, weaker and weaker. (Ah! pure air cannot keep us here when death cries 'Come away.') She became just like a ghost, only a ghost would not have cheeks like pink roses lying on snow. By-and-by she could no more leave the house, nor even her bed; but the house mistress nursed her attentively, and used to repeat bits of gossip, just to amuse her.

"One day a lad from St. Authaerth came to the door selling flax. He was nephew to the innkeeper there, and mentioned that an English curé had stayed all night in his uncle's house. When this was repeated to the invalid, she cried out, 'Ah! if I could but see an English clergyman, I should die happy.' So the landlady told the young man, and he told his uncle, and in the evening the Englishman came over here. I also had just arrived with milk, when Fifine, the daughter of the house, came out to the gate, and said to me, 'Anna, Mademoiselle is dying, the English curé is with her, he desires us to enter the room, will you come?' In tears I set down my pail and stepped softly behind Fifine. Ah! *mes amis*, it was a sad sight which I beheld. On a white bed lay the young girl, her beautiful eyes full of tears, her long golden hair floating over the pillows. Ghastly pale she was, but not looking unhappy, far from that. The English curé stood beside her, holding her wasted hand. As we entered, he solemnly said, 'Let us pray.' Holding our aprons to our eyes we knelt near the door. O my Saviour,

* The holy Virgin.

thou life for the dead, thou knowest how in that prayer he did tell us about thee, and the personal sacrifice thou didst once offer for every mortal who consents to receive immortal joy! When he ended the petition, we arose from our knees, kissed his hand, and took leave of the dear young lady, who looked so death-like that I remember wishing for an *aspergès*, that I might sprinkle her with holy water as we do our dead. In one hour she expired, and the Englishman continued his journey. Ah! but in my ears and heart he left those holy words he had spoken, 'I am the Resurrection and the Life.' Never again did they leave me. Amid daily sinfulness they have exclaimed, 'I can make you clean, I only can do that.' In sorrow and loneliness (for I am an old maid, and quite solitary in the world) 'I am,' keeps me serene. Ah! you can't think how *very* serene; and in the certainty that I must soon quit this world, I feel comforted by this same, 'I am,' 'I am the resurrection from a grave that is so *triste* and quiet.' Dear Jesus, dear God! Mary, the holy Virgin is very good. The saints now with thee are very good, but thou only art my Saviour. Mine! My very own!" Verily, simplicity is near of kin to revelation. The simple trust, wherewith the old peasant rested her soul, body (and what was more difficult) her daily lot on these once-heard words, "I AM," brought to mind the baby-faith of a child to whose mother (a former school friend) I once paid a Christmas visit. "The youngest ne'er grow old." Although nearly four years of age, the little girl I speak of, still enjoyed the title of "baby." She was the merriest, prettiest, "small bundle" of a creature imaginable, with a perfect shower of golden ringlets twirling over her plump shoulders, and such a pair of deep blue eyes! not the glass-beady sort, but having in them an "oceanic profundity," which gave a wonderful degree of expression to the innocent face. Her father was, as she often said, "Far, far away over the seas, in India," but that Christmas we were a merry party notwithstanding.

A heavy snowfall lay outside the house, *dismalising* its surroundings; but mamma and I proved such capital romps, and got caught so often at blind man's buff, that the little ones declared it out and out the best holiday time in their experience.

In the better world we shall *stand* unmoved on the sea of glass. In *this* life's calmest tide there are ever breakers a-head. Ours were near. Between Christmas and New Year's Day, the mother of the family was taken ill, and measles declared itself on her children. Through the deep snow the doctor came and went, easy in mind about every patient except baby, who with her "quaint ways," had ever been his favourite. When by his pet-name of "Chicky Birdie," he now asked how she was, the strong, big man was often obliged to turn away and weep. "Oh, doctor," she would lisp piteously: "do please take away the pain from poor Birdie." "I cannot, my darling, else I would." "Well, well! oo'l do it to-morrow. Docd night!"

So things went on for some days, and then there came a night which the doctor feared would, for his sweet little patient, have no morrow. The nurse was worn out, and I volunteered to sit up with baby. Hour fled after hour, and poor, wakeful, feverish, restless Birdie was still throughout their weary length, trying, as she said, "To behave well." About half-past one in the morning, she begged I would open the

shutters and let her see the moon shining upon the pretty white trees. The wish being gratified, she was lying more quietly, when, knowing that death might be at hand, and wishful for assurance of her readiness to meet him, I said—

“Darling, perhaps you may die very soon. Should you like to go to heaven?”

“Oh, yes! To that pretty place where good children live beside Jesus.”

“But have you always been good?”

“No; because you know I was once naughty, and broke Bobby’s new dram; and to-night I was a bad girl, and cried when nurse made me swallow the nasty powder.”

“Then, my pet, how can Jesus take a naughty little girl into heaven where everybody is good?” It was a homily to see the *certified* way in which, raising her pretty curly head from the pillow, she argued thus: “Don’t you know Jesus said, ‘Suffer little children to come to me,’ and baby is little!”

The old unlettered French peasant, and the young English child, were indeed learned above all philosophy.

“I am!” Jesus said!

How we get Peace by the Substitute.

BY PASTOR C. A. DAVIS, CHESTERFIELD.

CHRI^ST is all in all to the believer. Not only at conversion, but all through life the doctrine of the cross is the life and soul of his peace. In proportion as he retains a clear view of Christ *as his Substitute*, he enjoys peace with God.

Just as the Israelite lived while the victim died, so the death of Jesus procures the life of the believer; and as the death of the animal formed the ground of all the peace and safety of the ancient Jew, so Christ’s sacrificial death forms the foundation of the assurance and comfort of him that believeth. The unforgiven man fears nothing so much as the presence of God. “Whither shall I flee from thy presence?” Conscience condemns, justice frowns, and the guilty soul seeks to hide itself from the face of justice. But from the believer, Christ has taken this fear away.

Let us try to draw out this truth of peace through a vicarious sacrifice, by the analogies offered to us in the offerings on the day of atonement. (Lev. xvi.)

The people are collected, the victims are being sacrificed; seriousness prevails, but among the true Israel there is no gloom. Walk up to one of these children of Israel, whom we will suppose to have the light of the gospel in his soul, and let us question him—

“Sir, why are they killing yonder animals?”

“For the sins of the people.”

“Are you one of the sinful people?”

“Yes.”

“But does not God’s anger burn against sinners?”

"Most certainly."

"Then, are you not afraid to stand in the congregation of the righteous, lest the Lord should destroy you?"

"No; for though a sinner, I no longer appear before the Lord as a sinner."

"What do you mean? Explain this mystery I pray you."

"My sins are not on me, they have been transferred to the goat."

"But *you* deserve to die!"

"I humbly confess that it is even so."

"Then why so secure?"

"Because the appointed victim dies instead of me."

Thus, I am a sinner and deserve to die, but I am not afraid. Not that I am better than others; indeed, I confess with trembling, that I have been worse than many, and am full of faults, but I have seen a great sight, and I am at peace. I saw the Lamb of God dying for me. The law came out against me, but Messiah took my sins; the law finding him in the sinner's place, seized him, and as on him sin was laid, he was made to die. He died willingly, for he voluntarily took my sins to save me, because he loved me; and because he thus died I am not now afraid to stand in the presence of God.

"But," enquires a friend, "will not the wrath still come upon the real sinners?" Speak again to the Israelite.

"Sir, you say you are not afraid now that the goat has died instead of you?"

"True, I have no fear now."

"But will not God's wrath still burn against you?"

"No; for it has spent itself upon the substituted victim."

"But you are the real sinner?"

"Yes; but I told you my sins are reckoned by God to be on the goat, so that it must bear the consequences, not I. Come with me, I will show you the consequences."

He leads us in the track of the man who is carrying away the dead body of the animal without the camp, into a desolate place, there to consume it with fire.

"There," says the Israelite, "are the consequences of my sins. See how the flames fasten upon the body. Mark how they rise and rage."

"But the goat never did any harm." Why burn it thus?"

"No; but it is my substitute."

"But you are the sinner, how comes it that you are not lying there on the fire, to be consumed for your own personal sin?"

"The goat is my substitute."

"But the fire, having done with the goat, will surely seize upon you."

"Wait and see," replies the ancient believer.

The fire burns until the body is quite consumed, and then it dies out, leaving only the ashes.

"The wrath is *spent*, the fire is out; there is no more fire left to fasten on me," the Israelite rejoices as he exclaims, "even thus *the wrath is spent*, and I still live; I am safe; there is no condemnation." The cooling ashes seem to echo "no condemnation."

Thus with me—I might well have dreaded God's wrath, but I do not dread it now, for I have beheld the Lamb of God enduring to the

utmost the penalty of transgression. The vials of just vengeance have been emptied out on Jesus, my sacrifice. He cried, by reason of his pain, "Save me, O God! the waters are come in unto my soul. I sink in deep waters where there is no standing. All thy waves and thy billows are gone over me. Thy wrath lieth hard upon me. I am poured out like water, all my bones are out of joint, and thou hast brought me into the dust of death." Thus wrath is perfectly satisfied, appeased, spent; it demands no other victim, and I still live.

"But are you not afraid that after all you will be banished from the presence of God? for by your own confession that is what you deserve."

No, for I behold the Lamb of God banished for me. Come, speak again to the Israelite.

"Sir, must not sinners be banished from God?"

"Yes, for he is of purer eyes than to behold iniquity, and cannot look upon sin."

"Then you will be banished from the presence of the Lord?"

"No, I shall not."

"Why?"

"My sin, as I told you, is on the goat, and now behold another figure; behold the scapegoat is banished instead of the offender. See the 'fit man' leading it away! It is led forth into the wilderness to be banished from the presence of God and man, to utter alone its piteous cry among the mountains until it is smitten by a lightning-flash, or falls a prey to wild beasts, or perishes among the rocks of the desert."

"Are you not, being guilty, afraid of that fate for yourself?"

"No, for I am now undergoing it in the person of the victim, and justice will not twice punish me for the same sins. How can I undergo the sentence twice, while justice sits on the throne of heaven?"

Thus have I seen the Lamb of God banished for me from the presence of God and man, and cast out of earth as unfit to live; forsaken by God until he cried in extremest agony, "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?" When he took my sins on himself God turned away his face, and made him to suffer all the hell of banishment from heaven, from love, from his Father's sensible favour. Now I shall not be banished, for he endured that for me.

A curious enquirer still objects. "Your sins will not, however, be forgotten by God. They will surely appear to confront you at the last tremendous day."

I am not afraid of this either, for I have seen the Lamb of God bearing away my sins into a land of forgetfulness. But to scatter the suspicion, speak again to this well-instructed descendant of Abraham.

"Sir, are you now quite at peace since the scapegoat is banished?"

"Quite at peace."

"How if God should remember your sins, and still visit them upon you?"

"How can he when they are gone, gone, gone?"

"Explain."

"Did you not see the man take away the goat into the wilderness?"

"Yes."

"Did you see what Aaron had solemnly done before its departure?"

"What was it?"

"He laid both his hands on the head of the goat, and confessed over it my sins, so transferring my sins to the goat, and then as a sinbearer he sent it away. My sins then are sent away. They are gone never to be found again. I am free from them."

Thus have I beheld the Lamb of God. He took my sins and bore them away into a land of forgetfulness. I have heard my Father say, "Your sins and your iniquities will I remember no more. I have cast them into the depths of the sea. I have blotted them out as a thick cloud." Have you not seen the sun blot out the clouds? So has my God blotted out my sins. "I have cast all thy sins behind my back." Where is that? Even hell and destruction are before the Lord. What does he mean by behind his back, but into utter annihilation? My sins shall never rise again; not the ghost of one of them shall reappear to haunt or distress a child of God at the great day of account.

But an anxious heart says, "I am not yet comfortable." Why? "I am not assured concerning the Lord's agreeing to all this, and if he does not consent, all is vain. If all be true, I cannot but feel satisfied, but I am not sure that God is satisfied. I don't see why he should be. I deserved to have been put to death myself. Why should he agree to the innocent one suffering for me?" Let the ancient believer again answer. We will ask him—

"Sir, are you now at rest?"

"Perfectly at rest."

"But suppose the main prop of all your hope should fail? Suppose the foundation should be lacking?"

"What is that?"

"The Lord's acceptance of it all."

"Be not in doubt, for we have a sure token of that. The Lord is satisfied. Look towards the Tabernacle. See you that curling column of smoke ascending towards heaven?"

"Yes."

"That is the smoke of the burnt-offering—the offering of sweet savour—that ascending sacrifice is the token of God's acceptance, 'tis the rainbow of the whole; God's seal upon this day's work. God says by that, I am well pleased, go in peace."

So have I beheld the Lamb of God accepted for me. God raised him from the dead, and the ascending Jesus is the pledge of my ascending in God's good time. "God is well pleased for his righteousness' sake. He has magnified the law and made it honourable. Him hath God exalted a Prince and a Saviour, to give repentance and remission." I hear the Father saying as he bends in complacency over the cross, "This is my beloved Son in whom I am well pleased," and he delighteth in me now.

"Oh," says the sinner, "but if I could have an assurance that it is accepted in heaven!"

You shall have it. We will speak again to our friend the Israelite.

"Sir, have you any other token of God's acceptance than this?"

"Yes, the high priest has given me one."

"What is it?"

"He has just taken fire and incense into the Holiest of all, and the

cloud of incense rose and covered the mercy-seat, and then he sprinkled upon it the blood of my sacrifice, yes, the very blood of the sacrifice, and by this I know I am accepted."

So have I been blessed with the same assurance. Jesus, ascended to heaven, intercedes for me. His prayers, delightful to God, are like the incense cloud, they ensure my acceptance. "He ever liveth to make intercession." He is my forerunner there, and on the very throne itself I behold the Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world; the Lamb of God who died for me, accepted and enthroned as my substitute, and I too am accepted in the Beloved.

Thus have I tried to set forth the Lamb of God. If you would be saved, all you have to do is to "behold" him. To behold him is, in other words, to trust him. "Look unto me, and be ye saved." Behold the salvation God has provided, accept it with joy, receive a full and gracious pardon, for the sake of the Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world, and "*go in peace.*"

"The Methodist Demosthenes."

BY EDWARD LEACH.

NO romance can equal in interest the story of Christian work done in the face of peculiar difficulties. The agents whom God has employed, the nature of the soil upon which they have worked, the strategy which hindrances have suggested, the indomitable ardour with which their purpose has been carried out, and, in many instances, the remarkable fruits of their unwearied toil, lend to any record, however humbly written, a charm which no other subject can afford. The Bible itself is, for the most part, a narrative of religious effort—of God's dealings with Israel, the prophet's teachings of a rebellious people, the labours of our divine Master and of his first evangelists in propagating truth. The life of the apostle Paul and the history of his work, constitute not only an important chapter in the history of the human race, but a most thrilling story of the hardships, fatigues, persecutions, hindrances, and successes which, more or less, attend the labours of every earnest missionary to an indifferent or heathenish people; and the history of Christian effort in all parts of the world is an addition to the Acts of the Apostles, and a continuance of God's acts of grace to the children of men.

The records of the labours of some of the earlier Methodists present as fascinating a picture as can be found of work done for Christ in this country. Wesley's energy served as a stimulant to his followers, whose zeal was so well sustained as never to appear to flag, even in the presence of the densest ignorance and the most appalling indifference. The less speculative the men the more useful were they in arousing the unconverted and in inspiring a professing church with higher sentiments as to its duty to the world. Their controversial gifts may not have been very great, but their undeniable enthusiasm for the salvation of souls renders their memories honourable even to those who,

theologically, are removed many degrees from them. God highly exalted these lowly preachers of his Son, and their abundant labours led to a revival of religion in this country, the benefits of which the church is still reaping.

One of the earliest, best known, and most able of the Methodists was Samuel Bradburn, flatteringly designated by his brethren "The Demosthenes of Methodism." His name has "long been a household word in Methodist circles," and many of his pleasantries and anecdotes still linger in the memories of those who heard of them from their parents and deceased friends. His popularity as a persuasive preacher appears to have been very great, and his character was held in the highest esteem by all who came within the sphere of his pious influence. A memorial of such a man is acceptable, and we accord a hearty meed of praise to the author of the handsome little volume* which Mr. Stock has just published—a compilation which brings fairly before us the life of this laborious Methodist preacher.

Bradburn was a self-made man, possessed of all the manly qualities which self-help generally fosters. He was born at Gibraltar, where his father served as a soldier; he went to school only for a fortnight, and his education altogether cost no more than twopence! His father, however, having become a Christian about the time when Samuel most needed godly instruction, he brought up his son carefully and tenderly. As a lad he had serious impressions, and on his removal to England, and his apprenticeship in Chester to a shoemaker, those impressions were deepened by the powerful discourses he heard from a Methodist preacher. Growing remiss, however, in private prayer, he fell into the ways of the world, and eventually served the flesh greedily. As soon as his better convictions were drowned, he began violently to hate that which once he had professed to love. He cursed the Methodists, made sport of their devotional services, and went so far as sometimes to strike those who were engaged in prayer. He read profane and impure literature, sold some of his father's few books, neglected work, gambled, and got into debt. For four years he continued in this evil course, paining and almost breaking the hearts of his poor parents. Saturday night and Sunday were spent in gaming and drinking, Monday was idled away with other sons of St. Crispin, whose idolatry of laziness on that day is proverbial, and frequently he was compelled to work all night at the end of the week, and even to live two days on a penny loaf.

At the age of eighteen he was afflicted in body, and the Spirit of God brought him to realise his wretched condition as a sinner. His distraction and anguish of mind and gloomy apprehensions of a portending doom led him almost to despair. Somewhat relieved through religious conversation with a friend, he resolved to attend the Methodist services, hoping there to find the relief for which he had prayed. His previous bad conduct towards these good folks made him feel at first ashamed to meet them, but he went. "I rose very early," he says in his diary, "that I might pray alone before the preaching, and often (mistaking the time) have been at the preaching-house at two o'clock in

* "The Life of Samuel Bradburn, the Methodist Demosthenes." By T. W. BLANSHARD. London: Elliot Stock.

the morning instead of five, in the dead of winter, and have continued walking to and fro, crying and praying before the preacher began." Like many others, he ignorantly hoped that he might save himself by his own works. "So dark was my mind grown, through the deceitfulness of sin, that I did various kinds of penance. I fasted to an extreme; I roamed about the fields till the wind and rain almost caused the skin to peel off my cheeks; I often put my feet in cold water, and sat on the side of a ditch, till the pain nearly took away my senses." For three months he continued seeking peace in various ways, until by casting himself unreservedly upon the mercy of the Lord, his soul mounted into the ecstasy of a realised pardon. A month afterwards, he joined the Methodist society, and became most diligent in attending the many and varied services of the meeting-house. As a young convert, he found not only much to learn, but much also to unlearn; but the discipline through which he then went became of permanent service to him in after days.

The preliminary experiences of a man whom God has called to the work of the ministry are too painful and sacred for analysis or description. This, the unhappiest moment in life, because full of grievous struggles and direst apprehensions—sometimes struggles between duty and disinclination, at others between fear and hope—is with many, perhaps most, of God's servants, a necessary preparatory trial. Bradburn felt it keenly, and vainly tried, as many others have done, to resist the leadings of the Spirit. Conscience smote him, everything went ill with him, nothing prospered—what was he to do? He left his home and went to Liverpool, but his heart was still heavy. At last he surrendered to the divine will, and commenced preaching as opportunity allowed. John Fletcher, of Madeley, afforded him much encouragement, and the effects of his preaching were largely satisfactory. After labouring at cobbling during the week, Bradburn would walk twenty miles to preach three times on the Sabbath, choosing those places which were most neglected, and in some villages meeting with very rough usage. This was particularly the case at Flint, where, he says, the people were more like savage beasts than human beings. Sometimes horses were lent him for his journeys; but whether with or without such assistance, he persevered in his laborious efforts.

Bradburn was evidently a simple-hearted man, without any pretensions, he, therefore, felt disturbed when he was appointed for the Liverpool circuit. "By not preaching often," he says, "in the same place, I have not stood in need of much variety; about forty sermons have been my extent. I now find myself greatly straitened. I see, indeed, abundance of matter in the Scriptures; but, alas! I know not how to bring it forth; nor even, at times, what to do for a text. Lord, help me." This experience, incident to most young ministerial beginners, did not distress him for long. By the end of the succeeding year, he had travelled many hundreds of miles, and preached several hundreds of sermons. He says, "I have travelled a great many miles on a poor old horse, that is ready to fall under me, and have no money to buy another. . . . I lament that I have not a friend to converse with, from whom I receive any relief." Soon after, without a horse, for the poor creature died, and with only ten and sixpence, he asks what was a

poor itinerant to do? When brought to "the last shilling" he met Mr. Wesley, who assisted him, as he did frequently. On one occasion, when Bradburn was brought very low—for his income was not quite forty pounds a year—he laid his case before Wesley, who sent him the following pithy reply with an enclosure of five pound-notes:—

"Dear Sammy.—Trust in the Lord and do good, so shalt thou dwell in the land, and verily thou shalt be fed.

Yours affectionately,

JOHN WESLEY."

Bradburn's reply was equally characteristic and pertinent:—

"Rev. and dear Sir,—I have often been struck with the beauty of the passage of Scripture quoted in your letter. but I must confess that I never saw such *useful expository notes* upon it before. I am, rev. and dear sir, your obedient and grateful servant,
S. BRADBURN."

In 1776, he was removed by Conference, to Limerick, and here he met with the lady who subsequently became his wife. "There is a tradition about him and a brother minister who occupied the same bed one night, that Bradburn's mind being so harassed with the perplexities of courtship, he could not sleep; and, getting up, he knelt by the bedside, and after praying for divine direction in the choice of a wife, he added, with touching fervency, 'But, Lord, let it be Betsy!' His bed-fellow, whom he thought fast asleep, humorously responded 'Amen,' and then broke out into a hearty laugh at poor Bradburn's expense." There was some little difficulty in securing the hand of "the lovely Miss Nangle," but Wesley settled the matter satisfactorily, and Bradburn was in due course made happy. During the time of his stay in Ireland, he was very diligent in preaching, sometimes delivering as many as fifty-three sermons a month. Towards the end of 1780, he removed to Keighley in Yorkshire. "Seven years since," he writes, "I left home without scrip or purse, and blessed be the Lord, I have neither saved a farthing of money, or money's worth, except a few books. And though I have a family to provide for, I can trust thee, O my God, as well as when alone." His want of money proved a great trial; his family fell sick, his child, and then afterwards his wife, died. Wesley relieved him as far as possible; and Bradburn gives an interesting account of his leader's benevolence. In travelling with Wesley, he knew how his accounts stood, and he testified that in one year, to his knowledge, Wesley gave away, in private charities, above fourteen hundred pounds! "He told me in London, in the year 1787, that he never gave away out of his own pocket less than a thousand pounds a year. To enable him to do this, he had, first, the profits of the books which the preachers sold (except ten per cent. which some of them took for about eighteen years past). This proves (let him have died worth what he may) that all he had in strict justice belonged to the body of the preachers. These kept themselves low to put it into his power to be thus liberal, because they loved him: but for them he could not have done it. He had, secondly, from London and Bristol on an average about £150 per annum by private subscriptions. Thirdly, the society in London gave him £30 a year, which was all the fixed stipend he had. Fourthly, every year almost there were legacies left him. Fifthly, as he went his journeys, the friends in each

large society where he preached generally gave him a few pounds when he was going away. Thus, literally, having nothing, he possessed all things; and though poor he made many rich." Methodist preachers in those days were not allured to the ministry by hopes of large stipends; for even in so large a circuit as that of Bradford, a preacher's yearly income was less than £33, and Methodists had not as yet learnt the grace of liberality. Bradburn's temporal concerns gave him much uneasiness at times, and yet he was delivered from tormenting fear. Once invited by the Independents to become the pastor of their church at Bradford, he declined their offer, although the proffered salary would have put him in a more comfortable position. Similar proposals were made by the Leeds Independents, but met with as little favour. He was determined to live and die a Methodist, and to endure such privations as loyalty to the body might entail. At one time, he was robbed of his watch and other things worth twenty pounds, just as he was about to part with them to pay his debts. At another, one of his children died, and a second was sick, yet he walked the same day to Bromley, preached, and walked back (twenty-four miles) without sitting down or dining.

His constant and unwearying labours sometimes brought him to a sick bed. Like most of the local preachers of the days of stage coaches, he could walk many miles, preach three times during the day, and return home footsore, but prepared to undertake a similar journey before the week was over. There was comparatively little hospitality in many parts of the country for a local preacher, whose work was solely of an aggressive nature. He received "more kicks than halfpence," and had to be satisfied if his message was listened to respectfully. Of course, wherever Methodist societies were established, the preachers were well tended and housed; but it was necessary to endure great hardships for Christ and his gospel's sake, if the villages were to be instructed in evangelical religion. The direct and indirect persecution received from the indignant rector who, if careless about the souls of men was, at least, careful not to permit any ecclesiastical poaching on what he regarded as his territorial rights, made many an evangelist's life far from enviable; on the other hand, there were evident proofs of the blessing of God upon the word, which could not but gratify and encourage the despised and ill-used preacher. No Christian work can be prosaic to an earnest man; and one can well understand how the very difficulties which sorely tried such men as Bradburn should, at the same time, have been sources of encouragement and strength.

Bradburn did not fail in administrative ability, and was therefore looked to with much respect in Conference. But it was as a preacher that he most shone. If one may take all the flattering portraiture of his gifts as an orator to be faithful, he was an extraordinary speaker. "I have never heard his equal," wrote Dr. Adam Clarke. "I never knew one with so great a command of language." "The only preacher of the last century," says a Methodist paper,* "who could be placed in comparison with him was George Whitefield. Whitefield, however, enjoyed enormous advantages which were denied to the other. Whitefield

* Methodist Recorder," August 5th, 1870.

• was a clergyman of the church of England, who took to field-preaching with all the prestige attached to an Oxford degree; Bradburn was a poor shoemaker's apprentice, who had to work his way upward with no advantages of education, and in the face of bitter prejudice. Whitefield was perhaps the more dramatic and exciting; Bradburn's genius was more varied and lofty." Richard Watson, who walked twenty miles to hear him preach, said of the sermon he heard, "I am not a very excitable subject, but Mr. Bradburn's preaching affected my whole frame; I felt the thrill to the very extremity of my fingers, and my hair actually seemed to stand on end." He possessed that naturalness of manner, lucidity of thought, and homeliness of style, which characterises a well-known pulpit orator of the present day. Like him, Bradburn's utterance was clear and musical. "A young candidate for the ministry, when undergoing his examination at a district meeting, spoke in such a husky, unnatural manner, that Bradburn was led to say, 'Speak with your mouth, man!' at the same time giving a ludicrous imitation of the young fellow's mode of speaking from the stomach and throat."

He drew up some very admirable rules to be observed in preparing for preaching and in preaching. Among the latter were these, which he endeavoured carefully to follow: "Speak, if possible, so as to be heard by all present who are not deaf. Look when you give out the page of the hymn book to the farthest person, and you will easily perceive if he hear you, and, of course, how to regulate your voice. Should the place require a louder voice than usual, speak more deliberately, so as to preserve a steady command of the attention of your hearers, without injuring the beauty of your discourse, or being out of breath. You cannot long speak loud and fast." One of his "rules" is so good that we give it entire. "*Rule five.* Be truly humble in your own soul, as if Jesus Christ were visible with you in the pulpit. Feel your total insufficiency to do any good without the aid of his Spirit, at the same time, carefully avoid the despicable affectation of pretending to think yourself unfit to be so employed. This sort of cant is generally considered by judicious hearers as mere egotism, and a contemptible way of fishing for praise. Strive to draw the attention of the audience to your subject, not at all to yourself. Take care how you make the smallest apology for what you have said or are going to say; to apologise to man for delivering to him a message from God must be utterly improper. If you 'speak as the oracles of God' you will need no apology; if you do not, no apology can excuse you. With a modest but manly firmness, be at home in the pulpit, feeling a degree of confidence in your own ability to treat the argumentative part of your subject with justice and propriety. This does not imply one spark of pride."

Young ministers frequently consulted Bradburn upon the nature of their work, and his advice was always judicious and pertinent. "Remember," said he to one young man, "your business is to save souls, and that if this end be not answered, your reading, praying, studying, and preaching, will turn to poor account at last. Spend at least eight hours every day alone." A man who thus makes the conversion of his hearers his one main object, may expect the Spirit of

God to bless his ministry to this end. Bradburn's ministry was powerful in this sense; and higher honour he could not have.

Throughout his life he showed indications of insanity, and his bodily tremblings when his mind was unhinged, were very painful when about to preach. "My distress," he says, "was so extreme at times, especially when at preaching, that life became a burden, and death seemed the only way of deliverance." The crowds that hung upon his lips were utterly unconscious of the mental torture he sometimes endured, even while preaching his most brilliant sermons. "I felt confident," he once said to Benson, after preaching what he considered to be a most unsatisfactory discourse, "as I ascended the pulpit stairs that I should have a successful time; but I came down miserably disappointed." Benson's reply was shrewd, although it cannot be taken as a sure rule—"If you had gone up as you *came down*, you would have come down as you *went up*."

Bradburn's humour, if not always refined (and sometimes it was too rollicking) was grotesque. It is related of him that a person in a state of intoxication insisted on admission to one of his class meetings. "Some of the friends were for employing physical force, and preventing obtrusion. 'Let the man alone,' said Bradburn coolly, and apparently unconcerned; adding, while looking at the man himself, 'Step in and sit down,' pointing to a seat and taking for the time no further notice of him, but proceeding with his work, and addressing himself separately to the respective members, saying, while looking at one of them, 'Well, my brother, you have experienced the truth of religion upon the heart.' To which the person responded, 'Yes, I bless the Lord that he ever brought me to an acquaintance with himself.' Turning from the respondent, and waiving the hand, after a partial glance at the poor sot, swinging on his seat and apparently pleased with the notion of his introduction, Bradburn replied, as he again bent his eye upon the member, 'Ay, that is well; it is more than this man has experienced.' Directing his face towards another—the obtruder being a little touched, and stupidly awake to the reply—Mr. Bradburn proceeded, 'Well, my sister, you have the life of God I hope in your soul?' 'Yes, sir,' she subjoined, 'I am thankful the Lord has converted me, and raised me to a newness of life.' 'Praise the Lord,' returned Bradburn, again partially inclining his head to the butt of his intended remarks, 'it is more than this poor drunkard can say; for he is dead in trespasses and sins.' Addressing a third, 'Well, my brother, you have a good hope, I trust, through grace?' 'I bless the Lord, I have,' was returned. Bradburn shaking his head, and with a sigh—while the Bacchanalian, with something like returning consciousness of his situation, and a feeling approaching to shame, manifested a degree of uneasiness—proceeded to remark, 'Ay, that is much more than this vile wretch can say; for he can expect nothing but hell.' At this the man bounced from his seat, staggered to the door, and suddenly disappeared."

"Speaking," says the same writer, "of professors of religion, who erroneously estimated the safety of their state by the height of their comforts, he facetiously observed, 'a frosty morning will justify scores of such persons.' To the same effect, on being met by a friend, and accosted with 'Here is a fine day, Mr. Bradburn.' 'Yes,' he returned,

referring to the influence of the weather upon the health and spirits of persons of a nervous temperament, 'many an evidence will be cleared up to-day.'" While there is much in this kind of wit that is really true, he who indulges in it, is likely to find the handling of the weapon both dangerous to himself and to others. Many of his irresistibly amusing sallies were evidences of great genius, but of a coarse, if not revolting, taste. Thus, nothing can excuse his wild allusion to the "devil riding the sinner, a fox-hunting, through the northern regions of hell, till he sweats fire and brimstone at every pore." The fewer attempts to extract a laugh out of the devil's actions, and a smile from the sinner's misery, the keener the sense of pity for unpardoned souls.

Many stories are related of his eccentricities which some readers may deem to be harmless conceits, and others as lacking in the dignity which ought to belong to a minister. He once preached at the opening of a chapel built entirely with borrowed money, and took for his text, 2 Kings vi. 5: "Alas, master, for it was borrowed." To a small congregation on a snowy day, he preached from the feature in the character of the virtuous woman, recorded in Proverbs xxxi. 21—"She is not afraid of the snow."

The following story is well known in Methodist circles, and we quote it as illustrative of some of Bradburn's difficulties and of his ingenuity in surmounting them. A parish that had been shunned by every other Methodist minister was in Bradburn's circuit, the clergyman who was also a magistrate, bitterly opposed the introduction of Methodism into the town, and he had headed the mob which had driven off many a local preacher. Bradburn bravely undertook to defeat this opposition; and so it was announced that he would preach in the centre of the town on a certain Sabbath afternoon. Constables were ordered by the clergyman to be in readiness, and it was arranged that the preacher should either be arrested or driven off. "Bradburn provided himself with a new suit of clothes, borrowed a new wig of a Methodist barber, and on the day appointed he went to the place, put his horse up at the inn, attended the morning service at church, placed himself in a conspicuous situation so as to attract the notice of the clergyman, and when the service was closed, he went up to him on his way out, accosted him as a brother, and thanked him for his sermon. The clergyman, judging from his appearance and address that he was a minister of some note, gave him an invitation to his house. Bradburn respectfully declined, on the ground that he had ordered dinner, and expressed a hope that the clergyman would dine with him at his inn. He did so, and Bradburn having entertained him until dinner was over with his extraordinary powers of conversation, managed to refer to the open-air service which was to be held, and the clergyman stated his intention to arrest the preacher and disperse the congregation, and asked Bradburn to accompany him, which he did. On arriving at the appointed place, they found a large company assembled; and as no preacher had made his appearance, the clergyman concluded that fear had kept him away, and was about to order the people to their homes, when Bradburn remarked that it would be highly improper to neglect so favourable an opportunity of doing good, and urged him to preach to them. He excused himself by saying that he had no sermon in his pocket, and

asked Bradburn to address them, which, of course, he readily consented to do, and commenced the service by singing part of the hymn beginning,

‘O for a thousand tongues to sing,
My great Redeemer’s praise.’

And after praying, delivered an impressive discourse from Acts v. 38-9, ‘And now I say unto you, refrain from these men, and let them alone; for if this counsel or this work be of men, it will come to nought; but if it be from God, ye cannot overthrow it; lest haply ye be found even to fight against God.’ This not only deeply affected the people, but so delighted the clergyman that, although he knew as the service proceeded that he had been duped, he heartily thanked Bradburn for the deception he had practised on him, and ever afterwards, to the day of his death, showed a friendly disposition towards Methodism.”

Towards the close of his life, Bradburn gave way on one occasion, to excess in drink. For this he was suspended for twelve months, and publicly censured—the only instance, it would seem, in the history of the Methodist body of an ex-president being brought under discipline. It is thought that his long-continued delirium from which he had just before suffered, had affected his brain permanently, and that this mitigating circumstance ought to have been considered by the Conference. His mental aberrations were not, however, known to his brethren, and if some one had made any reference to his infirmity he would probably have indignantly repudiated the plea. He was re-instated into office, at the end of the year, and the respect felt for his talents and piety, continued undiminished. Before his death, his splendid faculties declined, and he was compelled to abstain from preaching. He, however, died happily, testifying to the preciousness of Christ, and his joy in his friendship.

Samuel Bradburn sleeps in the time-honoured burial-ground of the Methodists—attached to the City-road Chapel—by the side of his old friend, John Wesley.

Lord Islay and the Gibbet.

“IT was an old joke against Lord Islay, who formerly lived at Hounslow, that ordering his gardener to cut an avenue to open a view, the landscape disclosed a gibbet with a thief on it; and several members of the Campbell family having died with their shoes on, the prospect awoke such ominous and unpleasant reminiscences that Lord Islay instantly ordered the avenue to be closed up again with a clump of thick Scotch firs.” The amusing incident has a moral side to it. Certain doctrines of the gospel bear very heavily upon proud human nature, and therefore many are determined to block up the view which they open up. Curiosity impelled them to hear, but perceiving that the truth condemns them they wish to hear no more. The preacher’s teaching would be all very well, but it brings sin to remembrance and reveals the hell which will follow it, and therefore the self-convicted hearer cannot abide it. It is, however, no joke to block up our view of eternity. The gibbet is there even if the sinner refuses to see it.

Prophets out of their Latitude.

AMONG all the superstitious practices which bring religion into contempt, we know of none in Protestant countries more injurious than the perversion of Holy Scripture into a sort of Zadkiel's Almanack, by those who pretend like the ancient astrologers to read the signs of the times. If they would use "Paine's Age of Reason," or "Mother Shipton," or the "Norwood Gipsy" as their text-book, we should have no quarrel with them, for then their discoveries would be on a par with the mine from which they were quarried; but to use the inspired volume as the basis of their miserable guesses at futurity is little short of blasphemy. The more cautious sort among them usually fire at a long range and fix upon dates for their events, which they may reasonably hope never to survive, but the bolder spirits rush in to close quarters, and project themselves into the middle of next week with a hardihood worthy of a better cause. Not knowing what shall be on the morrow to themselves, they yet predict the fate of empires. They could not forecast the history of a sparrow, and yet settle the destiny of nations. We suppose no failures will ever teach these seers the wisdom of turning their talents to some better account; but their mishaps may at least serve the purpose of warning the credulous against them. We ourselves "despise not prophesyings," but we do hold in something more than contempt those wild speculations which veil themselves under the name of interpretations of Scripture, for they are little better than the ravings of Johanna Southcott and Ludovic Muggleton. Here is a specimen of a prophecy, dated August 1st, in a journal which is evidently accepted as an authority by a coterie of believers; we are a little curious to see the September number, which we hope will be sent to us gratis, as we should not like to waste a penny in its purchase.

"Most people are at the present time on the tiptoe of expectation, awaiting with breathless anxiety the result of the struggle between France and Prussia. In many respects they seem equally matched, and the scales of success might seem to incline as much to one side as to the other. But we have certain prophetic data furnished to us in Daniel and Revelation, as to the shape which the course of political events will assume. The principal leading landmark is that the whole extent of the original Roman Empire, as it existed under Augustus Cæsar, is again to be formed into one mighty empire under the latterday Cæsar, with the additional feature of its whole extent being divided into ten kingdoms to be ruled by ten vassal kings, who will own the Cæsar of the last times as their Federal head, just as sixteen German princes of the Confederation of the Rhine in 1806 acknowledged Napoleon I. as their presiding Federal head.

. . . . "Few things can be more remarkable than that first of all, Prophecy, as interpreted by able authorities, shows us that all the countries lying west of the Rhine must be annexed to France at the time of the latterday Final Crisis, when the Ten Kingdoms are to be formed, and, secondly, that Louis Napoleon, who, during the last twenty years, has been pointed to by upwards of one hundred prophetic writers as likely to become the predicted Cæsar of the Final Crisis—the Septimo-octave head of the Wild Beast or Roman Empire—is now making war with Prussia for the purpose, as many politicians more than suspect, of driving the Prussians back within the Rhine, and annexing its left bank to France. *The victory must be expected then eventually to be gained by France, and Prussia, humbled and worsted in the conflict, will at last confine itself within the eastern side of the Rhine. But Holland, or some of the northern parts of Austria may be given to it as a compensation. It is likely that more than one war, or a single campaign, will be necessary before France can secure all these immense territorial acquisitions.*"

In another article, entitled "England's danger from Napoleon's ambition," the editor writes:—

"In connection with the war of France against Prussia, which has just commenced, and which on prophetic grounds may unquestionably be expected to issue in France gaining the Rhine frontier, it is important to observe how increasingly dangerous a position Britain will be left in at the close of this contest."

Heartily do we wish that sober intelligence may save the people from putting their trust in adventurous prognosticators, but we fear that credulity on this point is an abiding weakness among the less informed members of our churches. Let them, however, remember that the Lord would have us walk by faith, not by sight, and that the times and seasons are with God. Pretenders to prophecy have risen in all times, and have all been equally unworthy of trust. Now and then one of them has happened to pitch upon the correct date of an event; for, according to the law of probabilities, where hundreds are guessing one of them must, in the course of a century, conjecture correctly; but our marvel has been that the number of hits has been so very small compared with the misses. Perhaps it will be said that nowadays men do not prophesy, but only explain the inspired prophecies. We reply that if it were so it were well; but when we come to examine we find no interpretation, but only theories tacked on to texts, and Scriptures twisted to support imaginings. The association of Scripture with the business is, as we have said before, the worst part of the whole concern. We would as soon hope to be instructed by the cackling of geese, or the flight of vultures, as by the maunderings of men who are crazed with Daniel-on-the-brain. Their favourite Antichrist, Louis Napoleon, is in a fair way of being at leisure to read the prophecies of his English friends; and if he escapes the dangers of war he can have no greater amusement for his leisure than perusing the complimentary things which the prophets have said of him, especially when they have seen in him a dragon and a beast.

A Letter about his other Letter, by John Ploughman.

MR. EDITOR,

My letter on the war has brought me into the wars. I expected to be scratched when I went among the brambles, so I am not disappointed. All sorts of letters have come to hand about it, and if I'm not enlightened it is not for want of candles. One Irish gentleman tells me the French Emperor is coming to blow down our Protestant places of worship, settle Old England off altogether, and turn no end of Irish bulls loose into our crockery shops. As for me, if I am not very quiet, some of his friends have their eye on me, and will find a bullet for my head. I suppose I ought to choose a spot for a grave, and order a coffin at once; but I have done nothing of the sort. Threatened folks live long, and though the shooting season is near, I am not a partridge, though this fiery gentleman tries to make game of me. I'm sorry that the Emerald Isle is plagued with scribblers so very emerald as to think that Ireland's cause can be helped on by bullying letters. What offence I can have given I am sure I don't know; and what connection there can be between Ireland and my letter I cannot make out. I cannot see through it, as Simon said when he stared at a gruidstone. I suppose a Fenian never feels right except when he feels his wrongs, and is never at peace except when he is at war. Perhaps the Fenians think themselves Frenchmen born out of their native country. Sure I am the cause of the Fenians and the welfare of Ireland are two things quite as different as the appetite of a cat and the life of a mouse.

A very friendly writer, who signs himself "Another John," thinks that I treated the King of Prussia badly, because I did not praise him. Will this German friend be so good as to read the letter again, and he will see that John Ploughman was very careful to say, "Perhaps you are not both alike, and only one of you is to blame for beginning this dreadful fight." Somebody asked John the other day, "On which side are your sympathies?" and John replied, "My sympathies are on the side of the wounded, and the widows and orphans." "But," said the other, "which side do you take—the German or the French?" and John answered, "Her Majesty has commanded her subjects to be neutral." "Yes;" said Mr. Inquisitive, "but which side do you take in your heart?" John answered, "The right side," and said no more. Every one with half-an-eye can see which that side is, and it is to be hoped the right side will speedily win, with as little bloodshed as possible. The rhinoceros at the Zoological Gardens has broken his horn off through trying to break down his cage and get at harmless people, and there is another wild beast that would be quite as well if his horn were off too.

A Quaker writes to scold me for thinking that my letter could have any weight with two furious men, who have both tucked up their sleeves to fight. Now this is too bad of a Quaker, he ought to see that I am, as he ought to be, on the side of peace. I hope the mad dog of war has not bitten him as it has so many. The war-fever is very catching, but fighting-Quakers are as out of character as cherubim burning brimstone. John never thought that either of the sovereigns would read his letter, though more unlikely things than that have happened; but all he meant was to throw his pailful of water on any sparks which might blow over from the big fire across the water, and begin to smoke among Old England's thatch. When the hunt comes round our way, my master's old nag always pricks up his ears, and wants to be off across country—for he used to be a hunter in his young days; so if I am driving him, I rein him pretty tight till the hounds are gone. Our country is much in the same way, and all pence-men should do their best to keep people from catching the scarlet fever. With all this soldiering about, one is apt to get in a fighting humour, and forget that war is a great crime—murder on a huge scale—and little less than hell let loose among men. "Thou shalt not kill" is as much a divine commandment as "Thou shalt not commit adultery." No one supposes that adultery on a great scale would be right; then why should killing be? War pays the papers well, no doubt, but it is a wretched business, and may God soon send an end of it. Some men seem ready to cry, "Fight dog, fight bear;" but such fellows ought to be put down between the two, to let them have a taste of it.

As for those who write to blow up John Ploughman for his coarse style, he is very much obliged to them indeed, and will take as much notice of what they say as the mastiff did of the gentleman in the yard at night, when he told him to lie still, for his voice was not musical, and his teeth were ugly. The old man lost his ass by trying to please everybody. Some improvements in style are improvements for the worse, as the fox said when his tail was cut off in a trap. You may pay much for your schooling and be all the worse for your learning. On a gravestone in the country it is said, "I was well; would be better; took physic, and died." I mean to let that physic alone; my smockfrock suits me very well, and my homely talk suits a good many thousands; and as for grumblers, I would say to them as the editor did to his readers—

"We do not belong to our patrons,
Our paper is wholly our own;
Whoever may like it may take it,
Who don't can just let it alone."

The Ploughman is not above taking advice, only some advice is such poor stuff that if you gave a groat for it, it would be fourpence too dear. You cannot cut down a wood with a penknife, or dig a ditch with a toothpick. Pretty little speeches have very little effect except on little people. Soft speaking for soft

heads, and good, plain speech for the hard-handed many. Mincing words and pretty sentences are for those who wear kid gloves and eye-glasses; a ploughman had better be called manly than lady-like. At the same time, I hope to live and improve, and wishing the same to all my friends,

I am, yours truly,

JOHN PLOUGHMAN.

P.S.—It is not everybody that knows everything. Mighty fine as the critical gentlemen are, some of our country people can tease them. Some of your London folk can't even read our country spelling, though it's plain enough to those who wrote it. I saw a man who thinks a good deal of himself much puzzled with this notice, taken from a chandler's shop-window—

"Hear Lifs won woo Cuers a Goos,
Gud. Bare. Bako solo Hare."

Obituary of the late Pastor W. S. Webb.

BY PASTOR W. MC ILLIAN, CONGREGATIONAL MINISTER, WICK.

WILLIAM STAMMERS WEBB was born within ear-shot of Bow Bells, London, in the year 1841. He grew up an intelligent, warm-hearted, most affectionate, and obedient child, under the family roof-tree, fulfilling the sacred precept—too much by far in our times neglected, even in Christian homes—"Honour thy father and thy mother." While yet a mere youth, he became a member of the Stratford Young Men's Christian Association, under the auspices of the Rev. E. Stallybrass. His true nobility of nature and character was very soon felt and appreciated by the members of this association, and gained for him the esteem and confidence of all, so that he was soon called to discharge the duties of Secretary, in which office he worked most zealously for the interests of the society, throwing his whole energies with characteristic warmth and earnestness into the cause he had espoused. At this time his active mind impelled him to make choice of a profession. He fixed upon the law, and with a view to this as the future sphere of his manhood, he began at the beginning by having himself entered in a lawyer's office as clerk. He filled his new position with credit to himself and satisfaction to his employers, and very soon gained a high place in the office, with the confidence of all who were in association with him. While busily occupied all the day at the desk, he carefully husbanded his leisure hours for study, determined to be proficient in his profession.

About this time he attended the ministry of Mr. F. Egg, pastor of the Woodford Congregational Church, and became a zealous Sabbath-school teacher, and secretary of the school connected with the congregation. While engaged in this work, and in connection with this Christian church, his mind was directed to the work of the Christian ministry. The Lord of the harvest had made it plain to his mind that he should give up his hopes and prospects as a lawyer, which were at this time very encouraging, and enter his service. After mature deliberation, and much prayer, he gave himself fully to this new service in the church of Christ, and submitted himself to the most rigid discipline and self-denial in order to fit himself for the great work of winning souls to Jesus. With invincible determination he pressed on in the course of preparation. He had special difficulties to contend with: afflicted with stammering in his speech, surrounded with much jealousy, and opposed in many ways, once assured that he had the countenance and warrant of the great Master, he lost sight of all minor considerations and pressed on to the prize. At this

* We have somewhat condensed this article.—Ed.

stage of his progress, he engaged a room near Woodford, and for the first time preached Christ and him crucified to his perishing fellow men. His success at first was not great; his congregation was enough to cool the ardour and extinguish the zeal of any one less ardent and devoted; his first audience was made up of one solitary female with a babe in her arms. Notwithstanding, the cause flourished; the numbers steadily increased, and much good was done in the name of Jesus. In order that he might prosecute his preparatory studies with a view to greater usefulness in the cause of Christ, he had to break the connection with his first little flock, and enter College. The work which he was thus compelled to leave was taken up by zealous friends of the Woodford Congregational Church, and became the nucleus of their present branch Chapel and School.

Always from the first step he took in following Christ to the very last sad one, which terminated suddenly, and to us by far too soon, his devoted and useful life on earth, he was willing to be led and guided by the will of the Lord. In proof of this he willingly relinquished a far more lucrative position than any he ever held in the work of the ministry, at Great George Street, Westminster. Still he never looked back. He not only sacrificed his position and prospects as a successful lawyer, but toiled hard at the desk to save money to enable him to give his whole time and energies to the work of preparation. By these means he helped to support himself while attending College. About this time his views concerning the ordinance of Christian baptism underwent a great change, arriving at the conclusion that the ordinance as administered by Baptist Churches is the right and scriptural mode. He as was his wont—immediately gave effect to his convictions on this point—submitted to be immersed, and joined the fellowship of the church worshipping in the Metropolitan Tabernacle under the pastoral charge of Mr. Spurgeon.

In 1861 he was admitted as a student to the Pastors' College in connection with the Tabernacle. Here he prosecuted his studies with marked success, gained the approval and confidence of his tutors and professors, and the good wishes and esteem of his fellow students. While engaged in his studies at college, he was employed very frequently in preaching on the Sabbath, often conducting the afternoon service at Mr. Tiddy's. He could never be idle from first to last in the service of his Master; consequently he often extended his Sabbath labours to Rotherhithe, where he was much beloved by those to whom he broke the bread of life; he also preached at Trowbridge, Madely in Shropshire, Cornwall, and Liverpool.

He ultimately, having finished his course of study at the Pastors' College successfully, accepted a call to the Baptist Church, Blakeney, Gloucestershire. Here he settled himself down to work with all his might, to reclaim the moral wastes by which he was surrounded: and he did noble self-denying work for his Master in this new sphere. He faithfully preached Christ to his people in season and out of season. He instituted classes for teaching to read, write, and cipher. He set on foot lectures and meetings for their instruction, established cottage meetings in the district around, and sought in every way possible for him, to elevate the moral tone of the community, and lessen the ignorance and sin which prevailed around him. In this work of faith and labour of love, which he carried on among the miners and pitmen of the district, he had very much opposition to battle with, as might well be imagined. In the face of it all he carried on his mission with success, though at the expense of much self-denial, and sometimes he had to give up his own bread that the work might not be hindered. The good Lord did not allow his self-sacrificing labours to pass unrewarded; he permitted him to see some of the fruits even then, and to this day many rise up and bless him for it. To the very last he used often to say, if ever the Lord should bestow upon him riches he would return to Blakeney and take up the work which he had been compelled to leave off, and spend his days among that people. The need for such a worker in that locality, we understand, still remains. Just when he had

resolved to remain in Blakeney, the Lord made his way plain to leave for the present that sphere of labour, and directed his steps to the north of Scotland, where he settled as pastor of the Baptist Church, Wick, in July, 1867.

In this new sphere, in the far north of Scotland, although only extending over a very short period, Mr. Webb was loved and respected by all his brethren in the ministry of the Baptist Church in Caithness, Orkney, and Shetland. As a proof of this, they, at their annual "union meeting" of all the churches in the north of Scotland, elected him as their moderator; which position, by their willing suffrages, he retained till death released him from it. His counsel and countenance were sought by all his brethren; and not only had he lived long enough to gain the confidence and esteem of the ministers of his own denomination, but also the confidence and esteem of all who really knew him of the other Christian churches around.

Here, also, it was his lot to encounter many difficulties. These he bravely set himself to remove and overcome. In this place his genial disposition, his warmth and zeal, his candid, frank, manly, Christian character, gained for him true friends amongst all who could rightly estimate such qualities of character. His labours were most abundant. He preached for the greater part of his brief ministry in this new sphere, three times every Sabbath, had a weekly lecture on Thursday evening, conducted Sabbath-school and Bible classes, and was ever ready to take his share in all public work, popular lectures, and such work as falls to the Christian ministry in such towns as Wick.

The pulpit ministrations of Mr. Webb were characterised by much vigour of thought, clearness of arrangement, and thorough earnestness. He was singularly free from all affectation, practical and faithful in the application of divine truth. No one could listen to him without being convinced that he himself felt the force of the message which he delivered. Serving his Master in the gospel, was to him downright earnest work; and many who sat under his ministry call him blessed.

Among other noble qualities which characterised Mr. Webb, that which was most prominent, and, strange to say, that from which nearly all his trials in life arose, was his conscientiousness; his strong conviction that the children of God were called to a holy life, and his determination to have always peace in the church *based upon purity*. His was the apostolic motto—"First pure, then peaceable." etc. In an age of conventionalities and compromises, the highest allegiance of his soul was to principle. He kept close by the good old book whose leaves are for the healing of the nations. Let the path of duty once become plain to him, and then, at whatever cost, he trod it firmly. This adherence to principle clung to him, and characterised all he did, in every relation of life. It led him in youth to submit himself to the most rigid self-restraint; to abandon prospects of wealth, in order to make many rich. It led him at college to press on in the face of many difficulties, which would have turned aside many, because, as he often said to the very last, "God has a work for me to do." It inspired him with a holy fidelity, both in the pulpit and pastorate—all too holy for many. It gave steadiness to his resolves, purity to his motives, dignity to his aims, and made loyalty to truth and Jesus the rule of his whole life.

He dropped the sickle, when we who looked on, and knew and loved him, thought he had only learned the art of reaping, and had just entered upon a career of usefulness in the church below. He died in the 29th year of his age, and the sixth of his ministry.

His was a manly, outspoken, robust, fearless Christianity, which shrunk from no duty, let it be ever so hard. He was a warm, true friend, a genial, kind companion, a loving husband, an indulgent father, and a faithful minister of Christ.

He married in April, 1865. Miss Bessant was most happy in this relation. He found in her a true yoke fellow. They were blessed with four children, two of whom survive Mr. Webb. One little angel winged its flight to the better land while they were resident at Blakeney. Another while here in Wick. May the God of

the widow and the fatherless whom he delighted to serve, and in whose service he fell—fighting as a forlorn hope in the cause of truth and holiness—have them ever in his holy keeping. It will to those who knew and loved him, be interesting to know that the text he had chosen for his sermon on the Sabbath his spirit took its flight to the better land—the one on which he was engaged the day before his death—was Psalm lxxviii 9, 10, 11; and the title he had given to his sermon is illustrative of the whole life he lived, "Turning back in the battle." He had seen some fighting, and fell thus in the fight of faith, firmly grasping to the last the two-edged sword of the Spirit.

He fell asleep in Jesus on Sabbath morning, 1st May, 1870.

Reviews.

The City Temple. Sermons preached in the Poultry Chapel, London, 1869-70. By JOSEPH PARKER, D.D.

ALTHOUGH we are far from endorsing all Dr. Parker's doctrinal teaching, we hail his advent to the City as a great gain to the Evangelical church at large, and to Dissent in particular. When he sets his heart upon fairly preaching gospel truth, as he frequently does, his utterances are weighty and powerful—so powerful, that we wish the ability wasted in the so-called parables and addresses of this volume had been all of it employed in producing discourses of the same character as those upon the Holy Spirit. However, every man has his way, and the Poultry preacher has a very distinct one of his own. Our joy is that we see in him no pandering to the latitudinarianism which so largely leavens the Congregational body. The pride of intellect is in many quarters superseding the simplicity of the cross of Christ, and happy shall we be if Dr. Parker, with others, should be set as a defence for the gospel of Christ. Possessed of intense energy and remarkable powers of eloquence, the holy anointing is able to make of the author of "The City Temple" a defender of the faith and an apostle to the metropolis.

The Methodist Hymn Book and its Associations. By GEORGE J. STEVENSON. Hamilton Adams & Co.

WHAT the prayer book is to Churchmen their hymn book is to Methodists; and their overflowing love to their service of song is manifested in this compilation of anecdotes, etc., on nearly every hymn in the book. We

expect that this collection of interesting facts will be a favourite with the whole Methodist body, for its several sections all unite in common homage to Wesley's hymns, and well they may.

Lovely Lily. By M. L. C. John F Shaw & Co.

OUR boys, like most others, are not fond of dry books, but this they devoured greedily, and gave it their highest praise. What is good for them is good for other lads and lasses.

The Doctrine of the Trinity underlying the revelation of Redemption. By REV. GEO. PATERSON. Edinburgh: Oliphant & Co.

THE author is a most able divine. With much care he has followed out the Scripture proof for the glorious doctrine of the Trinity, and has so well completed his task, that his book is fitted to be a class-book on the subject for students, and a standard book of reference for ministers.

Harry's Catechism. Nelson & Sons.

CAPITAL! A good idea, well worked out. The answers to the questions are all taken from the Bible. The book is such as Timothy might have learned out of, and Eunice taught from. Children from five to ten years of age should learn this catechism.

The Soul's Enquiries answered in the words of Scripture; arranged by S. W. Moon. HATCHARDS, Piccadilly.

THE best birthday text-book we have yet seen. Most instructive, suggestive, striking, valuable. Far better than anything of the kind before in print.

Britannia and Columbia, and other Poems.

By HESPER HATTERAS. Hotten, Piccadilly.

OUR pages are hardly adapted for reviewing secular poetry, but we doff our hat to a poet whenever we see him endeavouring to strengthen the bands of peace between Old England and her offspring across the sea. May Britannia and Columbia ever be sisters true.

Imaginary Conversations between Notabilities of the Seventeenth Century, including Milton, Cromwell, Charles I., &c., in blank verse. By JOHN HARRIS SCROXTON. Elliot Stock.

MR. SCROXTON is evidently an out-and-out Cromwellian. His blank verse is somewhat rugged, but none the worse for that, for he sings of rugged matters. The conversations have a dash of interest and dramatic power which redeems them from being commonplace. Our young people will be all the better for reading such a book; they need in these days of ecclesiastical theatricals sound reading to remind them of the grand old truths for which their fathers fought.

Shall I live for ever; or, arguments from reason and Scripture proving the "Natural Immortality" of man, and the endless duration of future punishments, in refutation of the theories of "Annihilation," "Restoration," and "Life only in Christ." By W. BARKER, Hastings. Elliot Stock.

MR. BARKER possesses the keen logical faculty needful for thorough discussion, he goes deep, and searches the foundations. Perhaps for this reason his arguments are not always so likely to convince the popular mind, but he has all the more weight with the thoughtful. If reasoning could deliver the enthusiasts for the new heresy from their delusion, they would escape like a bird out of the snare of the fowler; but they are so enamoured of the net, that they are more earnest to entangle others than to see their own false position. Mr. Barker's treatise can be had for one shilling, and those who are troubled with the question will do well to read it. The numerous phases of the new heterodoxy are another illustration that error is manifold and truth but one.

Memoranda.

THE building of the Orphanage Infirmary will commence at once, although we have not yet quite all the cost. We are confident that the residue will be sent.

Mr. John Green, late student of the Tabernacle College, has been compelled through a long and severe illness to resign the pastorate of the Baptist church, Stogumber, Somerset, and to give up the ministry, much to the regret of an affectionate and attached people, among whom he had laboured with much success.

We have taken a goodly band of fresh men into the College, but we shall have room for more at Michaelmas. We still feel and know that the Lord is with us in this work. We only wish we could extend our home mission work. England needs it; in fact, the need of the gospel is everywhere. Lack of means ought not to be while so many lovers of Christ have enough and to spare. We are hampered in our work just now by lack of means to build places for our evangelists to preach in when they form new churches. We have even promised large sums which we have not as yet the means of meeting, through the

stoppage of one of our visible means of supply. Nevertheless the great deep of divine fulness is inexhaustible, and our God will supply all our need.

Our friends at Ann Carr's Chapel, Leeds, under the pastorate of our former student, Mr. Jack, are in sad trouble. Their chapel has been bought over their heads by the Papists, and they must turn out, but where they will go to were hard to tell. They want to build a place, and as they have the countenance of Mr. Chown, Mr. Best, and others in the neighbourhood, we hope they will succeed. We commend their case to the North Country Christians. We wish we could help, but as we have said above, we have not the wherewith to do so.

Our brother, Mr. J. A. Spurgeon, is proceeding at once to build a school-chapel, in which to house his congregation at Croydon until they are able to erect a larger meeting-house. So populous a town as Croydon must not be left without a substantial Baptist interest.

Baptisms at Metropolitan Tabernacle by Mr. J. A. Spurgeon:—August 1st, five; August 4th, thirteen.

Pastors' College, Metropolitan Tabernacle.

PRESIDENT—C. H. SPURGEON.—NUMBER OF STUDENTS, 85.

Amount required for Students during the year, about £5,500; the rest will be devoted to building Places of Worship.

Statement of Receipts from July 20th, to August 19th, 1870.

		£	s.	d.			£	s.	d.
W. McArthur, Esq., M.P.	...	50	0	0	Profit of excursion, Mr. Bowker's Class	...	3	6	0
Mr. J. Innocent	...	0	2	0	A Thank offering, Stawston	...	3	15	0
An Ex-student	...	1	0	0	Mr. Simpson	...	2	2	0
R. P.	...	10	0	0	Captain Breakenridge	...	5	0	0
Mr. N. Blair	...	1	0	0	S. A.	...	2	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. T.	...	250	0	0	Rev. S. F. Bridge	...	0	10	0
Mrs. Dawson	...	2	6	6	Part of the Tenth	...	3	0	0
Mr. D. Macpherson	...	0	5	0	W. T. B. W. T.	...	0	10	0
Mr. Cockrell	...	3	0	0	Collection at Henrietta Street, per Mr. Starling	...	3	0	0
Mr. H. Speight	...	2	0	0	Part of Collection at Weymouth, per Mr. Griffin	...	2	5	0
C. B., Norwich	...	0	2	0	Church in the 55th Regiment	...	5	0	0
Mrs. Agnes Dick	...	1	0	0	A Lincolnshire Reader	...	5	0	0
A Friend, Galashiels	...	0	8	0	Miss Anne Morris	...	0	2	0
H. M.	...	20	0	0	J. A. Keith	...	0	6	0
Mrs. Arnold	...	0	1	0	Mr. J. S. Watts	...	1	1	0
May	...	0	5	0	Weekly Offering at Tab., July	24	3	1	6
A Friend from D.	...	0	2	0	" " " Aug.	7	31	8	5
Sigma	...	5	0	0	" " " "	14	36	7	0
Omega	...	0	10	0					
Mr. J. Willson	...	1	1	0					
Mr. Drausfeld	...	2	2	0					
Tilly B.	...	0	2	0					
H. A.	...	0	2	6					
Friends at Maryport	...	1	0	0					
							£527	8	7

Stockwell Orphanage.

Statement of Receipts from July 20th, to August 19th, 1870.

		£	s.	d.			£	s.	d.
Miss Anne Biggs	...	0	12	1	Jer. xlix. 11	...	0	1	0
Mr. R. H. Padbury	...	1	1	0	Mr. P. Balnbridge	...	0	10	0
Molety of Collection at Amersham after Sermons by C. H. Spurgeon	...	15	0	0	Omega	...	0	5	0
C. V. P. Y.	...	5	0	0	Mr. J. Kempton	...	0	5	0
Mrs. Camps	...	1	0	0	A Friend	...	0	1	0
Mrs. Camps' family	...	0	6	1	Mr. S. Willson	...	1	1	0
Edinburgh	...	1	0	0	Mr. J. Fellows	...	0	2	7
R. W. P.	...	1	5	0	Ewell	...	0	10	0
Deeside	...	0	2	6	H. A.	...	0	2	6
Mrs. Keith	...	0	2	6	S. W.	...	1	10	0
Mary	...	0	5	0	Collected by—				
Miss Grosse	...	0	2	6	Mrs. Kentfield	...	0	16	0
Mrs. Legge	...	0	7	6	Master R. Adams	...	0	5	1
H. J.	...	0	10	0	Miss S. Buxton	...	2	3	0
Mrs. Agnes Dick	...	2	4	0	Mr. W. Proctor	...	2	6	0
Collection at Barton Abbey after Sermons by C. H. Spurgeon	...	26	4	3	Miss Burgess	...	0	7	6
A Friend	...	0	2	6	Mrs. Vyane	...	1	2	0
Mrs. Emma Chilton	...	2	0	0	J. F.	...	0	16	0
A Friend at Tackley, given to Mr. Spurgeon at Barton Abbey	...	2	0	0	Mrs. Wood	...	1	0	0
H. M.	...	20	0	0	Mr. F. Tate	...	0	12	0
Etlio	...	0	1	0	Mr. J. Houghton	...	10	0	0
Jonny	...	0	1	6	E. K.	...	0	14	0
Uncle	...	0	1	0	Mrs. Glennan	...	2	0	0
Agnes	...	0	0	6	Mr. E. E. Groom	...	1	0	0
Mrs. Dafforne	...	0	4	0	Mr. Baskett	...	0	10	0
A Country Minister	...	0	3	0	S. A.	...	1	0	0
A Widow's Mite	...	0	1	0	Friends per Mr. T. Dick	...	0	10	0
Mrs. Easty	...	0	5	0	Mr. T. Strickland	...	1	0	0
					Miss Smith	...	1	0	0
					Mr. J. Campbell	...	1	0	0
					M. T. Stulster	...	1	0	0

				£	s.	d.					£	s.	d.
Mr. E. Turland	1	0	0	Mr. Pepper	1	0	0
Rev. L. Hornberger	1	0	0	W. A. M.	0	3	0
Part of the Tenth	2	0	0	Chester	1	10	0
Mrs. Rankine	5	0	0	Mr. W. Jones	0	2	6
W. T. A.	1	0	0	Mrs. Easty	0	2	6
Mr. H. Hoeb	1	1	0	Mrs. Albot	0	2	6
Mr. T. Williams	1	1	0	Profit on sale of music, per Mr. Miller	0	3	9
Mr. B. Venables	1	1	0	Mr. E. Davies	0	5	0
Mr. J. Moir	0	12	0	Sermon Reader, Cellardyke	0	5	0
Mr. J. T. Yeats	5	0	0	Baptist Sabbath School, Anstruther	1	2	9
Mrs. Wheeler	2	0	0	Family of Mr. J. Brockie	0	10	0
A Friend at Warwick	0	10	0	Miss Watts (Annual Subscription)	1	1	0
A Lincolnshire Reader	5	0	0	Boxes at Tabernacle Gates	2	13	3
Mr. J. S. Watts	1	1	0							
Rev. R. Berry	0	2	6							
Mr. Wardroper	0	2	6							
Mr. J. Smith	0	10	0							
											£150	13	10

Orphanage Infirmary.

				£	s.	d.					£	s.	d.
Mrs. Fergusson	0	2	6	A. B. E. R. A. R.	0	5	0
Leith Mission	0	14	6	Miss Peckham	0	5	0
One of Mr. Spurgeon's readers	0	5	0	A Friend	20	0	0
Mr. J. Cole	0	3	0	Tilly B.	0	2	0
Mr. W. Richardson	0	3	0	Mr. J. Marsh	1	0	0
Mr. J. Conley	0	5	0	Sir D. Baxter	50	0	0
Mrs. Northcott	0	5	0	Mr. L. H. Hooper	0	2	6
Friends at Otley, per Rev. P. B. Woodgate	2	14	3	Mrs. Kitchie	0	5	0
Mr. W. Wright	1	0	0	Two Friends at Cambridge	2	0	0
Dalbeattie	0	2	6							
Berrington	5	0	0							
											£24	14	3

Golden Lane Mission.

Mr. W. J. Orsman, 153, Downham Road, London, N., thankfully acknowledges the following Donations:—

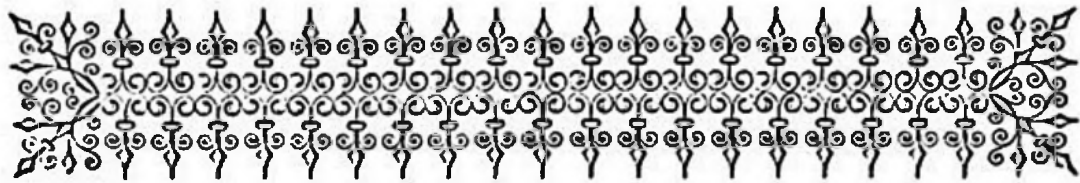
				£	s.	d.					£	s.	d.
T. H. N.	5	0	0	Miss F. Whitridge	0	10	0
H. Farquhar	0	10	0	Mrs. & Miss Hood	2	0	0
Two Friends	0	4	0	Miss C. Bassett	1	1	0
Caroline	0	2	6	Per ditto from Friend	1	1	0
H. Ballock and Friend	0	3	6	C. W. King, Esq.	5	0	0
Jonathan Grubb	2	0	0	G. Longhurst	0	2	6
Mrs. Walters, per T. B.	2	0	0	E. J. Biggs	0	2	6
W. T. Wood	0	5	0	Captain Breakenridge, per C. H. S.	5	0	0
Marianne Barnes	0	10	0	Miss Maria Vickress	2	0	0
Henry Barnes	0	10	0	Mrs. Thomas Vickress	0	10	0
Theodore Barnes	5	0	0	Per Master Randall, Golden Lane	0	6	4
Teachers at Carmel S.S., Woolwich	0	10	9							

Also a large parcel of books from Miss Charlotte Layton.

For Matchbox Makers.—Mrs. Easty, 2s. 6d.; Ewell, 10s.; for Widow, 3s.; for Child with broken spine, 2s.; "One who would like to do more," 2s. 6d.

Received for the Orphanage.—One Parcel of School Stationery; Ninety-nine Shirts, Miss Dransfield; Weighing Machine and Set of Weights, Messrs Doyle & Sons; Ten Cinder Sisters, Messrs J. & J. Jones, Wolverhampton; Set of Bowls, G. Saunders, Esq.; Two Volumes of Prize Tales, from the Secretary of the Band of Hope Union; Two Straw Hats, Miss Bateman; One Box of Plums, Mr. J. James; A Hive of Honey, Miss Purvis.

Subscriptions will be thankfully received by C. H. Spurgeon, Metropolitan Tabernacle, Newington. Should any sums be unacknowledged in this list, friends are requested to write at once to Mr. Spurgeon. Post Office Orders should be made payable at the Chief Office, London, to C. H. Spurgeon.




THE
SWORD AND THE TROWEL.

OCTOBER 1, 1870.

Christian Work on the Battle-field.

BY EDWARD LEACH.

“RE the Prussians Christians?” asked a poor wounded soldier at the battle-field of Sedan, as he was being assisted by an English M.P.

“Certainly,” was the reply of the M.P.

“Then,” said the poor fellow, breathing heavily the while, (he was severely wounded in the chest) and thinking probably of the heathen Turcos that had fought by his side, “why do we kill one another?”

“Oh,” was the rejoinder, “for the sake of emperors and kings. Don’t you know the rest of us were made for them?”

We need not be surprised to hear it said that the suffering man did not seem to think so. And yet the theory of war is as absurd and unjustifiable as that given by the ironical English Member of Parliament. A number of men, as Carlyle pithily puts it, “each with a gun in his hand,” meet face to face. “Straightway the word ‘Fire’ is given, and they blow the souls out of one another; and in place of ‘so many’ brisk, useful craftsmen, the world has so many dead carcasses, which it must bury and shed tears for. Had these men any quarrel? Busy as the devil is, not the smallest. How then? Their governors had fallen out, and instead of shooting one another, had the cunning to make these poor blockheads shoot.” Such is the crime of war. Slaughter is to decide the righteousness of a quarrel! Wholesale murder on a scale awful to contemplate, by battles and sieges, is committed by the very men who punish with death the brute who murders

in time of peace his fellow man. We fail to see either the logical consistency or the righteousness of such inhuman encounters.

The heart-rending scenes witnessed on the battle-fields of France have been so painfully detailed by the newspaper correspondents, that one would hope their moral lessons may have a salutary effect upon civilised nations. When we read of "masses of coloured rags glued together with blood and brains, and pinned into strange shapes by fragments of bones;" of "men's bodies without heads, legs without bodies, heaps of human entrails attached to red and blue cloth, and disembowelled corpses in uniform, bodies lying about in all attitudes, with skulls shattered, faces blown off, hips smashed, bones, flesh and gay clothes all pounded together as if brayed in a mortar," and when we are told that this "hell of torture" rages for miles, and when we have this dish of horrors served up in our newspapers nearly every morning, one would think that such familiarity with slaughter would breed contempt of all warfare. Whether this fearful carnage will inspire a universal hatred of such inhumanities, and teach men not to appeal to so hellish an arbitrament, is known only to him whom we delight to call the Prince of Peace. We are not encouraged to expect this when we reflect upon the fact that in the heat of their sinful anger and enmities, nations, like individuals, soon forget the consequences of their ill passions; and so far from having a deterring influence upon ambitious rulers and restless peoples, one war not unfrequently leads to another. The slaughter at Sadowa in the Austrian campaign was the precursor of the wholesale butchery at Sedan; what if the savage contention at Sedan should be eclipsed by a yet more bloody conflict in some forthcoming war? God knows, such a thought is distressing; but the disaster belongs to the possibilities of the future. Meanwhile, let Christian men and women, and above all, Christian ministers, seek to enlighten public opinion upon the iniquity of war, and impregnate the world with the truths that bring "goodwill to men."

If there be a bright streak of light to relieve the huge masses of dark cloud which have hovered like a nightmare over Europe during the last two months, it is that shed by Christian charity. Side by side with the records of the outflowing of torrents of blood, we have sketches of what loving hearts and tender hands can do to mitigate the sufferings of the wounded. The Christian church has not forgotten the groans and the cries of the helpless, and philanthropy has softened the pillow of many an aching head, and consoled many a sorrowing heart. Nowhere could Christianity cast its beneficent shadow more appropriately than on the battle-field. Where men are suffering in doleful agony, and dying in numbers, untended and unnoticed, as though they had no souls to save, no God to judge them, Christian labourers may well go and secure fresh honours to their Lord. Until of late years, no great efforts were made to mitigate the inevitable sufferings of war. "I am not aware of any instance," remarks Miss Florence Nightingale, "in which the miseries and horrors of military hospitals during war have been alleviated, by private and extra-governmental organisation, anterior to the last war with Russia. During all former wars, so far as I have been able to learn, there have been no attempts at organised private relief." The only thing for which the war in the Crimea is likely to be

remembered with pleasure, is the organised efforts of the lady who thus wrote. As for the religious instruction of our English soldiers during that campaign, it was declared before the Herbert Commission, to be greatly deficient, although the soldiers were not indifferent to such instructions. In the Schleswig and Holstein conflict, voluntarism, and Baptist voluntarism mainly, was very active. Mr. Oncken's mission supplied labourers, who, with much activity, sought to win souls to Christ, and everywhere were they favourably received. Our brother has also been earnestly engaged in a similar work during the present European conflict, and let us hope that many a soldier has been influenced for good by the appeals of our brethren and of their tracts.

It is, however, to the American civil war we wish to direct special attention. Very opportunely, Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton have published in this country a condensation of one of the most interesting books lately issued in America.* It is a work that may be read with peculiar profit at the present time. A Christian Commission was formed for the purpose of looking after the spiritual interests of the soldiers. "The high religious character of the army," says the writer in his introductory essay, "and the diffusion of a common Christian sympathy among all classes, at home as well as in the camp, which was one of the immediate results of this work, preserved alike our soldiers and our citizens from the degradation usually regarded as the inevitable consequence of civil war. It was generally felt, especially during the last two years of the war, that the Christian character of a young man was as safe in the army as in any place out of it." So beneficent and unique was its work, that an American divine pronounced it to be "a new chapter in church history," and certainly never before or since has so large an organisation been formed for achieving so benevolent an end.

The civil war broke out immediately after a general religious awakening had aroused the dormant activities of the Christian church. The church was, therefore, better prepared to engage in a work which required the expenditure of great earnestness and zeal. The Business Men's Prayer Meetings in New York had been pregnant with the greatest blessings to the country, and had not only led to the multiplication of such means of grace in other cities and towns, but had also aroused public interest in Christian truth. One writer states from his own personal observations, that "from Omaha city, Nebraska, to Washington city, there was a line of prayer meetings along the whole length of the road; so that wherever the Christian traveller stopped to spend the evening, he could find a crowded prayer meeting across the entire breadth of our vast republic." This religious awakening led to large accessions to the membership of the various churches, and in New York alone the additions were estimated at two thousand per month for the first three months of 1858. By the time, therefore, that the war was commenced, sufficient religious zeal had been aroused to organise some such movement as that of the Christian Commission. Accordingly, the Young Men's Christian Associations provided the departing regiments with the Scriptures and other religious reading, and at New York

* "Christian Work on the Battle-field, being Incidents in the Labours of the United States Christian Commission."

a Convention was called for the purpose of forming the Commission referred to.

The first seven delegates were sent to Fort Monroe and Yorktown, and were received coldly by the provost-marshal. "You are not going to preach, mind," said he, "mark, I want men who will wash wounds, who will scrub floors, if necessary—in fact, who will perform the duties of a hired nurse—and then, after that, I have no objection at all that you put into practice any higher mission you may have." They were then permitted to attend to the wounded, and their perseverance and kindness soon won the provost-marshal's sympathies. Peculiar difficulties at first confronted these Christian workers. "A very tough Irishman," who boasted that he was "not too ould to shoulther a musket, and hit a rap for the ould flag yit," declined to have what he greatly needed—a pair of drawers and a clean shirt—on the ground that he would not be taken as an object of charity. One day, however, he met the "chaplain" as he was called, and clasping his hands, exclaimed, "Be me sowl, sir, ye're no humbug, anyhow." "What do you mean?" was the natural question of the chaplain. "Oh," said the Irishman, "haven't I watched ye every day, as ye've been going through the tint, carin' for the byes? An' ye've been loike a mother to ivery wan uv thim. Thanks to ye, chaplain, thanks to ye, and may God bliss ye." "And," he added, wringing his friend's hand, "ye do all this for nothin'. The byes 've been tillin' me about ye."

"That honest, hearty grasp of the hand," was the reply, "and that hearty 'God bless you,' are ample reward for all that I have done for you. Remember, my brave fellow, that you have suffered and sacrificed for me, and I couldn't do less for you now."

The honest Irishman bowed his head and wept, and promised he would take the shirt and drawers, and "wear thim till there's not a thrid uv thim left."

One day some of the delegates found a number of soldiers dancing round a fiddler; and they proposed a prayer meeting, much to the disgust of the corporal who led the entertainment. The matter was put to the vote, and carried in favour of the religious ceremony. The fiddler was requested to strike up a hymn-tune, and after protesting that he knew nothing serious but "John Brown's body lies a-mould'ring in the grave," he managed to scrape a tune in which the soldiers could join. At the close of the short service, "the corporal who had opposed us, mounted a box, and alluding to some remarks we had made about card-playing, began a little speech which concluded thus—'Now all of you fellers what want to give up this business, jest do as I do, and shy up your cards.' He put his hand into his pocket, as he spoke, pulled out a pack of cards, and 'shied' them right up into the air as high as he could. Immediately from all sides a shower went up, and came down fluttering into the mud and were trampled under foot."

That the delegates entered most self-denyingly upon their arduous labours is apparent from almost every page of the book. They counted no service beneath them that contributed to the comfort of the wounded. It was a curious sight to witness one of the most successful preachers in Philadelphia, and moreover, a Doctor of Divinity, taking a few of the most blood-stained shirts, and washing and drying them in the sun.

Some, too, of the extemporised hospitals were in a filthy disease-breeding condition. One cowhouse was reeking with manure, "the filthy water of the dung-heap had dammed up and backed in upon them, saturating straw, blankets, and everything else within its reach." But Christian workers were there, to give their cup of cold water and their word of consolation to the wounded soldiers who were the *élite* of the Southern army—men of wealth, position, and refinement. Sometimes they were put to peculiar straits to preach to the soldiers. The chapels were used for hospital purposes, and were generally left uncleaned. On one occasion, the Northern army halted in Kingston, and one of the ministers attached to the Commission was announced to preach in the Baptist church. He writes:—"The sexton who agreed to put the house in order on Saturday afternoon, failed me, and only an hour before the time for service I discovered that another man, engaged and paid for doing the same work on Sabbath morning, had served me in the same way. It was too late now to look for help. I took off my ministerial coat, and for one hour, with the mercury at ninety degrees, worked with might and main. When I had swept out the straw, cleared the rubbish from the pulpit, thrown the bunks out of window, pitched the old seats down from the loft, arranged them in order on the floor, and dusted the whole house over twice, it was time for service. I sprang up into the belfry (the rope had been cut away), and with some pretty vigorous strokes by the bell tongue, told the people around that the hour for worship had arrived. Dropping down again through the scuttle, upon the vestibule floor, a treacherous nail carried away an important part of one leg of my pantaloons." While in this pretty plight, and thinking how he might remedy it, two soldiers arrested him for ringing the bell, and he was therefore relieved of the task of preaching that morning.

Many such scenes as the following were witnessed:—

In one of the wards I came upon a soldier who had lost his leg the day before. He was lying upon his side. He was robust, healthy, strong, and brave. The hours dragged heavily. He did not see me till I stood before him—and not even then. He was stabbing his knife into a chip with a nervous energy, as if he was in imagination bayoneting a rebel—trying to forget the pain—trying to bridge over the lonely hours, and shut the gloom out of the future. I touched his elbow. He looked up.

"Would you like an orange?"

"By jingo, that is worth a hundred dollars!"

He grasped it as a drowning man clutches a chip, as if by losing a thousandth part of a second he would miss the prize.

"Where did this come from?"

"The Christian Commission had a box arrive last night."

"The Christian Commission! My wife belongs to that. She wrote to me about it last week—that they met to make shirts for it."

"Then, you have a wife?"

"Yes, sir, and three children."

His voice faltered. Ah! the soldier never forgets his home. He dashed away a tear, took in a long breath, and was strong again.

It was worth a hundred dollars to see him suck the juice—every drop, as if it was as precious as life itself.

In the hospital tent, the dying received the first attention from the chaplain. The good man bends over a dying soldier, whose eyes are

fastening themselves in death, but they grow brilliant, and he mutters, "See, a star! there's a star! oh, how bright! It's the star ——" and his voice dies away in death. "Perhaps," observes the chaplain, "he is thinking of the Star of Bethlehem. We hope so, and that it will light him through the dark valley." The story is told of a cavalryman, who had once made a profession of Christ, but had turned to his more natural element—the world. "His wife, an earnest Christian, vainly strove to restore him. Shocked deeply by much of the wickedness in the army, he and a comrade mutually agreed to mark down the number of times they swore during each day. The result appalled him, and he determined to stop. His wife's letters made him uneasy; so one Monday evening, he went to the prayer meeting. The sermon made no particular impression, but some remarks following it affected him deeply. He determined to attend the meeting every night that week, and, though once or twice regretting his resolve, carried it through. His mental agony and darkness increased by certain morbid reflections about committing the sin against the Holy Ghost. A pious bunk-mate was much distressed on his account. At last the Lord's words about no man entering the kingdom of heaven unless he was a little child, brought him to see that *he* was helpless as a child—that he could only put his hand into that of Christ, and say, trustfully, 'Lead thou me on.' At once his whole life was illuminated. One day, while repairing and cleaning the stables, some of his comrades were swearing, and finding fault at the dirty work. He did not like the task, but suddenly it occurred to him that Jesus was born in a manger, and his work at once grew bright and glad."

These prayer meetings were often of most thrilling interest, some of the prayers and experiences of the newly-converted men being full of feeling and power. At one of the gatherings a soldier rose, and said, "I left a grey-haired mother at home praying for me; she said to me as I came away, 'you have enlisted in the service of your country, now I beg you to enlist for Christ.' All her letters asked this question, 'Have you enlisted for Christ yet?' I thank God, Jesus has found the way to my poor heart." Another convert rose, and tried to speak. He just managed to say, "I rejoice that I have found the Saviour, but my wife is not a Christian," and then he failed to say more. A comrade at once rose and exclaimed, "Boys, let's get right down here, and pray for his wife;" and the soldiers knelt down together, and prayer ascended to God.

One of the most affecting incidents that we have seen detailed in the correspondence of the present unhappy war in France, occurred in the battle before Metz. One poor fellow cried in his agony, "Comrade, for God's sake only wet my lips." Another could not speak, but held up his hands in prayer and piteously to his mouth. "A kindly hussar," says the correspondent, "got off his horse and went towards the poor sufferers, with his water bottle. He was raising the head of the one most in distress, when a shell burst within a yard, and blew all the three to atoms. Perhaps in the whole war no man has met death in a more noble cause. A blessing has been given to those who refuse not a cup of cold water." This sad incident is matched by one that occurred during the American civil war. A poor German saw one of

the ministers with the badge of the Commission on his breast, and called him to his side. The rays of the sun were very scorching, and the wounded man had stuck some bayonets into the ground, and stretched a blanket upon their points, as a protection. His side was fearfully wounded by a shell, and he craved for a little water to assuage his raging thirst. The minister put his tin bottle to the poor fellow's parched lips. "Never," said he, "have I seen such agony and disappointment on a human countenance as on his when he found *he could not swallow*. He tried again and again, then sank back upon the ground and articulated, 'Pray for me, pray for me; it'll be all over soon.'" And the chaplain knelt and prayed that "he might have that water of which he who drinks never thirsts again."

The soldiers were invariably thankful for the kindness shown them by the ministers who laboured in connection with the Commission, and for the beneficence manifested by the supporters of the movement. One evening, after the men's wounds had been washed and dressed, supper was provided, and the butter supplied by the Commission being very highly spoken of, the agent observed, "Let us see, boys, which of you can make the best wish for the old lady who made the butter." Replies came from three sons of the Emerald Isle. One, using a gorgeous figure of speech, said, "An' shure, may iv'ry hair of her hid be a wax candle to loight her into glory." Another, endeavouring to outdo the other in compliment, thus expressed his wish, "May she be in hivin two wakes before the devil knows she's did." And the last, addressing the Christian agent, remarked, "An' troth, sir, I hope God'll take a loikin' to yurs'ilf."

We have marked so many useful anecdotes, that, not being able to quote them all, we must condense those we give. The book is full of illustrative matter for preachers and teachers.

God's goodness.—A German converted at one of the military stations seemed overwhelmed with surprise and gladness as he contemplated God's gracious goodness to him. He was overheard one day praying, "O Lord Jesus, I didn't know you were so good."

The power of conscience.—A German soldier found Christ while in the campaign. Seven years before he thought he was a Christian, but he fell into sin, became a drunkard, a gambler, and as he himself said, "as bad as a man could get." He went to a chapel meeting one evening, but felt ashamed, and returned to gambling. But conscience troubled him, and notwithstanding the taunts of his fellows, he went for two successive meetings, and asked that prayer should be made for him. On the third evening he told us in broken English that he had found the Saviour, and must forsake his old habits. His comrades hearing of it, abused him, but he stood firm, and asked our prayers for them.

Thirsting for the living waters.—Late one afternoon a wounded soldier was brought into the hospital. The nurse was laying him on his cot, when the poor fellow asked, "Nurse, do you ever read in the wards?" The nurse replied that he did, and the cavalryman begged that he would consent to read to him that evening. The soldier asked him to take a Bible from his knapsack, saying, "Find that chapter about 'coming to the waters.'" The nurse found the fifty-fifth chapter of Isaiah, and read, 'Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters, and he that hath

no money, come ye, buy and eat; yea, come, buy wine and milk, without money and without price." "That's it," said the sick man; "that's it, 'come to the waters.'" And as the nurse was reading on, he begged he might return to the sweet words of invitation again. And the nurse read it again, and then again. "Do you ever pray, nurse?" The nurse was a Christian man, and could pray. So he knelt down and prayed. The next morning the poor soldier begged again to hear the same words of invitation, and they were read twice that morning and twice in the evening, and again on the following morning. "I must pray for myself, nurse," said the dying man, and he begged hard to be placed in the attitude of prayer on his cot. They placed him on his knees, with his hand on the head of his iron cot. He began praying for himself in the words of the petition of our Lord, and so the Messenger found him, and taking him up home, showed him a pure river of water of life, clear as crystal, proceeding out of the throne of God and of the Lamb.

Under orders.—A relative of the above soldier, a young lad of about fifteen, stayed behind at one of the prayer meetings, and expressed his great desire to find out how to be a Christian. He was pointed to the case of the Philippian jailer, and Paul's words to him.

"I have heard that a great many times, but somehow I don't do it, and I don't know how to do it."

It was in vain that the chaplain strove to show him. At last he wisely resorted to an illustration:—

"Who is your commanding officer, Tom?"

"Lieutenant ——."

"Suppose the lieutenant should send to-night for you to report to him; what would you do?"

"I'd report, sir."

"Right off?"

"Certainly, sir; I obey orders."

"When you came to his quarters, what would you say?"

"I'd give him the salute, and say, 'Lieutenant, what's the orders?'"

"And when you get the orders?"

"Then, I would do 'em, sir."

"Well, now, Tom, the Lord Jesus has sent me to you to-night, and orders you to report to him at once."

"I'll do it, I'll do it, sir;" and the little fellow looked round for his hat, as if he were going.

"Wait, Tom, till I have told you all. The Lord Jesus is here, listening to you and me; knows your words and your thoughts, and all you mean to do. Now, if you get his orders, will you do them?"

"Yes, sir; right away."

The lad was asked about his companions, and he told the chaplain of an irreligious bunk-mate.

"Tom, if you're going to be a Christian, don't you think Jesus will want you to talk and pray with that bunk-mate to-night?"

"Yes, if a fellow's going to serve Jesus, he must take hold of it."

"Well, exactly what Jesus wants you to do—that's the order. And don't you think, too, that he wants you to write your sister in the morning, and tell her how you feel, and what you are going to do?"

"Certainly."

"Well, that's the order, Tom; and so you'll find it all along in life; just what Jesus wants you to do—that's the order. Now, are you ready for duty?"

"Yes, all ready."

"To take all the orders he'll give you as long as you live?"

"Yes."

"Well, Tom, let us kneel down here, and 'report' to Jesus."

"We knelt," says the chaplain; "I prayed for him, and he prayed for himself, keeping up the figure with which he had been led to the Saviour:—'Here I am, Jesus; I report for duty. All you order me to-night, and to-morrow, and as long as I live, I am going to do——' and with this prayer he went away. As he was passing out at the chapel door, brother Blake, not knowing what had transpired, stopped him and asked him if he was not going to be a Christian. 'Yes,' said Tom, 'I'm under orders.'"

Dying outside the prayer meeting.—"You are pretty badly wounded, ain't you?" observed the chaplain, as he saw a poor dying lad on a field after a skirmish. "Yes," said he, "almost gone; but didn't I hear some singing?" "Yes; we had a little prayer meeting." "'Taint any use carrying me to the hospital," said the poor fellow; "if you'll just carry me up to the tent near the prayer meeting, that'll do. I would like to die up there." The soldiers carried him tenderly to the place; he lay there listening to the singing and the prayers until he died.

Lost opportunities.—A dying soldier, who had enlisted as a Christian, but had for three years, though a man of uprightness and integrity, done nothing to make known the name of Christ, said, "I die as a Christian; and I die contented; but oh, if I could have died as a Christian worker!" "I am peaceful and assured in view of death," he said again, "but I am not joyful and glad; those three lost years keep coming back upon me;" then lying a moment quiet with closed eyes, he added, "Chaplain, do you suppose we shall be able to forget anything in heaven? I would like to forget those three years!"

"*Too late.*"—You are almost through this world?" said a chaplain to a soldier, once a Sabbath scholar, who was in the last stages of disease. "Am I?" said he. "Yes, and I hope you are ready for the next." "No, I am not—not ready, not ready." "Well, my dear friend, Jesus is all ready, and waiting right here. Come, now. Shall I pray?" "Oh, no, no; it is too late, too late! I ought to have come long ago." And then he told the chaplain, as calmly as he could, of the time when he was "almost a Christian," and decided to let it pass till another winter. "That was the time, I might have come then, why didn't I? why didn't I?" and pulling the blanket over his face, he sobbed aloud. It was in vain that the visitor sought to reason him out of his horrid despair, he only motioned him away, crying, "Don't talk to me any more—it's too late, I can't bear it."

A discharge wanted.—"At the close of the meeting, many asked me to pray for them, saying they wished to be Christians for the rest of their lives. As I left them, promising to be down on Sunday, I noticed a man following me. Stopping me, he began, 'My friend, I want a

discharge.' Supposing he meant a discharge from the army I said I was afraid that would be hard to obtain, as he appeared to be recovering. 'Oh,' said he, 'that's not what I mean; I want a discharge from the *devil's army*. I've been fighting and serving in his ranks for twenty-five years, and I'm tired and sick of his service. I want to leave his ranks and enlist under the banner of the cross, and fight for Jesus the balance of my life.' I told him he could have that discharge by *deserting* the devil's ranks, and coming over to the Lord Jesus. I talked and prayed with him, leaving him some suitable reading. On Sunday, at the close of the evening meeting, he told me he had come over, and was a 'soldier of the cross.'"

The Believer not an Orphan.

AN ADDRESS FOR THE LORD'S TABLE. BY C. H. SPURGEON.

"I will not leave you comfortless: I will come to you."—John xiv. 18.

YOU will notice that the margin reads, "I will not leave you orphans: I will come unto you." In the absence of our Lord Jesus Christ the disciples were like children deprived of their parents. During the three years in which he had been with them he had solved all their difficulties, borne all their burdens, and supplied all their needs. Whenever a case was too hard or heavy for them, they took it to him. When their enemies well nigh overcame them, Jesus came to the rescue and turned the tide of battle. They were all happy and safe enough whilst the Master was with them; he walked in their midst like a father amid a large family of children, making all the household glad. But now he was about to be taken from them by an ignominious death, and they might well feel that they would be like little children deprived of their natural and beloved protector. Our Saviour knew the fear that was in their hearts, and before they could express it, he removed it by saying, "I will not leave you orphans: I will come to you; you shall not be left alone in this wild and desert world, but though I be absent in the flesh, yet I will be present with you in a more efficacious manner; I will come to you spiritually, and you shall derive from my spiritual presence even more good than you could have had from my bodily presence, had I still continued in your midst."

Observe, that here is *an evil averted*. "I will not leave you orphans;" and in the second place, here is *a consolation provided*, "I will come to you."

I. First, here is AN EVIL AVERTED.

Without their Lord, believers would, apart from the Holy Spirit, be like other orphans, unhappy and desolate. Give them what you might their loss could not have been recompensed. No number of lamps can make up for the sun's absence, blaze as they may it is still night. No circle of friends can supply to a bereaved woman the loss of her husband, without him she is still a widow. Even thus without Jesus it is inevitable that the saints should be as orphans, but Jesus has promised

in the text that we shall not be so; the one only thing that can remove the danger he declares shall be ours, "I will come unto you."

Now remember, that an *orphan* is *one whose parent is dead*. This in itself is a great sorrow, if there were no other. The dear father so well-beloved was suddenly smitten down with sickness; they watched him with anxiety; they nursed him with sedulous care; but he expired. The loving eye is closed in darkness for them. That active hand will no longer toil for the family. That heart and brain will no longer feel and think for them. Beneath the green grass the father sleeps, and every time the child surveys that hallowed hillock his heart swells with grief. Beloved, we are not orphans in that sense, for our Lord Jesus is not dead. It is true he died, for one of the soldiers with a spear pierced his side, and forthwith came thereout blood and water, a sure evidence that the pericardium had been pierced, and that the fountain of life had been broken up. He died, 'tis certain, but he is not dead now. Go not to the grave to seek him. Angel voices say, "He is not here, for he is risen." He could not be holden by the bands of death. We do not worship a dead Christ, nor do we even think of him now as a corpse. That picture on the wall which the Romanists paint and worship represents Christ as dead; but oh! it is so good to think of Christ as living, remaining in an existence real and true, none the less living because he died, but all the more truly full of life because he has passed through the portals of the grave and is now reigning for ever. See then, dear friends, the bitter root of the orphan's sorrow is gone from us, for our Jesus is not dead now. No mausoleum enshrines his ashes, no pyramid entombs his body, no monument records the place of his sepulchre.

"He lives, the great Redeemer lives,
What joy the blest assurance gives!"

We are not orphans, for "the Lord is risen indeed."

The orphan has a sharp sorrow springing out of the death of his parent, namely, *that he is left alone*. He cannot now make appeals to the wisdom of the parent who could direct him. He cannot run, as once he did, when he was weary, to climb the paternal knee. He cannot lean his aching head upon the parental bosom. "Father," he may say, but no voice gives an answer: "Mother," he may cry, but that fond name which would awaken the mother if she slept, cannot arouse her from the bed of death. The child is alone, alone as to those two hearts which were its best companions. The parent and lover are gone. The little ones know what it is to be deserted and forsaken. But we are not so; we are not orphans. It is true Jesus is not here in body, but his spiritual presence is quite as blessed as his bodily presence would have been. Nay, it is better, for supposing Jesus Christ to be here in person, you could not all come and touch the hem of his garment—not all at once, at any rate. There might be thousands waiting all the world over to speak with him, but how could they all reach him, if he were merely here in body? You might all be wanting to tell him something, but in the body he could only receive some one or two of you at a time. But in spirit there is no need for you to stir from the pew, no need to say a word; Jesus hears your thoughts talk, and attends to all your needs at the same moment. No need to press to get at him because

the throng is great, for he is as near to me as he is to you, and as near to you as to saints in America or the islands of the Southern Sea. He is everywhere present, and all his beloved may talk with him. You can tell him at this moment the sorrows which you dare not open up to any one else. You will feel that in declaring them to him you have not breathed them to the air, but that a real person has heard you, one as real as though you could grip his hand, and could see the loving flash of his eye, and mark the sympathetic change of his countenance. Is it not so with you, ye children of a living Saviour? You know it is. You have a Friend that sticketh closer than a brother. You have a near and dear one, who in the dead of the night is in the chamber, and in the heat and burden of the day is in the field of labour. You are not orphans, "the Wonderful, the Counsellor, the Everlasting Father is with you;" your Lord is here, and as one whom his mother comforteth Jesus comforts you.

The orphan, too, has *lost the kind hand which took care always that food and raiment should be provided, that the table should be well stored, and that the house should be kept in comfort.* Poor feeble one, who will provide for his wants? His father is dead, his mother is gone; who will take care of the little wanderer now? But it is not so with us. Jesus has not left us orphans, his care for his people is no less now than it was when he sat at the table with Mary, and Martha, and Lazarus, whom Jesus loved. Instead of the provisions being less, they are even greater, for since the Holy Spirit has been given to us, we have richer fare and are more indulged with spiritual comforts than believers were before the bodily presence of the Master had departed. Do your souls hunger to-night? Jesus gives you the bread of heaven. Do you thirst to-night? The waters from the rock cease not to flow.

"Come, make your wants, your burdens known."

You have but to make known your needs to have them all supplied, Christ waits to be gracious in the midst of this assembly. He is here with his golden hand, opening that hand to supply the wants of every living soul. "Oh!" saith one, "I am poor and needy." Go on with the quotation. "Yet the Lord thinketh upon me." "Ah!" saith another, "I have besought the Lord thrice to take away a thorn in the flesh from me." Remember what he said to Paul, "My grace is sufficient for thee." You are not left without the strength you want. The Lord is your shepherd still. He will provide for you till he leads you through death's dark valley and brings you to the shining pastures upon the hill-tops of glory. You are not destitute, you need not beg an asylum from an ungodly world by bowing to its demands, or trusting its vain promises, for Jesus will never leave you nor forsake you.

The orphan, too, is *left without the instruction which is most suitable for a child.* We may say what we will, but there is none so fit to form a child's character as the parent. It is a very sad loss for a child to have lost either father or mother in its early days; for the most skilful preceptor, though he may do much, by the blessing of God very much, is but a stop-gap and but half makes up for the original ordinance of providence, that the parent's love should fashion the child's mind.

But, dear friends, we are not orphans, we who believe in Jesus are not left without an education. Jesus is not here himself it is true. I dare say some of you wish you could come on Lord's-days and listen to him! Would it not be sweet to look up to this pulpit and see the Crucified One, and to hear him preach? Ah! so you think, but the apostle says, "Though we have known Christ after the flesh, yet now after the flesh know we even him no more." It is most for your profit that you should receive the Spirit of truth, not through the golden vessel of Christ in his actual presence here, but through the poor earthen vessels of a humble servant of God like ourselves. At any rate, whether *we* speak, or an angel from heaven, the speaker matters not; it is the Spirit of God alone that is the power of the word, and makes that word to become vital and quickening to you. Now you have the Spirit of God. The Holy Spirit is so given, that there is not a truth which you may not understand. You may be led into the deepest mysteries by his teaching. You may be made to know and to comprehend those knotty points in the word of God which have hitherto puzzled you. You have but humbly to look up to Jesus, and his Spirit will still teach you. I tell you, you who are poor and ignorant, and perhaps can scarcely read a word in the Bible, for all that, you may be better instructed in the things of God than doctors of divinity, if you go to the Holy Spirit and are taught of him. Those who go only to books and to the letter, and are taught of men, may be fools in the sight of God; but those who go to Jesus, and sit at his feet, and ask to be taught of his Spirit, shall be wise unto salvation. Blessed be God, there are not a few amongst us of this sort. We are not left orphans; we have an instructor with us still.

There is one point in which the orphan is often sorrowfully reminded of his orphanhood, namely, *in lacking a defender*. It is so natural in little children, when some big boy molests them, to say, "I'll tell my father!" How often did we use to say so, and how often have we heard from the little ones since—"I'll tell mother!" Sometimes the not being able to do this is a much severer loss than we can guess. Unkind and cruel men have snatched away from orphans the little which a father's love had left behind; and in the court of law there has been no defender to protect the orphan's goods. Had the father been there, the child would have had its rights—scarce would any have dared to infringe them; but in the absence of the father the orphan is eaten up like bread, and the wicked of the earth devour his estate. In this sense the saints are not orphans. The devil would rob us of our heritage if he could, but there is an advocate with the Father who pleads for us. Satan would snatch from us every promise, and tear from us all the comforts of the covenant; but we are not orphans, and when he brings a suit-in-law against us, and thinks that we are the only defendants in the case, he is mistaken, for we have an advocate on high, Christ comes in and pleads, as the Sinners' Friend, for us; and when *he* pleads at the bar of justice, there is no fear but that his plea will be of effect, and our inheritance shall be safe. He has not left us orphans.

Now I want, without saying many words, to get you who love the Master to feel what a very precious thought this is—that you are not alone in this world; that if you have no earthly friends, if you

have none to whom you can take your cares, if you are quite lonely so far as outward friends are concerned, yet Jesus is with you, is really with you, practically with you—able to help you, and ready to do so, and that you have a good and kind protector at your hand at this present moment, for Christ has said it: "I will not leave you orphans."

II. And now, for two or three words about THE REMEDY by which this evil is averted—"I will come unto you."

What does this mean? Does it not mean from the connection, this—"I will come unto you by my Spirit"? Beloved, we must not confuse the persons of the Godhead. The Holy Spirit is not the Son of God; Jesus, the Son of God, is not the Holy Spirit. They are two distinct persons of the one God. But yet there is such a wonderful unity, and the blessed Spirit acts so marvellously as the Vicar of Christ, that it is quite correct to say that when the Spirit comes Jesus comes too, and "I will come unto you," means—"I, by my Spirit, who shall take my place, and represent me—I will come to be with you." See then, Christian, you have the Holy Spirit in you and with you to be the representative of Christ. Christ is with you now, not in person, but by his representative—an efficient, almighty, divine, everlasting representative, who stands for Christ, and is as Christ to you in his presence in your souls. Because you thus have Christ by his Spirit, you cannot be orphans, for the Spirit of God is always with you. It is a delightful truth that the Spirit of God always dwells in believers—not sometimes, but always. He is not always active in believers, and he may be grieved until his sensible presence is altogether withdrawn, but his secret presence is always there. At no single moment is the Spirit of God wholly gone from a believer. The believer would die spiritually if this could happen, but that cannot be, for Jesus has said, "Because I live ye shall live also." Even when the believer sins, the Holy Spirit does not utterly depart from him, but is still in him to make him smart for the sin into which he has fallen. The believer's prayers prove that the Holy Spirit is still within him;—"Take not thy Holy Spirit from me," was the prayer of a saint who had fallen very foully, but in whom the Spirit of God still kept his residence, notwithstanding all the foulness of his sin.

But, beloved, in addition to this, Jesus Christ by his Holy Spirit makes visits to his people of a peculiar kind. The Holy Ghost becomes wonderfully active and potent at certain times of refreshing. We are then especially and joyfully sensible of his divine power. His influence streams through every chamber of our nature, and floods our dark soul with his glorious rays, as the sun shining in its strength. Oh, how delightful this is! Sometimes we have felt this at the Lord's table. My soul pants to sit with you at that table, because I do remember many a happy time when the emblems of bread and wine have assisted my faith, and kindled the passions of my soul into a heavenly flame. I am equally sure that at the prayer meeting, under the preaching of the word, in private meditation, and in searching the Scriptures, we can say that Jesus Christ has come to us. What! have you no hill Mizar to remember?—

"No Tabor-visits to recount,
When with him in the Holy Mount"?

Oh, yes! some of these blessed seasons have left their impress upon our memories, so that amongst our dying thoughts will mingle the remembrance of those blessed seasons when Jesus Christ manifested himself unto us as he doth not unto the world. Oh, to be wrapped in that crimson vest, closely pressed to his open side! Oh, to put our finger into the print of nails, and thrust our hand into his side! We know what this means by past experience—

“Dear Shepherd of thy chosen few,
Thy former mercies here renew.”

Permit us once again to feel the truth of the promise—“I will not leave you orphans; I will come unto you.”

And now gathering up the few thoughts I have uttered, let me remind you, dear friends, that every word of the text is instructive. “I will not leave you orphans; I will come to you.” Observe the “I” there twice over. “*I* will not leave you orphans; father and mother may, but *I* will not; friends once beloved may turn stony-hearted, but *I* will not; Judas may play the traitor, and Ahithophel may betray his David, but *I* will not leave you comfortless. You have had many disappointments, great heart-breaking sorrows, but *I* have never caused you any; *I*—the faithful and the true witness, the immutable, the unchangeable Jesus, the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever, *I* will not leave you comfortless; *I* will come unto you.” Catch at that word, “I,” and let your souls say—“Lord, I am not worthy that thou shouldst come under my roof; if thou hadst said—‘I will send an angel to thee,’ it would have been a great mercy, but what sayest thou—‘I will come unto thee’? If thou hadst bidden some of my brethren come and speak a word of comfort to me I had been thankful, but thou hast put it thus in the first person—‘*I* will come unto you.’ O my Lord, what shall I say, what shall I do, but feel a hungering and a thirsting after thee, which nothing shall satisfy till thou shalt fulfil thine own word—‘*I* will not leave you comfortless; *I* will come unto you.’”

And then notice the person to whom it is addressed—“I will not leave *you* comfortless—you, Peter, who will deny me; *you*, Thomas, who will doubt me; I will not leave *you* comfortless.” O you who are so little in Israel that you sometimes think it is a pity that your name is in the church-book at all, because you feel yourselves to be so worthless, so unworthy—I will not leave *you* comfortless, not even *you*. “O Lord,” thou sayest, “if thou wouldst look after the rest of thy sheep I would bless thee for thy tenderness to them, but *I*—I deserve to be left; if I were forsaken of thee I could not blame thee, for I have played the harlot against thy love, but yet thou sayest, ‘I will not leave *you*.’” Heir of heaven, do not lose your part in this promise. I pray you say, “Lord, come unto me, and though thou refresh all my brethren, yet, Lord, refresh me with some of the droppings of thy love; O Lord, fill the cup *for me*; *my* thirsty spirit pants for it.

“I thirst, I faint, I die to prove
The fulness of redeeming love,
The love of Christ to me.”

Now, Lord, fulfil thy word to thine unworthy handmaid, as I stand like Hannah in thy presence. Come unto me, thy servant, unworthy to lift

so much as his eyes towards heaven, and only daring to say, "God be merciful to me a sinner." Fulfil thy promise even to me, "I will not leave you comfortless; I will come unto you."

Take whichever of the words you will, and they each one sparkle and flash after this sort. Observe, too, *the richness and sufficiency of the text*: "I will not leave you comfortless; I will come unto you." He does not promise, "I will send you sanctifying grace, or sustaining mercy, or precious mercy," but he says, what is the only thing that will prevent your being orphans, "I will come unto you." Ah! Lord, thy grace is sweet, but thou art better. The vine is good, but the clusters are better. It is well enough to have a gift from thy hand, but oh! to touch the hand itself. It is well enough to hear the words of thy lips, but oh! to kiss those lips as the spouse did in the song, this is better still. You know if there be an orphan child you cannot prevent its continuing an orphan. You may feel great kindness towards it, supply its wants, and do all you possibly can towards it, but it is an orphan still. It must get its father and its mother back, or else it will still be an orphan. So, our blessed Lord knowing this, does not say, "I will do this and that for you," but, "I will come to you." Do you not see, dear friends, here is not only all you can want, but all you think you can want, wrapped up in one word, "I will come to you." "It pleased the Father that in him should all fulness dwell;" so that when Christ comes, in him "all fulness" comes. "In him dwelleth all the fulness of the Godhead bodily," so that when Jesus comes the very Godhead comes to the believer.

"All my capacious powers can wish
In thee doth richly meet;"

and if thou shalt come to me, it is better than all the gifts of thy covenant. If I get thee I get all, and more than all, at once. Observe, then, the language and the sufficiency of the promise.

But I want you to notice, further, *the continued freshness and force of the promise*. Somebody here owes another person fifty pounds, and he gives him a note of hand, "I promise to pay you fifty pounds." Very well; the man calls with that note of hand to-morrow, and gets fifty pounds. And what is the good of the note of hand now? Why, it is of no further value, it is discharged. How would you like to have a note of hand which would always stand good? That would be a right royal present. "I promise to pay evermore, and this bond, though paid a thousand times, shall still hold good." Who would not like to have a cheque of that sort? Yet this is the promise which Christ gives you. "I will not leave you orphans; I will come to you." The first time a sinner looks to Christ, Christ comes to him. And what then? Why, the next minute it is still, "I will come to you." But here is one who has known Christ for fifty years, and he has had this promise fulfilled a thousand times a year: is it not done with? Oh, no! there it stands, just as fresh as when Jesus first spoke it—"I will come unto you." Then we will treat our Lord in his own fashion and take him at his word. We will go to him as often as ever we can, for we shall never weary him; and when he has kept his promise most, then is it that we will go to him, and ask him to keep it more still; and after ten

thousand proofs of the truth of it, we will only have a greater hungering and thirsting to get it fulfilled again. This is fit provision for life, and for death, "I will come unto you." In the last moment, when your pulse beats faintly, and you are just about to pass the curtain, and enter into the invisible world, you may have this upon your lips, and say to your Lord, "My Master, still fulfil the word on which thou hast caused me to hope, 'I will not leave you comfortless; I will come unto you.'"

Let me remind you *that the text is at this moment valid*, and for this I delight in it. "I will not leave you comfortless." That means now, "I will not leave you comfortless *now*." Are you comfortless at this hour? It is your own fault. Jesus Christ does not leave you so, nor make you so. There are rich and precious things in this word, "I will not leave you comfortless; I will come unto you, come unto you now." It may be a very dull time with you, and you are pining to come nearer to Christ. Very well, then, plead the promise before the Lord. Plead the promise as you sit where you are: "Lord, thou hast said thou wilt come unto me; come unto me to-night." There are many reasons, believer, why you should plead thus. You want him; you need him; you require him; therefore plead the promise and expect its fulfilment. And oh! when he cometh, what a joy it is; he is as a bridegroom coming out of his chamber with his garments perfumed with aloes and cassia! How well the oil of joy will perfume your heart! How soon will your sackcloth be put away and the garments of gladness adorn you! With what joy of heart will your heavy soul begin to sing when Jesus Christ shall whisper that you are his, and that he is yours! Come, my beloved, make no tarrying; be thou like a roe or a young hart upon the mountain of separation, and prove to me thy promise true—"I will not leave you orphans; I will come unto you."

And now, dear friends, in conclusion, *let me remind you that there are many who have no share in the text*. What can I say to such? From my soul I pity you who do not know what the love of Christ means. Oh! if you could but tell the joy of God's people, you would not rest an hour without it!

"His worth, if all the nations knew,
Sure the whole world would love him too."

Remember, if you would find Christ, he is to be found in the way of faith. Trust him, and he is yours. Depend upon the merit of his sacrifice; cast yourselves entirely upon that, and you are saved, and Christ is yours.

God grant that we may all break bread in the kingdom above, and feast with Jesus, and share his glory. We are expecting his second coming. He is coming personally and gloriously. This is the brightest hope of his people. This will be the fulness of their redemption, the time of their resurrection. Anticipate it, beloved, and may God make your souls to sing for joy.

The Evangelisation of Europe.*

FRANCE—SPAIN—GREECE—TURKEY.

AMID the bewildering tumult and rush of great events in which we stand, it is no small relief to observe the progress of Christian effort in Europe. While nations are warring against each other, and the fairest, proudest city of the world is being besieged by a persevering enemy, Christian men and women are pursuing, as best they may, their peaceful work of bringing the ignorant to a knowledge of the truth. Even in FRANCE, where the invader's foot brings the direst suffering and dismay, and where Protestantism has been unjustly denounced as in league with the country's foe, hostilities against the kingdom of darkness are not suspended. Let us hope that when peace shall have been proclaimed between the two great nations now in conflict, the bloodless warfare against sin, ignorance, and superstition, may be carried on on a far larger scale, with greater ardour, and with grander results. One of the most recent efforts made by English Christians in the evangelisation of France has been by the agency of Bible-women, who have sought the highest welfare of the humblest classes. The peasants throughout France are deplorably ignorant of God and of his Christ. The men are mostly infidels, and do not conceal their disavowal of religion; the women are superstitious or formal worshippers of the Mass. Sunday-schools are unknown save in connection with Protestant churches; family worship is a rarity, and Bible-reading a novelty. The extent of education is said to differ considerably in different parts of the country; in the villages, the peasants are notoriously ignorant, but in some places, and in the towns, about two-thirds of the people can read and write. The Bible-stand at the great Exhibition in Paris did much to familiarise the people with the word of God, and the travelling Bible carriage before the outbreak of the war was the means of distributing the Scriptures, or portions of the Scriptures, in the provinces. A Paris pastor not long since, said, that among the 37,000 communes of France, there were very few that had heard Jesus Christ preached as the only salvation of the sinner, but the Bible colporteurs had circulated millions of copies of the Holy Scriptures, and he urgently advised that Bible readers should be sent to follow the colporteurs. Mr. and Mrs. Pearse, of London, while in France, found a Frenchwoman who had been actively engaged in disseminating the truths of the gospel, surrounded by a number of well-meaning disciples who only needed to be set to work for Christ. The women were addressed, their responsibilities as Christians were urged upon them, they were told what persons of their sex had done, and shown what they might do; and an attempt was made at once to labour among the military. The young men of the place—it was a centre of the Protestant district—were also addressed, and they at once began to co-operate in the good work. A young

* It is earnestly hoped that the information contained in this article may be the means of exciting the prayers of God's people for the Continent.

woman, recently converted from Romanism, whose husband, a small tradesman, was well disposed, offered herself for service. She is described as a cheerful looking person, with a very expressive countenance and good address, with ready wit, always prepared for the sallies of humour she meets with, and with holy boldness and a Christ-like demeanour turning aside the opposition she not seldom encounters. "Having been a Catholic, it was thought best that she should devote herself to itinerating visits to Roman Catholic villages, distribute tracts and Scriptures, read the Scriptures, and hold personal conversation about the truths of salvation on every occasion. Accordingly, she took up this work with her whole heart. Her journeys are long and arduous, often heavily laden with Scriptures and tracts; she is regardless of her comforts, or of wind and weather." The people were found to be willing to receive her visits, and this so overwhelmed her with thankfulness to God that he had given her such a work to do, that she wept when her superintendent insisted on her acceptance of the little pittance to which she was entitled, as she preferred, though her circumstances were such as to require the help, to give her labours freely. "Her courage" says a correspondent, "her joy, her dependence on the Lord, are quite infectious." The priests succeeded in some of the villages in stopping the mission; but in one town the mayor interfered, saying, "No; these books are very good; let her distribute them." This Bible-woman on going with her tracts in front of a café, was invited by the proprietor to come in, "and everyone put down his journal to take a tract." She visits shops, manufactories, railway-stations, and farms, and finds in most of them willing recipients of her leaflets. Forty men playing at cards put them down to receive her gifts; working-men, who eye them suspiciously, are persuaded by their fellow men to accept them. "I have never read anything more beautiful," said one. "These tracts," observed another, "seem nothing; but they rest on the mind, and one is always thinking of them." "These books are beautiful," said an enthusiastic farmer; "I pass them on to all the other farmers near the town, for they wish to have them." Not unfrequently she is better received by the Roman Catholics than by the so-called Protestants. The latter will smile or mock, or decline to accept the tract, while the former will be reverential in manner when she speaks of the Saviour's passion, and thankful for the instruction afforded by the little messengers of good tidings. Since the beginning of the work, in 1868-69, she has given tracts to 50,000 persons. Last year she visited more than thirty villages. "She finds the country people in the evening, gathered in the cafés, goes to each table, explains the way of salvation, gives her tracts, New Testaments, and Sermons, and for the latter they sometimes give her money. But what touches them most, is to receive such things gratuitously, as it convinces them of self-sacrifice and faith." Not that all the work is thus done; for some will purchase, and others will afterwards pay for the Testaments they receive. "A Catholic woman has sold several large Sermons to the farmers at a low price. They come together from different farms to read them, and lend the tracts; we have never seen the like—God is carrying on his work without evangelists." At a village of three thousand inhabitants, all Catholics, she finds a hearty reception. All speak against the Pope, and, indeed, in many places in France, no

great reverence is felt for the man of unbounded assumptions, whom Catholics recognise as "his holiness." The innkeeper declared that more than a hundred people were asking for New Testaments—a proof that the word of God is welcomed, even in the dark places of superstition. Another Bible-woman, a sick-nurse by profession, has easy access to the barracks, where she labours untiredly, as also in the infirmary and guard-houses. A serjeant, on receiving a New Testament that he had desired a long while, burst into tears. The following passages from an "Occasional Paper," give an idea of the usefulness of the Bible-woman:—

"One of the men said, 'The Sister of Charity lately threw into the stove two New Testaments and some tracts. We were *all* full of indignation at it. 'Ah, that wicked sister! I'll have no more of my religion now (he is a Catholic); I know too much about priests. Let me speak to some one; I want another religion, and this desire has long taken possession of me.'

"A soldier came timidly to the reading-room, as he hardly knew how to read. 'I found,' said he to the Bible-woman, 'amongst the books you left at the barracks, these beautiful words—"Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved." Now explain that to me, for I want God to pardon me. I understand nothing of the Latin spoken in our church.' He took a New Testament, to make his comrade read it to him every evening till midnight, and now he is learning to read here. One night, putting his hand on his breast, he said, 'I feel such a peace here, and calm and content, whenever I come to this place; I would ever be here.'

"This man, with another Catholic, was taken aside and spoken to by our young men. The latter, who had recently come out of the hospital, said, 'In five years there will be no more Catholics. What is done is too bad; a man to pardon sins who needs pardon himself!' These ideas were in their minds ere the Bible-woman knew them. So it was a prepared work.

"'The priests are afraid that you will take possession of the army,' said one; but they don't stir about it.' Each time she goes, her baskets are emptied. It is quite touching to see them at the reading-room, with their hymn-leaflets, never tired of singing. Four of the hymns they know by heart. They listen well also, and ejaculate words of surprise and approbation. Numbers of them have come and gone, taking with them pamphlets; but a nucleus of the most earnest remains, with frank and open countenances."

One of the Bible-women, anxious to open a reading-room for soldiers near the barracks, which she might furnish with religious books and journals, made it a matter of prayer, and funds came in, and the room was opened and attended by the soldiers, who came to read the Bible and hear the comments of the Bible agent. Crowded meetings have also been held in this room, and the success of this branch of the work induces the hope that other rooms may soon be opened. Altogether in March last, there were seventeen Bible-women engaged in this excellent work, some of them being voluntary unpaid workers. We look forward with much interest to this effort. It is effective and uncostly. As pioneers, the Bible-women may do much good in France; they will open the ways to other evangelistic efforts. They will never supersede or do the work of preachers, and personally we have no desire to hear of lady-preachers; but they will make the way easier for those who may yet be able to go from village to village, proclaiming to knots of men and women by the hill-side or green, the unsearchable riches of Christ.

May France yet learn that true national glory is not built on victories won by the sword. The poet's wish for England is ours for France:—

“To give religion her unbridled scope,
Nor judge by statute a believer's hope;
With close fidelity and love unfeigned
To keep the matrimonial bond unstained;
Covetous only of a virtuous praise;
His* life a lesson to the land he sways;
To touch the sword with conscientious awe,
Nor draw it but when duty bids him draw;
To sheath it in the peace-restoring close,
With joy beyond what victory bestows;
Blest country, where these kingly glories shine;
Blest [Gallia], if this happiness be thine.”†

Ever since the downfall of the Bourbon queen, in SPAIN, Christian men of several denominations have made earnest efforts in diffusing the gospel in that country, beginning at the capital, Madrid. Senor Carasco, an exile who had studied theology at Lausanne and Geneva, returned to his native land soon after the queen's flight, and preached for the first time in November, 1868, to only thirteen persons. After twelve months' earnest labours, he preached to about a thousand of his countrymen. His congregation is chiefly composed of artisans, who come in their every-day clothes, for “the artisan has no Sabbath suit, for this plain reason, that he has no Sabbath.” “Unwashed,” writes a gentleman, who has recently worshipped with this congregation, “and uncombed, they had come straight from the factory, or shop, or street, and there they stood with their earnest faces, drinking in every word, and with eyes so keen that they seemed to search the very soul of the preacher. . . . When Senor Carasco ended his sermon, and gave out a hymn, we shall never forget how it was sung. It thrilled us. We seemed to hear the voices of the men who died in the *autos-da-fé*. It carried us back to the times of Miriam, when by the shores of the Red Sea she led, with timbrels and with dances, the song, ‘Sing ye to the Lord, for he hath triumphed gloriously; the horse and the rider hath he thrown into the sea.’” The latest news we have from Madrid, speaks most encouragingly of the work going on there. The villagers are beginning to take a deep interest in the preaching of the gospel, and the opposition of those whose “craft is in danger of being set at nought,” does not prevent the truth being proclaimed. Services have been held in an inn on the outskirts of the city; villages where the gospel was wholly unknown, have been visited, and in one place a sacristan fired a revolver at the preacher, who, however, escaped unhurt. Such opposition is expected in places which have so long been subject to the fanaticism of the priests. An important village has been made a centre for evangelistic operations, and it is believed that one of the largest and most solid works in Spain can here be founded. At Valladolid, great success has attended the preaching of Jesus Christ: a large congregation has been formed, there is a Sabbath-school of 150 children, and a number of boys have, as at Madrid, formed a prayer meeting of their own. A Young Men's Christian Association of twenty-six

* The Ruler's.

† Cowper's Table Talk.

members has been formed in Madrid, and—will it be believed?—in a city where evangelical truth was not allowed to be preached until lately, *a Baptist church has been formed*, under the pastoral care of Mr. Knapp, a learned and able American brother. What hath God wrought? These movements are pregnant with future blessings. Spain may yet rejoice in the preaching in every town and village of “the glorious gospel of the blessed God.”

From GREECE information comes of a pleasing character. In Athens, there has been what is called the “ordination service” of a Baptist minister. This event finds a record in one of the secular papers of the city, and members of the Greek Church are rather alarmed at such an occurrence. “We knew,” says one magazine, “that there were in Athens some of the disciples of the American missionaries, but we did not know that they were so numerous as to require the ordination of a new elder, and that three American Anabaptist elders had come here for that purpose. Proselytism, then, is advancing among us it seems, and with rapid strides. . . . We grieve to see Greeks deserting the orthodox worship, separating themselves from the orthodox body, in order to go into the Greek Protestant Church.” And the writer goes on to argue with the new converts, a proof that Baptist and Protestant views are making at least some, if not, serious headway. Opponents cannot now be treated with that contemptuous abuse which was so plentifully showered some years ago upon the Greek Protestants. It is found necessary now to reason dispassionately with them. What will be the next change? Thus far it is satisfactory that while Anglican priests in England have been coquetting with an archbishop of the corrupt Greek Church, faithful Protestants in Greece are labouring by the preaching of the simple gospel of Christ to undo the mischief of the so-called “Orthodox Church.” May many trophies be won for the Lord in benighted Greece.

And in TURKEY too. For here also is the gospel preached. For thirty years an American mission has been in earnest work in Western Turkey, which includes a large part of Asia Minor. The Bible has been translated into Armenian, Turkish, and Bulgarian, and is being circulated in this and in neighbouring missions. This mission is of so peculiar and so suggestive a character, and is so unknown in this country, that it may be well to give some particulars of it, as furnished in a paper written by the agent at Marsovan. It appears, then, that there are twenty-five native churches, self-supporting, in whole or in part, and others are rapidly being organised. No church is organised till the people pay at least a half of the pastor’s salary, and they are expected soon to assume the whole. There are nearly four thousand registered Protestants, and the number of those who give their intellectual assent to Protestant truths, is very great. The work is mostly among the Armenians; the Mohammedans, being obstinately bigoted, will not listen to the gospel. Some of the most intelligent classes acknowledge in the main the truth that is taught; but love of the world and the deceitfulness of riches keep them from acknowledging Christ. The native brethren at Marsovan have a church, capable of seating on the ground floor, one thousand persons, which they built mostly by their own efforts, and they support their own minister. The great feature of this mission

is the principle of a self-supporting gospel. "The Marsovan brethren have much love and earnestness, as well as enjoyment in religion, and all but two of the church members give a tenth of all their income to the Lord. It won't do to let a people have a gospel that costs them nothing. Thus we plant the gospel, and it grows, and is not dependent on foreign aid. To-day if we should all leave Asia Minor, the work would go on. Our work is simply introductory; as soon as we can put the whole cause into the hands of the native Christians we shall. . . . We never act as pastors, though we preach the gospel whenever we can; our great work is apostolic, we try to provide native pastors to place over every church, and found new churches."

To the state of religion in GERMANY we hope to refer at some length another month.

Our own dear Popish Church.

CERTAIN divines in the Baptist body, as in most other dissenting denominations, are marring the testimony of Nonconformity by coalescing in various ways with priests of the Anglican church. Charity is at all times beautiful and Christ-like, and as between man and man, Christian and Christian, is to be maintained at all times, and none the less because of differing opinions; but charity towards a corrupt system is falsehood to truth, danger to ourselves, injury to our fellow men, and dishonour to God. Towards the church of England as a State church, and as maintaining many Popish doctrines, Nonconformists only stand in truth and sincerity when they avow themselves decidedly hostile. Our reason for being Dissenters is gone, and we are in a wrong position altogether, if there be so little evil in the Episcopal denomination that we may truthfully walk in fellowship with it. If we dissent let us in all fidelity separate ourselves from the errors from which we dissent; but if we fraternise with the body, as such, let us cease our pretended Nonconformity. Temporising is all the more dangerous just now, for the priests of the Anglican faith are every day becoming more and more pronounced in their views. However much Dissenters may place in abeyance their own distinctive teachings, these gentlemen are resolved to give theirs more and more prominence. They do not mince matters with us. Hildebrand could not have been more explicit. Nor do we complain of this. If they are right we are wrong, and it is their duty to say so. We commend their honesty, though we despise their judgment. If the points in dispute with us were trivial they might be played with; but they are vital and essential, and are not to be glossed over with words of worldly charity which rightly viewed are only pious frauds, popular phrases meaning nothing, or worse still, traitorous desertions of Christ's truth for the sake of pleasing men.

As a mild instance of the decided and outspoken teaching of "the clergy," we shall cull a few extracts from a little twopenny catechism published this year in London, and written by "the Rev. Frederic Aubert Gage, M.A., Vicar of Great Barling, Essex," a gentleman who

evidently knows what he believes and is not ashamed to avow it. He uses no roundabout phrases, and seeks after no non-natural senses, but sticks to his prayer-book catechism, as a vicar should. With him infant baptism is a power indeed, not only sanctifying and regenerating, but justifying too. He shall speak for himself—

“When do we receive forgiveness of sins? *A.* When we are baptized.”

“How is Baptism the instrument of so great a privilege? *A.* By conveying to us the gift of God’s Holy Spirit, who from that time takes up his abode within us.”

“What are the sins hereby forgiven? *A.* Original and Actual.”

“What is original sin? *A.* The corruption of our nature consequent upon Adam’s fall, and which has descended upon all who are naturally his offspring.”

“How far does Baptism remove this evil? *A.* Baptism entirely takes away the guilt attending original sin; at the same time, it imparts a new and Divine power enabling us to resist successfully all evil.”

“What is actual sin? *A.* Any sin which we ourselves commit.”

“Does Baptism entirely cleanse us from these? *A.* Yes, it places us in a state as though we had never committed them.”

No child need be in doubt about what his parson here teaches. He has but to open his ears and learn, for the words are as plain as his mother’s talk, and we will add as detestable as the holy Father of Rome could have made them.

Equally clear is this divine about the position of those horrible creatures called “Dissenters.” Those wretches it seems are to be helped in distress, “provided we do not defraud God’s chosen people, they who are of the household of faith;” that is to say, if there be an odd blanket which is not required by one of the orthodox it may be tossed to a Dissenter, but the children must first be filled before the dogs under the table are allowed their crumbs. Soup and coals are for the chosen, of course, and as for the rest they may learn their folly by being soup-less and coal-less, unless there should happen to be a superabundance of these good and perfect gifts. On the whole this is very generous advice on the part of the vicar, and a deal better than those miserable heretics deserve. Heretics undoubtedly they are, for the ordained priest of the parish of Great Barling says so under question 85 :—

“We have amongst us various Sects and Denominations who go by the general name of Dissenters. In what light are we to consider them? *A.* As heretics; and in our Litany we expressly pray to be delivered from the sins of ‘false doctrine, heresy, and schism.’”

The sinners in Great Barling ought to be afraid and tremble in their meeting-house, if indeed Great Barling is polluted with such a den; for does not the vicar denounce and expose them, so that even the little children of Great Barling parochial school may hate the sight of them. He shows up their worship :—

“Is then their worship a laudable service? *A.* No; because they worship God according to their own evil and corrupt imaginations, and not according to his revealed will, and therefore their worship is idolatrous.”

He further reveals their dreadful state, both by nature and practice, and we fancy shows a little of old Bonner’s merciful disposition to

exercise wholesome discipline upon heretics' bodies for the good of their souls :—

“ But why have not Dissenters been excommunicated? *A.* Because the law of the land does not allow the wholesome law of the Church to be acted upon; but Dissenters have virtually excommunicated themselves by setting up a religion of their own, and leaving the ark of God's Church.

Bravo! vicar, we wish all your brother priests would be as honest, and then the land would the sooner be rid of you. One sees in such plain speech the lion's claw to which soft words about charity act as a pad. We think we smell roast man somewhere, and hear the chains of the Lollard's Tower rattling anew. Thank God, Great Barling is not Great Britain; and the Essex priest is not girt with imperial power. A nice Catechism this “for the use of families and parochial schools.” A pleasant reflection for the heretics that this good priest is supported by the nation to which they belong; and as their paid servant, thinks it a part of his duty to insult his masters. That those Dissenters who are inclined to submit quietly to the present state of things, may see how much dirt they must eat, we will give further elegant extracts from his reverence's Catechism. Our Presbyterian friends have their quietus under heads 82 and 84 :—

“ You said that the Church is governed according to the Apostles' institution, by Bishops, Priests, and Deacons; what pretension then has the *Church of Scotland*, as it is popularly called, to be considered a Church at all, seeing that it rejects the orders of Priests and Deacons? *A.* It is the Church which is established in that country by law, and therefore it is regarded by the *State* as a true Church. Its distinctive title, however, is ‘the Presbyterian Church of Scotland,’ or, ‘the Kirk,’ and is not, in reality, *the Church of Scotland.*”

“ Is not the Presbyterian Church of Scotland, as it is denominated by law, considered by the Church as one of its branches? *A.* No; and therefore there is a branch of the true Church of Christ in that country, which for the sake of distinction is called the Episcopal Church.”

There, ye schismatical knaves, digest that. Sons of John Knox, Presbyterians true blue, by bell, book, and candle, ye are accursed by the priest of Great Barling. That holy man ought to know, for he pertains to the apostolic succession, and he infallibly declares that you, like all other Non-episcopalians, are “out of the pale of salvation, so far at least as God has thought fit to reveal.”

A gleam of hope is afforded to the Baptists in this Catechism, for which we feel duly grateful. The vicar assures the young people of Great Barling in particular, and of the universe in general, that those Dissenters are most to be guarded against who imitate most nearly “the true church of Christ.” Evidently the nearer the church the further from God. The Jews hated all peoples, but most of all the Samaritans, because they were so near akin. We, who are as far as the poles asunder from the vicar of Great Barling's church, are less dangerous it seems than the Countess of Huntingdon's people, and other half-way Noncons. We are glad to hear it, and hope Great Barling will turn out to hear us when we preach in that region—a not very improbable circumstance. If any Independent who wears a gown lives in its neighbourhood, Great Barling must be on its watch-tower, but if an unbegowned Anabaptist should dare to intrude we hope that highly orthodox village will

consider itself out of danger, and give the man an innocent hearing. We are amused to see how the vicar lays it on to our half-and-half brethren. "More power to his arm" say we; we only wish Great Barling's Elijah would end their halting between two opinions, and make them good, sound Dissenters. They are the more to be avoided, says Great Barling—

"Because we are more liable to be deceived by such, the points of difference being apparently few and unimportant, whereas the very circumstance of their being Dissenters shows that they have fallen from the unity of the Church Catholic, and consequently are not in a state of salvation."

There is no mistaking the person for whom the flogging is intended, and we hope our neighbour Mr. Newman Hall and others of his order will be duly impressed with the chastisement so faithfully given by the parish priest of Great Barling.

"But are there not some Dissenters who use the same form of prayers as ourselves?—A. Doubtless; but the prayers of the Church being, for the most part, for the priest to offer up in behalf of the people, it must be sinful and presumptuous for those persons who are called dissenting teachers, to address the throne of grace, usurping the priestly office."

After all, the distinction made among the heretical bands is of no great consequence, for the next question concludes us all in the same condemnation. Indeed, the leprosy of Dissent, not only pollutes persons, but like that of old, it eats into the bricks and mortar, the pantiles and the benches of the houses wherein we are wont to assemble. The mere entrance into a house frequented by any of our heretical brotherhood is forbidden to the faithful upon peril of being accomplices in our guilt. The youth of Great Barling will not henceforth rush into such dangerous places, they will drink their beer at the Red Lion, the Pig and Whistle, or the Mitre, and their souls will remain uncontaminated; at least, if they wander it will be with their eyes open to the consequences, for question 98 is plain enough—

"Is it wicked then to enter a meeting-house at all?—A. Most assuredly; because as was said above, it is a house where God is worshipped otherwise than he has commanded, and therefore it is not dedicated to his honour and glory; and besides this, we run the risk of being led away by wicked enticing words; at the same time, by our presence we are witnessing our approval of their heresy, wounding the consciences of our weaker brethren, and by our example teaching others to go astray."

Very significantly the Romanists are spoken of in quite another spirit from that excited by the contemplation of Dissenters; their church is a true branch of the catholic church, but they are to be discountenanced and reprov'd (mark, reader, not excommunicated, etc.), because they have separate churches in this land, which is a manor of Canterbury, and ought not to be poached upon by the gentlemen of Rome. In truth, we are much of the vicar's mind. What does a Papist want with a chapel of his own? the parish church, if it be regulated after the Machonochie and Bennett fashion, is as like a Popish chapel as one pea is like another. If he wants whole-bog Popery, he can be accommodated quite as well by the Anglican priest as by the Roman; and if he requires a little cursing to act as cayenne to his religion, gentlemen of the Great

Barling order can anathematise almost as prettily as the Pope himself. Should the Romanist be stumbled a little by his fondness for the adoration of Mary, the vicar of Great Barling will meet him to a hair, for he teaches his catechumens that "the Blessed Virgin is the Mother of God," and explains himself to mean that—

"In the womb of the blessed Virgin the divine and human natures of our Saviour are joined together in one person called Christ, which person was born of the Virgin Mary in Bethlehem."

We never met with a Popish priest yet who could write many pages without descanting upon mysteries connected with maternity and nativity, which cluster minds would leave beneath the hallowed veil. They never seem more at home than when their piety has cast out their delicacy. The "families and parochial schools" of Great Barling might have been none the worse if the obstetric part of the business had been deferred for future consideration. The point, however, is the clear inference for the worship of Mary which Great Barling was expected to draw, and no doubt has drawn. It is clear that Mariolatry is no sin if indeed Mary be the mother of God. We wonder whether Great Barling has a winking Madonna—its priest will hardly be at ease till he gets one; surely the diocese has a winking bishop, or he would suppress such Popish teaching.

Brethren, fellow Nonconformists, are you about to enter into a covenant of amity with a church which allows such teaching within its borders? If any dissenting denomination tolerated downright idolatry, we should at once deny it our sympathies, and will we wink at the abomination in the state church? It is true that there are good men, yes, very good men in the Establishment, but this is no reason why we should deal leniently with a system which allows and supports deadly error. These good men are in a false position, and we can best serve them by letting them see that we think so. They themselves wish for a reform, but their position hampers them; we who are free must help them to purge out the old leaven. A church which insults us we can afford to smile at, but a church which at the same time misleads our fellow men, we must, for truth's sake, and Christ's sake, most earnestly oppose. "*Delenda est Carthago*" was the motto of the old Roman patriot who desired to destroy the great enemy of his country: the like must be our resolution as against both the Anglican and the Roman papacy. No peace, no truce, must there be between the champions of a spiritual faith, and the devotees of Sacramentarianism. We must teach our children the protests for which our fathers died; we must expose to their detestation the fopperies and elegancies which cover up the enormities of priestcraft; we must break up the inclined plane down which weakly Nonconformists descend, by the halfway house of Evangelicalism, into the abyss of Tractarianism. An end to all truckling and coquetting; we are the determined foes of the system which is now styled our National Religion, and can never cease to oppose it while we reverence the Bible, while we love the souls of men, while we obey Christ, and believe in God.

Pleasant Voices from across the Channel,

VOICE THE FOURTH.

"O arm of the Lord . . . art not thou it . . . that hath made of the depths of the sea a way for the ransomed to pass over?"

ONE extremely warm day when much exercise was an impossibility, I went to the village emporium to borrow a "readable book." I say this advisedly, for the library which formed part of the emporium was mostly composed of trashy novels.

"Pray let me have something worth reading, Madame C——," quoth I to the widow in charge.

"Madame shall have an excellent book indeed. No other than '*Le Maudit*.' It cost me sorrow when first I read and lent it, for the priests hereabouts are Jesuits, and hate whatever tells against themselves. They excommunicated me for keeping it in my store, and for lending it. But bah! I did it notwithstanding, and here, many a one has studied it on the sly I can tell you! It is about priests getting married. I wish they would, I'm sure! Would it not for us be a blessing to shake free of '*Les Jesuites*,' and have married priests, who could enter into our feelings? Ah! in life, in death, humanity requires a God at first hand. Does it not? Shall I tell you, Madame, how I learnt that necessity? When I lost my husband (ah, such a *bijou* was my Guizot) we had lived in perfect happiness for thirty-three years! It was in Rousillon that I became desolate, for I had no child. Only my cherished Guizot, who filled my life. When he died it was arranged by my brother that I should go to Bresse, there to help him in his trade of "potting" fowls. Our cottage was sold, and our vineyard. *Ahimé!* that last night I spent at home! How sweetly scented was the air! The vines were all in flower, and in the south they are superb. *Hé bien, Madame!* I went out to my husband's grave, there to say to him adieu! Oh! my heart, didst thou not suffer then? The soft south wind was blowing, and the night was dark. I had no tears in my eyes—only a dry, hard agony! Over the spot where lay my darling's head I had placed a little black wooden cross. I now flung myself on my knees before it, and to "Our Lady of the Seven Sorrows" I said my broken prayers. I knew that prayer ought to bring comfort, but I was not really praying, only repeating words, and pretending to myself that I was securing relief. Still my sore heart, in the background as it were, kept moaning so pitifully over its own pain. My prayers seemed just like planting roses and myrtles over a pure white marble tomb—making the outside beautiful, while inside all remained full of corruption, and crawling worms, and death. As I looked up, a single star shone out in the dark sky. Something in my soul seemed to whisper, "Go direct to Jesus; he has infinite power. He made that star! Those dark clouds, he upholds them." O Lord, my God! I cried, help me, for I am weak. Thou knowest how desolate I am, O dear Saviour, for wert not thou, too, out, all alone, on the cross, in the darkness? Dear lady, the Almighty Jesus calmed, then, my despair when to him I cried; and next day, though I wept

bitterly to quit the scene of my past happiness, I no longer felt myself utterly alone. . . . Ah! indeed, is he not even near us, this Jesus? who was flogged over yonder at Jerusalem, and is now, in the *middle of a beautiful rainbow up in the heavens?* And he keeps drying our tears on earth, does he not?"

But, tell me, Madame C., do you still go to confession? You say you were excommunicated!

"Ah! I confess not in H——, of course. Here the fathers are all 'Jesuits.' I go to a good young curé, over at St. S——, who is no Jesuit. He has little learning, but is honest. But when confessing even to him, I think not about him, rather do I remember that blessed Stephen who, while surrounded by bad men, saw (as he knelt) the skies opened above him and Jesus standing before God the Father, supplicating for his poor servant, who was in such extremity down on earth! . . . I try to attain, with my spirit, to God's footstool to fly, "*pour ainsi dire,*" through the church roof. Ah! Madame, the *matériel* of the services are like cords to drag us down, a troublesome net which envelops our limbs; but *le Saint Esprit* helps us to fight our way, to God, right through them all!"

The old widow was a born logician, taking nothing for granted. It was sometimes curious to observe how, trusting for salvation to Jesus only, she still held by the *dicta* of her church (knowing in fact no other, and never having hitherto so much as spoken to a Protestant) till she could argue and explain them away, to her own satisfaction.

The manner in which (all illiterate though she was) she used to bring her creed to the bar of *reason*, recalled to recollection an adventure which befel in my ninth year.

My sister and I were paying a visit to three little playmates, at Rosslyn. It was midsummer, and all five of us had passed the morning, "hunting butterflies" up and down the rocky paths of "sweet Hawthorn-den." For two of our juvenile party had entomological tendencies, and carried "flappers" whereby many a heedless insect, got, in the long run, impaled on a needle, and conserved in camphor. One gorgeously-tinted fellow of a morocco butterfly led us on, and on, in bootless pursuit, till finally he gave us the slip by flying away, right over a pathless thicket. Like older pleasure-chasers (the game being lost), we felt weary and downhearted, moreover, in prospect of the long road our tired feet must needs retrace.

Just then, Anna A——(a sharp little creature she was), exclaimed "But, why should we go back, that long wearisome road, can't we wade up the stream? It would not be half the distance. The move was carried by clapping of hands, and forthwith, off came five little pairs of shoes and stockings, up were furled five little pairs of frilled muslin drawers. We commenced our homeward march, keeping close to the right bank of the river where birch and ivy, trailing here and there into the water, made us as we "wound" through their branches look like so many miniature Ophelias. The day was warm and the stream deliciously cool. We progressed merrily, laughing when an adventurous minnow swam across our toes, or a silvery trout made a "grab" at some floating sleepy fly. And how we did keep congratulating ourselves the while on the superiority of an aquatic journey to one

performed on commonplace *terra firma*! But ah! not yet, not yet is the goal attained. On a sudden, the sky darkened, and heavy rolling clouds betokened a brewing thunder-storm. Some big plashing rain-drops fell; just as we reached a bend of the river, when all at once it appeared to deepen, and our course was blocked up by a huge rock rising sheer out of the watery blackness like a great wall. We were up to the knee, and instantly halted in terror, afraid to stir either backwards or onwards. Timorous, gentle, flaxen-curled Emma began to weep, sobbing piteously, "O mamma, come to me; we shall all be drowned."

And, ah, sad omen! one of the small entomologists dropped her white net fly-catcher, upon which, as it skimmed away over the dark, dull waters, we gazed in silent dismay. It seemed a foreshadowing of our own probable doom. For had we not often and often been warned of the treacherous pools thereabouts, and heard legends about grown men and big horses that had been engulfed therein? Poor little helpless girls; what chance of escape was there for us? A bright idea struck me. "Come," said I, "let us try to wade across to the opposite side, and then scramble up the bank. Don't you see there's a foot road over yonder, if we could but reach it?" "I'm so frightened; I dare not," whispered the other four shivering children. "Well, then, I'll go first, and one by one you must follow; place your feet exactly where I place mine." So, in Indian-file, holding tightly by each others skirts, shaking and quaking did we cross the Esk River.

Step by step, step by step, in hushed solemnity. The trembling leader feeling about, on this side and on that, till each foothold was secured; and the terrified train behind, earnestly taking her precise bearings for their individual behalf. At length we were all safe on the opposite bank. Just as we touched it, a sun-gleam shone out, and I remember still the quivering gratitude which came over me, young though I was, on seeing distinctly "*the way*" by which we had been guided.

Far across a ledge of rock, less than a quarter of a yard in breadth, and zig-zagging through a pool of mythical depth, had we been brought safely; kept by the same Jehovah, who, for his people of old, cut a crystal-walled tunnel right through the caverns of the sea. Worthy widow C——, unsystematic indeed was your system of theology, and M. Jourdain's astonishment at his own prose-speaking fell far short of yours on learning that, in point of fact, you were at one with that "*misérable Docteur Martin de Luthère*," whom you supposed a second edition of the Prince of Darkness.

But after all, your face was truly set Zionward. Sometimes, it is true, bewildered in incense mist, and half-deafened by litanics, your feet well-nigh slipped, as you kept struggling through the waves of much ignorance. But the shining shore reached, how glad will be your doxology to him who wisely and tenderly leads his chosen even through shingly deeps, to that blessed country where there is no more sea!

A Conscience void of Offence.

BY JOHN ALDIS, JUN.

"And herein do I exercise myself, to have always a conscience void of offence toward God, and toward men."—Acts xxiv. 16.

THESE words form part of Paul's defence before Felix. How strangely they must have fallen on the ears of those to whom they were addressed! Before his removal to Cæsarea, Paul began his apology to the council in these words: "Men and brethren, I have lived in all good conscience before God until this day." And immediately the high priest commanded them that stood by him to smite him on the mouth. He and his fellows were ready enough to accept of a scheme to murder Paul; they trumped up a case against him, and hired an orator to accuse him. No wonder that men so devoid of conscience should deem all mention of a good conscience, or a conscience void of offence, as fanatical, hypocritical, absurd.

Equally strange must Paul's assertion have appeared to Felix, who was a cruel and licentious man, willing to release the apostle if he were heavily bribed; but caring nothing for right, for conscience, or for God. But whatever men may think or say, Paul makes the bold assertion, "And herein do I exercise myself, to have always a conscience void of offence toward God, and toward men."

I. THE OBJECT OF PAUL'S AMBITION, "to have always a conscience void of offence toward God, and toward men."

What conscience is, has never been better defined than by the profound Bishop Butler, in one of his sermons on human nature. He says, "But there is a superior principle of reflection or conscience in every man, which distinguishes between the internal principles of his heart as well as his external actions, which passes judgment upon himself and them; pronounces deliberately some actions to be in themselves just, right, good; others to be in themselves evil, wrong, unjust. Which, without being consulted, without being advised with, magisterially exerts itself; and approves or condemns him, the doer of them, accordingly; and which, if not forcibly stopped, naturally and always of course goes on to anticipate a higher and more effectual sentence, which shall hereafter second and affirm its own. It is by this faculty, natural to man, that he is a moral agent, that he is a law to himself; but this faculty I say, is not to be considered merely as a principle in his heart, which is to have some influence as well as others; but considered as a faculty in kind and in nature supreme over all others, and which bears its own authority of being so." This conscience Paul desired always to maintain void of offence towards God and towards men.

A conscience void of offence is one *unoffended* and *unoffending*. Conscience is seldom void of offence in either particular. Men do what they know to be wrong, and thus offend their conscience. The result is that conscience becomes vitiated; feebly, imperfectly, and sometimes even falsely expounds duty, leads astray, and so is offending. Thus conscience *offends*, because it is *offended*. You receive a clock from the

maker in prime order. It guides you aright, for it truly indicates the time. But if you clog it with dust, or alter the pendulum, its action will be deranged; it will misinform you as to the time: the clock, first offended, becomes offending. When conscience came from the hand of its Maker it truly indicated right and wrong; but man violated his conscience, loaded it with sin, and the result has been that conscience is often irregular in its motion, and sometimes stops altogether.

(1.) *Paul strove to have a conscience unoffended.* His constant endeavour was to do what he believed to be right towards God and towards men. As far as he knew it, he would endeavour to fulfil every precept of religion, and every obligation of benevolence. He strove to keep entire both the tables of the law which have been so universally broken, to love the Lord with all his heart, and his neighbour as himself. Duties should not be neglected because they were trivial, or because they were difficult. No delinquency should be connived at, however venial, or however powerful the temptation, or plausible the excuse. And this he would do always. To maintain this good conscience for a short time might be comparatively easy; but to have it always void of offence towards God and towards men was a tremendous task. All men have failed, and failed in both respects. "David's heart smote him because he had cut off Saul's skirt," and done a dishonour to man. 1 Samuel xxiv. 5. "And David's heart smote him after he had numbered the people," and sinned against God. 2 Samuel xxiv. 10. When Jesus says, "He that is without sin among you, let him first cast a stone," all are condemned by their own conscience, go out one by one, and Jesus is left alone—the only one whose conscience is unoffended.

(2.) *Paul strove to have a conscience unoffending.* Conscience, though the highest authority within us, is not always a safe guide. It has been truly said, "To act against one's conscience, to do what one thinks wrong, is always wrong: to act according to one's conscience, to do what one thinks right, is not always right." This is a result of man's transgression, a part of human depravity. Man, by his fall, fractured his limbs for right action, dislocated his whole moral frame, and though conscience received less injury than any other faculty, it received some severe contusions in the fall. Bunyan vividly describes the degradation of conscience in his "Holy War." Mr. Conscience, the Recorder, "before the town was taken was a man well read in the laws of his King; and also a man of conscience and faithfulness to speak truth on every occasion." Diabolus could not abide him, for however much he debauched the old gentleman, he could not make him wholly his own. Now and then his fits came upon him, when he would shake the whole town with his lion-like voice. But debauched and defiled he lost much of his power: sometimes when he was merry he would unsay and deny what in his fits he had affirmed; sometimes he would be fast asleep; sometimes even as dead. To this degradation of conscience, Paul bears testimony. He says of some, "Even their mind and conscience is defiled." He admits it in his own case when addressing Agrippa. Acts xxvi. 9. "I verily thought with myself that I ought to do many things contrary to the name of Jesus of Nazareth." However, he did not look upon this approval of conscience as justifying his conduct,

though to some extent it extenuated his guilt ; but confesses, "I was before a blasphemer and a persecutor, and injurious ; of sinners I am chief." Paul even admits the possibility of conscience leading him wrong during his apostolic career. 1 Cor. iv. 3, 4. "I judge not mine own self, for I know nothing by myself—*i.e.*, against myself—I am not conscious of any unfaithfulness in my stewardship, yet am I not hereby justified, the approval of my conscience is not certainly the approval of God, but he that judgeth me is the Lord." If Paul dare not fully trust his own conscience, who of us dare do so? In none of us fallen creatures is this faculty perfectly true, there is a strange twist here or there, and we call evil good, and good evil. How many persons' consciences mislead them in the matter of truthfulness. Many good men swear they believe what they don't believe; use words in a non-natural sense, and think they do right, because by so doing they are able to retain positions of usefulness! Many have the habit of exaggeration: really their statements are false, but they do not see the evil, conscience does not accuse them. Many deal largely in what are called *white lies* in business. They make statements about their goods which are manifestly untrue; but somehow or other their conscience is twisted, they do not see any harm in it; and yet these same men have a horror of falsehood in other forms. Many who are honest so far as they know, are yet, through a perverted conscience, dishonest in little things. They use for their own purposes, or waste, time that fairly belongs to their employers. They will take trifles to which they have no right, yet conscience does not accuse them. That there is this danger is implied by Paul's injunction, "Not purloining but showing all good fidelity." As to religious duties, this faculty sometimes becomes lazy; and it occasionally errs by excess, and morbidly cries out against things that are harmless and right. We observe these aberrations of conscience in others, and often say, "I wonder So-and-So can act in that way," but from the nature of the case we are unconscious of them in ourselves. Of vast importance is it to have a conscience *unoffending*. We must not be satisfied with the approval of our inward monitor, but must desire that our rector be rectified; and the earnest prayer befits us, "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."

II. THE MEANS EMPLOYED to attain this object. I exercise myself. The word indicates the severe and careful training of the athlete. The object was so high and difficult of attainment, that even Paul needed to bend all his powers in the pursuit. How shall we attain thereto?

We have already seen that conscience *offends* because it is *offended*. Therefore, to make conscience true to us, we must be true to conscience. Said Christ, "If any man will do his will, he shall know of the doctrine whether it be of God." So if any man will honestly follow the light of conscience, conscience shall become more and more enlightened. On the other hand, it is a very easy thing to stifle conscience; treat her rudely when she speaks, and she will soon be still, and allow you to follow your way unwarned.

If we would have a conscience void of offence, we must carefully listen for its faintest whisper; never enter on any new course, or perform any

unaccustomed action, without asking counsel of our inward monitor. Without great care in this matter we shall go astray. Conscience may whisper, but we may be so engrossed by the excitement or bustle of other things, that we hear not the whisper, and be unconscious that we have done wrong until afterwards conscience thunders our rebuke. Moreover, we must ever let conscience be supreme; what it commands, do; what it prohibits, refrain from; though pleasure, or interest, or ease, or the opinion of the most excellent and estimable of our friends point the other way. "And if our heart condemn us not, then have we confidence toward God."

But since the holiest often come short, and our heart does condemn us, let us repair without delay to Christ for pardon, and his blood shall without fail purge our conscience from dead works. Go to Jesus at once, allow not conscience to remain long burdened. Remove the weight from the spring immediately, that it may not lose its elasticity. Herbert rebukes his conscience for so much talking, and threatens to silence the prattler with this medicine—

"If thou persistest I will tell thee,
That I have physic to expel thee.
And the receipt shall be
My Saviour's blood; whenever at his bid
I do but taste it, straight it cleanseth me,
And leaves thee not a word:
No, not a tooth or nail to scratch,
And at my actions cark or catch."

Moreover, let us carefully train conscience by the formation of right habits. Make conscience of discharging all your duties, and conscience will help you in their discharge. Make conscience of your closet exercises, of family devotion, of punctuality, regularity, earnestness, in the house of prayer. Make conscience of giving a due proportion of your income to the Lord; of the efficient discharge of home duties, business duties, social duties. Train the consciences of your children and dependants. Try and form in them right habits of religious and other duties, and educate their conscience to enforce these habits. Train conscience, and then conscience shall be to you what the great fly-wheel is to the factory. It takes some force to set it going, but when it is once in motion its momentum will repay you, and help you through many a tough piece of work which the engines of ordinary motives, without the momentum of the fly-wheel, would be unable to accomplish. May we be like Paul, who says, "I exercise myself to have always a conscience void of offence toward God and toward men."

III. THE MOTIVES BY WHICH HE WAS SWAYED. And *herein* do I exercise myself. Wherein? By what motive impelled?

Paul did not seek salvation thereby. Though he strove after a conscience void of offence, he was painfully sensible of shortcomings, and groaned out, "The good that I would I do not, but the evil which I would not that do I." He tells the Philippians how much cause he had, as men would think, to trust in the flesh. He was zealous and blameless in the law. But for Christ's sake he gave up all these things, as he says, "That I may win Christ, and be found in him, not having mine

own righteousness which is of the law, but that which is through the faith of Christ." Not by conscience, but by Christ's righteousness must Paul and we be justified.

But a good conscience is the necessary result and proof of justification. He charges Timothy to "Hold faith, and a good conscience, which some having cast away concerning faith, have made shipwreck." If you cast away conscience your faith is vain. Paul was the great champion of justification by faith; but he shows us that there is nothing licentious about the doctrine, for he who declares, "That a man is justified by faith without the deeds of the law," exercised himself to have always a conscience void of offence, and placed side by side "a good conscience and faith unfeigned."

Paul had just declared before Felix, "There shall be a resurrection of the dead, both of the just and unjust; and *herein—i.e.*, with a view to this, I exercise myself." The thought of coming judgment may well make the sinner tremble, whose conscience is laden with guilt, and should lead him to seek for pardon. The thought of coming judgment may well make the saint earnest, that he may be approved at last. "And *herein* do I exercise myself, to have always a conscience void of offence toward God, and toward men."

Spectacles.

THE invention of spectacles is one of the greatest blessings of the Christian; yet, perhaps, he seldom thinks of ascribing this to the providence of his Saviour. This enables us to read the word of God at a time when, without this, reading would be uncomfortable, and often impossible. How has this invention facilitated the labours also of those who have been engaged in various ways on the Scriptures for the general good? How much more labour can learning now bestow on the Bible than it could have done had this invention never existed? Philosophy, by the pen of Lord Kames, celebrates the invention with respect to its utility to literary men. "So useful an invention," says his lordship, "cannot be too much extolled. At a period of life when the judgment is in maturity, and reading is of great benefit, the eyes begin to grow dim. One cannot help pitying the condition of bookish men before that invention, many of whom must have had their sight greatly impaired, while the appetite for reading was in vigour. What a shame to Christians if they are unmindful of the Author of this blessing, when the philosopher is so grateful! May not the Christian go a step beyond the philosopher, and give the glory of the invention to God, for the purpose of reading his word? Spectacles were invented by Alexander Spina, a monk of Pisa, about the end of the thirteenth century. See how God can employ the very drones of society! Jesus gives ingenuity to those who know him not, that they may in many different ways contribute to effect his purposes. The date of the invention is also remarkable. Why was it not given to the ingenuity of the ancients? It would not then have served God's people in reading the Bible. Why was it not given before the eleventh century? Because then no Bible could be had to read, for printing was unknown. But now the invention comes into operation, that it may be ready in the beginning of the sixteenth century, when the Reformation put the Bible into the hands of the people.—*From Dr. Carson on "Providence."*

A Visit to the Land's End.

BY W. R. SELWAY, SCIENTIFIC LECTURER, PASTORS' COLLEGE.

ON a bright sunny afternoon in a recent summer, after having done the lions of Penzance, the writer started for the goal of his journey. Had he not tramped, staff in hand and wallet on back, along the bold and magnificent coast line of Southern Cornwall? did he not visit that quaintest of all the quaint nooks of old England, Polporro? How had he admired the wisdom of our ancestors which bestowed upon those dilapidated and fishy boroughs, East and West Looe. Members to represent their interests in the imperial senate! but he did not lament that a ruthless spirit of liberalism had deprived those boroughs of the privilege of their Members, and the inhabitants of the profit of their election. He had stood upon the point of the Lizard, had descended into Kynan's Cove, crossed from that ancient town Marazion, which like so many names in Cornwall smacks of Eastern climes; wondering whence it derived its other name of "Markot Jew;" and alighting from the boat on the rugged but beautiful Mount of St. Michael, proceeded to explore its castle with its mimic fortifications and ancient chapel (singular conjunction of peace and war), within the chapel he had trod the dungeon wherein some unfortunate had not only been imprisoned but entombed, even when yet alive; and of course he was duly impressed with a proper sense of reverence and loyalty when he beheld the pen with which Her Majesty signed, "Victoria," in the well-known bold and clear characters in the visitor's book, the page of which by-the-bye has been cut out, framed and glazed, and suspended for the admiration of all visitors; the signature of a very plebeian visitor who chanced to follow the royal party is immortalised by being preserved on the same page.

It was, of course, impossible to be at Penzance without making a pilgrimage to Mousehold. Now Mousehold is prettily enough situated, looking out across the waters of Mounts Bay, but it is small, being composed of but a few cottages, inhabited chiefly by fishermen, and the whole place is redolent of fish and tar, pleasant but not savoury. Do you ask, gentle reader, why a visit to this place was a moral necessity? Ah, by that question you reveal your ignorance of the circumstance that in this spot dwelt and died Polly Pentreath, at whose death died the ancient language of the Cornish people. No doubt this language was very useful to those who knew no other, but it has when written such an uncouth and uncanny look, that one cannot very deeply regret it has ceased to be spoken, and that village preachers as well as parish rectors need only to speak one tongue to convey their message to the common people.

Leaving Penzance, and walking to the westward, the pedestrian passes through that small but wonderfully fertile region from whence hungry and fastidious Londoners derive their early potatoes, cauliflowers, peas, and other vegetables. It seems to the traveller as if kind nature had here gathered together its richest forces to make the contrast the greater between this charming spot and the wild, bleak, barren, and inhospitable region intervening between it and the Atlantic. Here roses may bloom, fruit and vegetables flourish, but the mighty waves of the great ocean must be confronted with stuff too stern to yield to the arts of Flora or Pomona.

It is interesting to observe by the wayside rude but massive crosses of granite; they bear no inscription, and nothing indicates by whose hands these emblems of the Christian faith were set up. Doubtless many generations have passed away since their erection, and it is to be feared, whatever may have been the motive which called them into being, that few minds have been led to enquire respecting the story of the Cross by these silent masses of stone; one living preacher is worth them all.

Passing through St. Buryan (the village, not the saint, though of saints there are very many in Cornwall, if we may judge from the prefix to numerous towns and

villages), the wayfarer is attracted by the spacious and handsome church, whose tower is a landmark from afar; as also by a curiously wrought cross of great antiquity just without the churchyard. Pursuing the journey, the road winds through vale and over moor tending towards the sea, as we seek the "Logan stone," that wonder of Cornwall, if it be not in the imagination of some one of *the seven wonders*. Where so many headlands are similar, it is not easy for a stranger without a guide to steer directly to the object sought, hence we found ourselves on the wrong side of the cove, and a friendly fisher boy pointing across the water to what appeared a precipitous wall of granite, with a few detached blocks on its summit, said, "You's the Logan." It is very easy, alas! to miss one's road, and the discipline is frequently sharp that must bring us to the right path: our mistake was no exception to this rule, for it was the beginning of our misadventures, but as it is not often a town-tied Londoner can travel so far, we could not miss a sight of this famous stone, and were therefore compelled to retrace our steps around the cove, and by a narrow path reached a hollow between two great masses of stone, where peacefully awaiting his prey, or rather let us say his customers, lounged a burly individual who, taking us in charge, led the way to the rocks; here planting himself, he now with a push and then with a pull, brought us alongside the stone which has interested so many; and very sorely plagued one individual, a practical joker, who with the daring and some of the mischievousness usually attributed to sailors, landed one night in the cove below, and with some of his men proved the fallacy of the Cornish legend that "although a child might rock the stone, no human power could dislodge it," for they fairly or perhaps unfairly pushed it from its pivot into the hollow beneath, a slight fall certainly, but as the stone is very large it cost the unlucky sailor a large sum of money, and much tackling, to replace it, as the Admiralty very properly compelled him to do. The child must be full grown, unless he be a son of Hercules, before he could cause the stone to rock, as we found it required some force and a little knack. taught by the guide, to set it fairly in motion. This huge mass of granite is nicely poised upon a point, not, it is scarcely necessary to remark, of artificial preparation, but the result of the slow, but steady and certain attrition which all rocks suffer from rain and wind during long periods of time. Granite, hard as it is, suffers from this weather action, and is wrought by it into many singular forms, some of which sadly puzzled poor Borlase, the old Cornish antiquary, who attributed every peculiar shaped lump of granite to the work of the Druidic priesthood. There are many rocking stones in granite districts. One at Lustleigh, Devonshire, is so easily moved that nuts may readily be cracked under it, hence it is locally known as the nutcracker.

The Logan stone is magnificently situated on the top of a gigantic heap of granite, rising abruptly from the sea, and from it a fine view of water, rocky cliff, cove and land is obtained; but evening was coming on apace, and a long walk laying before us ere the welcome shelter of the Land's End Inn could be obtained, we must descend, but how? The guide slides down and plants himself on a rock below; far beneath him are the waves of the sea dashing against these very rocks, but he stretches out a brawny arm, and cries, "Now then put your foot on that!" Here was a predicament for one who had serious doubts as to the propriety of putting his trust in an arm of flesh; but seeing there was no help for it, and necessity must overcome scruples, the foot was firmly planted on the arm which, be it said, did not swerve in the least, and thence easily and safely descended. The arm of the guide was more to be trusted than his head, for taking him into council, and seeking his advice as to pathway, he confidently assured us we could reach the inn before dark, and allow time by the way for a look at the rugged headlands of Tol Peden Penwith, a most romantic spot, where the granite assumes the most fantastic shapes, rudely resembling human faces as well as other objects.

The shades of evening rapidly came on, and the path, a mere track on the verge of the cliff, occasionally traversing the sloping front, soon became undiscernible in the dim light, but ahead at sea was the lighthouse, and the

friendly gleam from a window of the inn became a beacon guide along the dreary way; presently a curve in the coast line and a projecting point, prevented that light being seen, and it did not again cheer the wayfarer or beckon him on; the path, however, was retained until it rapidly descended the steep, sloping sides of a ravine, where it was lost amid the heath and furze which clothed its sides. Down this we groped our way, and at last were fairly brought to a stand by a stream, which could be heard though it could not be seen; it seemed to be small, yet too wide to be cleared by a leap, as it trickled away musically, to empty itself into the sea at about a hundred yards distant. Leaning against the dead stump of a small tree, we had opportunity to reflect upon the folly of trying to find a way on a dark night, on a rough and dangerous coast; but the fact remained, that here we were with the steep hill behind, the stream in front, the sea on the left hand, and on the right hand a thick wooded scrub, through which the stream appeared to flow—what is to be done? Two or three cows had been passed on the hill-side, but no cow shed was visible, and although they might be warm, the creatures would not be pleasant bedfellows under the shelter of a furze bush. A light now appeared far away, which instantly elicited a stentorian shout, to be echoed and re-echoed all around, but there came no answer from human tongue. Again a shout, answered this time by loud and angry barkings from at least two dogs; then a period of silent suspense, more barkings, then a female voice, faint but clear and distinct. "Where are you?" "Here, by the stream." Another pause, growlings of a dog, then the voice commanding the brute to silence, and soon a female form was descried; and now a lesson of life is quickly illustrated: one may be very near the right path, but ignorance prevents the discovery. A few yards to the right, stepping stones lead over the stream, a gate is opened, and a pathway found. The good guide, wife of a small farmer, had, fortunately for us, opened her door for some purpose, and thus allowed the candle's rays to stream across the fields; under her care we left the cliffs, where she said it is no uncommon occurrence for tourists to lose their way, her husband not long before having rescued from the stream one who, more unfortunate, had toppled in. We crossed the land farmed by them, and were deposited safely in the roadway, but our troubles were not at an end; it was late when the hotel was reached, everybody but the landlord and one servant had gone to bed, and, to our dismay, we found that not a hole of any kind could be had in which to lie down. The house is of tolerable size and apparently comfortable, and being situated close to the verge of the cliffs, commands, of course, magnificent views of the Atlantic; the host did not himself sleep there, but gave up the whole house to visitors, leaving a servant in charge. He was about to return to his home, at the village, Sennen, and kindly offering a shake-down therein, a weary but pleasant and excited day was closed by a thoroughly sound slumber at the most western village in England, about a mile and a-half from the cliff edge of the Land's End. At this village you meet with a Janus-like public house; as you journey westward, the sign indicates it to be the *last* inn in England, but on the other side you are informed that it is the *first* inn, neither of which statements is now true, as it has been robbed of its distinction by the house on the cliff.

The Land's End! who can reproduce the thoughts and the emotions, the scenes of natural change and of romance, which crowd upon the mind, and flash across the mental vision, as on this summer morning, so calm, cool, and bright, we throw ourselves upon the short and scanty herbage alone! and peer out upon the mighty Atlantic, now literally a giant asleep, for hardly a ripple of its waters lave the rocky bulwarks below? The mist incident to the summer morning, which covered the waters at a little distance from shore, and obscured the view, was a fitting emblem of the obscurity which hangs over the history, physical and otherwise, of this interesting spot. Anon the fog begins to rise, as a huge curtain might be looped up by invisible cords, then a sail darts across the blue expanse of waters, to be received in the bosom of another cloud, again to make its appearance as a thing of life, battling with the mists and clouds of

adversity, but at length emerging into the clear and brilliant light of an unclouded sky. Marvellously beautiful are the forms of the mist, as it gathers into heaps, or wisps, or wreaths, like the downy plumes of angels' wings, uniting heaven to earth. Now the whole horizon is clear. Far as the eye can wander is the broad water of the ocean, blending with the azure of the sky, broken only by passing sails or swooping gulls; near at hand is the Longships Lighthouse, where the diligent watchers every night at the approach of darkness trim their lamps, and keep them burning to warn off passing mariners; away far across the water a few dark spots on the horizon mark the presence of the Scilly Isles, at a distance of thirty miles from the eye! Is it possible, as legend asserts, that where these waves roll bright meadows, wooded valleys, and castled heights once existed? Is this, indeed, the site of that fair Lyonnesse where the immortal Arthur held his kingly court, attended by the knights of his table round? where the fair but fickle Guinevere led captive many hearts, and where the holy mysteries of the San Greal quickened in those dark times some souls into purity of life and holiness of aspiration? It may be so, for doubtless waters now ebb and flow over many a broad acre once far above the level of ocean; but whether this be one of such spots no reliable evidence, scientific or historic, testifies. What is clear is, that here nature has opposed one of her firmest ramparts, and her hardest materials, to resist the thundering assaults of the impetuous ocean when driven on to shore by the mighty power acquired by thousands of miles of moving winds; the battle has been long and oftentimes severe, as is proved by the scars on the face of the rocks, and the fragments far out to sea, from whence masses have been torn, to be tossed, and rolled, and ground into sand, which in its turn has been yielded back by the waves, and driven in some places on this Cornish coast far on to the land. The rocks here are of no great altitude, few, if any, exceeding sixty feet, and do not, therefore, present the stern and grand effect of many lofty, towering headlands, on other parts of the coast, but the effects of the waves have been such that the rocky front is rent, torn, seamed, ground, and otherwise worn into such picturesque forms as to fill the beholder with astonishment and with awe.

At one point where the land juts out, a foolish horseman once nearly lost his life in a spirit of bravado. He declared he would ride his horse further west than any horseman had ever done, and urging his steed down these rocks, the animal was unable to restrain its impetus and was dashed to pieces below, the rider having leaped from its back only just in time to prevent his also going over.

A more pleasing legend connects this spot with Charles Wesley, who it is said while reclining here with the ocean on either hand, composed, or at least conceived that spirit-stirring hymn commencing—

“Thou God of glorious Majesty,
To thee, against myself, to thee,
A worm of earth, I cry;
A half-awakened child of man;
An heir of endless bliss or pain;
A sinner born to die!

Lo, on a narrow neck of land,
Twixt two unbounded seas I stand,
Secure, insensible;
A point of time, a moment's space,
Removes me to that heavenly place,
Or shuts me up in hell.”

As you lie here with the busy brain weaving phantasies, and the soul going far out from the surroundings of daily life, you feel that it is well to be alone; no communion in a spot like this is equal to the communing of one's own soul while you realise that you do but occupy “a point of space,” and that “a moment's time” in relation to the great eternity is all that is allotted you.

But we cannot linger even amid the grand scenery and delightful associations

of this charming spot: we are but gathering up a little of the vigour to be derived from pure air and free exercise the better to be enabled to discharge the duties of life: and we have Cape Cornwall to be scalded, St. Just, and the Botallack Mine to be visited, St. Ivo's, Carnbrea, Agnes, Peranzabuloe, Tintagel, etc., to be seen, and we gather up our thoughts with our limbs, and turn the back to the west; but before leaving the village of Sennen we must take a stroll in the last resting-place of the villagers, where the roar of the Atlantic can no more disturb their peaceful repose. Often does it happen that in these out-of-the-way, old-world churchyards, some bit of sentiment, gleam of poetry, or warmth of piety, may repay the enquirer's visit; upon a stone at this place we met with the following invitation, lecture and injunction, and with this will ourselves now "pass on."

"Come, gentle stranger, turn aside,
Leave where thou art intrusive pride;
On me this favour pray bestow,
Approach and read these lines below.

You're born in sin, estranged from God,
And must be washed in Jesus' blood;
Must know on earth your sins forgiven,
If you expect to enter heaven.

To this brief lecture pray attend,
That's all—pass on, obedient friend."

Servants and the Sabbath.

TOO little regard is paid, in some professedly Christian families, to the spiritual interests of servants. In the household in which we were trained, no cooking was ever done on the Sabbath; and if in the winter time something hot was brought on the table, it was a pudding, prepared on the Saturday, or a few potatoes, which took but little trouble to warm. Is not this far better, far more Christian-like than preparing a great Sunday feast, and compelling servants to slave in the kitchen? If the horse was taken out because the distance to the meeting-house was too great, or the weather too rough for walking, Christians of the good old school always gave the animal its Sabbath on the Saturday or the Monday; and as to the coachman, when they employed one, they always took care to give him time to put up the horse, that he might come in and worship with the family, and they were content to wait till he could come round for the family after service, for they did not want him to lose even the benediction. Ought it not to be so everywhere? Our servants should be regarded as a part of the family, and we should study their comfort as well as our own, if for no other reason, certainly, because they will then study ours; but above all, we should remember their souls, and give them every opportunity to enjoy the means of grace. How can they do this if we make the Lord's-day as much a work-day as any in the week? We are not of those who think it wicked to boil a kettle for tea on a Sunday, nor can we yield to the demands of some, that everybody, however feeble, or however distant his abode, should walk to the place of worship. To some such a walk would be working with a vengeance, and to many, an absolute deprivation of the means of grace; but still we must not allow unnecessary labour in or about our habitations on the Lord's-day, and must devise means to make the necessary work as light as possible. Is a hot joint preferable to a servant's soul? Is it fair to keep a girl at home merely for our own needless gratification? Especially, is this justifiable in the case of those who fare sumptuously every day? The other day the writer received a note from two servants, complaining that they had been sent to the shop on the Lord's-day, and that by a family of which the parents were members of a Christian

church. Can there be any excuse for this? Can such parents expect a blessing on their households? They teach their servants to break one commandment, can they wonder if they break another, and begin to pilfer their master's goods? Persons complain of Puritanic strictness; but is there to be no limit, no line of Christian consistency? We blush as we ask the question, and beseech believing masters and mistresses to consider, and act as their Master in heaven would approve. Let not the lamentations of the servant bar the way of the employer's prayers. Suffer not the kitchen to become a slave cabin. Compel not your servants to sin. Heads of households, you will have to bear the responsibility; do not wilfully incur the anger of your Lord. It is true that servants have their faults, and we are not blind to them, but let them not excuse their wrongs by being made to suffer from yours. Order your household aright, and the God of Israel will bless you, and make you a blessing. C. H. S.

New Fables.

CHAPTER THE THIRD.

FABLE XIII.—A few of the cedars of Lebanon, which were distinguishable from all other cedars by their peculiar verdure (a sort of deep-sea green) and the crookedness of their branches, were filled with indignation on one occasion to such an extent that you would have imagined they were going to resolve themselves into lances and arrows at once, without aid of woodman or lance-maker. "King Solomon," said they, "is planting those miserable, stunted, apple trees under our very eyes. In addition to having such low neighbours, think of the folly of the man! Why does he not plant more cedars, or at any rate, oaks? For a few of these would bring him more lasting renown than a thousand such bushes." Solomon hearing them, said, "Know, O verdant, venerable cedars, I do not plant for renown but for utility!" They replied disdainfully, "Admitted that this is your motive, surely it were wiser to plant better trees than those which will not stand a century, nor resist a single severe hurricane, nor yield a respectable plank when full grown." Said Solomon, "Noble cedars, you are very aged, and very dignified, and widely celebrated, but with all my respect for you, I must say if it is incompatible with your exalted natures to bear apples, or any kind of fruit, I must plant those that will, for the villagers want something besides grandeur." The cedars, the moment Solomon was gone, agreed that he was as really foolish as he was reputedly wise, and as low in nature as he was exalted in station.

Methodist local preachers were ecclesiastical eyesores to many high and dry church vicars, and the Solomon who planted them was unmistakably an object of aversion. But the parishioners it appears very much preferred the apple trees to these cedars, for if they had less theological timber, they yielded a plentiful supply of theological fruit.

The reader is exhorted not to use this fable of any person or persons who have lived since the days of Wesley, or, if he be a member of "the Society for the Promotion of Amiable Weaknesses," the consequences of his temerity might be serious.

FABLE XIV.—"One cannot be always gentle and pacific," said a pike, who was looking as inoffensive as a trout. There he lay in the sunlit, pellucid shallow of the river, on as good terms with himself as a pike could be. "In such a world as this," he soliloquised, "it is impossible to be always quiescent and amiable! It is impossible not to yield sometimes to temptation; but it is a grand thing to master oneself and lie thus, as often as one can. Alas! for those fish who are ever *preying* and watching, who know not such calm repose as I enjoy! Depraved, miserably depraved, are all such fish." Just then

an irate maternal roach who had been watching him and listening, could hold her peace no longer. "You arrant, self-deceiver! You cruel hypocrite! I should think you *could* lie quiet, and cease your cruel raids on us for a time, considering you have eaten so many of my finest offspring that you can hardly move."

Gentle reader, have you never seen our rapacious, self-admiring pike at church or chapel? Have you never heard notorious uncompromising choats deplore human depravity, after having condescended to admit their own *weaknesses*, until you have been ready to disbelieve all you had heard of their cruel nature, and almost abhorred 'yourself' for having entertained so low an opinion of them? Be on your guard, gentle roach, be on your guard, gentle gudgeon, for those quiet moments, those hours of self-cheering talk, are simply for the purpose of *digestion*. Nor be surprised and thrown off your guard if they remain thus for a long time, for they have often rather heavy meals to digest, considering some of them occasionally "Devour widows' houses."

FABLE XV.—Doves, according to the Darwinian theory, are in some way related to geese, either descended from them or developing up to them. I am quite of opinion that a certain collection of doves I have met with, have something of the goose nature in them; and I should not be at all surprised if they ultimately attained to full-feathered goosehood. Let me tell you a story about them. They were cooing in their large cage, evidently oblivious of the time when they cooed and mated in the woodlands. I proposed to let them have their former freedom, when to my astonishment they began to hoot like owls. "What," said I, "are you content to be imprisoned within these rusty wires? Are you content to have half your eggs addled, and your offspring sickly and weak?" They replied in chorus, "Sir, without these protecting wires, *the whole of Dovedom would be destroyed.*" "Oh, oh!" I laughingly said, "are you, then, 'the whole of dovedom?' Are there not doves more beautiful and happy than you at liberty? And as to the necessity of these wires, what did you do before you were caged in them?" They began to flutter and utter unearthly sounds, among which I detected such sentences as these (when translated into the ecclesiastical tongue); "Disestablishing reprobate, we and we alone are true doves. As to our eggs and offspring, what does that matter if we get good seed and protection through being encaged? Go thy way, thou Iconoclast! Thou sacrilegious mortal, would to heaven we had the claws of the vulture, and the beak of the eagle to punish thy audacity!"

Some months after, the owner of the birds told me he had been obliged to set them at liberty, for they made such an intolerable noise, conducting themselves more like magpies than thoroughbred doves; and in addition to that, they cost him more than Mrs. B. thought he ought to expend. N.B.—For explanation, search the history of England, from the years 1875 to about 1895—when it is published.

FABLE XVI.—Last summer, the trees of a neighbour's orchard were in high glee; really they shook their branches as if they meant to shake off every leaf. "What is the matter, cousins?" said a solitary gooseberry bush close by. "Why, see how we are prospering, we have thousands more leaves, and hundreds more branches since last year; we shall soon have as dense foliage as the box tree, and as many arms as an oak." Soon after, the farmer came walking through the trees, evidently displeased, and called his gardener, and said, "John, look at these trees, they are all run to wood, we shan't gather a bushel of apples this season, be sure you cut out half this wood, and thoroughly prune the remaining branches. But see this little gooseberry bush, what an enormous lot of fruit it has; in the winter I will certainly send it as a present to the squire."

There is such a thing as Christians of great talent and influence running to wood, bearing no fruit. They become great men in the world, soon they brave the teacher's position, then they give less and less to the Lord, then they have only time to go to God's house at long intervals. Alas, for them! May the

good Husbandman be merciful to them when the winter comes, and lessen the rigours of the inevitable chastisement which awaits them. I feel sure the Lord is better pleased with you poor gooseberry bush, you sisters and brethren, who have fewer talents and less wealth, but who are bearing much fruit in proportion; be sure he means to transplant you in the right season to the best garden in the universe.

FABLE XVII.—The violet has received so much adulation that it is not wonderful to find as much pride under its purple bonnet as beneath a tiger-lily's more pretentious head-gear.

Very recently, Flora sent word to all the flowers in my garden, that she hoped they would all aim to be as free from defect and as perfect as the flowers of Eden, so that when she came to gather them into a nosegay, she might have unalloyed pleasures.

A gipsy-looking poppy and a prudish-looking violet, growing very near together, entered at once into conversation. The violet admonished the poppy to be sure and heed the message. The poppy very humbly said, she was afraid, do what she would, Flora would not deem her worthy of being put in her nosegay, for she wasn't sure herself whether she was a weed or not. Said the violet, "Be ruled by me; now, if you were to change that unbecoming red of yours for modest purple, and if instead of such leaves as those you now wear, you had leaves like mine, and if instead of that lank, bristly stalk, you had an inoffensive short smooth one, and if instead of standing out there in the sun you grew under this hedge, then would Flora delight in you." "Alas!" said the desponding poppy, "I see you want to turn me into a violet, but you forget I have poppy roots; I don't think violets would have such a modest flower and such a sweet odour if they had roots like mine." "Nonsense," replied Miss Violet, "you might be like me if you chose." But when Flora came she found the poppy was a perfect poppy, but the violet was not only scentless, but also blighted, so she passed it by and took the former, and placed it in her nosegay, for, said she, "it makes a pretty contrast."

Thomas Sadson and Peter Laughnot too often take upon themselves to lecture other professors of the witty, merry, self-accusing, out-spoken sort, on the necessity of greater holiness, but it generally amounts to this, "Be as I am, be sombre, be prudish, be mock-modest." But I believe dear old John Berridge, Rowland Hill, and all the poppies in the Lord's garden, are as dear to him, and infinitely more so, than these scentless violets, who cannot see that wit and humour may be as sanctified as any other faculties of our being.

FABLE XVIII.—There was a famine in the land. All birds and beasts, with the exception of the crows and vultures, and a few others of a similar species, looked ravenous and emaciated. Even the lion lay before his den so reduced by starvation as to be unable to hunt. A giraffe with drooping head ventured to approach him. "Sire," said he, "have you observed the full crops and plump appearance of yonder vultures? Can you tell us the secret of their prosperity in these hard times?" The lion groaned, "It is as great a mystery to me as to you. But see! an eagle approaches this way, pray ask his opinion." The eagle willingly stopped in his weary flight. And in reply to their question simply said, "I know their secret, but I mistake you indeed, if you will be the happier for hearing it. If you would flourish, as they flourish, you must bring your mind to eat carrion and plenty of it."

The giraffe and the lion agreed that starvation was better than satiety at such a price.

It is possible that if we knew the conditions of the prosperity of some men we should cease to envy them.

R. ANDREW GRIFFIN, Weymouth.

Reviews.

A Rhymed Harmony of the Gospels. By FRANCIS BARIAM and ISAAC PITMAN. Printed both in the phonetic and in the customary spelling. London: Pitman, 20, Paternoster Row.

WE are not fascinated by the phonetic column of this bi-literal work; if we live until the character is in common use, we shall probably become as notable as the famous Prester John. We do not see the use of it, and shall never see it generally used. The plain English side of this Harmony does not strike us as any too harmonious, but as many esteemed contributors believe us to be remarkably unpoetical, because we have not inserted their odes, sonnets, epics, or hymns, as the case may be, we will not venture an opinion in this instance, but give a fair specimen, that our readers may judge for themselves. Our memory may be failing us, but we cannot at this moment recollect anything in Milton himself which could be set side by side with this marvellous poetry. It is very satisfying; any four lines in the book would more than satisfy us, more would be too much.

"King Herod when reproved by John
For many a wicked deed,
Sent forth his men to bind him fast,
And then with wicked speed
Put him in prison, and would not
Unto his words give heed.
Herod divorced his wife, and took
His brother Philip's bride,
By name Herodias, a vile dame:
This cannot be denied.
So Herod being wroth with John,
Soon put him into gaol;
But when Herodias sought how,
In spite, she might prevail
To kill him, Herod said, 'Not so;
Because full well he knew
The prophet was a holy man,
And that his words were true.
And oft he heard him cheerfully,
And had performed his will;
Besides, he feared the people much,
Who loved the prophet still."

Fiji and the Fijians. By THOMAS WILLIAMS. And *Missionary Labours among the Cannibals, extended, with Notices of Recent Events.* By JAMES CALVERT. Hodder & Stoughton.

WE have long known this very interesting work, and have read it with great pleasure. It is a standard record of

a wonderful work of grace wrought among a savage people; while at the same time it is a sad memorial of the injustice of godless members of professedly Christian nations. Fiji has suffered much, though it has benefited more, from contact with civilisation.

The Spiritual Garland; being Extracts from English Sacred Writers, illustrative of the Truths of Christianity. Selected by J. G. PILKINGTON, M.A., Clerical Secretary of the Bishop of London's Fund. Dickinson, 92, Farringdon Street.

A CAREFUL collection of extracts, mainly from the writings of theologians of the Puritanic period, very well arranged, and likely to be useful. Honestly, we do not consider them to be the best that could and should have been selected; but among the compiler's co-religionists they will be very highly esteemed, and will, we hope, increase their taste for the literature of the Augustan period of English divinity.

Sabbath Evening Lectures. By GEORGE CRON. Glasgow: Thomas D. Morison.

THE first of these lectures has greatly amused us—it is on the devil's creed—and the author conclusively proves, as he thinks, that the devil is not a Calvinist. We are very happy to concede the point, and allow him to be numbered with the Arminians or the Morisonians, to which party we suppose Mr. Cron has attached himself. We always thought the arch-enemy had a leaning that way, but should not advise Mr. Cron to give him the right hand of fellowship, or to feel overjoyed by discovering so able a personage to be his co-religionist; indeed, we think the discovery should a little startle the worthy lecturer, when he thinks over his own words concerning that fallen spirit. "The greatest liar, he is the greatest dupe; clever he is, yet a fool." Is it because he is a liar and a dupe, and a fool, that he is no Calvinist? The principles which impel him to his evil deeds the lecturer believes to be inconsistent with the doctrines of universal foreordination, election, the final perseverance of the saints, and the doctrines of a limited atonement; we quite agree with him,

and as we judge a tree by its fruits, we see clearly what course of conduct we may reasonably expect from a disbelief of the doctrines of grace, only we are thankful that all such unbelievers are not so logical and practical in their conclusions as this newly-recognised angel of the anti-Calvinistic church.

What shall my Son be? Hints to Parents on the Choice of a Profession or Trade; and Counsels to Young Men on their Entrance into Active Life. Illustrated by Anecdotes and Maxims of distinguished Men. With a copious Appendix of Examination Papers, and other practical information. By FRANCIS DAVENANT, M.A. London: S. W. Partridge & Co., 9, Paternoster Row.

NOT of much use to fathers in general, but of considerable value to parents of the upper middle classes, who have the run of all the professions and callings for their boys. The remarks on clerkships are worthy of the utmost consideration, and there are many useful common-sense remarks all through the book. It is not a religious book, but useful for the secular ends it aims at. Its remarks on "the church" are many of them amusing, if not edifying; we hope the stories about answers given during examinations by the bishop's chaplains are not true, though the author says they are well founded. What think our readers of the following:

"Who was Obadiah? He was a prophet of the Lord, and hid himself by fifties in a cave.

Enumerate the major and the minor prophets? The question, repeated several times, is finally avoided with the remark that the candidate does not like to draw invidious distinctions.

What did the Samaritan before he left the wounded man at the inn? He took out two pence and gave them to the host, and bade him take care of them; and added, 'What thou speakest more, when I come again I will repay thee;' signifying thereby that he should see his face again no more.

Who was 'that prophet' mentioned by the questioners of John the Baptist? It entirely depends on the prophet you allude to, sir.

But once, not long ago, an undergraduate re'orted upon his examiner, who inquired, 'Who was the brother of the sisters of Bethany?' with the remarkable *tu quoque* question—'Oh yes; Who was the father of Zebedee's children?'

Why was John the Baptist put to death? Because he would dance with Herodias' daughter."

Lectures on St. Paul's Epistle to the Ephesians. By WM. GRAHAM, D.D., Bonn. S. W. Partridge.

A VERY valuable and spiritual exposition, highly instructive, and full of unction. Free grace is the doctrine, and a lofty experience is inculcated. Upon the whole, we award to this work a very high place, though, as was natural from the originality of the author, there are passages which stagger us. For instance, how can one who himself has gone without the camp say, "If I were a priest in the church of Rome, and believed in the doctrines of *free grace*, I would not leave that communion. I would tell my case to the bishop, show him the grounds of my faith, and state my determination to abide by them. If I gained him for the truth, well; if not, I had done my duty. But at all hazards I would preach the gospel to the people of my charge, and if he then separated me from the people it would be persecution for righteousness' sake, and I might expect the divine blessing." This seems to us a most extraordinary statement; the course proposed is full of evil, and only evil. First of all a practical falsehood would be perpetrated, a falsehood fraudulent and treacherous to the church which finds the priest with bread; secondly, the man's teaching would be contradicted by his position; he would preach Protestantism and yet profess Popery; and thirdly, he would as a Christian remain in fellowship with Antichrist, and so share in all her sins. Such views of church fellowship we cannot too earnestly condemn. We do not believe that Dr. Graham himself would, upon reflection, again propound them. Apart from certain passages, we again say that these lectures are admirable.

The Book Society, of 28, Paternoster Row, offer for sale a paper box with glass lid, containing no less than twenty nicely-bound volumes, we believe for twelve shillings. We never saw a cheaper little library. The books are rather venerable inside as to paper, but contain most substantial reading, not interesting in the sense generally understood by the public, but weighty in matter, and good food for believers. We wish the society a large sale for their library-box.

Memoranda.

THE meeting of the Baptist Union at Cambridge has been a noble feast of brotherly love and mutual establishment. The last of these autumnal sessions is always the best. May the Lord God of heaven continue to bless his baptised churches, and yet more abundantly enrich them with his grace.

We are very sorry to say that our esteemed brother, Mr. Sargeant, the founder of the Baptist church in Newhaven, remains extremely unwell. Prayer should be offered for the restoration of this beloved servant of God.

The church at the Tabernacle has sent £70 to assist the poor Baptist church in Paris during the siege.

The foundation stone of a chapel school-room for the congregation gathered by Mr. J. A. Spurgeon, at Croydon, was laid by Mr. C. H. Spurgeon, 15th September. Messrs. Binney, Irack, Hobson, and many ministers of all denominations were present. The sum of £900 is needed to enable the place to be opened free of debt.

We are anxious to hear of destitute places where a few Baptists would unite and form the nucleus of a church, aid a student in gathering a congregation, and so enlarge the coast of our Israel.

Our beloved friend, Mr. Woollacott, kindly writes to correct an error in the article entitled, "A Western Pastor in the Olden Time." The annual Storm Sermon is not preached in Queen Street Chapel, but in Little Wild Street.

Our well-beloved brother in Christ and fellow labourer in the gospel, Mr. Attwood, of Charles Street, Kennington, has been called home by extremely sudden death. He has left an excellent and deeply sorrowing widow entirely unprovided for. The church we are sure will do its best, but it is too poor to provide for her. We shall be glad to hand to her, or to the deacons, any sums which our readers may feel moved to bestow on her necessities. Mr. Attwood had been long known and universally respected as a faithful minister of Christ.

Our best thanks are due to Mr. Hugh Stowell Brown, and his friends, for a second time inviting us to Liverpool, and giving such noble help to our Orphanage. This makes £450 raised for the orphans in Myrtle Street.

We laid the first stone of a free Tabernacle at Liverpool for our esteemed brother, Mr. Lockhart; and take this opportunity of again saying that the wealthy inhabitants of Liverpool will be dishonoured if they allow the place to be opened with a penny of debt.

Sept. 6th, the memorial stone of a new Baptist chapel was laid at Harston, near Cambridge, by Pastor G. H. Davies, of Abingdon who stated that he had been induced to undertake the task out of respect for the pastor, Mr. S. H. Akehurst, whose ministry he was not surprised to find had necessitated the building of a new place of worship. In the evening a tea-meeting was held, to which more than 350 persons sat down. After tea there was a public meeting, when — Lilly, Esq., of Cambridge, took the chair, and Addresses were delivered by Messrs. W. Ellis, B. J. Evans, W. Campbell, and G. H. Davies. The pastor stated that the new chapel would cost about £700, towards which they had received nearly £600 in cash and promises.

The "South-side Baptist church, Glasgow," has so increased that its present place of meeting is too small. The Lord has manifested again and again the power of his sovereign, saving grace in their midst. The friends have secured a very suitable site for a new chapel, and as there is not much wealth amongst the members of the church they are compelled to appeal to Christian friends for help. The case is a most deserving one. Contributions will be received by A. M. Waddell, Esq., property agent, 5, Hutcheson Street, Glasgow.

We have cut the following paragraph from the "New York Examiner and Chronicle," and inserted it in this Magazine, not with any idea of self-praise, but in order to show how readily much good might be done. Surely any one, found in a similar situation, might by a little diligence secure a reader, or might act in that capacity himself, and selecting with judgment a plain discourse, full of the gospel, he might become a true soul-winner. Here is the paragraph, and it is headed:—

FOR BROTHER SPURGEON'S EYE.

At our prayer meeting, the other Sunday evening, a brother, to show the different ways of doing good, mentioned an incident that occurred on board a steamer in which some time before he was a passenger up the Pacific Coast to Oregon. It was Sunday, and a passenger who had with him a volume of Spurgeon's Sermons, went round asking one and another to read one of them aloud. The passengers declined, till he came to our brother, who consented to act as reader. Quite a company gathered round him, which gradually increased as he went on with the discourse, until, looking up after a little time, he saw that not only the passengers, but all the crew who could possibly

be at liberty, were among his audience, and that all were very attentive. The informal service was soon over. But not so the effect of the sermon; for, some months after, being in San Francisco, he was abruptly saluted in the street, one day, by a stranger—a sailor—who seemed overjoyed at meeting him. "How do you do—don't you know me? Why, I heard you preach." "I am not a preacher; you must have made a mistake." "No; I heard you preach. Don't you know—that steamer, going so-and-so—?" "Oh, yes; I read one of Mr. Spurgeon's sermons." "Well, I never forgot it. It made me feel that I was a sinner, and I have found Christ, and I am so glad to see

you!" Reader, "Cast thy bread upon the waters."

The Lord in providence has been very gracious to us this month. One dear friend has promised £250 to the Infirmary, and another beloved anonymous contributor has sent £500 for the College. Here are substantial evidences that these portions of our work are not forgotten in the King's daily distribution. To these donors, and all our helpers, we present our most grateful acknowledgments. No one has more loving and true friends; God be thanked for his great mercy.

Baptisms at Metropolitan Tabernacle by Mr. J. A. Spurgeon:—August 25th, fourteen; September 1st, nine.

Pastors' College, Metropolitan Tabernacle.

PRESIDENT—C. H. SPURGEON.—NUMBER OF STUDENTS, 85.

Amount required for Students during the year, about £5,500; the rest will be devoted to building Places of Worship.

Statement of Receipts from August 20th, to September 19th, 1870.

			£	s.	d.				£	s.	d.
J. W. P.	0	5	0	A Friend, Damerham	0	2	0
Mrs. Rinders	0	1	6	A Friend, Ludfield	0	10	0
A. V. L.	500	0	0	Rev. H. Bayley	2	0	0
Dr. Carson	2	0	0	Mrs. Evans...	0	5	0
H. E. D. W.	1	0	0	S. L.	0	10	0
D. W.	0	2	6	Mr. A. Tessier	1	0	0
A Mite for the Master's Work	0	1	6	Weekly Offering at Tab., Aug.	21	36	7	0	
A Friend at Tea Meeting	1	0	0	" "	21	47	13	6	
G. K.	0	10	0	" "	4	49	2	11	
Mr. W. Jones	0	10	0	" "	11	27	8	2	
The Misses Dransfield	2	2	0	" "	18	60	4	6	
Mr. J. Hollings	0	5	0						
A Friend	0	13	0						
Mrs. Blair, per Rev. E. Blewitt	10	0	0				£743	13	7

Stockwell Orphanage.

Statement of Receipts from August 20th, to September 19th, 1870.

			£	s.	d.				£	s.	d.
A. C., per Mr. Croker	0	5	0	Little Sim	0	1	0
Baptist Sunday School, Austruther	0	7	11	Rev. H. Bayley	1	0	0
Mrs. Ross	0	2	6	Mr. H. Childs	5	0	0
Leicester	0	5	0	Mr. Child	5	0	0
Collection at Scarfscerry, per Mr. R. B. Wallace	1	8	0	Mr. G. Norton	5	0	0
Mr. W. Tutton	5	0	0	Mrs. Fitzgerald	1	0	0
Mr. E. Houlgate	0	10	0	Miss Spurgeon, Collecting Box...	0	8	5
A. B. C.	1	0	0	Mr. Fellows	0	2	7
Collected by Mrs. J. Withers:—						Miss Collins, Collecting Box	0	13	3
Mr. W. J. Palmer, Quar. Sub.	0	10	0			Mrs. Taylor	0	5	0
Mr. J. Huntley	"	0	10	0		A Friend, Carluke	0	5	0
Mr. J. O. Cooper	"	0	5	0		G. K.	4	0	0
Mr. W. Moore	"	0	5	0		Mr. J. Campbell	1	5	0
Mr. J. Leach	"	0	5	0		Mr. W. Ronald	1	0	0
Mr. J. Withers	"	0	5	0		A Thankoffering, from a domestic servant	0	5	0
Mr. J. Long, Annual Sub.	1	0	0	3	0	Faith	0	2	6
Mr. J. T. Inehley	0	5	0	Mr. W. Pitts	0	2	6
Warkworth New Church	0	3	0	Collected by Mrs. Vynne	0	11	0
Collected by Mrs. Wright	1	12	6	Mr. W. Jones	0	10	0
Kettering	0	2	6	Mr. T. Facer	0	5	0

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Matthew xxv. 40	0	12	6	Miss Lucy Best	1	0	0
Miss Hadland	0	10	0	Collected by Miss Purvis	0	5	0
W. F. and friend G.	0	5	0	Mr. H. Kelson	1	0	0
Mrs. Blair, per Rev. E. Blewitt	10	0	0	Mrs. Pasfield's Collecting Box	0	11	0
A Friend	0	5	0	At a Wedding, T. R. H., and E. P., Red Hill, September 15th	2	0	0
Thankoffering	0	16	0	Boxes at Tabernacle Gates	2	14	8
Mr. Edwin Fear	0	10	0	Mr. J. Lockett, per F. R. T. Ann. Sub.	0	5	0
Mr. H. Gifford	0	15	0	Mrs. Gibbs	1	0	0
S. H.	0	2	6				
Leominster	0	1	0				
Mrs. Mary Ewart	1	2	0				
Mr. R. Pinkstones' Class... ..	1	1	0				
Miss Celia Best	1	0	0				
					£66	11	4

Orphanage Infirmary.

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Delph	0	3	0	M. A. R.	0	2	4
Mr. A. Darby	10	0	0	Mr. J. Ogilvie	1	0	0
G. K.	1	0	0	Tottridge	1	0	0
Lieutenant Molesworth	2	0	0	Mr. T. H. Woodman	1	0	0
Mr. T. Paterson	1	0	0				
Mr. M. Middleton	0	10	6				
A. B.	0	5	0				
					£18	0	10

Colportage Association.

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
<i>Subscriptions—</i>				Mrs. Gibbs	0	5	0
Miss Spurgeon	0	5	0	<i>Donations—</i>			
Mr. B. Vickery	1	0	0	An Ex-student	0	5	0
Mr. C. Davies	1	0	0	Tilly B.	0	2	0
Mr. G. H. Mason	2	2	0	Mrs. Blair	10	0	0
Mr. W. Peilley	2	2	0	A Friend	0	10	0
Mr. D. McMichael	1	0	0				
Messrs. Cassell, Petter, and Galpin	1	1	0				
J. P. Bacon, Esq.	5	0	0				
					£24	12	0

Golden Lane Mission.

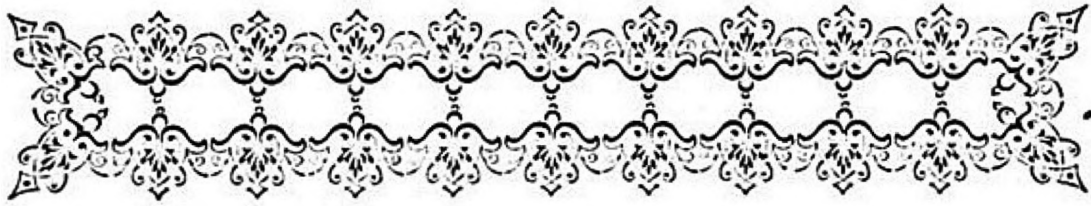
Mr. W. J. Orsman, 153, Downham Road, London, N., thankfully acknowledges the following Donations:—

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
The Misses Smith	50	0	0	Per C. H. Spurgeon—			
Tilly B.	0	2	0	M. Tutton	5	0	0
H. Mauld, Esq.	5	0	0	Miss Helen Best... ..	0	10	0
E. W. O.	0	5	0	Miss Celia Best	0	10	0
T. Burton, Esq.	2	0	0	Miss Lucy Best	0	10	0
Mary Adair	0	10	0	Mrs. Davis	0	2	0
C. J. Stevens	0	2	0				
"One who would like to do more"	0	2	6				
D. W.	0	2	8				
					£64	16	2

Mr. Spurgeon acknowledges the receipt of the following contributions for the Members of the Baptist Church in Paris:—

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Miss Gilbert	1	0	0	Mr. W. F. Burchall	0	10	0
Mr. S. Watson	0	10	0	K. T.	0	4	6
Mr. Andrea	0	10	0	B. Manchester	5	0	0
Mr. J. Houghton	10	0	0	J. S.	20	0	0
Mr. J. Mills	5	0	0	Mr. John Benham	4	0	0
Mr. E. K.	5	0	0	Mr. H. Appleton	2	0	0
M. R.	0	2	0				
Mr. E. Morgan	2	0	0				
Mr. E. J. Upward... ..	1	0	0				
					£56	16	6

Subscriptions will be thankfully received by C. H. Spurgeon, Metropolitan Tabernacle, Newington. Should any sums be unacknowledged in this list, friends are requested to write at once to Mr. Spurgeon. Post Office Orders should be made payable at the Chief Office, London, to C. H. Spurgeon.



THE
SWORD AND THE TROWEL.

NOVEMBER 1, 1870.

A Few Lines of Pulpit History.

BY EDWARD LEACH.

“**W**HAT is the best way to preach?” asked a London minister of Mr. Binney. The reply was characteristic of the man. “Gather all your materials, and set fire to them in the pulpit.” The gathering of the materials, when honestly and zealously done, implies activity of intellect, fertility of resource, ingenuity in adaptation, and perseverance of effort. To set fire to the materials thus gathered, requires an expenditure of enthusiasm only possible to the man who loves his work, and has an intense faith in his message. Given these two canons of pulpit method, and all other questions as to style, system, and delivery, are but of minor consideration. With these, a preacher may be both instructive and powerful—commanding respect for his intellectual acquirements and spiritual acumen; and ensuring the sympathy which sincerity deserves, and an earnest Christian hearer is not loth to give. Without them, he will become either a cold, unimpassioned pulpit essayist, or a slovenly workman who needeth to be ashamed of himself and his low estimate of the requirements of a Christian audience. Religion cannot fail to suffer in the hands of both these classes. Rationalism and scepticism will be the inevitable products of the one; disinterestedness, neglect, and lukewarmness, the consequences of the other.

The history of the pulpit would, if faithfully written, bear out the remarks we have made. It is a pity that some such history has not been given to the world. The materials are abundant; the subject is

of thrilling interest; and if, as the past has amply proved, the pulpit be the mightiest agency in the world, the story of its influence in the conversion of men and in moulding the thoughts of past generations, would be one of the most useful and stimulating historical sketches ever written. It is this, indeed, which constitutes to practical minds, the only charm of church histories. The lengthy records of heresies with which the faithful have had to contend, are interesting only as affording the intelligent reader an idea of the disposition of men to follow after vain philosophisings, instead of clinging to the simple truths of the divine word. One page enlivened by the story of real work done for Christ, is of more service in exciting to greater faith and courage, than volumes of treatises on the heresies of the past.

Looking over two volumes recently published by Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton of notices of preachers and their sermons, ancient and modern*—a work that ought to be in the hands of every young minister, if it were only that he might study the best models of preaching—one is struck with the rich variety of talent and the charming diversities of style manifested in the great sermons of all ages. No two truly great preachers are exactly alike; there are diversities of gifts, and marked differences of style. It is well to remember that only he can be a great preacher who fulfils the New Testament law of the minister's functions—to warn every man, and to teach every man, "that he may present every man perfect in Christ," and also to "feed the flock of God, over which the Holy Spirit has made him overseer." The sinner must be earnestly entreated; the saint must constantly receive the culture of the preacher's fostering care. Mere essays proving the rationalism of belief, learned disquisitions upon some point of doctrine, elaborate dissertations upon difficult texts, are, if profound, not weighty with heaven's blessing. "We must retrace our steps," writes M. L'Abbé Mullois, chaplain to the Ex-Emperor of the French, "and return to a clear, plain, simple, and vivifying exposition of the gospel; for when religion is set forth in that way it is always attractive. We may have to study much to attain it, but when once Christianity is rightly understood, and we get thoroughly to know those with whom we have to do, we shall find it possible to acquire an influence over their minds and hearts, and easy to adapt our style to the intelligence of all. You should see the working classes when addressed by one of our great preachers; their countenances brighten, their eyes glisten, their bosoms glow. They understand, they are moved, they applaud." "You should start from the known," the same orator observes, "to lead them to the unknown," for that is the method which Christ adopted, and the most successful of his ambassadors have not failed to see that abstractions and speculations never elevated the soul even up to duty, still less to God. The greatest preachers have been the simplest.

It was so from the first. The discourses of the early teachers were homely in style, and free from that laboured reasoning which inevitably produces dullness. Not that they are in all other respects worthy of imitation. They lacked in skilful arrangement of their thoughts, and

* Masterpieces of Pulpit Eloquence, Ancient and Modern, with historical sketches of preaching in the different countries represented, and biographical and critical notices of the several preachers and their discourses. By HENRY C. FISH, D.D.

were frequently discursive. But, according to Mosheim, they "inculcated no other doctrines than those of the Scriptures, and avoided all vain subtleties and mysterious interpretations." "The reading of the Scriptures," says Neander, "was followed, as in the Jewish synagogues, by short and originally very simple addresses, in familiar language, the momentary effusions of the heart, which gave an exposition and application of what had been read." As Justin Martyr observes of the practices of the early Christians, "They incited the people to imitate the good examples they had heard." The fondness of the Greeks for rhetorical display led to the more careful preparation which the Fathers undoubtedly made for the pulpit. Sometimes their discourses were read from manuscript, and preserved for reading in the family. With others, so gifted, their sermons were delivered from memory; but the majority did, as we suppose the majority of ministers do now, preach from a well worked-out outline. The great temptation which affected the Greek preachers was not in the direction of an ambitious style, but of a proud intellect. The desire to unite the prevailing philosophy of the day with religion was sufficiently strong in the Apostolic age to necessitate Paul's admonition to avoid "oppositions of science, falsely so called," and to "beware, lest any man spoiled" the Colossian brethren, "through philosophy and vain deceit." The Greek and Latin preachers were largely infected with this evil, and the theory of a "hidden sense" in the Scriptures, led to the general corruption of religious belief. With the admission of false doctrines, came also (if not necessarily) the prevalence of evil and superstitious practices. The doctrine of justification by faith was beclouded and ultimately denied, and when this was gone, baptismal regeneration and other follies crept in. The preachers were men of culture and refined taste, and were diligent students. A few, however, the victims of superstition, refused to study, alleging that everything must proceed from the Holy Ghost. Against this indolence protests were made, Augustine being foremost in urging religious teachers to supply the means which God had ordained. "Let us not tempt him in whom we have believed," he observed at an ordination service, "in order that we may not be deceived by such cunning delusions of the evil spirit, to err so egregiously that we cannot go into the church to hear or learn the gospel, or that we cannot read the Holy Scriptures or hear other persons read and explain them, and that we should expect to be caught up to the third heavens, and there hear 'unspeakable words, which it is not lawful for a man to utter,' or to see the Lord Jesus there and to learn the gospel from him rather than from men." But it was mainly the passion for an ornate style of oratory which destroyed the little spiritual power that was left in the pulpit. High-flown passages were pre-composed to secure the loud and boisterous applause of the impressible hearer, and as a consequence sacred eloquence was degraded and Christianity discredited. Chrysostom, whose oratory was unsurpassed, declaimed against these loud plaudits. "Nothing," he says, "becomes a church so much as quiet and order. Such noises belong to theatres, markets, and processions." And in one of his most powerful homilies he wisely observed, "It is the greatest praise, and praise enough, if one wicked man be converted to goodness; if one who heretofore had been negligent becomes, through our exhortations, a

zealous Christian. Thus to me will accrue the greatest praise and comfort, and to you the greatest gain and spiritual riches." Tainted, as much of their preaching was with the current philosophy which fascinated most minds, the principles which some of the early Fathers laid down should have delivered them from its snares. Augustine insisted upon the importance of regarding the Scriptures as a divine storehouse. "The duty of the Christian pastor is to open the fountain of Holy Writ to the thirsty flock, and to supply them with its pure water." "The meetings which in the North African Church, as in many other places, were held on Saturdays, Augustine devoted particularly to the study of the Bible; especially because on that day he had more leisure than on Sundays, and the attendance was not so numerous, but consisted only of those who took a deep interest in an acquaintance with the Divine word. So Chrysostom often, in his preaching, broke off in the middle of an important investigation, which he promised to finish on the next occasion, in order that his hearers might have an opportunity, in the meanwhile, of reflecting on the subject, examining the Scripture, and conversing with one another respecting it."* With all this, however, there was much obscurity in some of their minds as to the nature of conversion. One man limited the power of the grace of God to the virtuous—the conversion, he taught, of a viciously-disposed man, was an impossibility. Justin Martyr, nevertheless, could declare, pointing to actual facts, "What shall we say of the numberless multitudes of those who by this doctrine (of the forgiveness of sin) have been converted from a life of unbridled excesses? for not the righteous, nor the moral, does Christ call to repentance, but the ungodly, the immoral, the unrighteous; for our heavenly Father prefers the repentance of sinners to their punishment." Not that the triumphs of the gospel were wrought wholly in the hearts of the immoral: for one of the Greek fathers acknowledges that "we can point out more of those who were converted from a life not altogether bad, than of those who were addicted to gross sins." This indisposition to believe in the conversion of the grossly immoral, was not peculiar to the earliest period of the church's history. Even in the present day, when missionary efforts among the degraded are, happily, more numerous than in past days of inaction, not a few professing Christians smile incredulously when they hear of profligates becoming chaste followers of the Lamb of God, and social outcasts sitting at the feet of Jesus "clothed and in their right mind."

Shorn of its energy, and unclothed with the beauty of that simplicity which is the charm of the gospel, the preaching of succeeding centuries, and during the middle ages, was powerless in winning souls to Christ. The union of church and state was the curse of the church, as it must ever be; and men of voluptuous tastes, loving position, influence, and the world, with sufficient genius to prevent their becoming imbecile dolts, and with insufficient to raise them into usefulness, sought the ministry, and succeeded in lowering its standard of excellence, and crushing its life and power. Here and there, doubtless, some honest labourer worked for his Master with the purest aim, and brought

* Neander's Memorials of Christian Life, p. 210. (Bohns.)

trophies, obscure enough to the world, but exalted in the Saviour's esteem, to his Lord. But history points to no bright gleam of sunshine that lit up the prevailing darkness, and it is not until we get to the age of the sturdy Wycliffe, that the cloud seems to pass from off the pulpit. The power of the Papacy had crushed all life out of religious services, and it was not until men began to seek the debasement of the Pope, that the ministry assumed some of its rightful dignity. Wycliffe was an undaunted opponent of the Papal infallibility—that huge lie which the Romish church has so recently gulped down. Lollardism brought back again to England the power of the pulpit. The preaching friars brought in at least what quaint Fuller terms “twilight religion.” We need not refer at any length to the position which the sermon acquired in the Reformation days. The Reformers knew wherein their strength lay, and nobly did they exercise the gifts with which they had been entrusted. Wycliffe's sermons, it should be remarked, are peculiar for the contrast which they afford to the lengthy discourses of post-reformation days. His style was purely expository and practical. Having taken his text, he would expound its various parts with brevity, and conclude with a pointed application. As for honest Hugh Latimer, who does not know his vivacious, bluff style? Such homely, incisive words as were his, sank deeply into the memories of the people, and produced a power which was potent for good in the hearts of those who received them, and not less potent for mischief in those who, as Bacon amusingly put it, “though swelling, blown full, and puffed up, like Æsop's frog, with envy and malice against him,” were compelled to confess their admiration of his undoubted, if not unequalled powers. What was the measure of the influence of such men in the conversion of souls may be guessed from the numbers of adherents to their doctrines, and the intense dislike they evinced to the organised system of lies and impostures with which they had been deceived. And, indeed, such a magnificent peroration as that of Bishop Jewell's—the Bishop had occupied the chair of rhetoric in Oxford University—in his discourse against the popish doctrine of Transubstantiation, must have stirred up the indignation of the people who were fortunate enough to hear it. This famous sermon is known as the “challenge sermon,” and very appropriately has it been placed in the two volumes of “Masterpieces of Pulpit Eloquence,” we have already commended to the notice of our readers. The poet Dr. Donne, too, was a masterly and winsome orator, “carrying,” it used to be said, “some to heaven in holy raptures, and enticing others by a sacred art and persuasiveness to amend their lives.” His sermons are full of genius, and alas! (saith one poor Saxon) too full of Latin—the custom of the age. Here is a worthy extract:—“As, therefore, it is not enough for us, in our profession, to tell you, ‘Except you believe all this, you will be damned,’ without we execute that commission before, ‘Go and preach,’ work upon their affections, satisfy their reason; so it is not enough for you to rest in an imaginary faith and easiness in believing except you know also what and why, and how you come to that belief. Implicit believers, ignorant believers, the adversary may swallow; but the understanding believer, he must chew and pick bones before he come to assimilate him and make him like himself. The implicit believer

stands in an open field, and the enemy will ride over him easily; the understanding believer is in a fenced town, and he hath outworks to lose before the town be pressed; that is, reasons to be answered before his faith be shaken, and he will sell himself dear and lose himself by inches, if he be sold or lost at last; and, therefore, *sciunt omnes*, let all men know, that is, endeavour to inform themselves—to understand.”

The Christian church has not yet fully valued, though it may highly prize, as they fully deserve, the sermons of the Puritans. Bright as may have been many of the discourses of the Anglican pulpit, and worthy of attentive study, the Puritans carry off the palm for that luxuriance of spirituality, that masterly breadth of thought, and that extraordinary knowledge of the Scriptures, for which their names should be held in everlasting esteem. What their preaching was, we gather accurately from their writings. They created what Dr. Bushnell has called an atmosphere of their own—“a mysterious efflux, exhalation, or aerial development of personality.” There was an aroma of holiness about their lives, the accent of conviction on their lips. They not only raised the character of the pulpit for spirituality, but raised the devotion of its occupants. Nothing can be more evident than that he who has an imperfect idea of excellence will fall short of success in his mission. Fortune has no generous gifts for the indolent and irresolute; it has but few favours for those who are contented with a mean platform in life. The Puritans set before them a noble standard of ministerial attainment, and were pertinacious in gaining it. Hence, their learning was great, their reading vast, their mental training remarkable. To have been, as they were, “mighty in the Scriptures,” in the originals, and close and compact reasoners, able to defend with profound erudition disputed truths, and at the same time to preach with winning power and simplicity of purpose the way of salvation, they must have laboured with a perseverance almost incredible. And their influence was prodigious. Men of culture felt it; men of godliness were swayed by it; the “common people” were arrested by it, and won to the truths which they laboured so indefatigably to disseminate. “The Puritan preaching,” remarks Dr. M’Cosh, “is unsurpassed for clear enunciation of divine truth, accompanied with close searching, and fervent appeal, which now shakes the whole soul, as the earthquake did the prison at Philippi, and anon relieves it by the command and promise, ‘Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved.’” Some of their best passages are “more fitted than any composed by uninspired men to awaken the unthinking and arouse the careless, and compel them to think of the things which belong to their everlasting peace. . . . The preachers who have caught the spirit of the Puritans, but have avoided their technicality and mannerism, have commonly been the most successful in rousing the sunken and the dead from their apathy, and in stirring them to anxiety and prayer.”*

The dark age which followed the Puritans and preceded the revival of religion under the ministrations of Whitefield and Wesley was dark indeed. The State clergy were, if moral, Socinians, and if immoral,

* Charnock’s Works, Vol. I. Nichol’s Ed.

persecutors of the few who preached Jesus Christ. The Dissenting ministers were touched with the same heretical blight; and the pulpit, therefore, showed signs of decay and dissolution. Whitefield and Wesley were sent of God to arouse such zeal in the churches and interest in evangelical truth that all England seemed to catch the flame that had been "kindled by a spark of grace." Pulpits were at once closed against them, but, undaunted, they made Great Britain their platform, and in churchyards, fields, village greens, and highways, they addressed thousands who were touched to the heart. An Arabian proverb says, "He is the best orator who can turn men's ears into eyes," and this was the peculiar power which Whitefield's preaching had. It is believed that during the thirty-four years of his ministry, he preached publicly eighteen thousand times, and he was literally worn out in his Master's service. His energy of expression, and fervency of spirit, aroused the souls of the most careless. "My dear friends," said he, at the close of one of his most powerful sermons, "I would preach with all my heart till midnight to do you good, till I could preach no more. O that this body might hold out to speak more for my dear Redeemer! Had I a thousand lives, had I a thousand tongues, they should be employed in inviting sinners to come to Jesus Christ. Come, then, let me prevail with some of you to come along with me. Come, poor, lost, undone sinner, come just as you are to Christ. . . . The devil is in you while unconverted; and will you go with the devil in your heart to bed to-night?" Such earnest entreaties, such anxious solicitude for the conversion of souls, was strange to the people. They had been so accustomed to the hum-drum of the essay-style of amplified nothingness, that they were startled to find religion pressed upon them with such passionate ardour. John Wesley's appeals were equally moving, as the reader may judge from the following extract from his sermon on the Great Assize: "See, see! he cometh! He maketh the clouds his chariot. He rideth upon the wings of the wind! A devouring fire goeth before him, and after him a flame burneth! See! he sitteth upon his throne, clothed with light as with a garment, arrayed with majesty and honour! Behold, his eyes are as a flame of fire, his voice as the sound of many waters! How will ye escape? Will ye call on the mountains to fall on you, the rocks to cover you? Alas! the mountains themselves, the rocks, the earth, the heavens, are just ready to flee away! Can ye prevent the sentence? Wherewith? With all the substance of thy house, with thousands of gold and silver? Blind wretch! Thou camest naked from thy mother's womb, and more naked into eternity. Hear the Lord, the Judge, 'Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world.' Joyful sound! How widely different from that voice which echoes through the expanse of heaven, 'Depart, ye cursed, into everlasting fire, prepared for the devil and his angels.' And who is he that can prevent or retard the full execution of either sentence? Vain hope! Lo! hell is moved from beneath to receive those who are ripe for destruction! And the everlasting doors lift up their heads, that the heirs of glory may come in."

The subsequent history of the English pulpit is too well known to need prolonged remark. Robert Hall's imperial gifts won the attention

of the more cultured classes, and his felicitous style and complete mastery of language made him an orator in whom the multitude delighted. William Jay's native powers of eloquence were remarkable: Brinsley Sheridan once enthusiastically observed, that Jay was the most perfectly natural orator he had ever heard. He commenced his ministry at the early age of sixteen, and before he had attained his twenty-first year, had preached a thousand times. It is said that "so great was the enthusiasm excited by his efforts, that in some instances the places of worship overflowed, and the lingering multitude in the yard would not disperse till the young speaker had bidden them farewell from the window." Jay has, undoubtedly, had an important influence upon the style of young preachers. His method of analysis is so perfectly natural, his common sense so strong, his scriptural quotations so apt, and his remarks so well sustained, that, in many respects, he is a model for study: For one thing he deserves to be honoured: namely, for combining good taste with the use of the purest evangelical phrases. John Foster's essay on the "Aversion of Men of Taste to Evangelical Religion," was, in our view, an extreme remedy for a simple fault; but it did not a little good in ridding the pulpit of some of the whimsical cant which is abhorrent to every manly soul. The wretched effeminacy so loathsome among the Plymouth Brethren school—what Mr. Spurgeon calls, "spiritual billing and cooing"—"sugar of lead"—"fulsome sugarishness"—"effeminate canting, whining, *dearing*, and pretended ecstasies of affection,"* can only be eradicated by a strong hand. Jay was free from such affectations, and raised a hornet's nest about him by denouncing their use.

Of the pulpit oratory of the present day, we need not now speak, or of the men whose gifts are second to none of any past age. We thank God for them, and their work, and are hopeful of the future.

(To be Continued.)

Out in the Harvest Field.

THE little children in the harvest field are most pleased with the poppies and the corn-flowers, but their fathers care only for the wheat and the barley. Nobody blames the boys and girls, but on the other hand nobody could excuse men and women if they did the same. Eyes may be passing over this paragraph which have been, these years past, far more attracted by the gaudy trifles of time than by the substantial provisions which God has prepared for eternity: by what argument shall we palliate such folly? When Claudius bade his soldiers gather shells on the shore of Britain he claimed an empty triumph, and what better will be the greatest success in life if the soul be lost, if heaven be missed, if Jesus be despised?—*From my Note Book.*

* "In nine cases out of ten the biggest bigot in the world is the man who preaches up liberality, and the man who can hate you worst, is he who addresses you in softest phrases. Nay, let a man love me, but let it be with the love of a man; let no man cast aside that which is masculine, forcible and dignified, under the notion that he is making himself better by becoming molluscous and babyish."—*"Metropolitan Tabernacle Pulpit," No. 951.*

Confirmation.

A REVIEW. BY C. H. SPURGEON.

THE Rev. Alfred Potter, Rector of Keyworth, Notts, has issued a treatise on "Confirmation," in which under the title of the Rector of Ashton he holds two imaginary conversations with a dissenting cottager named John Blake; we beg to present the reverend gentleman with some account of the sequel to his former pastoral visitations, giving him free permission to print and circulate the appendix under the same cover as the treatise itself, so as to make a complete thing of it.

THE INTERVIEW.

John Blake : Sir, you were so kind as to call at my house and talk with me about having my children confirmed, and therefore I thought you would not object to my calling upon you and continuing the conversation.

The Rector of Ashton : Indeed, John, I do not see how I can raise any objection, though I certainly hoped that the matter had been set at rest in your mind, and that your children would have been confirmed without any further ado. How is it that you are not fully persuaded? I left you, as I thought, quite decided, and I hope no one has interfered to unsettle your mind.

John : Well, sir, you know my missus is a capital wife, and a very sensible woman.

Rector : That she certainly is, and a most excellent churchwoman too. I remember how smilingly she dusted a chair for me* when I called at your cottage, and the way in which the children bowed and curtsied showed that she knew how to bring them up to behave lowly and reverently to all their betters.

John : That is very true, sir, as far as it goes, but with all her good manners she has a mind of her own, and is a rare stickler for fair play. So when you were gone, she said, "Now, John, our rector spoke up well for his side of the question, and upset you very soon, though he was not over clear on some points. Now, as you know, I have always believed him to be right, but, still, you have been a deal better man since you went to the meeting, and when you went to church you always went to sleep and never got a bit of good. I should like you to hear what the meeting minister has to say for himself. They that go to hear him are not all fools, and the minister himself is a very good man; I think you are bound to hear what he has to say. These things are solemn matters, and there's nothing like seeing to the bottom of them." So you see, sir, I took her advice, and went to see Mr. Waterton.

Rector : What, that man! Why, John he is an Anabaptist and a Calvinist: you could not have gone to a more dangerous person.

John : Why, sir, I went to him just *because he is a Calvinist*. I felt

* See the reverend gentleman's tract, in which he makes a great point of this. Little things please parsonic minds.

sure I should get to know about some of the tough points you gravelled me with, if I went to him.

Rector : How is that, John—why should *he* know about it any more than Mr. Conference, the Wesleyan?

John : Don't you remember, sir, you told me that John Calvin was very much of your way of thinking, and I thought a Calvinist was the very man to tell me more on the matter. To tell you the truth, sir, I thought I had fairly got him into a corner, and I did not know but what he would come over to the church along with me, and the missus and children.

Rector : You did very wrong in going to him. But pray what did he say?

John : Sir, he made me open my eyes very wide when he told me that you had printed our talk with one another; and when I read it I saw that you had put words into my mouth which I am sure I never said. Why, sir, you make me out to be as soft as wax, and you say nothing about those little raps I gave you. I don't think it is a fair thing for a gentleman to do, to make a poor man out to be a simple Simon, but you clergy do take dreadful liberties with us poor people. However, it is quite as well as it is, for now I shall not make many bones about it, but shall expect you to hear me patiently, even if what I say does not quite suit you. An Englishman who has been unfairly treated, has a fair right to put matters on the square a little, whether he lives in a cottage or a mansion. Cost me what it may, after what you have printed I feel I must speak my mind.

Rector : Well, John, I did not quite mean my tract to be a verbally correct account of our interview. You could not expect me to circulate any errors you may have brought forward. However, as you feel somewhat hurt, I will hear what you have to say, if you say it respectfully; though, mark you, it is a liberty I should not think of giving you again. Remember, I am the ordained minister of this parish, and you cannot expect to teach *me*.

John : Certainly not, sir; and I did not think of coming to you till you first came to me. But I am obliged by the liberty you give me, and I will now tell you what Mr. Waterton said to me. As for your printing what I never said, we will say no more about that; I felt it a good deal for the moment, but I have got over it.

Rector : Go on, John, and pray be as short as you can.

John : Well, sir, you led me to believe that Calvin agreed with this confirmation business. You said that he had written these words, "Such laying on of hands I approve, and I would that the custom were this day restored to its purity."* Mr. Waterton said it was very good of you to mention the book and chapter,† and he took down the volume and read out the passage to me, as follows, here it is on a bit of paper—"The

* Please take a note of the gentleman's name. The Rev. Alfred Potter, Rector of Koyworth, Notts, actually gives this as a quotation from Calvin. Let him enjoy the high character for integrity which such a mode of quotation must win him with all candid men. The Latin of the passage is, "Talem ergo manuum impositionem, que simpliciter loco benedictionem fiat, laudo, et restitutam hodie in purum usum velim."

† Institutes. Book IV., Chapter xix., sec. 4.

laying on of hands, *which is done simply by way of benediction* I commend, and would like to see restored to its pure use in the present day." Now, sir, would you be so good as to tell me why you left out those words about benediction, when as a learned gentleman you were talking to a poor uneducated man? Was it fair, sir?

Rector : I am not going into an argument with you ; you confess you are uneducated, so, pray, do not press me. I could give excellent reasons but you would not be capable of appreciating them. You know nothing of logic.

John : Just so, sir, and that makes all the difference, no doubt. But Mr. Waterton took the trouble to write out an extract from the very next page of Calvin's Institutes, which he said he should try to hope you had never read, and I am sure I hope so too, for I should not like to think badly of you, sir. Here is the piece he copied :—

" It pleased the Lord that those visible and admirable gifts of the Holy Spirit which he then poured out upon his people, should be administered and distributed by his apostles by the laying on of hands. I think that there was no deeper mystery under this laying on of hands, but I interpret that this kind of ceremony was used by them to intimate, by the outward act, that they commended to God, and, as it were, offered him on whom they laid hands. Did this ministry, which the apostles then performed, still remain in the church, it would also still behoove us to observe the laying on of hands ; but since that gift has ceased to be conferred, to what end is the laying on of hands? Assuredly the Holy Spirit is still present with the people of God ; without his guidance and direction the church of God cannot subsist. For we have a promise of perpetual duration, by which Christ invites the thirsty to come to him, that they may drink living water. (John vii. 37.) But those miraculous powers and manifest operations, which were distributed by the laying on of hands, have ceased. They were only for a time. For it was right that the new preaching of the gospel, the new Kingdom of Christ, should be signalled and magnified by unwonted and unheard of miracles. When the Lord ceased from these, he did not forthwith abandon his church, but intimated that the magnificence of his kingdom, and the dignity of his word, had been sufficiently manifested. In what respect, then, can these stage-players say that they imitate the apostles? The object of the laying on of hands was, that the evident power of the Holy Spirit might be immediately exerted. This they effect not. Why, then, do they claim to themselves the laying on of hands, which is indeed said to have been used by the apostles, but altogether to a different end?

" The same account is to be given were anyone to insist that the breathing of our Lord upon his disciples (John xx. 22) is a sacrament by which the Holy Spirit is conferred. But the Lord did this once for all, and did not also wish us to do it. In the same way, also, the apostles laid their hands, agreeably to that time at which it pleased the Lord that the visible gifts of the Spirit should be dispensed in answer to their prayers ; not that posterity might, as those apes do, mimic the empty and useless sign without the reality."^{*}

There, sir, I feel awfully sorry for you, you had better have done without Calvin. However, Mr. Waterton said, it was a very small question what Calvin did or did not teach ; it was after all a thing to be settled by the word of God. He said that as far as his memory served him, Calvin would have used a kind of laying on of hands, but that what he would have meant by it was as wide as the poles asunder from what you mean by Confirmation, for you told me that in Confirmation " the Holy Spirit supplies grace for growth in holiness."

* Institutes ; Book IV. c. 19, sec. 6, 7.

Rector : John, I am astonished at you. You have insulted me to my face. How dare you say you were awfully sorry for me? *You* sorry for *me* indeed. I have had quite enough of this; I was foolish to allow you to talk to me at all. Leave my house immediately. I shall see Farmer Bramble about you. Go at once. I want no more of your rudeness.

John : Sir, I am not rude but plain, but I will certainly go as you wish it. It is just as Mr. Waterton said. He told me you would not like to be put in such a fix, and would be sure to stop me, and he gave me this letter to leave with you, with his compliments. I meant no offence, but if truth offends, so must it be. Good morning, sir.

THE LETTER.

As it is not likely the Rector of Ashton will play with fire again just yet, except it be to put Mr. Waterton's letter into it, we present the reader with a copy of that production:—

“Chapel House, October 30th, 1870.

“To the Rector of Ashton.

“SIR,—Permit me to congratulate you upon your researches in connection with the writings of John Calvin. I trust that you will find many other passages which will be as helpful to your cause as those which you quoted to Mr. John Blake. The more thoroughly you pursue your investigations of the great reformer's works, the more shall I rejoice, but allow me to advise you the next time you quote Calvin to a cottager, to refrain from giving book, chapter, and section, for perhaps he may find some one to turn up the place for him. But I forbear; the most accurate sometimes err in making quotations, and the most candid may by accident err on their own side.

“By your leave, or possibly without it, I shall offer a few observations upon your treatise on Confirmation, but before I do so, permit me to remind you that the mode of reasoning which you adopt with cottagers may have been successful in some cases, but is hardly such as a gentleman from the university should employ in print. You know very well that you bamboozled the poor man, and you must yourself have felt that your arguments were better adapted for the region of bacon in the fitch, than for the judgment of that other Bacon, whose laws of reasoning you doubtless admire. The days are changed, my dear sir, since your predecessors had to deal solely with an uneducated and servile peasantry; men's minds are on the wing, and you must use better means if you would secure them to your church. Garbled quotations are pieces of artillery very apt to recoil and injure those employing them; and arguments in which there is much sound, but no sense, are in much the same category.

“You, a man whose name is, I doubt not, honourably recorded upon the rolls of an ancient university, have tried to prove confirmation by a bishop from the fact that Jacob laid his hands on the two sons of Joseph, and gave them his benediction; why did you not sustain the argument by the soldiers laying hands on Athaliah, or Haman's scorning to lay hands on Mordecai only? The sound might have convinced the cottager quite as well, and the sense would not have been very much

further off. Why not have proved the Christian duty of sticking holly in the church at Christmas, from Jacob's setting the rods before the flocks when they came to drink? Pray, sir, were you serious? You might with equal force have proved that Confirmation ought to be performed in a bedchamber, and that the bishop should lean on a stick during the ceremony, because Jacob leaned upon his staff. You do not surely expect any sensible person to answer such an argument, except by ridiculing it. You were in a sore strait when you fell back upon the venerable patriarch and his two grandsons. I doubt not you deeply regret that he did not lay hands on all his family, for then there would have been a little better pretext for your laying such violent hands on *him*, as to make him out to be of your persuasion.

“ You next had the courage to mention the divine name of the Redeemer, and to insinuate that his putting his hands upon young children was a species of Confirmation. Surely then he confirmed *the unbaptised*, for you will hardly have the hardihood to affirm that these children had been presented at a font? Again, dear sir, I can hardly think you serious, for if the act of our Lord in laying his sacred hands on children is a precedent for you, so also was his anointing the blind man's eyes with the clay made by his spittle, and his driving out buyers and sellers from the temple with a scourge of small cords. I must confess, if you would elevate the last into a frequent ceremony, I should defer to your opinion if you pleaded its great necessity and usefulness as a reason for its perpetuity. Our Lord's eating a piece of broiled fish and of an honeycomb has probably never suggested itself to you as the basis of a new ecclesiastical ordinance, and I humbly make you a present of the proposal, doubting not that your fertile powers of sophistry could support the new invention by the example of Samson with the dead lion, Jonathau in the wood, the practice of Peter, and the claims of his successors to the sweets of dignity and the ring of the fisherman; the practice of broiling, also, was nearly universal in that branch of the Catholic church, with which many of your brethren are anxious to be re-united. Pardon me if I seem to banter, my sense of the ridiculous has to be held in restraint or I could not even read some of your arguments, much less attempt to weigh them—weigh them, indeed, I cannot pretend to do, for I possess no instrument of sufficient sensitiveness to be affected by substances of such exceptional tenuity.

“ Instances of laying on of hands for the purpose of ordination, since you confess that they are not to the point, you need not have quoted, but a little dust in the eyes of John Blake was no doubt desirable. You might have been content to have gone on to your great passage in Acts viii. 17, for now that John Blake has read your tract, he asks himself why you took up so much time with irrelevant matters, and, poor ignorant man that he is, I fear he half thinks that you wanted to confuse his mind, or that you were so short of suitable material that you filled up with what lay next to hand. However, this is not the business which concerns me. Peter and John it seems, went down to Samaria, and laid their hands on the converts, “ *and they received the Holy Ghost.*” This you allege as a reason why bishops, who cannot give the Holy Ghost, should go through the form of laying their precious fingers on all the lads and lasses whom the parish priest can sweep together. I say that the bishop

cannot give the Holy Ghost, and you know he cannot. Give to those words the sense intended in the Acts of the Apostles, and you know that no man living can confer the Holy Ghost. It was the gift of miracles and tongues which was hereby given. The graces and spiritual blessings of the Holy Ghost are not here intended, for, believe me, Simon Magus would not have given a penny for them. You know that story concerning Simon Magus, you need not that any man teach it to you ; at least, if you know it not, many of your fellow clergy do, and you at least know that Simonites never invest their ready cash in bidding for spiritual gifts ; they procure unto themselves a goodly heritage of quite another kind. Now, as it is clear that miraculous gifts were conferred by the laying on of hands, and you dare not pretend that your so-called 'Confirmation' confers such gifts, your bishops, in going through the useless form, are mere mimics, or as Calvin rightly says, stage-players and apes. Because a cup filled with cold water may refresh a dying soldier, would you think it praiseworthy to uplift a cup without a drop of water in it, and put it to parched lips ? Because to break your bread with the hungry is true charity, would you think it right to set the needy at a bare table, where you busied yourself with carving the air ? Yet your bishops do much the same, and you think a great deal of the performance. Your clouds are without rain, and your wells are without water, and yet you glory in them ! The empty hands of your bishops have nothing to communicate, yet must they needs mimic the apostles, whose hands bestowed priceless gifts. Why do they not continue to bid lame men rise up and walk, though the healing power is not with them ? They have aprons still, and aprons of finer material than ever were taken from the body of Paul : why do they not distribute them amongst the sick ? Why, sir, because the imposture would be soon discovered when the matter concerned the body ; yet it would not be one whit more barefaced than the farce which now is indulged in with reference to the soul. So much for your blessed Samaritan argument !

"You next conduct us to Ephesus, and with a great flourish of trumpets about Paul's call to the apostleship, which, by the way, is nothing to the point, and merely inserted to put Mr. Blake off his guard, you have the courage to bring in the apostle's laying on of hands upon the baptised Ephesians, as a proof of your favourite ceremony. Now, sir, you could not have been oblivious to the fact, that after Paul had laid his hands on the twelve men, 'the Holy Spirit came on them, and'—and what?—'they spake with tongues and prophesied.' It is plain, then, that the laying on of hands was meant to convey supernatural gifts, which your prelatical mimicry does not and cannot do. You use the form, but have not the power which went with it, for none of your confirmed boys and girls either edify us with prophesying, or astonish us by speaking in unknown tongues. Seeing that you imitate the mere form, but have none of the real power, I commend to your study the succeeding verses of the chapter (Acts xix. 13), in which the seven sons of one, Sceva, a Jew tried their hands at imitating apostles, and failed very much in the same way as your bishops do. The devil said outright to them, what in his sleeve he says at every Confirmation, 'Jesus I know, and Paul I know, but who are ye?'

"You vary your attempts at scriptural argument with references

to the Fathers, and give an extract of a very apocryphal character from Clemens Alexandrinus, in which a young man is said to have been 'sealed with the Lord's signature.' The Pope of Rome and Zadkiel, I suppose know between them what that means, but I question if any one else does. Moreover, if Clemens when in a cloudy condition did write something like that, I should like to see a full copy of the epistle, book, or whatever else you call it, in which the expression occurs. Remembering your very remarkable extract from Calvin, I am not inclined to place too implicit a reliance upon your accuracy in quotation, and as your only reference for verification is to a tract by a brother Anglican, I shall take leave to doubt its truthfulness till I have chapter and book for it. However, if I were to concede the authenticity of your citation, and were willing to admit the authority of Clemens, I should still remain more convinced of the power of your imagination than of the force of your reason. For the connection between sealing with a signature and laying on of hands, is not self-evident, nor indeed, evident at all. 'Sealing,' you say, was the term which was used to express Confirmation in the primitive church; you mean in the degenerate church, after she had heaped to herself ceremonies and carnal ordinances. There is not a single syllable of Scripture to connect sealing and the apostolic laying on of hands, and if there were, it would not avail you, since your episcopal pantomime is quite another thing. Sir, you are as great at bamboozling as at quotation, and you give us a notable specimen when you say, 'You remember St. Paul, in the Ephesians called it the same name; he does so in two places. Ephes. i. 13; iv. 30.' Now, sir, Paul never alluded to *it*, if by *it*, you mean your episcopal imposition of hands; he never even dreamed of such folly; it is an invention of a far later date than Paul lived to see. He spoke of that secret spiritual seal of the Holy Ghost, which spiritual men understand by joyful experience, but which it would be a waste of time to try to explain to such as you are. I make this last remark in no spirit of severity, but because the barefaced untruthfulness of your assertions, the remarkable character of your quotations, and the clinging of your mind to outward forms, unitedly compel me to fear that any deep and purely spiritual truth would lie quite out of your region of experience.

Now, sir, it should be clear to you, and I half suspect it is so, that neither the laying on of hands in apostolic ordination, nor the laying on of hands in conferring the gifts of the Spirit, are proofs of the propriety of a ceremony by which no one is ordained and no gifts are transmitted. If you assert that grace is communicated to youths of both sexes by the contact of their heads and the bishop's fingers, I fear that some persons more truthful than polite will tell you that you lie, and I shall personally soften down much the same conviction into an enquiry, whether a person capable of declaring his belief in such an absurdity may not also be so nearly idiotic as to be a believer in his own assertion? If the characters of confirmed persons were evidently sanctified, and their hearts manifestly renewed, from the moment of the episcopal manipulation, we could not deny the efficacy of a ceremony so clearly attended with real power; but we do object to believe that any grace is imparted where no mental, moral, or spiritual

advantage is produced. Sir, grace is not animal magnetism, or a subtle fluid, or an electric influence; the operations of the Holy Spirit are not mechanical or chemical, but affect the mind, the heart, the spiritual nature of men. To talk of these influences being conveyed by a ceremony in cases where no holy emotion is excited, no spiritual life displayed, and no moral improvement perceived, betrays the grossest ignorance of the nature, character, and influences of the Holy Spirit.

Sir, I have much more to say upon the subject in hand, but I have already written enough to convince any rational man that episcopal laying on of hands is but a mockery, since it no longer in any degree bestows the power which the apostles communicated thereby. Cease, sir, to play at miracles now that the miraculous power is gone. Do not travestie in solemn farce that which you should treat with reverence. Certain spiritualists have been mimicking the sacred dove, the rushing wind, the flames of fire, and the gift of tongues. Sir, we both abhor their profanity; let us studiously avoid falling into the same condemnation. Satan is pre-eminently a counterfeiter of the wonders and teachings of our Lord, and the art of counterfeiting consists very much in producing the same outward form without the like intrinsic value; let us, sir, keep as far from this crime as we possibly can.

In conclusion, it is sometimes affirmed that Confirmation is at least a harmless ceremony, and it is alleged that as it may be a means of grace to some, it ought to be treated with respect, or at least with lenient consideration. Upon this subject a far abler pen than mine has written the following paragraph, and with that, which I assure you is a correct quotation, I shall close:—

“To speak freely, sir, this ceremony of Confirmation, as it is at present appointed and practised in your church, is so far from being greatly conducive to holiness of life, that there is great reason to apprehend it may be productive of quite different, and even dangerous consequences, by cherishing in men’s minds false and presumptuous hopes, or by deluding them into wrong notions, as to the safety of their state, and the terms of acceptance and favour with God.

By the order of your Common Prayer, *all persons baptised, when they come to competent years and are able to say the Lord’s Prayer, creed, and ten commandments, and the answers of the short catechism, are to be brought to Confirmation.* The bishop having asked, ‘Whether they renew the solemn promise and vow which was made in their names in baptism,’ etc. Upon their answering *we do*, he proceeds thereupon to declare in the most solemn manner, even in an address to God himself, *that he has vouchsafed to regenerate these his servants by water and the Holy Ghost; (note, not by water only, but also by the Holy Ghost) and to give them the forgiveness of all their sins; and, laying his hand upon the head of each particular person, he certifies him by that sign of God’s favour and gracious goodness towards him.*

“I pray you, sir, in the name of God, inform me, what warrant has the bishop to pronounce a man’s sins all forgiven, and himself regenerated by the Holy Ghost, upon no other grounds than his being able to say the short catechism, and declaring that he stands by his baptismal engagements? Will you say that this is the Christian doctrine concerning the terms of acceptance and forgiveness with God? Are good vows and resolutions, declared in the church, infallible or proper proofs of a regeneration by the Holy Ghost? Is a man’s professing that he repents, and promising that he will live godly, that actual repentance and amendment of life which alone can insure the divine pardon and favour? Are there not multitudes who call Christ their Lord, and publicly profess to stand by their baptismal covenant, whom, however, he will reject with abhorrence at

last? You will inform me then, sir, how the bishops upon this mere profession and promise, presume to declare to Almighty God, and to assure the person that he is regenerated, forgiven, and unquestionably in a state of favour with heaven?

"The expressions, you must acknowledge, are couched in strong and absolute terms: nor do I find that there is any intimation that their forgiveness depends upon their care to keep and to live up to their baptismal engagements. No: but though their whole life hath hitherto been scandalously corrupt, yet, upon their being able to say *the Lord's Prayer*, etc., the bishop solemnly pronounces a most absolute pardon over them, appeals to Almighty God that he hath forgiven them all their sins, and, lest this should be too little to satisfy the doubting sinner, and appease his upbraiding conscience, he lays his hand upon his head, and certifies him by that sign of God's favour and goodness towards him.

"The bishop, sir, the multitudes who come to be confirmed, are taught to consider us an ambassador of Christ, a successor of the apostles, and a special minister of God. When they hear then, this sacred person so solemnly declaring that they are fully justified, pardoned, and regenerated, by the Holy Ghost, can you blame them if they believe it, and rest satisfied that their souls are in a safe and happy state? And, as full remission of sins, and the favour of God are to be had on such easy terms, can you wonder should you see thousands eagerly flocking from all quarters to accept it: or that persons of very vile and profligate characters should often thrust themselves in to partake of this benefit, and be seen receiving upon their knees, episcopal absolution, and solemn assurances of God's favour and grace?

"You know the aptness of mankind to deceive themselves with false hopes, and to substitute good purposes, professions and vows, in the place of real repentance and amendment of life. You also know, sir (and, have no doubt, often declared it from your pulpit), that this is one of the chief hindrances of men's becoming truly good. Now, should your office for Confirmation be found thus plainly and directly tending to cherish these false hopes, you must excuse me if I believe, that so far from its conducing to holiness of life, it greatly tends to promote that self-deception which is so fatal to the souls of men.

"Let me farther ask you, sir, on this head, is it any breach of charity to suppose, that, amongst the vast crowds which present themselves on such occasions, there are often many whom God, who knows their hearts, knows to be persons of a corrupt and wicked mind, and to be still under the power and tyranny of sin? Can the good bishop himself, in any judgment of charity, suppose there are not some such amongst the thousands he confirms? Candidly tell me then, sir, upon what grounds he absolutely and without reserve declares to the eternal God concerning them all, that he hath fully forgiven these his servants, when God at the same time knows many of them not to be his servants, and that he hath not at all forgiven them? Upon what grounds does he lay his hand on each individual person, to assure him of God's favour, and of his regeneration by the Holy Ghost, when, in truth, some of those whom he thus assures are absolute and entire strangers to the renewing influences of God's Spirit, and fast bound in their sins? To me it appears, I do not say a very shocking, but, I must say, a very unaccountable solemnity, and I should be glad to know how to reconcile it to the reverence you owe to God, or to the faithfulness and charity due to the souls of men."

And now, sir, as I have been able to correct your reading of John Calvin for you, I shall be delighted if the Spirit of God will enlighten you in the reading of Holy Scripture, so that you may no longer be a blind leader of the blind; and I am, with all fitting courtesy,

Yours faithfully,

JOHN WATERTON.

Christ's Precepts versus Christian Practice.

ON THE SUBJECT OF WAR.

“**B**UT what most shows the vanity of life,
Is to behold the nations all on fire,
In cruel broils engaged, and deadly strife,
Most Christian kings inflamed by black desire,
With honourable ruffians in their hire,
Cause war to rage, and blood around to pour;
Of this sad work when each begins to tire,
They sit them down just where they were before,
Till for new scenes of woe, peace shall their force restore.”

The Castle of Indolence.

“*Christian*” says JESUS CHRIST, “*resist no ill.*”

Thou art my master, and I never will,
Unless in battle I resist and kill.

“*Your foes embrace, and them that curse you bless.*”

I will, I will, my gracious Lord ; unless
The dogs of war let slip, my footsteps press,
And fiends of battle do my soul possess ;
And then, my foes I'll worry and distress,
Yea, cut and slaughter them : what can I less?

“*If foes are thirsty, give them drink : and food
If they are hungry.*”

Lord, thy word is good,
And shall be done, unless I thirst for blood
When called to battle upon field or flood ;
And then in starving siege, or close blockade,
I'll stop their water, and exhaust their bread.

“*If smitten on the right cheek, turn the other.*”

I will; and every vengeful feeling smother;
Except when war commands to slay my brother.

“*Put up thy murderous sword into its sheath.*”

I will; till on the battle's blood-stained heath,
Led by the prospect of a laurel wreath,
I draw the steel, and hot and out of breath,
In spite of what salvation's Captain saith,
I wave it in the air, and shout “DEATH!” “DEATH!”

“*Oh, then I see my precepts you despise!*”

No, never, when they seem both good and wise.

“*Avaunt ! false saint, thou call'st me Liege and Lord,
And yet when I command, ' Put up thy sword,'
Thou tell'st me I'm a fool for such a word.
Since evil is thy good, and good thy evil,
And God and man thou puttest on a level,
Then bear my name no more; thou serv'st the devil.*”

A. A. REES, Sunderland.

Expositions of the Psalms,

BY C. H. SPURGEON.

PSALM LI.

TITLE.—To the chief Musician.—*Therefore not written for private meditation only, but for the public service of song. Suitable for the loneliness of individual penitence, this matchless Psalm is equally well adapted for an assembly of the poor in spirit. A Psalm of David. It is a marvel, but nevertheless a fact, that writers have been found to deny David's authorship of this Psalm, but their objections are frivolous, the Psalm is David-like all over. It would be far easier to imitate Milton, Shakspeare, or Tennyson, than David. His style is altogether sui generis, and it is as easily distinguishable as the touch of Raphaelle or the colouring of Rubens.* "When Nathan the prophet came unto him, after he had gone in to Bathsheba." *When the divine message had aroused his dormant conscience and made him see the greatness of his guilt, he wrote this Psalm. He had forgotten his psalmody while he was indulging his flesh, but he returned to his harp when his spiritual nature was awakened, and he poured out his song to the accompaniment of sighs and tears. The great sin of David is not to be excused, but it is well to remember that his case has an exceptional collection of specialities in it. He was a man of very strong passions, a soldier, and an Oriental monarch having despotic power; no other king of his time would have felt any compunction for having acted as he did, and hence there were not around him those restraints of custom and association which, when broken through, render the offence the more monstrous. He never hints at any form of extenuation, nor do we mention these facts in order to apologise for his sin, which was detestable to the last degree; but for the warning of others, that they may reflect that the like licentiousness in themselves at this day might have even a graver guilt in it than in the erring King of Israel. When we remember his sin, let us dwell most upon his penitence, and upon the long series of chastisements which rendered the after part of his life such a mournful history.*

DIVISIONS.—*It will be simplest to note in the first twelve verses the penitent's confessions and plea for pardon, and then in the last seven his anticipatory gratitude, and the way in which he resolves to display it.*

EXPOSITION.

HAVE mercy upon me, O God, according to thy lovingkindness: according unto the multitude of thy tender mercies blot out my transgressions.

2 Wash me thoroughly from mine iniquity, and cleanse me from my sin.

3 For I acknowledge my transgressions: and my sin is ever before me.

4 Against thee, thee only, have I sinned, and done *this* evil in thy sight: that thou mightest be justified when thou speakest, and be clear when thou judgest.

5 Behold, I was shapen in iniquity; and in sin did my mother conceive me.

6 Behold, thou desirest truth in the inward parts: and in the hidden *part* thou shalt make me to know wisdom.

7 Purge me with hyssop, and I shall be clean: wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.

8 Make me to hear joy and gladness, *that* the bones *which* thou hast broken may rejoice.

9 Hide thy face from my sins, and blot out all mine iniquities.

10 Create in me a clean heart, O God ; and renew a right spirit within me.

11 Cast me not away from thy presence ; and take not thy holy spirit from me.

12 Restore unto me the joy of thy salvation ; and uphold me *with thy free spirit.*

1. "*Have mercy upon me, O God.*" He appeals at once to the mercy of God, even before he mentions his sin. 'The sight of mercy is good for eyes that are sore with penitential weeping. Pardon of sin must ever be an act of pure mercy, and therefore to that attribute the awakened sinner flies. "*According to thy lovingkindness.*" Act, O Lord, like thyself ; give mercy like thy mercy. Show mercy such as is congruous with thy grace.

"Great God, thy nature hath no bound ;
So let thy pardoning love be found."

What a choice word is that of our English version, a rare compound of precious things: love and kindness sweetly blended in one—"lovingkindness." "*According unto the multitude of thy tender mercies.*" Let thy most loving compassions come to me, and make thou thy pardons such as these would suggest. Reveal all thy gentlest attributes in my case, not only in their essence but in their abundance. Numberless have been thine acts of goodness, and vast is thy grace ; let me be the object of thine infinite mercy, and repeat it all in me. Make my one case an epitome of all thy tender mercies. By every deed of grace to others I feel encouraged, and I pray thee let me add another and a yet greater one, in my own person, to the long list of thy compassions. "*Blot out my transgressions.*" My revolts, my excesses, are all recorded against me ; but, Lord, erase the lines. Draw thy pen through the register. Obliterate the record, though now it seems engraven in the rock for ever : many strokes of thy mercy may be needed, to cut out the deep inscription, but then thou hast a multitude of mercies, and therefore, I beseech thee, erase my sins.

2. "*Wash me thoroughly.*" It is not enough to blot out the sin ; his person is defiled, and he fain would be purified. He would have God himself cleanse him, for none but he could do it effectually. The washing must be thorough, it must be repeated, therefore he cries, "Multiply to wash me." The dye is in itself immovable, and I, the sinner, have lain long in it, till the crimson is ingrained : but, Lord, wash, and wash, and wash again, till the last stain is gone, and not a trace of my defilement is left. The hypocrite is content if his garments be washed ; but the true suppliant cries, "*wash me.*" The careless soul is content with a nominal cleansing, but the truly-awakened conscience desires a real and practical washing, and that of a most complete and efficient kind. "*Wash me thoroughly from mine iniquity.*" It is viewed as one great pollution, polluting the entire nature, and as all his own ; as if nothing were so much his own as his sin. The one sin against Bathsheba, served to show the Psalmist the whole mountain of his iniquity, of which that foul deed was but one falling stone. He desires to be rid of the whole mass of his filthiness, which though once so little observed, had then become a hideous and haunting terror to his mind. "*And cleanse me from my sin.*" This is a more general expression ; as if the Psalmist said, "Lord, if washing will not do, try some other process ; if water avails not, let fire, let anything be tried, so that I may but be purified. Rid me of my sin by some means, by any means, by every means, only do purify me completely, and leave no guilt upon my soul." It is not the punishment he cries out against, but the sin. Many a murderer is more alarmed at the gallows than at the murder which brought him to it. The thief loves the plunder, though he fears the prison. Not so David : he is sick of sin as sin ; his loudest outcries are against the evil of his transgression, and not against the

painful consequences of it. When we deal seriously with our sin, God will deal gently with us. When we hate what the Lord hates, he will soon make an end of it, to our joy and peace.

3. "*For I acknowledge my transgressions.*" Here he sees the plurality and immense number of his sins, and makes open declaration of them. He seems to say, I make a full confession of them. Not that this is my plea in seeking forgiveness, but it is a clear evidence that I need mercy, and am utterly unable to look to any other quarter for help. My pleading guilty has barred me from any appeal against the sentence of justice: O Lord, I must cast myself on thy mercy, refuse me not, I pray thee. Thou hast made me willing to confess. O follow up this work of grace with a full and free remission! "*And my sin is ever before me.*" My sin as a whole is never out of my mind; it continually oppresses my spirit. I lay it before thee because it is ever before me: Lord, put it away both from thee and me. To an awakened conscience, pain on account of sin is not transient and occasional, but intense and permanent, and this is no sign of divine wrath, but rather a sure preface of abounding favour.

4. "*Against thee, thee only have I sinned.*" The virus of sin lies in its opposition to God: the psalmist's sense of sin towards others rather tended to increase the force of this feeling of sin against God. All his wrong-doing centred, culminated, and came to a climax, at the foot of the divine throne. To injure our fellow men is sin, mainly because in so doing we violate the law of God. The penitent's heart was so filled with a sense of the wrong done to the Lord himself, that all other confession was swallowed up in a broken-hearted acknowledgment of offence against him. "*And done this evil in thy sight.*" To commit treason in the very court of the king and before his eye is impudence indeed: David felt that his sin was committed in all its filthiness while Jehovah himself looked on. None but a child of God cares for the eye of God, but where there is grace in the soul it reflects a fearful guilt upon every evil act, when we remember that the God whom we offend was present when the trespass was committed. "*That thou mightest be justified when thou speakest, and be clear when thou judgest.*" He could not present any argument against divine justice, if it proceeded at once to condemn him and punish him for his crime. His own confession, and the judge's own witness of the whole transaction, placed the transgression beyond all question or debate; the iniquity was indisputably committed, and was unquestionably a foul wrong, and therefore the course of justice was clear and beyond all controversy.

5. "*Behold, I was shapen in iniquity.*" He is thunderstruck at the discovery of his inbred sin, and proceeds to set it forth. This was not intended to justify himself, but it rather meant to complete the confession. It is as if he said, not only have I sinned this once, but I am in my very nature a sinner. The fountain of my life is polluted as well as its streams. My birth-tendencies are out of the square of equity; I naturally lean to forbidden things. Mine is a constitutional disease, rendering my very person obnoxious to thy wrath. "*And in sin did my mother conceive me.*" He goes back to the earliest moment of his being, not to traduce his mother, but to acknowledge the deep tap-roots of his sin. It is a wicked wresting of Scripture to deny that original sin and natural depravity are here taught. Surely men who cavil at this doctrine have need to be taught of the Holy Spirit what be the first principles of the faith. David's mother was the Lord's handmaid, he was born in chaste wedlock, of a good father, and he was himself "the man after God's own heart;" and yet his nature was as fallen as that of any other son of Adam, and there only needed the occasion for the manifesting of that sad fact. In our shaping we were put out of shape, and when we were conceived our nature conceived sin. Alas, for poor humanity! Those who will may cry it up, but he is most blessed who in his own soul has learned to lament its lost estate.

6. "*Behold.*" Here is the great matter for consideration. God desires not merely outward virtue, but inward purity, and the penitent's sense of sin is

greatly deepened as with astonishment he discovers this truth, and how far he is from satisfying the divine demand. The second "Behold" is fitly set over against the first; how great the gulf which yawns between them! "*Thou desirest truth in the inward parts.*" Reality, sincerity, true holiness, heart-fidelity, these are the demands of God. He cares not for the pretence of purity, he looks to the mind, heart, and soul. Always has the Holy One of Israel estimated men by their inner nature, and not by their outward professions; to him the inward is as visible as the outward, and he rightly judges that the essential character of an action lies in the motive of him who works it. "*And in the hidden part thou shalt make me to know wisdom.*" The penitent feels that God is teaching him truth concerning his nature, which he had not before perceived. The love of the heart, the mystery of its fall, and the way of its purification—this hidden wisdom we must all attain; and it is a great blessing to be able to believe that the Lord will "make us to know it." No one can teach our innermost nature but the Lord, but he can instruct us to profit. The Holy Spirit can write the law on our heart, and that is the sum of practical wisdom. He can put the fear of the Lord within, and that is the beginning of wisdom. He can reveal Christ in us, and he is essential wisdom. Such poor, foolish, disarranged souls as ours, shall yet be ordered aright, and truth and wisdom shall reign within us.

7. "*Purge me with hyssop.*" Sprinkle the atoning blood upon me with the appointed means. Give me the reality which legal ceremonies symbolise. Nothing but blood can take away my blood-stains, nothing but the strongest purification can avail to cleanse me. Let the sin-offering purge my sin. Let him who was appointed to atone, execute his sacred office on me; for none can need it more than I. The passage may be read as the voice of faith as well as a prayer, and so it runs—"Thou wilt purge me with hyssop, and I shall be clean." Foul as I am, there is such power in the divine propitiation, that my sin shall vanish quite away. Like the leper upon whom the priest has performed the cleansing rites, I shall be again admitted into the assembly of thy people and allowed to share in the privileges of the true Israel; while in thy sight also, through Jesus my Lord, I shall be accepted. "*Wash me.*" Let it not merely be in type that I am clean, but by a real spiritual purification, which shall remove the pollution of my nature. Let the sanctifying as well as the pardoning process be perfected in me. Save me from the evils which my sin has created and nourished in me. "*And I shall be whiter than snow.*" None but thyself can whiten me, but thou canst in grace outdo nature itself in its purest state. Snow soon gathers smoke and dust, it melts and disappears; thou canst give me an enduring purity. Though snow is white below as well as on the surface, thou canst work the like inward purity in me, and make me so clean that only an hyperbole can set forth my immaculate condition. Lord, do this; my faith believes thou wilt, and well she knows thou canst.

Scarcely does Holy Scripture contain a verse more full of faith than this. Considering the nature of the sin, and the deep sense the psalmist had of it, it is a glorious faith to be able to see in the blood sufficient, nay, all-sufficient merit entirely to purge it away. Considering also the deep natural inbred corruption which David saw and experienced within, it is a miracle of faith that he could rejoice in the hope of perfect purity in his inward parts. Yet, be it added, the faith is no more than the word warrants, than the blood of atonement encourages, than the promise of God deserves. O that some reader may take heart, even now while smarting under sin, to do the Lord the honour to rely thus confidently on the finished sacrifice of Calvary and the infinite mercy there revealed.

8. "*Make me to hear joy and gladness.*" He prays about his sorrow late in the Psalm; he began at once with his sin; he asks to hear pardon, and then to hear joy. He seeks comfort at the right time and from the right source. His ear has become heavy with sinning, and so he prays, "Make me to hear." No voice could revive his dead joys but that which quickeneth the dead.

Pardon from God would give him double joy—"joy and gladness." No stinted bliss awaits the forgiven one; he shall not only *have* a double-blooming joy, but he shall *hear* it; it shall sing with exultation. Some joy is felt but not heard, for it contends with fears; but the joy of pardon has a voice louder than the voice of sin. God's voice speaking peace is the sweetest music an ear can hear. "*That the bones which thou hast broken may rejoice.*" He was like a poor wretch whose bones are crushed, crushed by no ordinary means, but by omnipotence itself. He groaned under no mere flesh wounds; his firmest and yet tenderest powers were "broken in pieces all asunder;" his manhood had become a dislocated, mangled, quivering sensibility. Yet if he who crushed would cure, every wound would become a new mouth for song, every bone quivering before with agony would become equally sensible of intense delight. The figure is bold, and so is the supplicant. He is requesting a great thing; he seeks joy for a sinful heart, music for crushed bones. Preposterous prayer anywhere but at the throne of God! Preposterous there most of all but for the cross where Jehovah Jesus bore our sins in his own body on the tree. A penitent need not ask to be an hired servant, or settle down in despairing content with perpetual mourning; he may ask for gladness and he shall have it; for if when prodigals return the father is glad, and the neighbours and friends rejoice and are merry with music and dancing, what need can there be that the restored one himself should be wretched?

9. "*Hide thy face from my sins.*" Do not look at them; be at pains not to see them. They thrust themselves in thy way; but, Lord, refuse to behold them, lest if thou consider them, thine anger burn, and I die. "*Blot out all mine iniquities.*" He repeats the prayer of the first verse with the enlargement of it by the word "all." All repetitions are not "vain repetitions." Souls in agony have no space to find variety of language: pain has to content itself with monotonous. David's face was ashamed with looking on his sin, and no diverting thoughts could remove it from his memory; but he prays the Lord to do with his sin what he himself cannot. If God hide not his face from our sin, he must hide it for ever from us; and if he blot not out our sins, he must blot our names out of his book of life.

10. "*Create.*" What! has sin so destroyed us, that the Creator must be called in again? What ruin then doth evil work among mankind! "*Create in me.*" I, in my outward fabric, still exist; but I am empty, desert, void. Come, then, and let thy power be seen in a new creation within my old fallen self. Thou didst make a man in the world at first; Lord, make a new man in me! "*A clean heart.*" In the seventh verse he asked to be clean; now he seeks a heart suitable to that cleanliness; but he does not say, "Make my old heart clean;" he is too experienced in the hopelessness of the old nature. He would have the old man buried as a dead thing, and a new creation brought in to fill its place. None but God can create either a new heart or a new earth. Salvation is a marvellous display of supreme power; the work *in* us as much as that *for* us is wholly of Omnipotence. The affections must be rectified first, or all our nature will go amiss. The heart is the rudder of the soul, and till the Lord take it in hand we steer in a false and foul way. O Lord, thou who didst once make me, be pleased to new make me, and in my most secret parts renew me. "*Renew a right spirit within me.*" It was there once, Lord, put it there again. The law on my heart has become like an inscription hard to read: new write it, gracious Maker. Remove the evil as I have entreated thee; but, O replace it with good, lest into my swept, empty, and garnished heart, from which the devil has gone out for awhile, seven other spirits more wicked than the first should enter and dwell. The two sentences make a complete prayer. "*Create*" what is not there at all; "*renew*" that which is there, but in a sadly feeble state.

11. "*Cast me not away from thy presence.*" Throw me not away as worthless; banish me not, like Cain, from thy face and favour. Permit me to sit among those who share thy love, though I only be suffered to keep the door. I

deserve to be for ever denied admission to thy courts; but, O good Lord permit me still the privilege which is dear as life itself to me. "*Take not thy Holy Spirit from me.*" Withdraw not his comforts, counsels, assistances, quickenings, else I am indeed as a dead man. Do not leave me as thou didst Saul, when neither by Urim, nor by prophet, nor by dream, thou wouldst answer him. Thy Spirit is my wisdom, leave me not to my folly; he is my strength, O desert me not to my own weakness. Drive me not away from thee, neither do thou go away from me. Keep up the union between us, which is my only hope of salvation. It will be a great wonder if so pure a Spirit deigns to stay in so base a heart as mine; but then, Lord, it is all wonder together, therefore do this, for thy mercy's sake, I earnestly entreat thee.

12. "*Restore unto me the joy of thy salvation.*" Salvation he had known, and had known it as the Lord's own; he had also felt the joy which arises from being saved in the Lord, but he had lost it for awhile, and therefore he longed for its restoration. None but God can give back this joy; he can do it; we may ask it; he will do it for his own glory and our benefit. This joy comes not first, but follows pardon and purity: in such order it is safe, in any other it is vain presumption or idiotic delirium. "*And uphold me with thy free Spirit.*" Conscious of weakness, mindful of having so lately fallen, he seeks to be kept on his feet by power superior to his own. That royal Spirit, whose holiness is true dignity, is able to make us walk as kings and priests, in all the uprightness of holiness; and he will do so if we seek his gracious upholding. Such influences will not enslave but emancipate us; for holiness is liberty, and the Holy Spirit is a free Spirit. In the roughest and most treacherous ways we are safe with such a keeper; in the best paths we stumble if left to ourselves. The praying for joy and upholding go well together; it is all over with joy if the foot is not kept; and, on the other hand, joy is a very upholding thing, and greatly aids holiness; meanwhile, the free, noble, royal Spirit is at the bottom of both.

13 *Then* will I teach transgressors thy ways; and sinners shall be converted unto thee.

14 Deliver me from bloodguiltiness, O God, thou God of my salvation: *and* my tongue shall sing aloud of thy righteousness.

15 O Lord, open thou my lips; and my mouth shall shew forth thy praise.

16 For thou desirest not sacrifice; else would I give *it*: thou delightest not in burnt offering.

17 The sacrifices of God *are* a broken spirit: a broken and a contrite heart, O God, thou wilt not despise.

18 Do good in thy good pleasure unto Zion: build thou the walls of Jerusalem.

19 Then shalt thou be pleased with the sacrifices of righteousness, with burnt offering and whole burnt offering: then shall they offer bullocks upon thine altar.

13. "*Then will I teach transgressors thy ways.*" It was his fixed resolve to be a teacher of others; and assuredly none instruct others so well as those who have been experimentally taught of God themselves. Reclaimed poachers make the best gamekeepers. Huntingdon's degree of S.S., or Sinner Saved, is more needful for a soul-winning evangelist than either M.A. or D.D. The pardoned sinner's matter will be good, for he has been taught in the school of experience, and his manner will be telling, for he will speak sympathetically, as one who has felt what he declares. The audience the psalmist would choose is memorable—he would instruct transgressors like himself; others might despise them, but,

"a fellow feeling makes us wondrous kind." If unworthy to edify saints, he would creep in along with the sinners, and humbly tell them of divine love. The mercy of God to one is an illustration of his usual procedure, so that our own case helps us to understand his "ways," or his general modes of action: perhaps, too, David under that term refers to the preceptive part of the word of God, which, having broken, and having suffered thereby, he felt that he could vindicate and urge upon the reverence of other offenders. "*And sinners shall be converted unto thee.*" My fall shall be the restoration of others. Thou wilt bless my pathetic testimony to the recovery of many who, like myself, have turned aside unto crooked ways. Doubtless this Psalm and the whole story of David, have produced for many ages the most salutary results in the conversion of transgressors, and so evil has been overruled for good.

14. "*Deliver me from bloodguiltiness.*" He had been the means of the death of Uriah, the Hittite, a faithful and attached follower, and he now confesses that fact. Besides, his sin of adultery was a capital offence, and he puts himself down as one worthy to die the death. Honest penitents do not fetch a compass and confess their sins in an elegant periphrasis, but they come to the point, call a spade a spade, and make a clean breast of all. What other course is rational in dealing with the Omniscient? "*O God, thou God of my salvation.*" He had not ventured to come so near before. It had been, "*O God,*" up till now, but here he cries, "*Thou God of my salvation.*" Faith grows by the exercise of prayer. He confesses sin more plainly in this verse than before, and yet he deals with God more confidently: growing upward and downward at the same time are perfectly consistent. None but the King can remit the death penalty, it is therefore a joy to faith that God is King, and that he is the author and finisher of our salvation. "*And my tongue shall sing aloud of thy righteousness.*" One would rather have expected him to say, I will sing of thy mercy; but David can see the divine way of justification, that righteousness of God which Paul afterwards spoke of by which the ungodly are justified, and he vows to sing, yea, and to sing lustily of that righteous way of mercy. After all, it is the righteousness of divine mercy which is its greatest wonder. Note how David would preach in the last verse, and now here he would sing. We can never do too much for the Lord to whom we owe more than all. If we could be preacher, precentor, doorkeeper, pewopener, foot-washer, and all in one, all would be too little to show forth all our gratitude. A great sinner pardoned makes a great singer. Sin has a loud voice, and so should our thankfulness have. We shall not sing our own praises if we be saved, but our theme will be the Lord our righteousness, in whose merits we stand righteously accepted.

15. "*O Lord, open thou my lips.*" He is so afraid of himself that he commits his whole being to the divine care, and fears to speak till the Lord unstops his shame-silenced mouth. How marvellously the Lord can open our lips, and what divine things can we poor simpletons pour forth under his inspiration! This prayer of a penitent is a golden petition for a preacher. Lord, I offer it for myself and my brethren. But it may stand in good stead any one whose shame for sin makes him stammer in his prayers, and when it is fully answered, the tongue of the dumb begins to sing. "*And my mouth shall shew forth thy praise.*" If God opens the mouth he is sure to have the fruit of it. According to the porter at the gate is the nature of that which comes out of man's lips; when vanity, anger, falsehood, or lust unbar the door, the foulest villainies troop out; but if the Holy Spirit opens the wicket, then grace, mercy, peace, and all the graces come forth in tuneful dances, like the daughters of Israel when they met David returning with the Philistine's head.

16. "*For thou desirest not sacrifice.*" This was the subject of the last Psalm. The psalmist was so illuminated as to see far beyond the symbolic ritual; his eye of faith gazed with delight upon the actual atonement. "*Else would I give it.*" He would have been glad enough to present tens of thousands of

victims if these would have met the case. Indeed, anything which the Lord prescribed he would cheerfully have rendered. We are ready to give up all we have if we may but be cleared of our sins; and when sin is pardoned our joyful gratitude is prepared for any sacrifice. "*Thou delightest not in burnt offering.*" He knew that no form of burnt sacrifice was a satisfactory propitiation. His deep soul-need made him look from the type to the antitype, from the external rite to the inward grace.

17. "*The sacrifices of God are a broken spirit.*" All sacrifices are presented to thee in one, by the man whose broken heart presents the Saviour's merit to thee. When the heart mourns for sin, thou art better pleased than when the bullock bleeds beneath the axe. "A broken heart" is an expression implying deep sorrow, embittering the very life; it carries in it the idea of all but killing anguish in that region which is so vital as to be the very source of life. So excellent is a spirit humbled and mourning for sin, that it is not only a sacrifice, but it has a plurality of excellences, and is pre-eminently God's "*sacrifices.*" "*A broken and a contrite heart, O God, thou wilt not despise.*" A heart crushed is a fragrant heart. Men contemn those who are contemptible in their own eyes, but the Lord seeth not as man seeth. He despises what men esteem, and values that which they despise. Never yet has God spurned a lowly, weeping penitent, and never will he while God is love, and while Jesus is called the man who receiveth sinners. Bullocks and rams he desires not, but contrite hearts he seeks after; yea, but one of them is better to him than all the varied offerings of the old Jewish sanctuary.

18. "*Do good in thy good pleasure unto Zion.*" Let blessings according to thy wont be poured upon thy holy hill and chosen city. Zion was David's favourite spot, whereon he had hoped to erect a temple. The ruling passion is so strong on him, that when he has discharged his conscience he must have a word for Zion. He felt he had hindered the project of honouring the Lord there as he desired, but he prayed God still to let the place of his ark be glorious, and to establish his worship and his worshipping people. "*Build thou the walls of Jerusalem.*" This had been one of David's schemes, to wall in the holy city, and he desires to see it completed; but we believe he had a more spiritual meaning, and prayed for the prosperity of the Lord's cause and people. He had done mischief by his sin, and had, as it were, pulled down her walls; he, therefore, implores the Lord to undo the evil, and establish his church. God can make his cause to prosper, and in answer to prayer he will do so. Without his building we labour in vain; therefore are we the more instant and constant in prayer. There is surely no grace in us if we do not feel for the church of God, and take a lasting interest in its welfare.

19. In those days of joyful prosperity thy saints shall present in great abundance the richest and holiest thank offerings to thee, and thou shalt be pleased to accept them. A saved soul expects to see its prayers answered in a revived church, and then is assured that God will be greatly glorified. Though we bring no more sacrifices for sin, yet as priests unto God our solemn praises and votive gifts are thank offerings acceptable to God by Jesus Christ. We bring not the Lord our least things—our doves and pigeons; but we present him with our best possessions—our bullocks. We are glad that in this present time we are able to fulfil in person the declaration of this verse: we also, forecasting the future, wait for days of the divine presence, when the church of God, with unspeakable joy, shall offer gifts upon the altar of God, which will far eclipse anything beheld in these less enthusiastic days. Hasten it, O Lord.

Pleasant Voices from across the Channel.

VOICE THE FIFTH.

"Yet a little while."

ONE afternoon, about five o'clock, when the lengthening shadows hinted that cool evening was drawing near, Tom and I were getting ready for a stroll. A clear voice in the passage, calling out, "English Monsieur and Madame, where are you?" caused me to open the door; and lo! there in the corridor stood Mimi, spouse of the ill-conditioned shoemaker, bright and hopeful as ever, with the same astonishingly-shaped baskets on her back, and the same glad smile on her countenance. Such rejoicing there was, and such a volley of questions and answers, after she had taken a seat.

Her little boy? *Hé bien!* Last Saturday she had been in fear for him, thinking he was taking smallpox. She had prayed and wept before God, and administered a *lisane** of poppies and violets to the child, and laid a cataplasm on his stomach. "And then, Madame, only fancy, he fell asleep quietly, and perspired; and was it not kind of Jesus, for he had not, after all, sent that dreadful smallpox to my Carlot? No, his illness was occasioned merely by a draught of air that caused a rash upon his face. Ah! see how weak is my faith, unless God keeps holding me up! I felt quite overwhelmed at first. And only think, too, of the thoughtful love Jesus always shows to me, for at the exact time when I was in so much distress, my husband felt a good deal stronger, and pitied me about poor Carlot's illness, and did not so much as once swear or abuse the Lord God."

Tom and I generally had a preprandial cup of tea served in our apartment at five o'clock. It was now brought up, and we made Mimi join us. She put it to her lips, shook her head with a smile, and said, "Thanks, Monsieur and Madame, I am sure it is a wholesome *lisane*, but at present I am quite well, thank God, and do not require medicine." Her artless admiration of our "superb chamber" was amusing, and great her gratitude on receipt of tiny black saracenet native caps (hideous things I considered them) for two of her girls, and a gay, parti-coloured apron for her own wear.

"Oh, it is too much, indeed it is!" she exclaimed, with glad tears. "Above the skies I shall know how to praise God for it, here I am not fit."

"Now, Mimi," said I, when by-and-by she rose to depart, "my husband and I are going part of the road to Ouchy; we shall go together." So out we three sallied (Mimi and her baskets in the middle) into the quiet street, across which, in the sunset, the house shadows lay, making great stripes of gold and dark, dark and gold. Then away through the crumbling, ruined gateway, with its dabs of green moss here and there, along the white high road, on and on, till we got to the spot where Tom and I had first made the acquaintance of our present companion. At this moment, as then, the vesper bells were sounding. Mimi took a

* Herb tea.

hand of each of us, and placed them on her breast. "Adieu, adieu! God bless you both," she said.

"Adieu, Mimi! Don't let us forget our agreement to pray for each other and for your husband. Really, Mimi. I begin to like him for being kind to you when Carlot was sick! Who knows? perhaps even yet Jesus may hear you and put the Holy Spirit into his heart."

"Ah, *oui*, madame, what was my own heart once! I do feel so happy to go home when Jean is not in a rage, but quite 'sweet.' You understand?"

An old road-mender, with a brass badge in his hat, came up at this moment. He had just finished his day's work, and giving us a military salute, called kindly after Mimi. "Well, my friend, how goes the husband's pain to-day, and all the little ones, how are they?"

"Very well, indeed, thanks, monsieur," was her answer.

"'Very well!' Always 'well,' and 'thank God,'" he repeated, with a grunt, but not an ill-tempered one. "Always 'thank God!' Humph!"

Gathering up his tools, the cantonnier* guided us so far on our way back, and proved a very interesting old fellow indeed. He had been wounded at Sebastopol, and mentally was the most absurd jumble of shrewdness and ignorance one could fancy. Of course we discussed Mimi, and asked whether he knew much about her husband. "Know him! that I do; he's an old good-for-nothing, like myself. But he has dreadful pains, and such a temper. B-r-r-r-r-oo! It's cannon-balls all around, I can tell you, farthest off is the safest place. B-r-r-r-r-oo. As for Mimi, poor woman, her corner of the garden must be nearly full of lilies by this time, I should think."

"Lilies!"

"Yes, madame, the garden up yonder, I mean. She's indeed a good woman, and since I came to stay in this part of the world has often brought back to my memory a bit of learning I had clean forgotten. Would you like to hear it? Well, then, madame, at Rousillon, where I was born, my father used to do little odd jobs at the Convent of the Sacré Cœur. Sometimes he worked in the garden, and then would take me (when I was a small chap) with him to help in clearing away fallen leaves. In autumn there were very many of them, on account of the spreading mulberry trees round the house. There was one particular walk where the softest, thickest moss grew quite over it, just like a carpet; and all up the borders there were choice flowers. My father was so proud of the bright colours. Well, early of a morning one of the sisters, who was almost bent double with age, used to walk along that path a-gathering of white lilies—only white lilies passing by all other flowers. I suppose I was at that time a good-tempered little chap. I recollect pitying her for being so old and ugly! So one fine morning, when she made her appearance on the walk (we couldn't hear her steps, the moss was so soft and thick) I ran to her and presented a bunch of lilies I had gathered for the purpose. Poor old thing! she smiled and wept, and covered me with thanks, all at the same moment. Then, leading me away from father to under a big tree, she made me sit down by her

* Road mender.

side, and asked, 'Wilt thou try, my dear little boy, never to forget a lesson I am going now to teach thee?' 'Yes, sister,' quoth I. 'Listen, then,' and repeat after me:—

"La Sainte et Immaculée Vierge Marie,
Dans le beau Jardin de Paradis,
De sa propre main, plante un fleur-de-lis
Pour chaque bonté qu'on fait envers autrui."*

When I had mastered the lines, she said, 'My child, remember always that every time thou art patient and loving towards those who are unkind to thee, the holy mother of God plants a glistening white lily in thy special parterre of the heavenly garden. When thy parterre is quite full she will come to take thee up yonder to walk for ever amidst the flowers that have sprung out of thine own virtues, and of these flowers the perfume is sweeter than any incense.' That's my old lesson, madame. I forgot all about it for many a year. I've been a good bit up and down the world, and can't say that I believe much of anything myself; but poor Mimi is a good woman, I am sure of that, and no doubt she is filling her garden rapidly. My road lies this way. Good evening. A pleasant walk to you." And taking off his brass-ticketed hat, he politely bowed himself away.†

VOICE THE SIXTH.

"Until the shadows flee away."

THANKS to remarkably fine weather, the tobacco harvest in the neighbourhood of H—— was in progress rather before its usual date. The cottages looked quite tropical, draped over with large leaves, which, threaded on cords, and hung to dry from the edge of the wide eaves, formed verandahs more pungent than sweet. Almost without exception the local dwellings exhibit a pre-Raphaelitish pictured announcement that coffee is to be had within. One broiling day Tom and I turned into one for a dish of the said beverage. I say "a dish" advisedly, for no cups had the inhabitants, neither bowls, but the funniest little *cruches*‡ that would have warmed the heart of curiosity-hunters, and might have passed muster as pottery from Herculaneum! Inside the vegetable verandah of the cottage we stopped at, and looking ghastly in its greeny light, sat a man in a high-backed chair made of wattled osiers. He was evidently an invalid, and had his head bound turban-wise in a scarf of orange and black spotted woollen stuff. Whilst his civil-spoken, sly-looking sister did the needful with the spider-legged coffee-biggin, we squatted ourselves on the doorstep, and had a colloquy with the sick man. Poor fellow! the neuralgia afflicting his body was not half so sad as the dense darkness that brooded over his soul. His was a piteous life-tale. From childhood (as he expressed it) *always on the ground*.

* The holy and immaculate Virgin Mary plants, with her own hand, in the garden of Paradise a lily for each act of kindness we do unto another.

† Thus our unknown authoress illustrates in the woman, the secret life looking after Jesus in the dark, and in the road-mender, the old self-righteousness of man, clinging to old wives' fables, as drowning men to straws. These stories reveal, in a very remarkable manner, the inner life of the French peasantry.

‡ *Cruche*, a kind of pitcher or jug.

“Madame, I have been neither more nor less than rags, put for manure to the olives! They grew and flourished, but, bah! none took thought of me. People cried, ‘Oh! the fine olives!’—but I, I was only manure. Rags, tatters! Nobody considered me.” There was apparently no ferocious villany in this man. Only an utter lack of moral backbone. A wasted life, that was all! No extraordinary or startling providences. No, only a jog-trot series of infinitesimal worries and small crosses, changeful in hue, but *crosses*, nevertheless. For him, as for most of us, the tide which conducts to fortune had once risen flood high. A record of detached days in his life would read like romance, although the *actual* existence had been sufficiently joyless. But out of existent circumstances events glided so naturally, that there seemed to be nothing remarkable about them. The keystone of all interest and improvement was, however, missing. He knew nothing of that God whose we are, and whom we are bound to serve. He had started in life as a rag-picker in Paris. In 1848 he assisted at the barricades, and subsequently worked in an Italian olive-orchard in the Campagna di Roma. After that he had been a fisherman at Spezzia, on the shore of the blue Mediterranean, and then supervened in his history a blank, which we feared was a *blot*. At any rate, he was now a sickly dependant on his severe-looking *devotée* of a sister.

Tom spoke to him of Jesus’ love, and of the comforting Holy Spirit, who offers to purify the world-tossed and sin-worn. While he was speaking the sister brought our coffee, and crossed herself with holy water from a brass *bénitier*, hanging above the platter shelf; then throwing over her head a shawl of Turkey-red cotton-cloth, and saying politely, “If you please, Madame, you can pay to my brother the forty centimes you owe,” she went her way to her work in the adjoining tobacco field.

Tom and I tried to instil into the sick man’s heart some hope for time as well as eternity. Enlightening him concerning the wonders wrought by chloroform liniment, we roused anticipation that his racking pain might be cured. But to speak of his soul’s estate was running horses on a rock. Convinced that death was an eternal sleep, what mattered it to him whither the vital air should exhale after fitting from its clay covering?

As we were taking leave, I said, “My friend, I once in Brussels knew another sufferer like you, should you like to hear about him?”

“In Brussels? I have been there. Yes, I should like to hear about any one half so unhappy as I am.”

“Well, you know the banks of the great canal, so damp and so ugly? The person I speak of lived there, near the fish market, which is the most disagreeable part—don’t you remember? Not at all pretty, like your neighbourhood here. He had a spinal affection, and during seventeen years, there he lay on a wretched pallet, in a miserable den of a place. By means of a charitable lady (a Swiss), he came to know God, not as a punisher only, but as a loving Father, who afflicts us for our own profit, and to render us holy. Poor Wilhelm had an uncle and aunt who grudgingly supported him. While so doing, they also from day to day harassed and persecuted the helpless creature, because he held fast his trust in Jesus, and in him *alone*. At length one June morning, while early dawn was creeping through the little broken

lattice, came welcome death to take Wilhelm home. Calmly and with a light on his wasted face, never seen there before, he summed up his life experience thus: 'I can remember only two things, a hard struggle to hold fast to Jesus, my alone Saviour and King, alternating with the roar of his enemies, who wanted to drag me away from my trust. There's peace at last. I go to him. Adieu.'

"This experience is by no means uncommon. When we come to look back from life's verge, essential realities detach themselves, as it were, and bulk unmistakably solid and clear above the mirage of non-essentials. And yet to grope our way through this same mirage once required the heart's sternest energies.

"Soon after the barricade days of 1748, a Scotch gentleman then in Paris, accompanied a friend to the '*Invalides*.' Their errand was to visit a soldier who had received his death wound in the recent fight. It was a glorious summer's day. Through the wide uncurtained windows of the hospital wards came the buzzing hum of laughing, sorrowing, wailing humanity, whilst from a distance floated 'breaths' of martial music, that came and went, came and went, like a spirit-requiem over the fallen brave. It was a touching progress, that of the two visitors, along solemn avenues of wounded, dying, and dead; among rows of snowy pallets, over which Sisters of Mercy watched helpfully, beside white pillows, whereon lay pale, chiselled faces, and fast clouding eyes. On the gentlemen sped till they reached the bed of which they were in quest. Its occupant was a noble-looking warrior, of the Roman type, his broad, smooth forehead, already clammy with the dews of death. He had been in the thick of action, and escaped scatheless till quite late in the day; yet to the question, What think you now of the shock of battle? hear his reply, 'Why, sir, I only recollect two sublime notes, continually alternating with each other, *Vive l'Empereur* and the roar of cannon, *Vive l'Empereur* and the roar of cannon!'"

Our auditor in the spotted turban seemed much interested by this anecdote, but it was after a peculiar beat-about-the-bush fashion, for he tried to hide his desire to probe poor Wilhelm's inner life, behind a masked battery of questions concerning Belgic places and things; e.g., "Pardon me, madame, but did you ever at Brussels witness the *fête* of St. Laurent? Do the prawn boats still anchor in the mud, below that high place with the railing close to the street? I do believe, madame, I remember the very house where your poor Wilhelm lived; was it near a tripe shop at the foot of a stair?" etc.

Hoping to find him stronger the next time we called, we took leave, and as from behind the screen of tobacco leaves we merged into open day, he kept calling kindly, "*au revoir*."

Our walk was along a secluded shady road, at one side whereof stood a remarkably ugly little building, dedicated to "*Jesus le Flagelle*."* It was a sort of prayer station, with a grated gate, in front of which is a money-box, to receive contributions for behoof of the idol within. This image professing to represent Jesus Christ, has smart mutton-chop whiskers, a most affected niminy-piminy expression, and the crossed hands neatly tied with a bit of ribbon. The right arm is supported by

* Jesus Scourged.

an Adonis-faced Franciscan, in frock, hood, and rope girdle, who leers impudently at the plump, red checked Holy Virgin, holding up the left elbow. On the small altar were trumpery vases, stuck full of scourges made of pink paper, the whole interior of the "*chapelette*" puffed over with white muslin fluffery, wonderfully clean, considering that the place was unglazed, and the road so dusty. Betwixt the iron gratings which enclosed the "*tableau*," were thrust in various offerings, telling of pained hearts needing comfort. There was a necklace of blue glass beads, and a tuft of dried "everlastings," tied together with a morsel of black crape; a long tress of grey hair, with one end knotted and reeled, and the other flying loose in the wind; a roughly-moulded white waxen heart, with a darning needle stuck through it (query, was this a case of "jilt and revenge" ?); and lastly, a small square of coarse linen, whereon, in scarlet worsted, were embroidered the letters I. H. S.—"Jesus, man's Saviour." Who and what was offerer of this poor little gift? Had she, amid so much rubbish and idolatry, seen and grasped the diamond spark of truth? Was it she of the grey hair? "Jesus, man's Saviour," alas! on such an altar as that by the roadside, what mean the blessed words? What meant Pilate of old, when over the Jerusalem cross he caused to be written the same inscription, "Jesus of Nazareth, the King of the Jews" ?

Religion in Germany.

THE great nation which is occupying just now so much public attention, is not unlikely, in consequence of its extraordinary victories over the most warlike people in the world, and its probable organisation into one Germanic Confederation, to excite still greater interest in all that affects its welfare, both religious and social. Its universal intelligence and high state of culture have won for it a proud position among civilised nations. The course of its affairs will be watched with more than feelings of curiosity, while the influence it may exert in the world will add to the interest which Christians have for some years felt in this professedly Protestant country. The nation that gave Martin Luther to the world, and has been largely influenced by his teaching, cannot fail to secure the intelligent sympathies of Christians. It so happened that the religious state of Germany aroused considerable concern in this country only a few months before the outbreak of the present lamentable war. Letters appeared in the *Times*, written by its Berlin correspondent, disclosing a condition of things relating to the character of Protestantism in Germany of a most painful kind. The facts, so related, were not wholly unknown in this country, but they were presented in so graphic a form, with such minuteness of detail, as to compel serious attention. Letters corroborative and corrective, defensive and indefensive, appeared; and the whole correspondence has since been given to the English public in a complete and connected form. With the help of these letters we intend now to afford our readers some idea of the painful degeneracy of Protestantism in Germany.

Let it be understood that this country has a State Church, and that

this church is the cause of the evils we deplore. History has taught us that evangelical religion has not flourished in any State Church. In England it nearly quenched the light of true religion prior to the days of Whitefield, and almost entirely alienated the people from the gospel; and its tendency at the present day is notoriously in the direction of a seductive Rationalism and of a slavish Romanism. Evangelicism in our own State Church is *effete* and powerless. In Germany the blighting influence of the unholy alliance has been strongly marked—so much so, that it has been significantly asked, “Who that knows modern Germany will call it a Christian land, either in the sense Rome gives to the term, or in the meaning Luther attached to it?” Scholars there speak of Christianity as an Asiatic religion; the majority of the educated classes have not only rejected all creeds, but have also renounced the Bible, the dogmas of which, they urge, have been exploded by “scientific criticism.” “Most, indeed, profess to believe in God and immortality, but if you examine their opinions more closely, you will easily discover they have but confused notions on the relations between the Creator and mankind, and even deny or ignore the duty of aspiring to a more definite knowledge on the subject. Others, more daring in their conclusions, or coarser in their feelings, go the length of questioning the possibility of God’s interfering with the self-supporting machinery of the world, look upon prayer as a Pagan rite, and sometimes become so irrational as to consider the very existence of God as problematical.” The clergy are looked upon either as zealots or hypocrites, or confirmed dunces, and there is no fellowship between minister and people. Infidelity is prevalent, and threatens “to change the face of the land more effectually than could be done by any political revolution.” “The two hostile streams are flowing side by side in separate beds—the stream of Rationalism, a still but wide and deep expanse, threatening to swallow up the whole country; and the stream of orthodox belief, a noisy, rushing torrent, intent upon fertilising the fields, but by the vast lake of heresy confined to the irrigation of some remote nooks and ingles.” As a proof of the little hold that the State Church has upon the masses, it may be stated that, although there are both orthodox persons and orthodox parishes in Prussia, the vast majority are so estranged from divine service as to abstain from all attendance. The Prussian ecclesiastical minister has forced upon certain Protestant congregations a hymn-book, of the contents of which the following is a specimen:—“Almighty God, I am content to remain the dog I am. I am a dog, a despicable dog. I am conscious of revelling in sin, and there is no infamy in which I do not indulge. My anger and quarrelling are like a dog’s. My envy and hatred are like a dog’s. My abuse and snappishness are like a dog’s. Nay, when I come to reflect upon it, I cannot but own that in very many things I behave worse than the dogs themselves.” Such open confession is not good for the soul, and it is too ludicrous to awaken other than irreverent and sceptical feelings. No wonder that the people disbelieve in the sincerity and truthfulness of those who impose such rubbish upon them; and when it is considered that the clergy will swallow every bitter pill that may be presented them by the Government, and that the orthodox part of them are the supporters of antiquated conservatism, we need not be surprised at their lack of

influence. "In the eyes of the public there is a direct connection observable between conservatism and orthodoxy. Government has become orthodox since the beginning of the struggle for constitutional rights; the preachers turned conservative at about the same period." All this tends to deepen the popular dislike to those who are more evangelical than the other clergy, and to increase the preference for latitudinarianism and unbelief. Mr. Anketell, the rector of the American church in Dresden, gives decisive testimony on this point. "The condition of religion, here," he says, "is, in the view of every evangelical Christian, simply deplorable. The reaction against Rationalism in some of the universities has utterly failed to influence the masses, the sum of whose religion is, a vague and dim idea of the existence of a God. The Protestant clergy, instead of being looked upon with respect by the people, as in England and America, are here resented with contempt, as a sort of spiritual policemen or religious scavengers." They do no pastoral visitation, some alleging reasons which are too absurd to be credited, and are at variance with what is known of the private life of the Germans, and they fail therefore to influence the community, unless their eloquence in the pulpit commands attention. "In this country," says the *Times* correspondent, "an evangelical minister preaches, christens, marries, and buries, remaining all the while as utter a stranger to his flock as any other government functionary whose intercourse with the public is limited to business transactions in his office." And Mr. Anketell thus confirms this testimony:—"You barter whether you will have a first-class wedding or a common one. If the former, the church produces velvet cushions; if the latter, straw-bottomed chairs. Your child must be christened when six weeks old—this is the law; a dollar a-week can defer it at your pleasure. At the sacrament of the Lord's Supper each member brings his offering and lays it on the altar; this becomes the emolument of the priest (pastor) who quietly pockets it during the holy office. He is never expected to visit his parishioners. In fact, except in small country villages, no single clergyman, as with us, has a congregation he can call his own." So long, however, as Jesus Christ is not preached as the Saviour of sinners, and his atonement is regarded as "an exploded superstition"—this was proclaimed in March, 1868, by the Dresden Protestant Verein—it is a matter of comparative indifference whether such clergymen have any power over the minds of the people.

This is a sad picture. Were it unrelieved by any bright features, it might lead us to despair of Germany. However, the universities, which were once the hotbeds of the Rationalistic fever in its most violent forms, are becoming more orthodox. Infidelity is not so widely prevalent among the students. The influence of those of the German professors of theology whose commentaries, and devout and critical treatises, are now well-known in this country (thanks to the Messrs. Clark) has been felt; and though this change in the aspect of the universities has not produced any effect on the minds of the masses, a reaction may come. Moreover, much good is said to be done in a quiet way. An Episcopal minister refers in proof to a mission that has been carried on for the last few years with much success among the cabmen of Berlin,

and to "the marvellous growth of Sunday-schools in Berlin and other towns of Germany, all of which date from the last five or six years." Our worthy brother, the Rev. G. W. Lehmann, pastor of the Baptist church in Berlin, has pointed to not a few faithful ministers of Christ in Berlin, and to the seventeen thousand Baptists in the country; still he sorrowfully admits the fact that "only a small fraction of the nation attend divine service."

What is evidently needed in Germany is the revival of the power of true religion, and the overthrow of the shameful connection of Church and State. It is believed that the latter would result in the majority of the people renouncing even the forms of Christianity; but this is extremely doubtful. Free churchism has hitherto prospered, so far as it has been promoted, and in spite of disheartening obstacles. Energy and enterprise have been so illustriously manifested by Johann Gerhardt Oncken, in the diffusion of a purer religion, as to render his mission one of the most wonderful and hopeful of modern evangelistic efforts. A few more such men as Mr. Oncken might relieve Germany of the disgrace which languor and scepticism have brought upon it. Our brother's labours have been truly apostolic; and his name will live in the annals of religious evangelism as one of the most remarkable missionaries of the present century. Just think of what this one man has been enabled to do! He was brought up in the Lutheran Church, where he was taught by catechism the dogmas of baptismal regeneration, consubstantiation, the duty of confession and of priestly absolution. Forty years ago, when a very young man, he came over to England, and it was while listening to the preaching of the gospel in London that he was brought to know God and Jesus Christ whom he had sent. At this time he was engaged in commerce, but he longed to return to Hamburg that he might preach to his own countrymen "the unsearchable riches of Christ." He was enabled to do this in 1823, when he was employed as a missionary by the Continental Society. His first service, we believe, was held in the house of an Independent minister in Hamburg, where he preached to ten persons only, but his heart was cheered upon finding that one of his hearers had that night been converted to God. The meetings were better attended each time, and when they became known to the Lutheran clergy they complained to the civil authorities. They were resolved to put down these little, but distasteful gatherings; and like the English clergy in past days of persecution, they sought every means to stay the progress of Dissent. "They commenced," says Mr. Oncken, "a system of espionage, imprisonment, and banishment, which lasted for twenty years. But the work was of God, and man could not stay it. The word was accompanied with power from on high; the converts, regardless of consequences, offered their houses for the services, and in the course of time there were forty places in the city at which I was welcomed to preach the glad tidings of salvation. By constantly changing the place of meeting, I generally succeeded in evading the police." In the second year, he established what a lavender-kid-gloved writer in one of our London liberal papers has just designated an "instrument of torture"—a Sabbath-school, which was the first school of the kind ever opened in Germany. The fear expressed at the time that being an English plant it would never flourish in

German soil has proved unfounded; Sunday-schools having been established not only in connection with the Baptist missions, but also with some of the Lutheran churches. Mr. Oncken relinquished his connection with the Continental Society, and was appointed an agent of the English Bible Society. About this time he became a Baptist, and indeed what is termed a Strict-Communion Baptist. He waited, however, with others, for five years for some one who had followed the Lord in his ordinance to baptise him. The event was one of historical importance. Mr. Oncken thus describes it:—

“In 1834 a little company of seven believers were rowed across our beautiful Elbe, in the dead hour of night, to a little island, and there descending into the waters were buried with Christ in baptism by Professor Sears, of Boston, United States, now President of Browne University. The next day we were formed into a church, of which I was appointed the pastor; and God made that infant church his peculiar care. Just at this time the only man in our senate who feared God was put at the head of the police, and the Lord inclined his heart to honour and protect us as Christians, although he did not agree with us as Baptists. While he remained in this office, although we were constantly annoyed by the Government at the instigation of the clergy, yet we were not subjected to any very severe measures; and when after three or four years, he was succeeded by another senator, under whom the persecution began with great severity, we had already increased very largely in numbers, and grown in knowledge and grace, so that we were better prepared to stand the trials which soon came upon us. I had previously purchased my citizenship, and therefore could not be banished; but I was thrown into prison, our meetings were broken up, heavy fines imposed, and goods confiscated; but, by the grace of God, all our members were enabled to stand firm; and many others, seeing their faith, and love, and holy boldness, were led to cast in their lot with us. The church was scattered, and could no longer meet in one place; but they met in twelve little companies, at each other's houses, and generally succeeded in eluding the vigilance of the police. When the term of my imprisonment had expired, the church again met at my private house, with locked doors, for fear, not of the Jews, but of the Christians. Our baptisms all took place under cover of the night; and on my missionary tours, which were often very extensive, I was banished successively from almost every state in Germany. I could never travel, like an honest man, by daylight, but was compelled to journey on foot in the darkness; to hold services, examine candidates, administer the ordinances, and form churches in the dead of night, and take care to be over the frontiers before break of day, for fear of the pursuers.”

In 1842, a large old warehouse in Hamburg was hired for public worship, and as the brethren were about to enter upon possession, a fire broke out, which raged for three days, and resulted in the destruction of two-thirds of the town. Fortunately, the warehouse was in an obscure portion of the town, and was unhurt; it was therefore offered to the Government for the reception of the poor sufferers, and accepted. For six months eighty persons were sheltered in this house, and were cared for by the brethren. This generous conduct was highly applauded by the Senate, who, from this time, treated the once-despised Baptists with considerable

favour. During the revolutions of 1848-9, new fields were opened in Austria and Hungary; tracts and Bibles were circulated in those countries, and in part of an old monastery at Vienna, Mr. Oncken preached to some converts; they continued to hold their meetings there until 1851, when "letters between them and the brethren at Pesth having been intercepted by the police, they were surprised one Lord's-day, and men, women, and children were arrested and cast into prison. At the political reaction, Austria and Hungary were again closed against us." The conduct of the converts fairly won the consideration of the authorities, and thus they were enabled to persevere in their evangelistic work; for it is a leading feature of Mr. Oncken's church organisation, that every member shall be in some way or other a missionary. There is no persecution now in Hamburg; a handsome Gothic chapel has been built there, at the opening of which the editor of this magazine, whose sermons have been widely scattered by the brethren, was present and preached. The mission is increasing so rapidly, that the statistics of a year or so back are somewhat below the actual numbers now. It is enough, however, to say that there are eighteen thousand members, all of whom have been baptised, and that more than a million copies of Scriptures and over nine hundred thousand evangelical works and pamphlets, and sixteen millions of tracts have been put into circulation. During the present war, a number of the preachers are engaged in distributing tracts and portions of Scripture to the sick and wounded of both armies, as will be seen from the following extract from the letter of a Hamburg merchant:—

"If ever money and personal labour have been well applied, it is in this work of charity for the succour of the wounded prisoners. Hundreds of thousands have been supplied with the gospel, thousands of wounded and dying have got bodily and spiritual help, many souls are saved. One of the brethren writes from Frankfort, that Roman Catholic soldiers are eager to buy a New Testament, many not having seen, even, the much warned-of book before. A number of French prisoners and wounded were supplied by other parties with French novels, etc., but when our friends offered them the New Testament, and tracts, in their own language, they threw down the novels, and eagerly grasped the food more in harmony with the state of their troubled minds. Mrs. Schauttler, and other ladies, visit one of the hospitals regularly; one poor man had his shoulder smashed by a ball, suffering great pain; they spoke to him of Christ, whom he had not known. On their next visit he asked for a Testament, and where the words stand:—'Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden,' so that he might read them himself, alone. On their following visit the man was dead."

The Union consists of 101 distinct churches, and 1,256 preaching stations, and at their July session, about 130 pastors and missionaries attended from all parts of Germany, Holstein, Schleswig, Denmark, Sweden, Holland, Switzerland, France, Poland, Russia, and Turkey. New doors of usefulness are opening to the Mission on every hand, and it has extended to other countries. Let us hope that the war which is now being waged, may be overruled for the religious benefit of the country that has gained such singular military successes.

New Fables.

CHAPTER THE FOURTH.

FABLE XIX.—The church bells were enquiring one day as to why the church was provided with a weathercock. An old mediæval dragon, who was taking care of the spout, affirmed it symbolised the supremacy of the Episcopal church, because it crowed over the land. The flagstaff thought it referred to the fact that the church was built by the successors of Peter. The rooks said the cause was the Vicar of Bray and his sons had held the living for many years, and being very anxious to know which way the wind blew, had resorted to that expedient. All this time the weathercock had creaked very uneasily, and pointing due east in undisguised wrath, remained in that position for a whole week: for he was a devoted chicken of mother church, and the Dissenters say, a very typical one. But who heeds them?

FABLE XX.—We have all heard of animals writing books, but I question if ever an animal wrote such a book as the one of which I am about to speak. The author was one Macaroni, a monkey of Cantabar. The title to begin with was a plagiary, "Much ado about nothing." The paper was stolen from a travelling stationer, as he slept in the woods. The title-page was emblazoned in the first style of art. The preface was extraordinarily long, and had been dictated by a learned owl. On every page were elaborate headings. At the end was a "finis," like a stained glass window. But when Macaroni's friends came to inspect the book, they burst out laughing, and said, "Here is preface, heading, finis, but where is the book itself?" The monkey wept—so much was his mortification—until an aged patriarch of their number, whom they used to nickname "Charity," when in a good humour, and "Flatterer," when in a bad one, said, "Foolish children, you fail to appreciate our friend's performance, depend on it he has written on these apparently blank pages, only in a moment of modesty he elected to use *invisible ink*."

Have we not all met with men whose lives resemble Macaroni's book? What a preface! a dozen years at College! What a title-page of degrees! What a lot of headings in the shape of flaming promises and expectations! Yet their lives are a blank as far as utility is concerned. But you must not say so, for a person, stone blind, by-the-bye, who *calls* herself Charity, although Charity disowns her, who, I believe is in love with these negative men, affirms their lives to be doubtless noble and useful, only we are unable to appreciate their retiring character. I have read a text somewhere to this effect—"Let your light so shine before men," etc.

FABLE XXI.—Even to the most well informed the following story will appear rather apocryphal. I can only say, if it be not true I regret the fact.

A number of leading men belonging to the church, meeting in St. Demas Chapel, Judas Street, Balaamton, resolved to conduct their business on *their* religious principles; or, to be more accurate, they resolved to assimilate their business habits to their religious practices, for principles they had none. Accordingly they took a large sum from their capital and rebuilt their premises in the first style of art. Then they engaged assistants at the smallest possible salary, in order that these young men might the more fully demonstrate their passion for business. They made it a rule to visit their shops for a very brief period each day, and on no account to go at all if it were wet, or cold, or very hot. To rich customers they were most polite, to the poor totally indifferent. As a rule they sat comfortably in their arm chairs, now lazily looking on, then dozing, then complaining of their assistants, then looking at their watches to see if their time for going had arrived. Nobody will be surprised to hear that in less than six months "The Balaamton Cynic and Gazette" had the following announcement, "Our readers *will be surprised* to hear that the well

known firms, 'Messrs. Apathy & Indifference, Messrs. Show & Indolence, Messrs. Careless & Unfaithful' have so completely failed as not to be able to pay even two shillings and sixpence in the pound; but we hear that the church of which these gentlemen are managers is going on in a very satisfactory condition."

FABLE XXII.—A storm great as that which was encountered by Jonah, threatened as noble a vessel as the Merchant Service could boast. The scene is beyond my powers of description. The waves dashed against her like battering-rams. The wind blew and shrieked, the thunder trumped, and pealed, and roared; the lightning darted like arrows. It was a terrible night. But the captain and his crew stood bravely at their several posts. Towards morning the storm subsided. The sky grew clear. The wind sank. The captain congratulated his men. But to the horror of all, a new danger threatened, the ship was evidently filling with water, in a few moments it must go down. They looked at each other in blank despair. At that moment a madman (whom they had forgotten was below) leaped on deck with a prodigious axe in his hand, yelling he had done what the storm could not do. The truth flashed on their minds, the madman had scuttled the ship. But, alas! they knew it *too late*.

Churches of Christ, storms threaten you, fearful storms; your enemies without are legion—by God's grace you will weather these storms, and defy all your foes, if you keep the madmen of pride, jealousy, malice, worldliness, covetousness—in a word—if you keep "the old man" securely chained.

FABLE XXIII.—"The woodman's coming" whispered the wind. The trees in the orchard trembled in every leaf, conscious of their shortcomings. Some had borne no apples at all, others had yielded very few. But one among them stood altogether undisturbed by the announcement. It was a fine old tree, which had boasted the richest foliage, but like the rest had not produced a single apple. The neighbouring trees seeing his composure, hurriedly asked him how it was he did not share their alarm. "My friends" he replied, "it is true I feel no alarm, the woodman is only commissioned to cut down fruitless trees." "O brother," they cried, "do not deceive yourself, you have not borne a single apple for many years." "Tush, fearlings! I certainly have not produced *apples*, but can you not see on me at this moment a beautiful display of what all philosophical minds must call *fruit*? Look to my right arm high above you, there is a branch of mistletoe absolutely supported by me. Look to my lowest branches, and you may see the choicest variegated lichens the eye can behold. Or look to my extremities, there you may see mosses unrivalled for beauty and luxuriance." Strange to say, when I passed that way an hour afterwards, I found the woodman was cutting down first of all that very tree which boasted so loudly.

Dear reader, it may be you are a very respectable member of society. Very rigid in your observance of religious duties. Very honest. Very generous. Very courteous. Very comely in the sight of man. But will mere external acts satisfy the Husbandman? He looks for fruit *from within*, the fruit which rises from the roots of true piety. A tree is very beautiful with its parasites, but no amount of such adornments will make amends in the eyes of the husbandman for lack of fruit. God wants something more than trinkets!

MICHAEL BRUCE died at his father's house, near Kinross, in Scotland, in 1767. His Bible was found on his pillow, and on the blank leaf this verse was written:—

"'Tis very vain for me to boast
How small a price my Bible cost:
The day of judgment will make clear,
'Twas very cheap or very dear."

Work for Christ.

THE Rev. S. R. Holo in his "Book about Roses," mentions his visit to a Working Man's Rose Show in Nottingham, in the month of March, where he saw the most marvellous specimens of the queen of flowers. He then asks, "How was it done?" and replies, "*De l'abondance du cœur*"—from a true love of the rose. "It's more nor a mile from my house to my garden," said one of these enthusiasts, "but I've been here for weeks, in the winter months, every morning before I went to my work, and every evening when I came from it, and not seldom at noon as well, here and back, and my dinner to get between twelve and one o'clock." If we had the like love for men's souls, we might accomplish far more than we do. It is love to the work that alone can make us successful in it. Old Isak Walton, in his "Angler," encourages his friend by the remark, "I am likely to have a towardly scholar of you. I now see that with advice and practice, you will make an angler in a short time. *Have but a love of it, and I'll warrant you.*" Fishers of men, think of this.

The Aurora.

THE other evening the whole heavens were lit up with a gorgeous belt of roseate or fiery hue. Everyone stood amazed at the unusual splendour. The common opinion was that it was the reflection of some great fire, and therefore the engines were brought out, and the firemen stood ready for action. Their efforts were dispensed with, for the brightness was not of earth, it was the aurora in unusual glory. In the old persecuting times, when new light from heaven burst forth among men, the kings of the earth were troubled, and called forth all their forces to quench the threatening appearances. Had the brightness been of earth, they would soon have put it down, and the thick darkness would have reigned supreme. But it was not with philosophy, nor with the spirit of democratic liberty that they had to deal, and therefore their efforts were futile. Ah, ye princes of men, ye satraps of the evil one, ye could not quench the divine aurora. The illumination was of God, and ye could not fight against it. High o'er your heads the glory blazed, and laughed your malice to scorn.

Members for School Boards.

IN the Election of Members for the School Boards it seems to us important, not so much to secure Dissenters as to elect men who will not use the government educational machinery for party or sectarian purposes, either one way or the other. It cannot be necessary to make the election of a school manager an opportunity for a savage faction fight. Dissenters ought to secure a fair representation, but they ought not to attempt to use their power for their own purposes. The battle between Voluntaryism and State-churchism need not be fought among the boys and girls; we are quite equal to the settlement of that question by intelligent arguments addressed to thoughtful men. The zeal which forces Liberation Society principles into every question hinders their being fairly discussed on their own legitimate ground. We are for waging the war in its own sphere, and we do not think that at present the Education Board comes under that denomination. The bill is a compromise, and until the dominant sect is guilty of an unjust violation of it, we have no wish to impede its working. Give it a fair trial by impartially carrying out its provisions for the good of all, and when it is proven to be impracticable, then let it be altered or abolished. We are too strong to need to fear, and should be too courageous to work ourselves up into a fury of suspicion. Education, if it be not utterly irreligious, need not be feared by the free churches of England, nor need they quarrel over every petty detail of its management while their power at the head-quarters of government is what it is. In the rural districts Dissenters should vote mainly for Dissenters, not in order to control the Board for their own purposes, but solely that impartial administration may be secured.

Reviews.

NOTE.—Advertisers are requested when printing our notices, to use the words *Sword and Trowel*, and not to affix the name C. H. Spurgeon. It is true that most of the notices are by the Editor, but frequently they are from other hands. It is not fair or truthful to attribute a notice to a writer when his name is not given. When a letter follows the notice, it is not by C. H. S.

The Christ of the Gospels. By Rev. H. MARTYN. Elliot Stock.

THIS little treatise on the incarnation, miracles, teachings, and resurrection of our Lord, evidences the wide reading of its author, and his acquaintance with heathen mythologies, philosophical writers, and the classics, but we fail to see much else in it. One can scarce see "the apple tree" for the overshadowing "trees of the wood." The lectures will have great value among a certain order of minds, but to that order we do not belong.

Dissent and the Church: the substance of three letters to Rev. J. C. RYLE, B.A., in reply to his tract, entitled, "Church and Dissent." By JOHN BROWNE, M.A. James Clarke, 13, Fleet Street.

A VERY sensible reply to a very unwise tract. Mr. Ryle is himself a Dissenter inside the church, and therefore feels bound to justify himself to his fellow churchmen by showing occasionally his zeal for the Establishment. Some of his evangelical brethren are much more meek than he, but others of them like himself can put on priestly airs when they please. Strip a Russian and you find a Tartar, and set certain Evangelicals agoing against Dissenters and you see a Pope. Mr. Ryle is good, very good, but his churchianity is bad, very bad. His threats and indignations are, however, highly amusing, and if we had never heard of a *mouton enragé*, we should have held up our hands and cried "amazing."

Spurgeon's Almanack for 1871. Price One Penny. Passmore and Alabaster.

THE public have year by year shown their appreciation of our little Almanack by clearing off several scores of thousands. We hope the 1871 Almanack is at least not inferior to its predecessors. It can be had at once if ordered of any bookseller.

Thoughts by the Way. By W. E. HURNDALL. Morgan and Chase.

SOUND and good, but commonplace. The way is right and the thoughts gracious.

The British Workman, the Band of Hope Review, and the Children's Friend, never cease to astonish us. The engravings are of the highest order, the letter-press is telling, and the spirit of the whole is most admirable. Success, say we, to such admirable literature.

Christus Consolator: the Pulpit in Relation to Social Life. By ALEXANDER MacLeod, D.D. Hodder & Stoughton.

RIGHT well does this volume illustrate its motto, which is taken from George Fox, and runs thus, "I prayed to God that he would baptise my heart into the sense of all conditions, so that I might be able to enter into the needs and sorrows of all." The preacher who endeavours to turn the teachings of this volume into practice will deserve well of his fellows; he will give the salvation of souls the first place, but he will also lend a helping hand to every charitable enterprise and just reform; he will in fact become like his Lord, a benefactor to the entire nature of man, to the body as well as to the soul. We have but one thing to do as preachers, but that one thing in its ramifications includes all that is elevating and educative. Such works as this are calculated to do good. We should like every minister to receive a copy as a present; the influence of such a gift might be felt both in this and the next world.

Christ is all. By THOMAS WILCOX. The Book Society. Price Twopence.

THIS precious drop of honey from the rock, Christ Jesus, refreshed our heart in our younger days and helped to give us clearer views of the gospel. It is a

very plain and full display of Christ Jesus as our all in all. The expressions are often very strong and unguarded, but the truth is all the more manifest. This is the sort of plain talk which Wilcox gives us.

"Whatsoever is of nature's spinning must be all unravelled, before the righteousness of Christ can be put on. Whatsoever is of nature's putting on, Satan will come and plunder, and leave the soul naked and open to the wrath of God. All that nature can do can never make up the least drachm of grace, mortify sin, or look Christ in the face. Thou mayest hear, pray, receive the sacrament, and yet be miserable, unless thou seest Christ superior to all other excellency and righteousness in the world, and all these falling before the majesty of his love and grace. Isa. ii. 17."

"Labour after sanctification to thy utmost; but make not a Christ of it to save thee; if so it must come down one way or other. Christ's obedience and sufferings, not thy sanctification, must be thy justification before God. For if the Lord should appear terrible out of his holy place, fire would consume it as hay and stubble. This is Christianity; to build ALL upon the everlasting mountains of God's love and grace in Christ, to look continually at Christ's infinite righteousness and merits; to see the full guilt and defilement of sin pardoned and washed away: in these views to pray, hear, etc., knowing thy polluted self, and all thy weak performances accepted continually; in these views to trample upon all self-righteousness, and be found continually in the righteousness of Christ only (Phil. iii. 9), that Christ alone, as Mediator, may be exalted in his throne: mourning over all thy duties, which thou hast not performed in the sight and sense of Christ's love. Without the blood of Christ on the conscience, all is dead service. Heb. ix. 4."

"Think on him continually. Keep the eye constantly upon Christ's blood, or every blast of temptation will shake you. If you would see sin's sinfulness, to loathe it and mourn, do not stand looking upon sin, but look upon Christ first, as suffering and satisfying. If you would see your graces, your sanctification, do not stand gazing upon them, but look at Christ's righteousness in the first place (see the Son and you see all); look at your graces in the second place."

The Children's Psalm. Twelve Meditations and Twelve Spiritual Songs on the Twenty-third Psalm. By JAMES PATON, M.A. Passmore & Alabaster, 18, Paternoster Row. 3s. 6d.

A book that, if we are not mistaken, will become a great favourite with "the children"—by whom the author means the sons and daughters of the Lord. It is a precious work, fraught with experimental matter, and full of unction. We

have not read it all, but must surely do so, for the portions we have perused are rich with the Erskine and Rutherford vein of spirituality. Full-grown believers will delight in the deep doctrines and high experience of the author, to whom we proffer our hearty thanks. We like everything about it but the title, which will lead the public to consider it a book for juveniles.

The Elementary Education Act of 1870, with a popular Analysis. By THOMAS PRESTON. William Amer, Lincoln's Inn Gate.

A MAN had need have more than an elementary education to understand the elementary education bill: this exceedingly cheap book is one of the best guides to its intricacies, and ought to be in the hands of all concerned in the matter. It costs only eighteenpence, and yet contains the act in full, a popular analysis of it, and a very copious index.

Ewald's Introductory Grammar. Translated by J. FREDERICK SMITH. Asher and Co., 13, Bedford Street, Covent Garden.

As an introductory grammar this book is of much value, though we think it will be of more service afterwards than to beginners. Used with some other grammar of a more simple cast, this exhaustive treatise on the history and composition of the language will be most useful. We greatly prefer the other grammar published by the same enterprising firm—namely, Dr. Davies's translation of Gesenius. The two cover the whole ground, and may be used together with advantage.

Times of Refreshing from the Earliest Periods to the Present Day. By Rev. H. TARRANT. Book Society, 28, Paternoster Row.

AN earnest little book mentioning some real and some questionable revivals. Very far from being complete, but breathing a gracious, fervent spirit.

Poems. By the late WILLIAM LEIGHTON. Longmans, Green, & Co.

SOFTLY sweet poesy from one who now sleeps with his fathers. We were in years gone by favoured with verses from the pen which now indites no more good matters. From the grave this gracious poet sings.

Treasury of David. By C. H. SPURGEON.
Vol. I. Passmore and Alabaster.

FRIENDS will be glad to know that the edition of our first volume on the Psalms is rapidly disappearing from the publishers' stores, and Vol. II. is almost ready to take its place. Vol. II. will be published in December.

Memorials of the late William Bunting; being selections from his sermons, letters, and poems. Edited by Rev. G. S. ROWE, with a biographical introduction, by T. C. BUNTING. Wesleyan Book Room, 66, Paternoster Row.

It was our great joy to be a familiar friend of Mr. Bunting in his last days. He was a fully developed man of God. His gentle, cheerful, but withal devout and solemn conversation we readily recall. He is gone, but it does not seem unnatural that he should be so. From his manner of life one might foresee his speedy departure; he bowed to the sickle like the ear of corn humbled by its ripeness. Towards our ministry and writings he did not merely manifest the generous partiality of a friend, but the intense affection of an enthusiastic brother. Our Wesleyan friends may not be pleased if we say that he was at the last as Calvinistic as ourselves: we will therefore put it otherwise, and say that he made more than ever prominent the great evangelistic truths which magnify the grace and love of God in Christ Jesus. The present volume is to us a precious souvenir of a dear friend. It will be mainly interesting to those who knew Mr. Bunting, for there is nothing of stirring incident in the life itself to command the attention of the outside world. "The Annals of a Quiet Life," might have been a fitting title for this memoir. We remember well Mr. Bunting's pun, when he introduced to us Mr. Arthur, the Wesleyan President for the year. "This gentleman," said he, "is our Wesley this year; and this, sir," said he, turning to Mrs. Arthur, "is our Top-lady." We were glad to hear the two names mentioned in so loving a connection, and trust that in the jocose remark, there was a type of that better feeling which exists at this time between the two great schools of Christian thought.

The Life and Times of John Wesley.
By I. TYREMAN. Vol. I. Hodder and Stoughton.

MUCH too important a volume to be dismissed with a brief notice, or to be delayed a month for a longer review. So far as we can judge, this will become the standard book on the subject. It is real history. The author, *mirabile dictu* for a Wesleyan, is impartial upon John Wesley, and does not hesitate to censure and even to condemn where truth demands it. We anticipate great things from this worthy commencement. Few of men born of women have excelled the founder of the Methodists: coming generations, like the past, will call him blessed. But he was mortal, and therefore erring; full of heavenly treasure, and therefore earthen, for such vessels doth the Lord make the depositories of his wealth of grace to the sons of men.

Life; a Book for a Quiet Hour. By J. CUNNINGHAM GEIKIE. Stevens and Haynes, London.

WE have enjoyed this book much. The author thinks for himself and makes his readers think also. If you do not always agree with the views propounded, they will certainly command your respect from the fresh and vigorous way in which they are presented. Mr. Geikie has found fresh beauties in old subjects, and strewn new flowers along well-beaten paths. (B.)

A Sermon on the nature of Theism, protesting against the reception of Baboo Chunder Sen. Preached by J. THOMSON in Hyslop Street Presbyterian Church, Liverpool. Price Sixpence. Simpkin and Marshall.

WITH nearly all that is said here we agree. We wonder, indeed, that it should be needful to say it. Mr. Sen ought not to have been invited to preach in any Christian pulpit. At the same time, as a gentleman, as a stranger, and as an intelligent seeker of truth, he should have been, as he was, kindly received. It is always a great pity when great questions get mixed up with personalities, and we fear matters are drifting that way. We have no doubt that any brethren who went too far are already conscious of it, and need no further instruction.

Memoranda.

WE intend, if spared, to continue our reviews of Episcopal tracts and pamphlets, similar to that on Great Barling, and the present upon Confirmation, but we must trust to friends in the various localities to scatter our remarks. We will reprint them cheaply if they are in demand, and friends who will aid us can send their orders to us. A crusade upon the doctrines of the Anglican church is needed. We would not stay political action, but after all, the religious question is the more important. If the Church of England were disestablished to-morrow, it would be equally needful to protest against her deadly errors.

We give this month another Psalm, and we hope to give one every now and then, but we shall not do so continuously. Our volumes on the Psalms cost us much toil and expense, and we are deprived of much of their sale by the current belief that "*it is all in the 'Sword and Trowel.'*" We shall not therefore put the Psalms regularly in the magazine, but we have it on our mind to issue the first volume in parts, so that those who cannot afford eight shillings at once, may purchase the work by degrees. A bad plan however; they had better buy it bound.

On Monday, October 3rd, the first stone of the new Devonshire Square Chapel, Stoke Newington, was laid by the Lord Mayor, the Sheriffs both being in attendance. This was an occasion the like of which we never saw, for our generous friend Mr. Henderson devoted all the proceeds to the Stockwell Orphanage; and he and his friends laboured zealously to raise it to the handsome amount which it ultimately reached. This was generosity beyond all power of our pen to thank sufficiently.

On the 27th of September last, the foundation stone of a new Baptist chapel was laid at South Shields, for the use of the church and congregation of which Mr. Hillier is the pastor. The chapel will hold 800 persons. A schoolroom will be attached to it capable of accommodating 280 children. The stone was laid by Mrs. Archibald Stevenson. Several ministers and influential friends of different denominations were present. We congratulate Mr. Hillier and his people upon this evidence of past usefulness and promise of future success.

The recognition of Mr. Walter J. Mayers, as pastor of the new Baptist church at Battersea Park, took place on the evening of the 6th of last month. Mr. Samuel Green presided. Prayer was offered by Mr. W.

M. Mather. The statement on behalf of the church was made by Mr. J. Greenbill. An address was then given by Mr. Mayers. Prayer was offered by Mr. J. Upton Davis. The charge to the pastor was given by Mr. Rogers, and to the church by Mr. Wigner. Mr. Sawday addressed the congregation. Mr. Mearns, Mr. Baynes, Mr. Hearson, and Mr. Gracey took part in the service. The attendance was remarkably good, considerable interest was excited, and the most gratifying hopes were cherished of Mr. Mayers' future usefulness in that new and populous district.

October 21st.—A meeting was convened in the Lecture Hall of the Tabernacle, by J. A. Harvey, Esq., and Mr. C. H. Spurgeon, to consider the chapel debts of the London Baptist Association. These amount to about £48,000. Some very noble offers of help were made, but many more must come forward with aid if any large success is to attend the effort. If health be afforded us we shall leave no stone unturned to accomplish this very necessary work.

Mr. Marchant has been unanimously elected to the pastorate of the church at Wandsworth.

Mr. Mc'Kinny, of our College, has sailed for the United States, from whence we have pleasing reports of the settlement of our brother Mr. C. W. Smith, late of Smethwick.

Our late student, Mr. Fairey, has settled over a church in Gawler, in the neighbourhood of Adelaide, South Australia.

LUTON, BEDS.—Mr. Genders is labouring in his new sphere with much encouragement. The Holy Ghost is with the message of the gospel, and many souls have been led to trust in Jesus. Thirteen were baptised in September, and nine are waiting for the ordinance. May Christ's power be felt still more and more. The new chapel at Peckham, for our friend Mr. Field, is nearly ready for opening.

HAROLD WOOD, NEAR ROMFORD, ESSEX.—The little chapel at this place has been lately re-opened under the auspices of the Colportage Association, in whose hands it has been generously placed by the owner, Angus Croll, Esq. Services will be conducted by Mr. A. E. Ingram, who will combine this work with that of colportage. Opening services were held on Sunday, September 18th, when sermons were preached—in the afternoon by Mr. J. F. Houlton, of Ilford, and in the evening by Mr. R. Young, of Lambeth. The room will hold about two hundred persons, and was quite full at the evening service. On Monday, the following

day, a harvest thanksgiving meeting was held at seven o'clock. Mr. E. T. Stringer (of the Colportage Committee) occupied the chair, and addresses were delivered by Mr. J. T. Houlton and Mr. T. R. Marshall (of Romford), and Messrs. R. Young, C. Waters (Trade Manager of the Association), and A. E. Ingram. Beside the services, Mr. Ingram will carry on Sunday and week evening schools. Already success has attended this effort. Many have been brought to listen to the gospel, and there is evidence of the Spirit's work in some hearts.

At the first anniversary of Cheveley Mission Chapel, the attendance was so numerous that it was found necessary to hold the service in a meadow belonging to Martin Slater, Esq., of the Hal Farm. An appropriate sermon was preached by W. Cuff, of Bury St. Edmund's, from Esther, v. 3. After tea a public meeting was held in the chapel, under the presidency of Mr. A. Ridley, of Bury. Mr. Hull spoke of the kind support of Mr. Slater, and alluded to the fact of the gospel having been first preached upon the spot in a barn, which was purchased by Mr. Slater, and by him converted into the present beautiful chapel, for which all owed a debt of gratitude. Mr. Slater, in a feeling speech, acknowledged the remarks of Mr. Hull, and hinted that if the present chapel should become insufficient for the public accommodation, there was more ground around it which he would grant for its enlargement. A liberal collection was made at the door in aid of the Stockwell Orphanage.

HOPE CHAPEL, DEVONPORT.—After over fifty years ministerial labour, more than forty-nine of them in Devonport, our brother Horton has been compelled, through age and heavy affliction, to resign the pastoral oversight of the church at the above place of worship. May his latter days be full of blessing.

November 7th has been set apart by the London Baptist Association as a day of prayer. The meetings will be held all day at the Tabernacle, and the Communion will be celebrated at seven in the evening.

We have been much comforted by receiving the following from a brother at Hastings:—

"In looking through your Memoranda in this month's 'Sword and Trowel,' my eye caught what was originally intended for yours—I mean the paragraph headed 'For Brother Spurgeon's Eye;' and as I thought it might further tend to show forth, 'to the praise of the glory of his grace,' some of the mysterious dealings in provi-

dence of our God and Father, whose ways are in the sea, and his paths in the great waters, and whose footsteps are not known, I tell you the following as circumstantially as I can remember its details.

"One of the most earnest and devoted of the Christian brotherhood at Dover had been 'before the mast' in a small brig or schooner, the captain of which, a godly man, and going for a cruise for some months, being anxious for the spiritual welfare of his crew, resolved to take with him some Bibles, in order that none on board should be without the letter of the Word at least—he, however, from some cause or other (probably forgetfulness) failed without the Bibles, but had to put back to harbour from stress of weather. Again he essayed to put out to sea, but with a similar result. As he lay weatherbound in harbour, it now flashed across his mind that it might be the hand of the Lord which had detained his vessel, and believing it to be so, he added to his freight, some of the incorruptible seed of the Word, in the form of Bibles, for his crew; and with them some of your own sermons, one of which latter he read to the assembled ship's company each Lord's-day morning.

"Our brother informed me that his spiritual birth was the fruit of one of these sermons read by our illiterate captain, who had adopted this simple method of echoing your exposition of God's truth—the sermon read upon the momentous morning in question was from the text, 'Against thee, thee only, have I sinned, and done this evil in thy sight.' The arrow went home; David's conviction and confession wrought both, by the same Spirit, in the heart of our brother, who gratefully recognises the arm of the Lord and his sovereign grace in his repeated interference with man's purpose, and the saving efficacy of God's truth to his soul's salvation, in the unpretending and informal service on the schooner's deck.

"I believe you have little knowledge of the extent to which our Sovereign God and Father, in his infinite grace, has used and owned your sermons in blessing, where the means of grace were but scant, or entirely wanting.

"The Lord Jesus be with thy Spirit, and continue to bless your life's labour for the promotion of Christ's kingdom in the hearts of poor, lost, and ruined man, for his name's sake.

J. B. U."

Baptisms at Metropolitan Tabernacle by Mr. J. A. Spurgeon:—September 26th, fifteen; September 29th, fourteen.

Pastors' College, Metropolitan Tabernacle.

PRESIDENT—C. H. SPURGEON.—NUMBER OF STUDENTS, 85.

Amount required for Students during the year, about £5,500; the rest will be devoted to building Places of Worship.

Statement of Receipts from September 20th, to October 19th, 1870.

£ s. d.		£ s. d.	
A Thankoffering from W. L. ...	1 0 0	Mrs. Bickmore and Friends ...	2 0 0
Mr. A. J. Ashworth ...	0 10 0	Mr. W. Latimer ...	0 5 0
Mr. G. Goldston ...	2 0 0	Miss Maxwell ...	0 5 0
Mrs. Hull ...	1 0 0	Mr. C. Berry ...	0 4 0
An Old Student ...	0 5 0	Mr. W. A. Butterworth... ..	1 1 0
Mr. Mayo, Collecting Box ...	0 12 6	A. R.	2 10 0
H. A.	0 2 6	H. and H. P.	0 10 0
Mr. W. Edwards, Collecting Box ...	0 5 6	A Friend in Scotland	20 0 0
Collected by Miss Jephth ...	1 5 0	Collected at Broughton, per Mr. Asquith	1 2 0
Mr. W. E. Beal	1 1 0	Cornwall Road, Brixton, Sunday School, per Mr. Asquith	0 18 8
A. B. C.	6 0 0	R. W.	1 0 0
Mr. James Bass	2 0 0	A Friend, per Mr. F. R. B. Phillips... ..	3 15 0
A Christian Servant	0 6 0	1 Chron. xxix. 14.	1 0 0
Mr. Booth	1 0 0	Weekly Offerings at Tab., Sept. 25	49 2 11
Per Mr. G. Aubrey, Goosehill ..	1 2 6	" " " " Oct. 2	37 1 2
H. O.	1 0 0	" " " " " 9	36 7 0
The Misses Drausfield	2 2 0	" " " " " 16	27 8 2
Mrs. Simmonds	0 10 0		
Mr. Padgett	10 0 0		
Mr. Foster	0 10 6		
A Devonshire Widow, per Rev. W. C. Bunning	0 5 0		
			£216 10 5

Stockwell Orphanage.

Statement of Receipts from September 20th, to October 19th, 1870.

£ s. d.		£ s. d.	
Mr. J. Hart	2 0 0	Mr. W. Banford	1 0 0
Mr. W. Pitts	0 2 6	Late Mr. Windett... ..	0 4 6
Anne	0 2 6	A Christian Servant	0 5 0
A Reader and Lover of Bible Truth... ..	0 6 0	T. J. D.	1 0 0
E. Meyars (td. a week for one year) ...	0 4 4	Mr. W. C. Little	1 0 0
H. A.	0 2 6	A Friend, per Miss Penston	1 0 0
Carlisle	5 0 0	J. A.	5 0 0
Part of Collection at Camden Road Chapel	15 0 0	Mrs. Croker	0 15 0
Mrs. Whittemore	0 10 6	Mr. J. Fellowes	0 2 8
Friends at Great Broughton, per Rev. D. Asquith	0 10 0	Mr. Padgett	10 0 0
Mr. Weatherston, per Rev. D. Asquith ...	0 2 6	Mrs. Wainwright	1 0 0
Friends at Greystouthon	0 8 1	Mrs. Simmonds	1 0 0
Mr. J. Morley	52 10 0	A. R.	2 10 0
Mr. S. Hynard	4 0 0	Mrs. H. Armitage... ..	0 10 0
W. J. B.	0 10 0	Mr. J. Ford... ..	0 5 0
Collections after Sermons by Mr. Spurgeon, at Myrtle Street, Liverpool ...	187 8 11	H. and H. P.	0 10 0
A Devonshire Widow, per Rev. W. C. Bunning	0 5 0	H.	0 10 0
Miss Maxwell	0 15 0	Mr. Farley	5 0 0
Mr. Rawlins	0 5 0	Miss Fells	0 5 0
Mr. Romang and family... ..	2 0 0	Legacy, late Archibald Thomson ...	3 8 6
Mrs. Hale	0 10 0	Miss Mary A. Scott	0 10 0
Harrlett	0 2 0	Telata	1 1 0
Bank Note 29,167	5 0 0	Mrs. L. C. Grosso... ..	0 5 0
Miss Dent	5 0 0	1 Chron. xxix. 14.	2 0 0
Collected by Mrs. Vynne	0 11 0	Collecting Books and Boxes:—	
Mr. H. Smythe	0 10 0	Miss Lawson	0 12 0
Mr. J. Wilson	50 0 0	Mrs. Whitehead	1 18 2
Mr. W. A. Butterworth... ..	1 1 0	Miss E. Narraway	0 4 0
P.	20 0 0	Miss A. Parker	0 5 0
		Miss Coombes	0 6 0
		Mr. J. Crombie	0 11 0
		Miss J. Me Alley	0 7 0
		Miss J. Patterson	0 1 6

	£	s.	d.
Mrs. Kerridge ...	0	5	0
Mrs. Cornell ...	0	6	1
Mr. Henley ...	0	6	6
Mr. Morris ...	3	0	0
Miss Budge ...	0	5	6
Mrs. Williams ...	1	3	6
Mrs. Augar ...	0	6	0
Miss E. Fryer ...	1	1	0
Miss Wilton ...	0	7	0
Master H. White ...	0	7	6
Mrs. Lewis ...	1	1	0
Master Leman ...	1	1	0
Mr. Crofts ...	0	15	0
Miss E. Bonser ...	0	8	3
Mrs. Lloyd ...	0	8	0
Mrs. Fisher ...	0	10	6
Miss Alderson ...	0	6	0
Miss Stanfield ...	0	5	9
Miss Smith ...	0	6	0
Miss Ballands ...	0	5	0
Mrs. Barker ...	0	7	11
Master H. Bunting ...	0	2	4
Miss S. Champion ...	0	14	0
Miss Seward ...	0	5	6
Miss Rosbrook ...	0	4	6
Mr. Corrick ...	1	0	1
Mrs. Hertzell ...	0	4	6
Miss Cook ...	0	12	2
Miss Collins ...	0	2	6
Mrs. Bowles ...	0	12	6
Mr. Gobby ...	0	5	0
Mrs. R. Willcox ...	0	6	0
Miss E. Coates ...	0	5	0
Miss Hallett ...	0	8	0
Miss E. Ferguson ...	1	5	0
Mrs. Bachelor ...	0	9	10
Mrs. Underwood ...	0	17	0
Mrs. Boxall ...	1	0	8
Miss Hudson ...	1	1	0
Miss Lucy Lovegrove ...	0	15	0
Mrs. H. White ...	0	13	6
Miss Powell ...	0	7	0
Mrs. Goslin ...	0	10	0
Mr. Turner ...	0	10	0
Miss M. L. Nisbett ...	0	15	0
Miss Gaze ...	0	10	0
Master W. Davis ...	0	5	2
Mrs. Towersey ...	0	5	1
Mrs. J. E. Knight ...	1	5	0
Master F. Peter ...	0	5	6
Mr. C. Andrews ...	0	2	8
Master Wagstaff ...	0	6	0
Miss Platt ...	0	3	6
Miss M. A. Wells ...	0	6	6
Miss Colthrup ...	0	13	6
Master A. J. Ellis ...	0	1	7
Mrs. Tiddy ...	1	12	0
Miss Piner ...	0	13	6
Master R. Murrell ...	4	0	0
Mrs. Luff ...	1	1	0
Mr. W. T. Brook ...	0	9	6
Miss E. Hughes ...	0	8	6
Miss Marsh ...	3	1	0
Mr. G. Faulkner ...	0	13	1
Mr. G. B. Simpson ...	2	10	0
Miss Padbury ...	0	10	0
Miss Brissenden ...	0	7	0
Miss Hughes ...	0	12	0
Mrs. W. Smith ...	0	2	6
Mrs. Evans ...	0	5	0
Mr. Harden ...	0	19	7
Mrs. Dunscombe ...	0	5	0
Mrs. Sanderson ...	0	10	0
Miss H. Phillips ...	0	17	6
Miss Amelia Phillips ...	1	1	0
Mr. E. Cook ...	0	12	6
Mrs. Cropley ...	0	6	0
Mrs. David ...	1	0	0
Miss Goslin ...	0	16	0
Mrs. Lequeux ...	0	10	6
Mrs. Hinton ...	0	17	0

	£	s.	d.
Mrs. Mackrill ...	0	15	0
Miss J. Cockshaw ...	0	8	6
Mrs. Bayerstock ...	0	10	0
Miss Langton ...	0	5	6
Miss Parnell ...	0	11	6
Mrs. Hubbard ...	0	16	3
Master Hubbard ...	0	5	6
Master Higgs ...	1	0	0
Mrs. Gissing ...	0	2	9
Miss Foskett ...	0	13	6
Mr. Axton ...	0	3	8
Mr. Mackey ...	0	7	1
Mrs. Hett ...	0	2	4
Mrs. Dines ...	0	3	0
Master Cotterell ...	0	2	0
Mrs. Berry ...	0	5	7
Miss Deserolx ...	0	4	8
Mrs. Everett ...	0	8	10
Master F. Holme ...	0	1	7
Master Pollock ...	0	0	7
Miss Higham ...	0	7	10
Miss Perrett ...	1	0	6
Mrs. Lambert ...	0	7	1
Miss Law ...	0	10	1
Master W. Stracey ...	0	3	1
Miss Quinell ...	0	6	1
Mrs. Harrington ...	0	4	1
Mrs. Hosking ...	0	6	9
Mrs. Ratcliff ...	0	4	0
Master R. Bruce ...	0	1	4
Mrs. Judge ...	0	8	8
Mr. Arnold ...	0	8	4
Master Hillman ...	0	1	11
Mr. W. J. Evans ...	0	0	9
Miss L. Watts ...	0	6	4
Mrs. Gisbey ...	0	5	3
Miss Jephys ...	1	4	6
Mrs. Vernon ...	0	2	0
Mr. E. Johnson ...	1	11	6
Mr. J. Green ...	0	10	4
Master G. Noble ...	0	1	1
Mr. Stacey ...	1	11	2
Miss Henry ...	0	12	0
C. G. ...	0	15	0
Miss Fitzgerald ...	0	10	0
Mr. Saunders ...	1	0	0
Mrs. Sedcole ...	0	6	7
Mr. Priestley ...	0	11	0
Mrs. E. Clark ...	0	5	0
Miss Walker ...	0	11	0
Mrs. Abbott ...	1	0	0
Miss Fairry ...	0	5	0
Miss White ...	0	7	0
Mr. Golding ...	0	19	8
Mrs. Wachorn ...	0	6	1
Miss Woodington ...	0	14	0
Master Phillips ...	5	0	0
Mrs. Davis ...	1	0	0
Contributions at the Foundation Stone of Devonshire Square Chapel:—			
Purses on Foundation Stone	34	2	3
Collection ...	18	13	6
Miss Sapher ...	0	10	0
Mr. G. Hunt ...	0	10	0
Mr. B. George ...	0	10	0
Mr. Proudman ...	0	5	0
Mr. J. W. Whiter ...	0	5	0
Mr. G. Donulson ...	0	5	0
Mr. Cubitt ...	0	5	0
Mrs. Cox ...	1	0	0
Mr. H. Cubitt ...	5	5	0
Mr. J. Neal ...	0	5	0
Small Sums, per Mr. Z.	0	17	0
Mr. W. Higgs ...	10	0	0
Rev. W. Tyler ...	1	1	0
Mrs. Raines ...	0	10	0
Mr. B. Vickery ...	0	10	0
Mr. Passmore ...	5	0	0
Sundry Small Sums ...	0	10	6
Rev. T. W. Cave ...	0	10	6
A Friend ...	0	1	0

21 2 3

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
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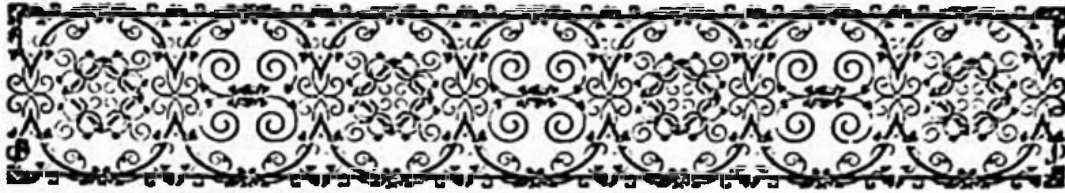
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THE
SWORD AND THE TROWEL.

—••••—
DECEMBER 1, 1870.
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Very Singular.

A SERMON. BY C. H. SPURGEON.

“He put his household in order and hanged himself.”—2 Samuel xvii. 23.

 HITHOPHEL was a man of keen perception, and those who consulted him followed his advice with as much confidence as if he had been an oracle from heaven. He was a great master of diplomacy, versed in the arts of cunning, far-seeing, cautions, deep. He was for years the friend and counsellor of David, but thinking it politic to be on the popular side he left his old master that he might, like many other courtiers, worship the rising sun, and hold an eminent position under Absalom. This, to use diplomatic language, was not only a crime but a mistake; Absalom was not the man to follow the warnings of sagacity, and Ahithophel found himself supplanted by another councillor; whereat he was so incensed that he left Absalom, hurried home, arranged his personal affairs, and hanged himself in sheer vexation.

His case teaches us that the greatest worldly wisdom will not preserve a man from the utmost folly. Here was a man worthy to be called the Nestor of debate, who yet had not wit enough to keep his neck from the fatal noose. Many a man supremely wise for a time fails in the long run. The renowned monarch, sagacious for the hour, has ere long proved his whole system to be a fatal mistake. Instances there are near to hand where a brilliant career has ended in shame, a life of wealth closed in poverty, an empire collapsed in ruin. The wisdom which contemplates only this life fails even in its own sphere. Its tricks are too shallow, its devices too temporary, and the whole comes

down with a crash when least expected to fall. What sad cases have we seen of men who have been wise in policy who have utterly failed from lack of principle! For want of the spirit of honour and truth to establish them they have built palaces of ice which have melted before they were complete. "The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom." The wisdom which cometh from above is the only wisdom; the secular is folly until the sacred blends its golden stream therewith.

I desire to call your attention to the text on account of its very remarkable character. "*He put his house in order and hanged himself.*" To put his house in order showed that he was a prudent man: to hang himself proved that he was a fool. Herein is a strange mixture of discretion and desperation, mind and madness. Shall a man have wisdom enough to arrange his worldly affairs with care, and yet shall he be so sapless as to take his own life afterwards? As Bishop Hall pithily says, "Could it be possible that he should be careful to order his house who regarded not to order his impetuous passions? That he should care for his house who cared not for either body or soul?" Strange incongruity, he makes his will, and then because he cannot have his will, he wills to die. 'Tis another proof that madness is in the heart of the sons of men. Marvel not at this one display of folly, for I shall have to show you that the case of Abithophel is in the spirit of it almost universal; and as I shall describe sundry similar individuals, many of you will perceive that I speak of you. Thousands set their houses in order but destroy their souls, they look well to their flocks and their herds, but not to their hearts' best interests. They gather broken shells with continuous industry, but they throw away priceless diamonds. They exercise forethought, prudence, care, everywhere but where they are most required. They save their money but squander their happiness; they are guardians of their estates but suicides of their souls. Many forms this folly takes, but it is seen on all hands, and the sight should make the Christian weep over the madness of his fellow men. May the series of portraits which will now pass before us, while they hold the mirror up to nature, also point us in the way of grace.

See before you, then, the portrait of AN ATTENTIVE SERVANT. He is faithful to his employers, and fulfils well the office to which he is appointed. He is up with the lark, he toils all day, he rests not till his task is done; he neglects nothing which he undertakes. I see him among the throng, I will single him out, and talk with him. You have been engaged for years in farming. You have ploughed, and sown, and reaped, and gathered into the barn, and no one has done the work better than you, and yet, though you have been so careful in your labour, you have never sown to the Spirit, nor cared to reap life everlasting. You have never asked to have your heart ploughed with the gospel plough, nor sown with the living seed, and the consequence will be that at the last you will have no harvest but weeds and thistles, and you will be given over to eternal destruction. What ails you to care for the clover and the turnips, the cows and the sheep, but never for yourself, your truest self, your ever-existing soul? What! all this care about the

field and no care about your heart? All this toil for a harvest which the hungry shall eat up, and no care whatever about the harvest that shall last eternally!

Or you have been occupied all your life in a garden, and there what diligence you have shown, what taste in the training of the plants and flowers, what diligence in digging, planting, weeding, and watering! Often has your employer congratulated himself that he has so careful a servant. You take a delight in your work, and well you may, for some relics of Eden's memories linger around a garden still; but how is it that you are so choice with yonder tulip and so indifferent about your own spirit? What care for a poor rose, which so soon is withered, and have no thought about your immortal nature! Is this like a reasonable man? You were very careful in the winter to keep up the heat of the greenhouse lest those feeble plants should suffer from the frost, have you, then, no care to be protected from temptation, and from the dread storms of almighty wrath which are so soon to come? Can it be that you are diligent in ordering the walks, and beds, and shrubberies of your master's grounds, and yet are utterly careless about the garden of your heart in which fairer flowers would bloom, and yield you a far richer reward? I marvel at you. It seems so strange that you should be so good a worker for others and so bad a carer about yourself. I fear your lament will have to be, "They made me keeper of the vineyard, but my own vineyard have I not kept."

It would be too long a task to dwell particularly on each of your employments, but I will hope that in each case you are anxious to do your work thoroughly, so as to secure approval. The horse is not badly fed, nor the carriage recklessly driven, nor the wall carelessly built, nor the wood ill planed—you would be ashamed to be called a negligent workman. Put it then to yourself, will you watch over another man's goods and be unmindful of your own highest good? What do you mind the horse and the wagon, the parcels, and the errands, and all sorts of little matters, and shall that soul of yours, which will outlast the sun and live when stars grow dim, shall that be left without a thought? What do you love others so much and yourself so little? Are minor matters to absorb all your thoughts while your own eternal concerns are left in utter neglect?

Some of you act as domestic servants, and endeavour to discharge your duties well; you have much to do from morning till night, and you would be ashamed for any one to say, "The room is unswept, cobwebs are on the walls, the floors are filthy, the meals are badly cooked, because you are a bad servant." No, you feel rather proud that when you have a situation you can keep it, and that the mistress is content with you. Suffer me, then, to ask you in the gentlest manner, Is your heart never to be cleansed? Are your sins always to defile it? Have you no thought about "the house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens"? Do you think God made you to be a mere sweeper and cleaner of rooms, a cooker of meat, and so on, and that this is all you were designed for? There must be a higher and a better life for you, and do you altogether disregard it? Will you weary yourself, day by day, about another person's house, and have you no interest in your own soul? Have you

so much care to please (as you should do) your master and mistress, and no care about being reconciled to God? I will not think that you are so bereft of reason.

I address a still larger class probably, if I say there are many here who will go off to the city in the morning to fulfil the duties of confidential accountants. You never suffer the books to be inaccurate, they balance to a farthing; it would distress you if, through your inadvertence, the firm lost even a sixpence. You have perhaps been many years with the same employers, and have their unbounded respect; from your boyhood to this day you have been connected with the house. I have known several admirable men, of high integrity and thorough faithfulness, whom their employers could never sufficiently value, for they laid themselves out with intense zeal to promote their commercial interests, and worked far harder than the heads of the house ever did. Had the whole concern been their own they could not have been more assiduous, and yet these very men gave no heed to their own personal interests for another world; it was grievous to observe that God was not in all their thoughts, nor heaven, nor hell, nor their own precious souls. You good and faithful servants of men, will you perish as unfaithful servants of God? What, will you never look onward to the last great reckoning? Is it nothing to you that the debts due to divine justice are undischarged? Are you willing to be called before the Lord of all, and to hear him say, "Thou wicked and slothful servant, I gave thee a talent, but thou hast wrapped it in a napkin"? God forbid I should diminish one grain of your diligence from your secular avocations, but from the very zeal you throw into these, I charge you if ye be reasonable men see to it, that ye destroy not your own souls. Be not like Ahithophel, who set his house in order and hanged himself. Set not your master's concerns in order and then destroy your souls, for how shall you escape if you neglect the great salvation?

· Look ye now to another picture—THE PRUDENT MERCHANT. I must briefly sketch him. He knows the ways of trade, studies the state of the market, is quick to perceive the opportunity of gain, has been cautious in his speculations, has secured what he has obtained, and is now in possession of a competency, or on the road to it. He prides himself in a quiet way upon the prudence with which he conducts all his worldly transactions—and, my dear friend, I am sure I am glad to see you prudent in business, for much misery would be caused to others as well as to yourself by recklessness and folly. But I want to ask you if you are thoughtless about religion how it is that you can be so inconsistent? Do you study how to buy, and buy well, but will you never buy the truth? Do you put all that you get into a safe bank, but will you never lay up treasure in heaven, where neither moth nor rust doth corrupt? You are wary in your speculations, but will you play so deep at hazard as to jeopardise your soul? You have been for years accustomed to rise up early and sit up late, and eat the bread of carefulness: will you never rise early to seek the Lord? Will you never prevent the night watches to find a Saviour? Is the body everything? Is gold your god? Why, you are a man of intelligence and reading, and you know that there are higher considerations than those of business and the state of trade. You

do not believe yourself to be of the same generation as the brute that perisheth; you expect to live in another state; you have a book here which tells you what that life will be, and how it may be shaped for joy, or left to be drifted into endless sorrow. Am I a fanatic, my dear sir, if I respectfully put my hand on yours and say, "I beseech you think not all of the less and nothing of the greater, lest haply when you come to die, the same may be said of you as of a rich man of old, who had been as cautious and as careful as you: 'thou fool, this night thy soul shall be required of thee: then whose will these things be which thou hast prepared?' I charge you, if you be prudent, prove it by being prudent about the weightiest of all concerns. If you be not after all a mere bragger as to prudence, a mere child enraptured with silly toys, then show your wisdom by following the wisest course." I have heard of one, the stewardess of an American vessel, who when the ship was sinking, saw heaps of gold coin scattered upon the cabin floor by those who had thrown it there in the confusion of their escape: she gathered up large quantities of it, wrapped it round her waist, and leaped into the water; she sank like a millstone, as though she had studiously prepared herself for destruction. I fear that many of you traders are diligently collecting guarantees for your surer ruin, planning to bury yourselves beneath your glittering hoards. Be wise in time. My voice, nay, my heart pleads with you for your soul's sake and for Christ's sake, be not like Ahithophel, who set his house in order and hanged himself. Take sure bond for enduring happiness, invest in indisputable securities, have done with infinite risks, and be assured for life everlasting.

A third photograph shall now be exhibited. This will describe a smaller, but a very valuable class of men, and if they were blessed of God how glad should I be—THE DILIGENT STUDENT. He seeks out the best of books to assist him in the pursuit of his branch of knowledge; he burns the midnight oil, he is not afraid of toil, he cares not for throbbing brain and weary eye, but he presses on, he trains his memory, he schools his judgment, and all with the hope that he may be numbered with the learned. The examinations of his university are to him the most important periods in the calendar; his degree is the prize of his high calling. Knowledge is sweet, and the honour of being associated with the learned is coveted. My young friend, I would not for a moment abate your zeal, but I would beg space for one consideration worthy of immediate attention. Ought the best of sciences to be left to the last? Should self-knowledge and acquaintance with God be treated as of secondary importance? Should not the word of God be the chief volume in the wise man's library? Should you not burn the midnight oil to peruse the page infallible, written by the divine finger? With all your gettings, should you not get the understanding which cometh from above, and the knowledge which is the gift of God, and which will introduce you, if not among the learned, yet among the gracious; if not into the academy of *savans*, yet into the general assembly and church of the firstborn, whose names are written in heaven? Should there not be with you the wish to train your complete manhood, and to educate yourself to the fulness of the stature of what a man should be? Should not the noblest part have the chief

care? I speak to a wise man; I would have him be truly wise; I would not have him set his study in order, and tutor himself, and then forget the eternal life, and the destiny that awaits him. O student, seek thou first the kingdom of God, and his righteousness, and then shall thy temple of wisdom be built upon a rock.

I will take another character, a character which is very common in great cities—I am not sure but what it is common enough—THE REFORMING POLITICIAN. I value our politicians highly, but we scarcely need to be overstocked with those who brawl in public houses and discussion rooms while their families are starving at home. Some men who spend a great deal of time in considering politics, are hardly benefiting the commonwealth to the extent they imagine. I will suppose I am addressing a man who feels the home and foreign affairs of the nation to be his particular department. Well, my respected friend, I trust you occupy a useful place in the general economy, but I want to ask you one or two questions well worthy of a reformer's or a conservative's consideration. You have been looking up abuses, have you no abuses in your own life which need correcting? There is no doubt about the Reform Bill having been needed, but do you not think a Reform Bill is needed by some of us, at home, in reference to our own characters, and especially in reference to our relation towards our God and our Saviour? I think only he who is ignorant of himself will deny that; and would it not be a fine thing to begin at home, and let the politics of our house and our heart be set quite right, and that immediately! You have in your brain a complete scheme for paying off the National Debt, elevating the nation, remodelling the navy, improving the army, managing the colonies, delivering France, and establishing the best form of government in Europe; I am afraid your schemes may not be carried out so soon as you desire; but may I not suggest to you that your own heart needs renewing by the Spirit of God, your many sins need removing by the atonement of Jesus, and your whole life requires a deep and radical change, and this is a practical measure which no aristocracy will oppose, which no vested interests will defeat, and which need not be delayed for another election or a new premier. I dare say you have faced much opposition, and expect to face much more in agitating the important question which you have taken up; but ah! my friend will you not sometimes agitate questions with your conscience? Will you not discuss with your inner nature the great truths which God has revealed? Would it not be worth your while at least to spend some time in your private council chamber with yourself-thinking of the now, and of the past, and of the to come—considering God, Christ, heaven, hell, and yourself as connected with all these? I press it on you, it seems to me to be the greatest of all inconsistencies that a man should think himself able to guide a nation and yet should lose his own soul; that he should have schemes by which to turn this world into a paradise, and yet lose paradise for himself; that he should declaim violently against war, and all sorts of evils, and yet himself should be at war with God, himself a slave to sin. Shall he talk of freedom while he is manacled by his lusts and appetites? Shall he be enslaved by drink, and yet be the champion of liberty? He that teaches freedom should himself be free. It is ill

to see a man contending for others, and a captive himself. To arrange the nation's affairs, and to destroy yourself is as foolish as Ahithophel, who ordered his house and hanged himself.

We will pass to another character, and how much of what I am now to utter may concern myself I pray God to teach me—**THE ZEALOUS PREACHER.** The character is no imaginary one, it is not suggested by bitterness, or coloured by fanaticism, there have been such and will be such to the end; men who study the Scriptures, and are masters of theology, versed in doctrine, conversant with law; men who teach the lessons they have gathered, and teach them, eloquently and forcibly, warning their hearers of their sins, pointing out their danger, and pleading with them to lay hold on Christ, and life eternal, and yet—for all this they are themselves unconverted! They preach what they never felt, they teach what they never knew by experience. Brother ministers, I allude not to you any more than to myself, but of all men that live we are most called upon to watch lest our very office help us to be hypocrites; lest our position as teachers should bring upon us a double curse. Do not let us seek the salvation of others and lose ourselves. To preach Christ and not to have him; to tell of the fountain and not to be washed in it; to speak of hell, and warn men to escape it, and yet go there ourselves! God grant it may never be so with any of us! But, mark you, the point of this warning comes to many here who are not altogether ministers. You are not preachers, but you are Sunday-school teachers, tract distributors, Bible women, or city missionaries. Then hear ye the same warning. Will you go round with those tracts from house to house, and yet have no religion in your own houses? Oh, miserable souls! who hath required it at your hands to teach others of God when you are not reconciled to God yourselves? What can you teach those children in the Sabbath-school? I say, what can you teach those children, when you yourselves are in the gulf of bitterness and in the bond of iniquity? May not the very words you spoke to your classes to-day rise up against you in the day of judgment and condemn you? Do not be content to have it so. Do not point the way to others and run in another road yourself. Do not set others in order and slay your own selves.

I have another picture to look upon—it represents **A CAREFUL PARENT.** Many who may not have been included under other descriptions will be mentioned here. You love your children well and wisely; so far as this world is concerned, you are careful and prudent parents. You were very watchful over them in their childhood, you were afraid that those infant sicknesses would take them to the grave. How glad you were, dear mother, when once again you could lift the little one from the bed and press it to your bosom, and thank God that it was recovering its health and strength. You have denied yourself a great deal for your children. When you were out of work, and struggling with poverty, you did not so much grieve for yourselves as for them, it was so hard to see your children wanting bread. You have been so pleased to clothe them, so glad to notice their opening intellect, and you have many of you selected with great care places where they will

receive a good education, and if you thought that any bad influence would come across their path, you would be on your guard at once. You wish your children to grow up patterns of virtue and good citizens, and you are right in all this. I wish that all felt as you do about their families, and that none were allowed to run loose in the streets, which are the devil's school. Now as you have been so very careful about your children, may I ask you ought not your own soul to have some thought bestowed on it, some anxiety exercised about it? It is a child too, to be educated for the skies, to be nurtured for the Father's house above. Look in the babe's face and think of the care you give to it, and then turn your eyes inwardly upon your soul and say, "What care have I given to thee, my soul? I have left thee unwashed, unclothed, unhoused. No blood of Christ hath fallen on thee, my soul; no righteousness of Christ hath wrapped thee. For thee, my soul, my poor, poor soul, there is no heaven when thou must leave this body; for thee there is no hope but a fearful looking for of judgment and of fiery indignation. My soul forgive me that I have treated thee so ill, I will now think of thee and bow my knee and ask the Lord to be gracious to thee." I wish I could call upon you personally and press this matter upon you. Think that I am doing so; when you reach home think that I am following you there and saying to you, "If you care for your children care for your souls." Look at the boys and girls sleeping in their cots to-night, and if you are unconverted, say to yourself, "There they lie, the dear ones, they are little sermons to me; I will remember what the preacher said when I look at them. My God, my Father, I will turn to thee, do thou turn me and I shall be turned."

The last of my crayon sketches is one which may concern many, it is that of THE OUTWARD RELIGIONIST who yet is regardless of his own soul: it is oddest and strangest of all that there should be such people. I have met with Protestants, flaming Protestants, I might add, raving Protestants, who nevertheless know no more about Protestantism than about the Theogony of Hesiod, and were they questioned as to what it is that was protested against by the Reformers, they would guess wide of the mark. Yet are they very concerned that our glorious constitution in church and state should be "thoroughly Protestant"—though I cannot for the life of me see what difference it would make to them. If they have no faith in the Lord Jesus Christ, what matters it to them how a man is justified? There are others, again, who are "Dissenters to the backbone," but yet sinners to their marrow. To ungodly men I say solemnly, What matters it what you are in these matters? The side which has the honour of your patronage is a loser by it in all probability. If you are leading bad lives, I am very sorry that you are Dissenters, you injure a good cause. What fools you must be to be so earnest about religions in which you have no concern! Many, again, are very orthodox, even to being strait-laced, and yet are unbelievers. If the preacher does not come up to their weight and measure, they denounce him at once, and have no word bad enough for him. But now, my friend, though I cannot say that I am altogether sorry that you think about doctrines and churches, let me ask you is it wise that you should set up for a judge upon a matter in which you have no share?

You are vociferous for setting the church in order, but you are destroying your soul? If these things belonged to you, I could understand your zeal about them, but since you have nothing to do with them (and you have not if you have no faith), why do you look after other people, and let your own salvation go by default? It may be a very important thing to somebody how the Duke of Devonshire may lay out his estate at Chatsworth, but I am sure it is not to me, for I am in no degree a part proprietor with His Grace. So it may be very important to some people how such-and-such a doctrine is taught; but how should you be so zealous about it, when you are in no degree a part proprietor in it unless you have believed in Jesus Christ? What startles me with some of you is, that you will cheerfully contribute for the support of a gospel in which you have never believed. There are those of you here to whom I am thankful for help in Christ's service; you put your hand into your pocket, and are generous to the Lord's cause, how is it that you do this and yet refuse to give Jesus your heart? I know you do not think you are purchasing his favour by your money, you know better than that, but what do you do it for? Are you like those builders who helped Noah to build the ark, and then were drowned? Do you help to build a lifeboat, and being yourself shipwrecked, do you refuse the assistance of the lifeboat? You are strangely inconsistent. You keep God's Sabbaths, and yet you will not enter into his rest. You sing Christ's praises, and yet you will not trust him. You bow your heads in prayer, and yet you do not pray. You are anxious, too, sometimes, and yet that which would end all your anxiety, namely, submission to the gospel of Christ, you will not yield. Why is this? Wherefore this strange behaviour? Will you bless others and curse yourselves?

I speak to the whole of you who as yet have not believed in Jesus—what is it that you are destroying your souls with? Every unbeliever is an eternal suicide, he is destroying his soul's hopes. What is your motive? Perhaps some of you are indulging a pleasurable sin, which you cannot give up. I conjure you cast it from you; though it be dear as the right eye, pluck it out, or useful as the right arm, cut it off and cast it from you. Suffer no temporary pleasures to lead you into eternal destruction. Escape for your life. Sweet sin will bring bitter death; God give you grace to cast it away. Or is it some deadly error with which you are destroying your soul? Have you a notion that it is a small thing to die unsaved? Do you imagine that by-and-by it will all be over, and you can bear the temporary punishment? Dream not so! Not thus speaks the infallible word of God, though men would thus buoy up your spirits, and make your forehead brazen against the Most High. It is an awful thing to fall into the hands of the living God. God grant you may not run that risk, and meet that fate. Or perhaps some self-righteous trust holds you back from Christ. You can destroy yourself with that as well as with sin. To trust to ourselves is deadly; only to trust to Jesus is safe. I will explain that to you and have done. Inasmuch as we had sinned against God, God must punish us; it is necessary that sin should be punished, or there could be no moral government. Now in order to meet that case, to have mercy upon men in conformity with justice, Jesus Christ the Son of God, came

into the world, and became man, and as man, he took upon himself the sins of all his people, and was punished for them; and whosoever trusts Jesus is one of those for whom Jesus bore the smart, for whom he paid the debt. If thou believest that Jesus is the Christ, if thou dost trust thy soul with the Christ of Nazareth, thy sins which are many are forgiven thee: go in peace—thy soul is saved. But if thou puttest away from thee the Christ, who says, "Look unto me and be ye saved all ye ends of the earth," you may be very wise, and you may arrange your business cleverly, but, for all that, you are no wiser than the great fool of my text, who set his house in order and hanged himself. God teach hearers and readers to be wise ere yet this year is gone. Amen.

Earnest Work not Extinct.

MANY circumstances make us fear that in general the earnest revival spirit which blazed up a few years ago is not now quite so vigorous, but on the other hand there are labourers in London and elsewhere in whom zeal for the Lord retains all its force. All that is done may not be wisely done, but that it is done at all is encouraging. Besides the unrelaxing efforts of hundreds of faithful ministers, Mr. Edward Wright, Mr. Orsman, Mr. Carter, Mr. Booth, and others, are the centres of holy activities which are stirring the masses of London, and we have agencies at the Tabernacle equally energetic and successful. In looking over the "Christian Mission Magazine," which is probably unknown to most of our readers, we are glad to see that open-air efforts are not forgotten, and that those who conduct them are not to be put down by opposition. Some, like timid hares, run off the moment a little disturbance occurs, but the heroic preacher looks for opposition and is not alarmed when he meets it. Two brethren give their adventures at Harrogate.

"On Monday, October 17th, we went to our usual stand on the Stray, and found that Sanger's Circus company were just commencing their evening's performance. We began our service by singing—

'I'm a pilgrim bound for glory,' &c.

While singing this hymn, some of the people employed in the circus began pelting us with clods of mud and grass tufts. Failing to drive us away, they brought out their brass band, with which they made the most hideous discord, but finding we were brass-band proof, they moved back to their tent. The next move was to send out a large bass and a side drum, and forcing their way into our midst, they stood drumming away in front of the speaker, whilst behind him stood a man who clashed in his ears a pair of cymbals. Praise God, we were able to stand against drums and cymbals.

"They then brought out an elephant and two dromedaries, which they walked up and down among the people. This caused great excitement, for there were hundreds of people present. The roughs

shouted, women and children shrieked, and we praised God because his unseen hand was with us, and not a single accident occurred. The police now came and ordered them to take the beasts away, which they reluctantly did, but renewed their annoyance with the drums and cymbals, and collected together hundreds of roughs with tin kettles.

"At this juncture, a man in the crowd sympathising with us, commenced to help them to thump the drum; in a little while, finding it sound very flat and dead, they discovered the man had been striking it with his penknife, and so the drummer with his friends were only too glad to beat a hasty retreat. How easily sometimes is Satan outwitted!

"This persecution lasted just an hour and a-half, when we gave out—

'Praise God from whom all blessings flow,'

which the people joined us in singing, after which we formed into procession, and sang on the way to the hall, whilst hundreds followed.

"In the meeting God was with us, and we received evidence that good had been done."

What would some of our brethren have done in such a case? If a baby cries they are utterly disconcerted, and a little noise from the Sabbath-school children makes them drop the thread of their discourse. Puling evangelists would do well to try Whitechapel in the open air, and they would probably say with a certain brother, "I find the work very trying to the voice; the rumbling of the 'busses and carts in the Mile End Road drowns the voice unless backed by a strong pair of lungs." We are afraid they would hardly have grace to add, "The Lord strengthen us for this great work."

Great has been our delight at the self-denying efforts of some of our very poor members. They have opened their rooms for prayer-meetings, and then in some cases nearly starved themselves to pay the rent of a larger room, made necessary by the numbers attending. They have tried themselves to preach to the best of their slender ability, but have with true humility always desired to give way to more able labourers, and in some cases from efforts in little rooms, many souls have been converted, and ultimately larger mission-halls have been taken. Our firm conviction is that many of the poor would sooner go to a little service in a private room than attend larger gatherings. Forties and fifties can be gathered, and a considerable number of such assemblies would be better than one great building three-fourths empty. This moreover would afford trading-space for the one-talent brethren, and cause the burning of many an old napkin which is now rotting in the sluggard's garden. Any and every form of bringing the gospel home to the people must be tried, and we must all have a hand in the blessed crusade. Time is flying, we cannot afford to delay. Brother, sister, in Christ, up and be doing. Ere this year rolls into eternity inaugurate some fresh work for Jesus.

C. H. S.

The Jarrings of Heaven Reconciled by the Blood of the Cross.

BY JOHN LELAND.*

"And by him to reconcile all things unto himself; by him, I say, whether they be things in earth or things in heaven."—Colossians i. 20.

THE reconciliation of "things in heaven," is the part of the text which I shall attend to.

Let reverence and humility possess my heart, while I develop the character of the Deity, and let all who hear me, at awful distance bow.

All the changes that have taken place, from the beginning until now, and all that will take place hereafter, give to the Almighty no new ideas, furnish him with no novel matter for consideration. Things which are past, present, or to come, with men, are all in the eternal *now* of the great JEHOVAH; and yet he speaks of himself as if thoughts and designs entered his mind in a train of succession.

The Divine Being is not composed of parts, or possessed of passions like men; he nevertheless, in condescension to our weakness, speaks of himself as having head, eyes, ears, face, mouth, etc.; also as being jealous, angry, pacified, reconciled, having his anger turned away, and the like.

Our text implies a contention in heaven, and that the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ undertook to reconcile the contending parties to himself, by Jesus Christ; and that Jesus obtained a peace among all the jarring interests in heaven by the blood of the cross.

The particulars to be attended to are—

I. To explain the cause of this contention; and

II. To nominate the parties at variance, together with their respective pleas.

First. I am to explain the cause of this contention. The rebellion of man against his God, is that which gave rise to this contention. When this contention began in heaven (to speak after the manner of men), the great I AM arraigned the criminal, man, and summoned all the contending parties to appear and make their pleas before the great white throne of divine glory, which leads me—

Secondly. To treat of the contending parties and their pleas. The *Holy Law* began: "My rise is not from revelation, although that does me honour; throughout the second volume I hold conspicuous rank, and have been magnified and obeyed by the Son of God. But my origin is from the great scale of being itself, so that if there had been no revelation among men, honour and regard would have been my due. Yet with all the sacred majesty due to my character, man, the dependent creature, has risen in rebellion and disregarded my voice; not in one instance only, but sin, taking advantage by me, has wrought in him all

* John Leland was a celebrated American preacher much blessed in connection with revivals. In the work from which this sermon is taken it is called a prose-poem. We think it so good that it ought to have been better.

manner of concupiscence, so that the imagination of his heart is only evil continually. Now, we know a law is nothing without a penalty to enforce it; and a penalty threatened is but a piece of mockery unless it is executed. In this case, therefore, should man escape with impunity, the divine government would be reduced to contempt and every fugitive vagrant would be hardened in his wickedness. My demand, therefore, is that man should die without mercy."

Truth next approached the throne, and after attending to and confirming all which the holy law had said, added, "The soul that sins shall die—cursed is every one that continueth not in all things which are written in the law—he that offends in one point is guilty of the whole—the wicked shall be turned into hell—in the day thou rebellest thou shalt surely die. These are the true sayings of God, sentences which come from the mouth of that Being who cannot lie; the veracity of the Almighty is, therefore, pledged that the sinner, man, be speedily executed, without delay—for, if sentence against an evil work be not speedily executed, the hearts of the vicious will be fully set on mischief, and nothing but anarchy and confusion will be seen in the empire."

Justice then advanced, with piercing eyes like flaming streams, and burning tongue like the devouring fire, and made his plea, as follows:—"My name may sound inharmonious to the guilty, but that which is just must be right, and the least deviation therefrom must be wrong! I plead for nothing but what is just. I come not with an *ex post facto* law, to inflict a penalty which was not known at the time the sin was committed, but I come to demand the life and blood of the rebel man who sinned with eyes opened, for guilt will always stain the throne of glory till vengeance is taken on the traitor."

Holiness then addressed the sovereign arbiter of life and death in the words following:—"My name and nature forbid the continuance of the sinner, man, in the empire. He is full of wounds, and bruises, and putrefying sores; from the crown of his head to the sole of his foot there is no soundness in him; among all his helpers there is no healing medicine, and if there was, yet he is so stubborn that he would not apply it. Therefore, as two can neither walk nor live together except they be agreed, either the polluted sinner or consummate holiness must quit the regions."

By this time darkness and smoke filled the temple, and seven thunders uttered their voices. The flashes of vindictive fire broke out impatient from the throne, and the angelic messenger waved his dread weapon, which high brandished shone, thirsting for human blood, while hell grew proud in hopes of prey, and laughed profanely loud. The sun became black as sackcloth, and the heavens were all in angry convulsion. The earth shook to its centre, and the everlasting hills trembled. Angels stood astonished at the awful emblems of divine displeasure, expecting each moment to see the rebel hurled to eternal darkness, as they had seen their fallen brethren, who left their first estate in a former period.

Omnipotence appeared as the executioner of the criminal, clothed in panoply divine—robed in awful majesty. Thunders rolled before him, the shafts of lightning darted through the ethereal vault; the trumpet sounded, the mountains skipped like rams, and the little hills like

lambs ; even Sinai itself was moved at the presence of the Lord. At the brightness that was before him his thick clouds passed hailstones and coals of fire. In one hand he had an iron rod with which he could dash his enemies to pieces like a potter's vessel, and in the other a sharp sword, with two edges. He set one foot on the sea, and the other on the earth, and lifted his hand to heaven. His face was awfully majestic, and his voice as the roaring of a lion : but none could learn from his appearance whether he chose to strike the vengeful blow, or interest himself in behalf of the criminal. At length he spoke : " I am able to destroy as I was mighty to create ; nothing is too hard for me to do. All worlds were spoken into existence by my word, and all material worlds hang upon nothing, through my power ; yet I have no will, no choice of my own. Let all the contending parties agree, and I am at their command, all acquiescent. The charges against the criminal, as they now stand, call for my vindictive stroke, but if any expedient shall be found to overrule the pleas which have been made, when the final result is announced, then I shall act. Vicious beings feel power and forget right, but omnipotence is governed by *right*. The works which I perform are those which all the perfections of Deity in concert point out."

Wisdom then arose, and spake to the following effect :—" Why is the decree so hasty from the King ? The matter is of the first importance. One soul is worth more than all the world. The pending decision not only affects this one criminal, but the millions and millions of human kind. I, *Wisdom*, dwell with prudence, and find out knowledge of witty inventions—I, therefore, object to the execution of the criminal ; not to controvert the pleas of Law, Truth, and Justice, but to wait until it shall be known whether man has any friend at court who is wise, powerful, and good enough to relieve him in a way with which Law, Truth, and Justice will be satisfied."

Love then came forward, in all his winning forms ; his bosom swelled with philanthropy, and his eye bespoke the benevolence of his heart. In mellifluous accents he began :—" My name is Love. No one in heaven claims higher rank than myself, for *God is love* ; of course none deserves to be heard and regarded more than I do. My love to man is everlasting, and neither death nor life, angels, principalities, nor powers, things present, things to come, nor any other creature shall ever extinguish my love.

" Mine is an unchanging love,
Higher than the heights above :
Deeper than the depths beneath,
Free and faithful, strong as death."

Should the rebel, therefore, be doomed to perdition, with all his vast progeny, the cross of my love would cause eternal mourning in heaven ; to prevent which my fervent cry is, Let the rebel live."

Grace also appeared on the side of the criminal, and made the following plea :—" If a creature receives from a fellow creature, or from his God, a compensation for any services rendered unto him, it is reward, and not grace ; but if he receives a favour for which he has no claim on the donor, it is grace. If, moreover, a donor confers a favour, not only

on a needy creature, who has no claim on him, nor anything to buy with, but on one who, in addition to his need, has contracted guilt, and is an enemy to the donor, this is grace of a marvellous kind. This is my name, and this is my memorial, and shall be through all ages. To do good for evil is godlike. My plea, therefore, is that all the transgressions of the criminal may be blotted out—cast behind the back of his God—sunk in the midst of the sea, and he himself raised to a station far more exalted than he possessed before he sinned. If this should not be the case, *grace* would be a word without meaning, and the benevolence of Jehovah would be obscured for ever.

Mercy, in concert with Love and Grace, was all divine oratory in favour of the rebel, and proceeded: "I cannot claim the same rank among the attributes of Deity that Wisdom, Power, Holiness, Goodness, Truth, and Justice can, since I am myself the child of Love * * * * But when innocent creatures fall into need and misery the display of Love assumes my name, Mercy. As I, therefore, have a name in heaven, as Mercy is magnified above the heavens, as Jehovah is rich in mercy, and is the Lord God gracious and merciful, I plead for the life of the criminal at the bar."

Here the pleas ended for a season, and profound silence filled the temple of God.

After a solemn pause the great I AM, the sovereign Judge, thus spake: "The statements and demands of Law, Truth, and Justice against the criminal are well supported. Love, Grace, and Mercy have discovered abundance of goodness and goodwill toward the sinner, but they have not shown how the law can be honoured, Truth supported, and Justice satisfied in the forgiveness of the rebel; and unless such an expedient can be produced, man must die without mercy. If any of the celestial angels or any being in the universe can suggest the expedient, the sinner lives—if not, he dies."

He spake—he closed—but all was hushed, and silence reigned in heaven.

The elect angels knew how Love, through a Mediator, could confirm innocent creatures in their innocency, but had no idea how criminals could be pardoned.

At the instance of Justice, Omnipotence arose like a lion from the swellings of Jordan; made bare his thundering arm, high raised his brandished sword, waved his iron rod, and advanced toward the rebel with hasty strides.

Love cried, "Forbear, I cannot endure the sight!"

The *Law* replied, "Cursed is everyone that continueth not in all things written in the law to do them. The soul that sins shall die."

Grace exclaimed, "Where sin hath abounded, grace shall much more abound!"

Truth said, "In the day that thou transgressest thou shalt surely die!"

Mercy proclaimed, "Mercy rejoiceth against judgment!"

Justice, with piercing eye and flaming tongue said, "Strike! strike! strike the rebel dead! and remove the reproach from the throne of heaven!"

At this the angels drooped their wings, and all the haros of heaven

played mournful odes. The flaming sword to pierce the criminal came near his breast, and the iron rod to dash him to pieces like a potter's vessel was falling on his head; when lo! on a sudden the voice of Wisdom sounded louder than seven thunders, and made the high arches of heaven to ring and reverberate—"DELIVER HIM FROM GOING DOWN INTO THE PIT, FOR I HAVE FOUND A RANSOM."

In that all-eventful crisis, the eternal SON OF GOD, in a *mediatorial form*, appeared, clothed with a garment down to the feet, and girt about the paps with a golden girdle. Angels paid him profound reverence, and the great I AM placed him at his right hand.

He saw the ruined, guilty man, and oh! amazing grace! he loved. With pity all his inmost bowels moved. He said, "I was set up from everlasting, my goings have been of old, and my delights are with the sons of men. The sinner shall live."

The *Law*, in awful majesty, replied, "I am holy, just, and good, my injunctions on the rebel were perfectly proper for a human being, and my penalty, which the rebel has incurred, is every way proportionate to his crime."

Mediator.—"All you say is true. I am not come to destroy the law, but to fulfil. Heaven and earth shall pass away, but not a jot or tittle of the law shall fail."

Truth.—"The lips that never spake amiss, have said that the wicked shall be turned into hell. My veracity is therefore pledged to see it executed."

Mediator.—"That part of truth which was proper to reveal unto man as a moral agent, has said as you relate, with abundance more to the same effect; but that part of truth which the great Jehovah, my heavenly Father, spake unto me, in the covenant of peace which is made between us both, has declared, that, on account of an atonement which I shall make, sin shall be pardoned and sinners saved."

Holiness.—"I am so pure that I can never admit a sinner into heaven. Nothing unclean or that worketh a lie shall ever enter there."

Mediator.—"Provision is made in the new covenant, whereof I am the Mediator and Messenger, to remove the pollution as well as the guilt of sin. I have guaranteed that sinners shall be washed in my blood and made clean, and come before the throne of glory without a spot or wrinkle, or any such thing."

Justice cried out again, "Strike."

Mediator.—"Not the sinner, but the *Surety*."

Justice.—"Can heaven admit of a vicarious suffering?"

Mediator.—"It is that of which no government on earth ever will admit, or ever ought to do, but is the singular article agreed upon in the scheme of salvation, which will astonish the universe in its accomplishment. In the fulness of time I shall be born of a woman, be made under the law, and perfectly obey and magnify it, which is all that the law in reason can require of human nature. I shall suffer that penalty for sinners which justice will approve and God shall accept; shall die and follow death to its last recess; shall rise again with the same flesh and bones, and thereby obtain the victory over death. I shall continue awhile in the world after I rise, to give incontestible proofs of the resurrection, and then reascend the throne of glory. * * * *

“The day of days will commence, the great day of dread, for which all other days were made, will arrive; on that day, the dead shall be raised, and those who are living on earth shall be changed from a mortal to an immortal state, and all of them shall come to judgment before my bar. Those who are like goats among sheep, like tares among wheat, who are unclean and polluted, who are lovers of transgression and haters of obedience, who have broken the law, wantoned with atoning blood, and done despite against the work of the Holy Ghost, shall be banished the kingdom, cast into outer darkness, and gnaw their galling bonds for ever. But the righteous (both those whose souls have been in paradise, and their bodies sleeping in the dust, and those also who never shall have died) shall be admitted into the kingdom prepared for them, shall enter into life eternal.

“Now, if any one in heaven has aught against this plan let him speak; for I have undertaken to reconcile all things and beings in heaven to the salvation of man.”

He closed, but oh, what rapturous joy beamed forth on every face in heaven! Law, Truth, and Justice cried out, “It is all we want or wish for.” Love, Grace, and Mercy shouted, “It is the joy of our hearts, the delight of our eyes, and the pleasure of our souls.” The great I AM said, “It is finished, the expedient is found, the sinner shall live; deliver him from going down to the pit, for a ransom is found!” The angels, filled with heavenly pity and divine concern, who had been waiting in anxious suspense, through the important contest, now swept their golden harps, and sang aloud, “Glory to God in the highest, peace on earth and good-will to man! Thou art worthy, O thou Son of God, to receive glory, and honour, and riches, and power, for ever and ever! Man, though a little lower in nature than ourselves, shall be raised even higher, being in likeness of nature more like the Son of God. While we shall be ever adoring confirming love through a Mediator, men will be extolling the riches of redeeming blood and the freeness of boundless grace.”

The great I AM then said to the Mediator, “Forasmuch as thou hast undertaken to reconcile all things in heaven and in earth to me, and hast proposed a plan of reconciliation in which all contending parties are agreed, in which mercy and truth meet together, righteousness and peace kiss each other, justice and judgment surround my throne, and mercy and truth go before my face; and whereas I know that thou wilt, at the time appointed, fulfil all thy engagements at the expense of thy blood, therefore, behold I give thee a name which is above any name; that at the name of JESUS every knee shall bow, and every tongue shall confess. Thou shalt have dominion from sea to sea, and from the river to the ends of the earth. I will divide thee a portion with the great, and thou shalt divide the spoils with the strong. I will give the heathen for thine inheritance, and the uttermost parts of the earth for thy possession, and I will glorify thee with myself, with the glory which thou hadst before the world began.”

A Few Lines of Pulpit History.*

BY EDWARD LEACH.

THE truths of religion were propagated in *Germany* at a very early period, although invasions by barbaric hordes did much to obliterate all the good done by earnest evangelists. Frankish hermits, of devout lives, had favourably impressed the minds of the dwellers in the Rhenish countries, and the preaching of one man alone led to the destruction of the idols worshipped by the people. Curiously, Germany owes much to the missionaries who left Ireland about the year A.D. 590, for the purpose of converting the tribes to Christianity. It was not, however, until the Reformation that the pulpit acquired a power which superstition and indifference could not resist. Prior to Luther there had been useful and powerful preachers, who taught the people much that was true and quickening, although the lustre of the truth was dimmed by the Popish superstitions then so universal. The story of Luther's soul-trouble, of his finding the neglected copy of the Scriptures, his reading it with avidity, his growth in evangelic truth, his dissatisfaction with the errors of Rome, and condemnation of the gross ecclesiastical abuses in the vigorous language of indignation—is it not written with graphic skill in D'Aubigné's incomparable History of the Reformation? The great doctrine of justification by faith—which some men even now rudely decry as "justification by fancy"—shaped the character of the Reformers' preaching, and at once the pulpit became a mighty power. Their sermons, if unfinished and rugged in style, and destitute of poetic fancy, had all the charm of intensity and passion. They did not understand the art of sermonising so much as the secret of gaining the sympathies of their hearers by homely eloquence and vehement appeal. The adornments of speech were not despised by them, for they were men of intellect; but their work was too iconoclastic to be done with kid gloves. And results showed that their influence was far-reaching. "According to Ranke, in Würzburg and Bamberg, by far the greater part of the nobility and the church authorities, the majority of the magistrates and burghers, and the whole mass of the people, almost at the outset of the Reformation, embraced the new doctrines. The Protestant movement proceeded with equal activity in Bavaria. In Austria it was asserted that only one-thirtieth part of the inhabitants had adhered to Catholicism. A Venetian ambassador, in the year 1558, reckons that only one-tenth of the inhabitants of Germany had remained faithful to the old religion. In the universities also, the Protestant doctrines had been victorious. And not only so, but all science, art, and literature were imbued with the religious spirit, a state of things which existed in a good degree for more than two centuries."† Various reasons have been given for the decline of evangelicism in Germany.

* Continued from p. 496, November number.

† "Masterpieces of Pulpit Eloquence, Ancient and Modern." London: Hodder and Stoughton.

Jesuitism has been an active agency for evil, and the sceptical books of other countries found their way to the educated classes, and undermined their belief in the Word of God. But was it not true that the churches declined in piety? It is easy and convenient to lay all the fault to the pulpit, but if churches get lukewarm and sceptical, is it to be wondered at that preachers lose their wonted fire and enthusiasm? If false doctrines gained assent among students in training for the ministry in the universities, why did the churches encourage and ultimately defend the heresies? Without doubt, the peculiar tendency of the German mind to speculate, define, and rationalise, led to the corruption of religion. The undue exaltation of reason, and a tendency to disbelieve in anything mysterious, marred their Christianity, and it became lifeless and uninspiring. Churches soon became, as Swift once called them, public dormitories; and the question of another humourist might have been fittingly put, "Is sin to be taken from men as Eve was from Adam, by casting them into a deep slumber?" "Conservatism and inactivity" paralysed Lutheranism, and the connection of the church with the state acted as a terrible blight. "Within less than a century the pulpit was so far degenerated that sermons were preached on such subjects as the cultivation of the potato, the profit or loss in raising tobacco, the best management of animals, and the like." Fifty years ago, a theological professor declared that out of one thousand of his students, he knew of only one who could be said to be truly godly; and D'Aubigné states that at that time there were not two hundred ministers in all Germany who preached the gospel of Christ. Of the present religious condition of that country we need not write, inasmuch as that subject was dealt with in the last number of this magazine. It may be interesting to state that the German preachers rarely announce their texts at the commencement of the discourse; the sermon being preceded by a few "quickening thoughts," after the delivery of which the congregation arises and a brief prayer is offered, and then the dissertation begins. Ordinarily the Germans preach with much animation, without stiffness or restraint, and their discourses are aimed at the heart. Of Luther, as a preacher, it has been said that for thirty years he was the greatest orator living. "His manly form, his piercing, fiery eye, his penetrating voice, his powerful and acute mind, his logical talents, his poetic genius, and his sincere, hearty, earnest manner, all combined to make him one of the most impressive preachers that the world has ever beheld." Melancthon's discourses were like the man, sweet and gentle; Philip James Spener was compared with Fénelon for his "sweet and devoted spirit," and his "pure eloquence." Herder's style was more finished, and his oratory was also more fervid; Reinhard's more sermonic—he was "confessedly one of the princes among the pulpit orators of Germany." Several volumes of sermons by various German evangelical preachers, are published in English—one of the best is Tholuck's "Light from the Cross"—and from these our readers may gather the peculiarities of style of the modern German pulpit.

France, it has been supposed, heard the gospel long before it was brought into Germany; from whom, we do not stay to speculate. The condition of the pulpit prior to the Reformation was not more favourable than that of the Germans. Alas! France has bitterly persecuted

Protestantism, and slaughtered some of God's noblest saints. Who has not heard the horrible story of the butchery of the five thousand Huguenots on St. Bartholomew's Day, 1572, in the city now being threatened with bombardment? Let us pass by these harrowing scenes of persecution. Religion of a kind, walked during the last half of the eighteenth century in silver slippers. Royal patronage was given to the great preachers whose eloquence was unsurpassed. "Pulpit eloquence never won such brilliant achievements. The French sermon of this period was as distinctly marked in the matter of rhetorical finish, as was the Greek drama in the days of its glory. The pulpit was the grand point of attraction. Around it gathered rank and fashion, and royalty, and the greatest scholars, and critics, and artists, all equally thrilled and astonished and delighted." But the gospel was not preached, and therefore the impression made was not of lasting worth. John Calvin did ten thousand times more by his useful commentaries than the finest pulpit orators to whom delighted Frenchmen have ever listened. As a preacher, he was simple and practical, slow in delivery, and destitute of the arts of rhetorical display. The polished, flexible eloquence of Bossuet, the "Philosopher, Orator, and Poet," was pre-eminently of a character to charm the ear, but not to affect the heart. How much might such a skilled speaker have done to advance the cause of Christ in France had he used his talents in defence of spiritual religion! But "God hath chosen the weak things of the world to confound the things which are mighty." His masterly funeral oration for the Prince of Condé, delivered at Nôtre Dame, before Louis XIV. and his courtiers, is interesting only as a sample of an extraordinary flood of eloquence. It was thus described:—"As the orator advances he gathers strength by the force of his movement: his thoughts bound and leap like the quick and impetuous sallies of the warrior whom he describes; his language glows and sparkles, rushes and rejoices, like a free and bounding river, sweeping in beauty through the open champaign, gathering volume and strength from tributary streams, glancing through green meadows and dark woodlands, rushing through forests and mountains, and finally plunging, with resistless force and majesty, into the open sea." Bourdaloue, of whom it has been said that if he won the applause of the great, he hung it as a garland upon the cross of Christ, was recognised as the reformer of the French pulpit, inasmuch as he aimed to preach his Master instead of indulging the people in monkish legends. His influence was very great; his sermons, it would appear, most useful. Equally devotional were some of the discourses of Fénelon and Dr. Abbadie; and judging from the latter's sermon on the sacrifice of Abraham, and Superville's discourse on Christ, the only way of salvation, it is a pity that we have not an English translation of all their sermons. Massillon's sermons are better known among us, as also are Saurin's and Vinet's. Vinet, who left his professorship of the French language in the University of Basel, for a theological professorship in Lausaune, has been styled, "the Chalmers of Switzerland." As the sermon selected as a sample of his powers by the compiler of the book under review, is not in our view one of the best, we offer the following extracts from the preacher's superb "Gospel Studies:"—

CHRIST CRUCIFIED.

Jesus Christ may be compared to a mountain, from the top of which the eye takes in the whole extent of the country, and reaches to its utmost limits. At the very first platform which you reach in your ascent, your eye carries you farther than it did at the base, and every step enlarges your horizon; but if you would take in the whole view, you must climb to the very summit. There you see all that you saw from a lower level, and you see moreover what could not be seen anywhere else. Now the highest summit of Jesus Christ, if we may so speak, is Jesus Christ crucified. From the highest we see all that can be seen, and know all that can be known. The view which we enjoy at this high elevation combines and comprehends the whole. If we would know what man is, where can we learn better than from the unutterable horror of that death in which extremity of pain is aggravated by extremity of disgrace, while ingratitude and treachery wring out their bitter draught in the cup of sorrows; that death to which both honour and commiseration are denied, and from which God himself turns away and withdraws his consolations? If it is because of man that a being perfectly righteous suffers all these things, say what is man; how desperate must be his disease, and yet how great his dignity and primeval excellence! Even in the view of God, what must that being be, for whom God himself has consented to die? Behold, then, and say, Here is man!

THE SUFFERING CHURCH.—THE SUFFERING HEAD.*

Christ is still here below. Christ is still detained in mortal flesh. His glorious resurrection rescued him from the power of the grave; his glorious ascension has withdrawn him from earthly eyes; everything is accomplished, for what he has done is all-sufficient. But Christ is in the person of the church, his own successor. The church is a body whose head is in heaven. The church militant has inherited the condition of Christ, humbled and suffering. Here, below, it represents its divine chief as Son of man, and will represent him as such to the end of the world. It is doubtless to Jesus Christ what the body is to the head, which communicates motion to it, and determines all its acts; but it is not less closely united to Christ Jesus than the head is to the body. It does nothing by itself, but does by him whatever it does upon the earth. It continues his work, but by him and for him. It is the whole body, but it is not the head. And while Jesus Christ, the head or chief, reigns in the peace and glory of heaven, the body which is the church, remaining upon the earth, suffers upon the earth all that Jesus Christ would suffer if he were still upon the earth; for, having the same spirit, invoking his name, waging the same combat with error and sin, it must have the same enemies, encounter the same obstacles, arouse the same hostility, endure the same passion. It must endure all that, otherwise it is not the church. The agony of Jesus Christ must continue in the person of the church, otherwise there is no church. The Head being living, the body must live, and living upon the earth, lead an earthly life, that is, suffer. This it is that is *wanting* or that remains to be suffered, since Jesus Christ has suffered. Here is a sign that his work is being done upon the earth; here the flaming but glorious seal which the Master stamps on those who are his; here the means which the church has of corresponding with its Head.

We would recommend to some enterprising publisher the translation of Vinet's Sacramental Meditations, which we believe have not had as yet an English dress. Mr. Dickinson has published in his "Foreign Protestant Pulpit," several admirable discourses by Protestant pastors now living in France. The French style of address is very different from our own, but there is much in the discourses of M. Bersier,

* "And fill up that which is behind of the afflictions of Christ in my flesh, for his body's sake, which is the church." Col. i. 24.

Monod, Grandpierre, and Pressense, from which all men may learn. May many such preachers be raised up in France to give her that gospel which more than anything else will save her from her national vices and follies!

Although *Ireland*, from obvious reasons, has not been blessed with many great evangelical preachers, there have been a few whose services to the cause of Christ ought not to be forgotten. The most successful Irish preachers have not remained in their native land, but being wanted in England, have come over to this country. "British thought and Hibernian illustration," and we may add Hibernian impetuosity, are the main characteristics of the Irish preacher's efforts. Jeremy Taylor, though not an Irishman by birth, laboured as a bishop in the Emerald Isle, and his exuberant fancy has made his sermons too valuable to be neglected by the student. To our mind, his illustrations are worth all others of the same era; they grow more naturally out of the subject, and are more pertinent. His brilliant powers led to a profusion of ornament—as in Dr. Guthrie's sermons, the thought is often buried by the adornment. Dean Kirwan had the credit of being the best preacher of charity sermons; his extraordinary eloquence produced "an astonishing sensation" on such occasions. An Irish orator says of him, in the true Hibernian strain, "He called forth the latent virtues of the human heart, and taught men to discover within themselves a mine of charity, of which the proprietors had been unconscious. He came to interrupt the repose of the pulpit, and shakes one world with the thunder of the other. The preacher's desk becomes the throne of light."* At one of his charity sermons he thus remonstrates with his hearers that he should have to urge them to do that which they ought voluntarily and without solicitation to perform: "Why has the pulpit been obliged to descend to the very language of flattery, in order to extort from your vanity what it is hopeless of obtaining from a principle of religion? Why is it become necessary to hold out, on almost every occasion of this nature, the too dangerous doctrine, that 'Charity covereth a multitude of sins,' and thus run the hazard of misleading you on the subject of your own salvation, in order to force you to become the instrument of salvation to others? Why are we obliged to use the arts and colouring of profane eloquence, to make appeals to your passions, to search and probe the great body of human misery to the bone; to bring it, I may say, before your hearts, naked and expiring, quivering and disjointed; to expose all its miseries and horrors, to mingle our own tears with the tears of the unhappy objects that invoke us? And after all, why do we often fail—yes, most deplorably fail? Why does misery often perish in the horrors of famine? or what is infinitely worse, shoot up in swarms of infamy and guilt?" What a powerful appeal this must have been for some such institution as that commended so often to our readers, the Stockwell Orphanage! "I want the power of determining you," he exclaimed at the close of his sermon, "of melting you down to the extent of my wishes. God has not given it me. If he had, be assured I would use it. I would encircle you with my little clients, hang them on your garments, teach their fatherless arms to entwine about your

* Grattan.

knees, their innocent eyes to fasten upon yours, and their untainted lips to cry, 'Mercy, for we perish!' Do you think you could resist? I would bid you observe the force of nature in the breast of a parent. Mothers crying to you with extended arms to save their children. 'No, think not of us,' would they say, 'we are satisfied to suffer. Let us expire if you will, we shall expire in peace; but save, O save our children!'" Perhaps some equally powerful appeals heard in our places of worship on behalf of systematic beneficence—the great want of our churches—might equally arouse men to the luxury of doing good and living as faithful stewards of the Lord's bounty. Our notice of the Irish pulpit would not be complete without a reference to Dr. Alexander Carson, with whose piety, usefulness, and scholarship, no Baptist should be unacquainted. Strangers who went to Tubbermore, attracted by his fame, returned exclaiming, "The half had not been told us," such a torrent of magic thought, "says an appreciative writer," would he pour forth in a style of burning, blazing, volcanic eloquence."

When we come to consider the character of the *Scottish* pulpit, we find more in which to rejoice. Never in any country of the world, probably, has the pulpit effected such changes as in Scotland. Once it was the boast of the Papists that that country had always "bene clene of all sic filth and vice" as Lutheran doctrines; now it may fairly be retorted that no country is so "clene of all sic filth and vice" as popery. The dawn of a brighter day began with the resolute Protestant John Knox. One of the most interesting objects in Edinburgh is to be seen in the Antiquarian Museum, where among other curiosities peculiarly objectionable to the Covenanters, such as thumb-screws and the "maiden," or grandmother of the French guillotine, is Knox's famous pulpit from St. Giles' Church. Fit symbol this of Knox's preaching—solidity; it is made of solid oak, and it seems likely to be as enduring as his fame. He only published one discourse, for the preaching of which he was arrested, and at the close of which he said (alluding to the fact that the exiled for Christ were being shot at by the guns of the adjoining castle), "Let us pray with heart and mouth, Almighty God, and merciful Father, etc. . . . Lord, unto thy hands I commend my spirit; for the terrible roaring of guns, and the noise of armour, do so pierce my heart that my soul thirsteth to depart." From the days of Knox to those of M'Cheyne, Scotland has had a succession of worthy preachers, who if not always brilliant, and often dry, were imbued with a deep love for the truths of Scripture. The Scotch are an eminently theological people; he who is not a clear-headed theologian will, in preaching to them, pass through various stages of distress, up to and including the agony of fear. If in their zeal for metaphysics, they make love metaphysically, as Sydney Smith observed of them, we need not be surprised that they hear preachers and judge them in the *abstract*. The "knuckle-end of England," however, has produced some of our wisest and most sinewy theologians. If they lack in warmth and impulsive fervour, they gain in massiveness and correctness: and the saying is undoubtedly true that, "If one wants to know *what* to say he must go to Scotland, but if he desires to know *how* to say it he must come to England."

Of the *Welsh* pulpit we need only remark that it has been powerful for good to a degree only fully ascertainable by a Welshman. For warmth,

illustration, vigorous appeal, it has not been excelled; but the language, so soul-inspiring to those who understand it, is so barbarous to those who are ignorant of it, that one is glad to find that it is likely soon to become obsolete.* And yet he who has watched—as we have more than once—the play of light upon the features, and heard the responses of Welshmen thrilled with emotion while listening to a voice that can exhaust all the variations of the gamut, will never forget the exciting scene.

The *American* pulpit is so much like our own, having the same elements of strength and of weakness, that we need not stay to describe it.

A Puritan Tradesman of the City of London.†

BY G. HOLDEN PIKE.

DURING many generations the archives of the British Museum and of Guildhall have retained certain dingy but neatly written manuscripts, which the lynx eye of modern research has just discovered and given to the public. As relics of our fathers, and as speaking to us in the language of other days, such treasures are as valuable as they are interesting. They contain the gossip—too frivolous, indeed, for historians to meddle with—which affords a welcome insight into national history. The closely-written folios now particularly referred to were composed in his leisure by Nehemiah Wallington, a thrifty turner and citizen of London, who flourished in Eastcheap during the former half of the seventeenth century. Born at the close of Elizabeth's reign, he probably but just began to run alone when the great Queen sank into the grave. The Wallingtons were a godly household, and Nehemiah proved the sterling character of his parents' teaching by continuing through life an uncompromising Puritan. His devoted mother died during his infancy; but, "brought up in the ways of God, like young Timothy," her son never departed from the faith of his fathers.

The family were parishioners of St. Leonard, Eastcheap, and, loving their parish church, destined, alas! to perish in the great fire, they filled their pew Sabbath by Sabbath, like Christian and loyal citizens. The locality they inhabited possesses many interesting associations. In Saxon times Eastcheap was a market of some importance, and in the days of the Tudors it was regarded as the merriest quarter of London. Our ancestors, it would seem, loved to meet on convivial occasions in a cook's shop rather than in a tavern parlour, and of old Eastcheap was the rendezvous of cooks. It was there they tempted visitors with their viands, and there many a farmer from the far distance has rejoiced over the quality of a London dinner.

* We can scarcely imagine what our Cambrian brethren will say to this, but we are so alarmed at the prospect, that we leave the responsibility of the sentiment entirely with the writer. Shall the language of Paradise ever perish? O thou sad Leach!—EDITOR.

† Historical Notices of Events Occurring Chiefly in the Reign of Charles I. By Nehemiah Wallington, of St. Leonard's, Eastcheap, London. Edited from the original MSS., with Notes and Illustrations. By Rosomond Anno Webb. Two vols., post 8vo. London, 1870.

In his youth Nehemiah entertained some notions against the desirability of a married life—notions not uncommon among those Puritans who thought they could better serve God in a single condition. Such opinions had root in nothing deeper than eccentricity. They were innocent of anything like prejudice against marriage after the Romish model, but they did represent much of self-denial. In this instance the unnatural scruples vanished as the subject of them matured in judgment, and he wisely took a comely maiden for a life companion. His days now glided smoothly onward, the wife being a thrifty housekeeper, and the husband an industrious citizen, whom the hour before sunrise often saw at his calling. Those were days when shop, warehouse, and home were covered by one roof, the era of rural villas for London tradesmen being as yet but the imagining of a Utopian visionary. Nehemiah zealously redeemed the time in order to improve his spare hours with the writings of certain masters in Israel, and in composing the voluminous diaries now in “the immortal custody of the press.” Loving literature himself, he sought to awaken a passion for books in others by now and again presenting to a friend some godly treatise. If we regard Wallington as a type of his class, we shall be instructed by observing what means he used to repress human failings. According to his own testimony, he inherited a “hasti crabbit nature,” then, as now, doubtless comparatively common, but the manner of combating the enemy was no less novel than effective. His Bible taught him the wisdom of not resisting anger with anger. A soft answer turneth away wrath; but if your moral nature is not rich enough to yield anything so sterling, then silence is the next best thing. When wrath threatened to gain the mastery, this good turner would hasten into a separate room and remain alone till it subsided. For a similar purpose he would walk abroad, or what is still more singular, he would even go to bed and lie there till his good humour returned.

Wallington married early, his nuptials having been celebrated about the time of the accession of Charles the First. Soon after settling in the happy home at Eastcheap, London was desolated by an outbreak of plague, which swept the citizens into eternity by tens of thousands. While the shade of danger darkened all homes, this family treasured up many pious maxims, to make less fearful the appalling gloom. When the distemper reached its height, and terror paralysed the authorities no less than the populace, all was quiet and order in this household. Gravely and sadly did the turner return to his craft each morning, thankful that his life was still prolonged. As for dame Wallington, she would urge her maid to observe a circumspect walk in life; for, “Ruth,” she would say, “how doth thou know but thou mayest die this sickness time?” Even when the mortality subsided, and only a few cases darkened the weekly bills, the claims of religion were still gently enforced. “Only two or three may die, but remember, Ruth, you or I may be one of those.” The dreaded fatal day arrived, and carried mourning into the home in Eastcheap. A child died. The mistress narrowly escaped. Yet in comparing these sorrows with the superior trials of others, consolation was not wanting. In some quarters the population was well-nigh annihilated. A specified court in Whitechapel was cleared of the whole of its inhabitants. But the trials by death and

sickness, recorded by Wallington, it will not be necessary particularly to notice. He gave attention to the plague, to blazing stars, to noises and sights in the air, between which and human calamity the Puritans recognised a mysterious connection. A falling meteor, a strange comet, a shower of enormous hailstones, each and all carried special meaning. We may, however, disregard the alloy of superstition while admiring the old trader's trust in God under all circumstances. Under private, as well as under public calamities, he drew comfort from the perennial spring of Scripture; and while profiting by his experience, we may well rejoice that promises which gladdened this Eastcheap trader have lost none of their potency in the lapse of centuries.

Concerning the Puritans, as they were in every-day life, one incident will probably bear mentioning, as it affords an example of their manner of dealing with dishonest servants. At one crisis in Wallington's life, business was slack and housekeeping expensive. All his affairs seemed tending in a wrong direction. Money had to be paid away, but though work was doing, the incomings were unsatisfactory. Though the deficiency became larger, no remedy appeared. Pecuniary difficulties even bred dissension, and trouble followed on the heels of trouble. Then the truth came out. The inconvenience sprang from a dishonest servant who had pilfered sufficient from his master's accounts to set himself up in business. The usual way of the world would have been to send the unjust steward for transportation, but such was not the way of Nehemiah Wallington. He would not even discharge the man without a word of advice and warning. For three hours was this injured master closeted with the man who had wronged him, and we cannot doubt that the words spoken in mercy were abundantly fruitful.

Though he records his troubles with some minuteness, Wallington would seem to have braved them manfully. While for deliverances he was ever thankful, the adventures he experienced in this respect were of a nature to awaken gratitude. Once, on being "surety for a stranger," he was threatened with an execution for £80, on account of the alleged flight of the accused, who, however, turned out to be dead. After being rid of this perplexity he became entangled in the meshes of the Star Chamber. There, likewise, circumstances befriended him, and even when apparently all went wrong. Puritans of this calibre never showed themselves greater than when in trouble; Christianity turned simple tradesmen into heroes. To them the Bible was not only a rule of conduct, but a well-spring of comfort. From its pages they derived daily strength, as shepherds of old drew water from Jacob's well.

As though providence recognised his benignant dealing with a fellow sinner, prosperity now smiled on Wallington's trade. He mentions as an extraordinary circumstance the fact of having received as much as eight or even ten pounds in a single brisk day. Consequently he had enough and somewhat to spare. He continued to give laborious attention to his business, and his manuscript diaries evince that his literary diligence was correspondingly commendable.

Wallington had a keen eye to detect the tendency of public events. Though a Puritan in practice he was still a churchman, and while loving a just monarchy he showed sufficient enthusiasm in the cause of the Parliament to denounce the royal forces as "wicked wretches"

and malignants. Moreover he hated Papists with a right royal hatred, and with Papists he would not have hesitated to class the Laudian innovators. Such a bent of mind probably too readily interpreted as judgments of God what were merely natural phenomena. Thus when extraordinary storms swept over the country by which people were killed or maimed while sitting in church, such visitations were thought to denote the frowns of heaven at strange doctrine. To this class of events belongs an amazing disaster which appalled the Londoners during Wallington's early days. In the year 1623, people contemplated with much distrust the popish tendencies of the court, and the very name of Rome was intensely hated in Puritan circles. In Whitefriars, a notorious neighbourhood, there existed a rendezvous of the priests, where, one day in October, a certain Jesuit was announced to officiate. The service was held in an upper room, and being gifted and eloquent, the preacher attracted a congregation of three hundred persons. Many Protestants, more curious than wise, helped to swell the assembly. All went on comfortably till about the middle of the sermon, when the Jesuit took occasion to revile the memory of one Dr. Sutton, who as rector of St. Mary Overie, had been an enemy to Romish pretensions, and who had lost his life at sea. As already pointed out, religious partisans of the seventeenth century too readily made calamities serve their purpose by representing them as judgments of heaven on those of an opposite way of thinking. "He (*i.e.*, Dr. Sutton) was drowned in the sea because it was not worthy that the earth should receive him," cried this enthusiast of Rome, excited by his own rhetoric. Just at that moment crack went a beam, and crash went the building; and in a twinkling the whole was a heap of dust, bricks, splintered timber, and mangled bodies, a hundred of which were taken out dead. There was then a way of reckoning ten days later than the calendar, and that made the day fall on the fifth of November. This coincidence of date between the accident and the gunpowder treason of Guy Fawkes was noted by many grave persons, and among the number of these was Nehemiah Wallington.

While studying the peculiar traits of the Puritan character, we cannot but be struck with the straightforward manner in which they offered prayer. Praying in simple faith, they seem to have expected answers as naturally as a sower expects a crop. Thus, for example, a leading spirit of their number is sick. Six surgeons attend in helpless concern. After special prayer on his behalf, the patient revives, and his recovery is understood to result from God's interposition. The altered state of the nation for the better in the spring of 1640 was also accounted for in the same manner. The assembling of a parliament; the willingness of the king to receive petitions; the refusal of patriots to pay iniquitous taxes; the growing unpopularity of prelacy; the collapse of the venture against Scotland; the opposition of the populace to crosses, images, and altar-rails; the return of Puritan prisoners in triumph to London, and numberless other matters, were regarded as answers to the cries of the faithful in that year of prayer, 1640. Whatever may be charged against them, it cannot be said that the Puritans neglected seeking divine direction in the crisis of the nation's trial. The spring of 1641 was also memorable on account of the imposing gatherings held in the city for the purpose of offering public prayer.

Even the youth and the apprentices assembled at Dyers' Hall, and there implored Almighty God that the wisdom of English Ahithophels might be turned into folly.

An onerous task fell to the lot of the Long Parliament when it set about restoring order and confidence to a nation undone and distracted by misgovernment. The religious destitution of certain districts was as astonishing as it was lamentable. Report said that there were only thirteen regular preachers in the entire Principality; and as for England, the tables in her Parliament-house ere long were burdened with nine hundred petitions from parishes desirous of being relieved of scandalous pastors. A sample of this species was John Finch, of Christchurch, London, the catalogue of whose crimes against decency and good citizenship, cannot be detailed with propriety. The clergy were as grasping as they were ignorant and incompetent. One rigorous exactor of tithes in Wiltshire had not given his parishioners a sermon for twelve months.

The jottings of Wallington supply some information of the revolutionary tumult which disturbed the city in the spring of 1641, when the King was exerting what remained of his power to save Strafford from the popular fury. Nehemiah was of the number who armed and hastened to Westminster on hearing it falsely reported that the House of Commons had been fired by Papists. He was also among those whose spirits fell when it appeared likely that the enemy of the people would escape punishment. Strafford doubtless inherited a subtle intellect, and he turned it to a wicked account. He was hated to a degree we can scarcely understand. The people condemn a renegade; but not only as a turncoat did they abhor Strafford. Every tongue was telling of his abominations, and a story which especially shocked the citizens, and Wallington in particular, may be given here; for it will be an index to the nature of the man who rose into too high favour with our easy-going and unfortunate Charles the First. A certain Irish pastor possessed a living of the yearly value of £400, and on this the Lord Lieutenant cast his greedy eyes, and offered to make a purchase. Though balked at first in his endeavours to obtain possession, the procedure subsequently followed was worthy of the genius of Ahab. The doomed clergyman was a great admirer of fine horses, and, knowing this, Strafford instructed his man to tempt the churchman to buy an unusually rare animal, which he did, and handed to his master the purchase money—£20. The groom was surprised at receiving a gift of double the value of the horse, and being requested to settle in England, he retired asking no questions, and ignorant of the wicked business he was so terribly aiding. The witness gone, Strafford immediately charged the vicar with theft, had him arrested, and committed for trial. The jury, however, scenting something wrong, refused to find the prisoner guilty; whereupon they were fined, and even whipped until one or more of their number died. Another jury of the earl's choosing finding a verdict as desired, the clergyman was hanged as a common felon, his family were driven from their home, and Strafford, like a true descendant of the husband of Jezebel, took possession of his iniquitous prize.

The tide of the prosperity of the wicked had now turned. Strafford was executed, and people rejoiced at his fate, believing that he had a share in the massacre of the Protestants. Of the ensuing civil war,

Nehemiah was a keen observer, and his notes supply some side views of the national life during that excitable period. The Puritans proved that they are the best soldiers who have the most thorough abhorrence of war. Long ere the troubles began many were sufficiently prescient to foresee the conflict which ensued. Indeed, even dull minds, acquainted with the English character, might have prophesied some popular ferment to result from the gross tyranny and interference with the liberty of the subject characteristic of the civil and ecclesiastical government of Charles the First. "This is too hot to last," grimly remarked Burton when he descended the scaffold without his ears. Troubles thickened, but the Londoners rejoiced on hearing that the peasantry refused to enlist against the Scotch. Anon, they were alarmed at the approach of the Spanish squadron.

War came at last, and though London escaped the inconvenience of a siege, the city was necessarily touched by sharp adversity. Severe trial darkened the hearth of the turner's family in Enstcheap. News came of the murder of some relatives in the Irish rebellion. One royal comfort remained to the numerous families similarly afflicted—the blood of those devoted Protestants was not shed in vain. Its shedding stimulated the populace to contribute money and forces against a ruler who, report said, connived at the atrocities committed. Thus the Parliamentarians partially regarded the war as an anti-popish conflict. They held the name of Laud in extreme ill-odour, and behaved roughly towards such churches as were decorated after the Laudian model. Conscience dictated the demolishing of altar-rails, as well as the tying of images and crosses together for the purpose of dragging them through high-streets in triumph, and then of lighting them in market-places, as flaming beacons to warn the people from popery. In all towns held by the Parliament, Romanising preachers risked interruption in their public labours. Yet none could escape smarting beneath the iron hand of war. If the country round York was grieved at the presence of the cavaliers, the capital was not exempt from misery and danger. Peace-loving citizens went armed to worship, and even while assembled in their churches, Puritan congregations risked molestation by wild-fire. Through all this political and social unrest Wallington, like so many of his class, was resigned, hopeful and calm. In adversity he was ever thankful for what good remained. "It is of the Lord's mercy that we are not consumed," he would exclaim, or use some similar words of comfort. He had the happy knack of always looking on the brightest side, and he who can do that has constant occasion for happiness. Looking one morning from his chamber window, the street of London Bridge appeared as a sea of flame, nearly fifty merchants' homes and shops being on fire. Thousands of spectators were appalled and distressed, but, exclaimed Wallington, "Let us praise God for sparing Thames-street."

It appears from Wallington's life, that one of the perplexities common to Puritanism during the war time, was the peril of having a homestead burned. Many tasted a bitter experience. On the contrary, stories were told of instances wherein the thatch and timbers of the faithful refused to ignite. A farmer of Lancashire, whose barns and stack-yards were newly stocked, once found himself attacked by Rupert's troopers. They vainly tried to annihilate his home and property by fire.

Five times, said the neighbours, was the torch applied and without effect.

As we read of those seventeenth-century days, and of the stout hearts which made them famous in history, our hearts warm with gratitude, and we learn to revere more and more the memory of our noble Puritan forefathers. Their rough experience is not only fraught with interest, but now and again the events of their every-day life in war illustrated the chastest sayings of their greatest teachers. "Children sometimes get a fall, and go home by Weeping-cross," said Brooks. To make gain out of calamities is a near cut in the same direction. Cavaliers were not averse to seizing cattle and other property, for the purpose of selling them at thieves' prices. But is not the receiver as bad as the thief? A certain butcher of those times once bought a drove of fat bullocks on terms as specified above, and supposed to be highly advantageous. While driving them home with a light heart, he met another troop of Rupert's heroes, whose standard of honesty was identical with those with whom he had just traded. They took the liberty of relieving him of his cheap bargain, and the butcher went home *via* Weeping-cross.

Then again, those stout warriors would have maintained that bravery risked less than cowardice. At the battle of Edgehill, the Royalists suffered severely, but the bulk of those who fell among the Parliamentarians were said to be runaways.

In the meantime, from his warehouse in Eastcheap, Wallington sadly looked out on the national disasters. How he hated war, and how he looked and listened for signs of peace! Yet, while he, and such as he, bewailed the national disputes, they vehemently advocated the prosecution of the war against the enemies of the church and of social order. How far justified they were in their procedure, the daily bearings of the Cavaliers abundantly showed. A Cavalier was only happy when his conduct was the reverse of Puritanism. Because a Puritan was correct in his daily life, a Cavalier must needs turn sin into a science. It came to pass, therefore, that the most intolerable burden which their enemies could impose on a godly household, was the billeting on them of a company of troopers. Not satisfied with ordinary fare, they demanded the best. They monopolised the best accommodation, while their drunken fits and blasphemous bearings were daily crosses and a constant source of terror.

Our pious turner, after living to see the rise and setting of the Commonwealth, died, as is supposed, in 1658. He continued to the last steadfastly adhering to his principles; and that in the main, those principles were worthy of respect, we cannot doubt. In his esteem, Papists were priests of Baal, unjust rulers were upholders of the kingdom of darkness. He may have entertained exaggerated prejudices against crosses, altar-rails, and organs; but in all these things we gladly excuse him, seeing how, in our own more enlightened days, men can play with ecclesiastical toys to the eclipsing of Christ. We cannot afford to be too hard on Laud and his followers, while, at our very doors, Ritualistic innovators, with mock solemnity and shameless brows, are supplying us with popery second-hand.

We close with thanking Miss Webb for the volumes, which with so much patient industry and literary tact she has recovered from the oblivion of our national archives. The book is full of interest for general readers, and must not be neglected by future historians.

A Page of Illustrations from Foster's Cyclopedia.

EXCHANGING CROSSES.

ONE complaining of the burden of life, is represented as receiving instruction from an angel in a dream. She was taken to a place where lay myriads of crosses, and told that she might exchange her own for any she chose. She laid aside her own and took up a jewelled cross, but soon began to totter under its great weight, and was glad to lay it down and take up another of chased gold. This was even heavier than the other. She next chose a cross of flowers, but its thorns pierced her flesh, and became unbearable. She said, "Why need I have any cross?" The angel answered, "No cross, no crown." She soon discovered a plain cross, with the word "Love" engraved upon it in letters of gold, took it up joyfully, saying, "I can bear this." She found that she had chosen her own old cross again; it fitted her exactly, and she was convinced it was the best for her to bear."

PROMPT OBEDIENCE.

A story is told of a great captain, who after a battle was talking over the events of the day with his officers. He asked them who had done the best that day. Some spoke of one man who had fought very bravely, and some of another. "No," he said, "you are all mistaken. The best man in the field to-day was a soldier who was just lifting up his arm to strike an enemy, but when he heard the trumpet sound a retreat, checked himself, and dropped his arm without striking the blow. That perfect and ready obedience to the will of his general is the noblest thing that has been done to-day."—*Oxenolon*.

CHRIST SUFFERED FOR US.

On one occasion during the war between the forces of Great Britain and Tippoo Saib, several British officers were taken prisoners, among them one named Baird. One day, a native officer brought in fetters to be put upon each of the prisoners, the wounded not excepted. Baird had been severely wounded, and was suffering from pain and weakness. A grey-haired officer said to the native official, "You do not think of putting chains upon that wounded young man?" "There are just as many pairs of fetters as there are captives," was the answer, "and every pair must be worn." "Then," said the officer, "put two pairs on me; I will wear his as well as my own." The end of the story is, that Baird lived to regain his freedom, lived to take that very city; but the generous friend died in prison, he wore two pairs of fetters! But what if he had worn the fetters for all in the prison! What if, instead of being a captive himself, he had been free and great, and had quitted a glorious palace to live in their loathsome dungeon, to wear their chains, to bear their stripes, to suffer and die in their stead, that they might go free! Such a thing has been done. For all who receive the grace of God's Son, the chains are struck off, and the prison is thrown wide open.

DELIGHT OF REPENTANCE.

"Which is the most delightful emotion?" said an instructor of the deaf and dumb to his pupils after teaching them the names of our various feelings. The pupils turned to their slates; one wrote "joy," another "hope," another "gratitude," another "love." One turned back with a countenance full of peace, and the teacher was surprised to find on her slate the word "repentance." He turned to her, and asked why it was the most delightful emotion. "Oh!" said she in the expressive language of looks and gestures, "it is so delightful to be humbled before God."

Letter from the Seat of War.

MAYENCE, Nov. 12th, 1870.

To the Editor of "*The Sword and the Trowel*."

DEAR SIR,

It may be of some interest to your readers to receive some particulars respecting the circulation of the Scriptures among the soldiers of the German and French armies. Immediately after the declaration of war, the Committee of the Bible Stand, Crystal Palace, made arrangements for having portions of the New Testament, and chiefly the four Gospels, circulated gratuitously among the combatants, and among the sick and wounded. On August 25th, I left London, and ever since I have been daily engaged in distributing the incorruptible seed of the Word of God. At first, I travelled in various parts of Germany, visiting the hospitals, as well as the fortresses where the French prisoners are kept. It was our principal desire to secure to each of these captives the possession of a gospel, and in this I have succeeded thus far; free access to the various fortresses was granted to me, as a special favour, by the ministry of war. The prisoners are comfortably accommodated in the casemates of the fortresses, or in large tents outside the towns. One would, however, not expect them to feel happy, nor do they, separated as they are, by at least 500, and may be quite 1000 or 1500 miles from their own homes. You may, therefore, easily imagine that they must have been glad to receive the Word of God in their own tongue from me. Here, in Mayence alone, there are 21,000 French prisoners, among whom I have distributed 19,000 copies of the gospels or other portions of the New Testament. These little messengers of peace and goodwill, are most thankfully received, and the utmost gratification is generally evinced by the recipients, and it was very pleasing to see sometimes whole groups of these poor fellows earnestly reading the books I had given them. The whole number of French prisoners amounts at present to 332,000, and the number of gospels we have circulated hitherto among them reaches to about 200,000 copies.

Throughout Germany hospitals of greater or minor size have been established, for the relief of those of the wounded who could be safely conveyed a considerable distance from the seat of war, while in the towns adjacent to the frontier, chiefly at Saarbrücken, Carlsruhe, Darmstadt, Mannheim, Mayence, Coblenz, Bonn, Cologne, Elberfeld, etc., etc., the more severe cases are attended to in very large lazarettos, being either temporary buildings erected *ad hoc*, or else public establishments, such as schools, meeting-halls, etc., set aside for that purpose. There are also a great many hospitals in Alsace and Lorraine, which are still crowded with sick and wounded, who were too weak to be conveyed to Germany. In these hospitals no distinction is made between German and French wounded, and the spiritual help I have been conveying to the afflicted has also been distributed just as indiscriminately to friend and foe alike. Upwards of 200 hospitals I have visited hitherto, and it has not been my only object to give to these victims of this terrible war the printed books, but also to impress upon their minds the sinful state of their heart, and the necessity of seeking Christ as their Saviour, who alone can give them rest. On many occasions I have had to add physical assistance to the spiritual help I brought them, by aiding in dressing wounds, applying bandages, etc.

Among the German army which invested Metz, we have circulated, with the aid of the military pastors, field-preachers, "deacons," "deaconesses," and missionaries, nearly 100,000 copies of portions of the New Testament, and I have no doubt the good seed has fallen, in many instances, upon fertile ground, for the soldiers are now seriously disposed and willing to listen to the truth. I made a missionary tour round Metz, having my books carried upon farmers' carts, and visited Mars-sur-Moselle, Corny, Zouy, Gorze, Rezonville, Vionville,

Gravolotto, Verneville, Jouaville, St. Ail, St. Mary-aux-Chenes, St. Privat, Remilly, Courcelles, Laquenexy, St. Barbe, etc. etc., all places in the neighbourhood of which the most terrible battles took place, and where wounded and sick soldiers were still to be found in great numbers.

For the soldiers around Paris I took with me 81,000 copies of gospels and other portions, and 1,820 whole New Testaments. This tour, from which I have just returned, was somewhat cumbered with difficulties, the distance being very far, and the means of locomotion interrupted. However, I succeeded in getting my stock of books where I wanted them, and I was amply repaid for my trouble in seeing the avidity and eagerness with which the soldiers received them. At Versailles, the head-quarters of the King of Prussia, I distributed a good number among the sick and wounded who are located in the picture galleries of the palace. I went from bed to bed, and from ward to ward, saying a word in season to all, and I had the great joy to be permitted to point many a poor sufferer to the Lamb of God that taketh away the sins of the world. After having made the missionary tour around Paris I returned to Germany, where I am now again working among the French prisoners and the sick and wounded.

On the whole, I have no doubt this work will prove beneficial to all the thousands to whom it affords spiritual relief in the hour of their sufferings, and will tend, in a certain measure, to promote the restoration of the true Christian faith in the land of Luther and Melancthon. In France, also, it is sure to produce a healthy effect; the combatants will carry the little books home with them from the camp, the prisoners from the depôts, the wounded from the hospitals, and to all of them they will be like monitors telling them of past sufferings and future blessings. The whole number of books distributed by the Committee is about half a million.

I am, Dear Sir, yours in Christ,

J. ALEXANDER.

Agent for the Committee of the Bible Stand, Crystal Palace.

Offender for a Word.

WE have during the last few days had vials of the hottest wrath poured upon our head for writing a sentence or two which we little thought would prove to be the cause of such commotion. Feeling that in the choice of men for the London School Board great discretion should be used to select men of fitting abilities, and with sufficient time at their disposal, we ventured to commend a candidate, and we also took occasion to say that we thought there were so many other persons qualified for the work that it would be unwise to elect the ministers either of the Dissenting or the Established churches. The unhappy sentences in which we expressed this last obnoxious opinion are these, which even now seem harmless enough to us. "I am sorry to see on the list the names of clergymen and Dissenting ministers. If their places of worship are full they will have abundance of employment for their time in attending to their congregations; and if they are empty they will do well to use their strength in filling them; when we have so many able men ready for the office it seems a pity to call away preachers of the gospel from their spiritual engagements." We have preached many sermons from texts, but on this occasion we have produced the text and others have preached the sermon. It appears that in these sentences we have written *dishonestly*, inconsistently, and absurdly, not to mention ever so many other adverbs. We are made out to mean that no preacher ought to do anything outside of his congregation, ought never to write books or tracts, or give a lecture, or found a school, or do anything but his own pastoral duties towards one congregation, and then our own course of action is

very easily shown to be inconsistent with such teaching. We hope that all texts are not handled in the same way in public discourses, or there is no cause for wonder that divers and diverse doctrines abound. We wonder it did not occur to our critics that we are not quite so far bereft of reasoning faculties as to commit such a gross self-stultification.

Not with any view of defending ourselves, but solely that we may not with any reason be further misunderstood, we beg to say that all we meant was that in this case we do not think ministers are called to leave their spiritual work to become the directors of a movement which can just as well be managed by others. We do not undervalue national education, we prize it highly, and hope for the best results from it; neither should we object to ministers sitting upon the Board, if there were any occasion for their being there arising out of the scarcity of proper candidates; but to the preacher of the gospel it is most important not to be needlessly entangled with the things of this life, but to make his ministry the one work of all his days. In doing this he will, in too many cases, have to attend to many secular duties, because no suitable persons are forthcoming to fulfil them. When a missionary finds himself among uncivilised tribes he is in the pursuit of his one object, even when he makes bricks, delves the soil, or retails garments to the people. A pastor in a rural district may be doing well to conduct a secular school himself, if there be no funds to pay for a teacher, and no voluntary hands adapted for the work. Any and every needful piece of secular good-doing lies within our province, but this by no means militates against the rule that the more we are set free from such engagements the better. The wise pastor oversees all, but leaves details to his helpers, even as the apostles left the distribution of the alms of the church at Jerusalem to the "seven men of honest report," that they might give themselves continually to prayer and the ministry of the word. Paul is praiseworthy for earning his own bread by tent-making with a special end in view, but had he consented to receive a sufficient temporal maintenance from any of the congregations of Macedonia or Asia so as to be set free for constant preaching, he would never have thought himself justified in setting up a tent factory, even with the philanthropic view of bettering the general accommodation of soldiers during campaigns. "This one thing I do," was his motto; you could not have tempted him from his preaching even by the offer of a seat in the Roman senate, though it was very desirable to have good men there.

In our own case, the establishment of a college in which to educate young men, was a needful step in the spiritual training of the church under our care, and in all but its finances the duties involved upon us are purely spiritual. The Lord has very graciously delivered us from pecuniary care by the continuous gifts of his servants, so that year by year we are no more distracted from our work than was Paul when he was teaching Timothy; it is in fact a prominent part of our life-calling. The Orphanage was forced upon us by Providence, and was none of our seeking, we were bound to accept the work from the way in which it came to us, and it was demanded by the size and poverty of our own congregation; from the first, the trustees have borne the burden of the business arrangements, an admirable master has eased us of all the internal care, and the bounty of the Lord has not allowed even a feather-weight of financial anxiety to disturb us. We do not feel that either of these institutions hinder our ministry, but are delightful fields for the fulfilment of it. So, too, in all that we write for the press—we keep the one point in view, and dare not do otherwise. If we wrote secular books we should feel that we had diverged from our road, but in spreading the gospel with the pen our one object is just as much answered as from the pulpit. We see a difference between all such labour and that involved by ministers becoming needlessly members of vestries, poor law guardians, and members of school-boards. Where there are no other proper persons, the preacher may be justified in turning aside to such duties, but in London, with a teeming population perishing for want of the gospel, the

winning of souls will not permit of the preacher's doing work which can be done by others. To conduct the School Board well will take more time and energy than the preacher of the gospel ought to be able to spare. Of course, there is no legal rule as to how his time shall be spent, but supreme devotion to his high calling will make him feel that all his time is little enough for spreading abroad his Master's word, and without such supreme devotion he is out of place in the pulpit. No squeamishness about the dignity of the cloth ever afflicts us, the distinction of lay and clerical we utterly reject; but we see no cause to retract the opinion that in the case under consideration our ministers will do better to promote the election of men of honest report and suitable capacity, than to enter the lists themselves with the view of reaching a position which must involve onerous duties, and make large demands upon their time. If, however, any brother thinks us mistaken, he may console himself with the belief that it is one of the unavoidable afflictions of a candidate for public office to listen to opinions which do not contribute to his serenity.

C. H. S.

Reviews.

THE Second Volume of "The Treasury of David," being C. H. Spurgeon's Exposition of the Psalms, from Psalm XXVII. to LIII., is just ready as we go to press. Price 8s. Passmore and Alabaster, 18, Paternoster Row.

Breviates; or, Short Texts and their Teachings. By P. BENNET POWER, M.A. Hamilton, Adams & Co.

It is always a pleasure to read Mr. Power's writings. He is not only a gracious writer, but his anointing is with fresh oil. Life, fervour, joy, gleam on every page. The present is one of the best of his books, and all that we know of its predecessors are good, very good. Happy are the people who listen to the late incumbent of Christ Church, Worthing, if they regularly hear sermons equal to these *breviates*.

A Winding Rill of Thought in relation to Nature, Providence, and Grace. By a LADY. Simpkin, Marshall & Co.

A VOLUME of poetry. Alas for us that nature has constructed us of such rugged rock that we do not feel the influence of poetic zephyrs, but need at least a Miltonic hurricane to make us sensitive to the power of poesy! What, then, must we do? We remember the shoemaker who made a wise remark about the sandals of a statue; the sole, the strap, the buckle, these were in the cobbler's line, and hence his notes were worth hearing; we will imitate him and simply review the piety, the doctrine and the experience of this volume, for these we may humbly aspire to know something of, and they are faultless. A

gracious heart, long discipline on a sick bed, and a growing reverence to the sacred word have tuned the harp which here pours forth its music. "Heart Melodies," a companion volume, we reserve for future investigation and notice.

Model Women. By WILLIAM B. ANDERSON, Author of "Self-made Men." Hodder and Stoughton.

MR. ANDERSON is a very successful book-maker, and knows how to produce a volume which will command readers. In the present instance he has extracted the interesting points from the lives of Susanna Wesley, Eliza Hessel, Mrs. Fry, Miss Sieveking, Hannah More, Mrs. Grant, Madame Stael, and more than as many besides of good and honourable women, and he has put these forward with considerable force and vivacity. We have followed him with pleasure through his lists of domestic, philanthropic, scientific, and holy women, and we can with the utmost impartiality award his work our warmest commendation in this department. We are not, however, sure that any sort of good is done by the attempt to make women political. We hope we shall not live to see Amazons either in the parliament, the pulpit, or the army. As to whether men and women are naturally equal, we should say "yes, especially women."

Incidents in the Life of Edward Wright.
By EDWARD LEACH. Hodder and
Stoughton.

IN these pages it would be superfluous to commend the facile pen of our constant contributor, Mr. Leach, but we may venture to say that he excels most when dealing with the incidents of evangelistic effort among those of humble life. This biography was a subject directly in his range, and he evidently entered upon it *con amore*. If we did not know Mr. Wright, far better recognised as Ned Wright, we should doubt the actuality of many of the marvels of wickedness here detailed. We shall not be surprised if some of the statements should be challenged, for we, with all but unbounded faith in author and hero, are compelled here and there to question their literal accuracy. Certain is it that Ned Wright is a wonder of grace, and one of the most powerful instrumentalities now employed by God on the south side of the Thames. We have for him the deepest regard and the highest admiration. We glorify God in him, and anything which concerns the work of grace in him thoroughly interests us. This book will be sure to command a very large sale, and to awaken in thousands an interest in the Apostle of the New-Cut.

Spanish Pictures Drawn with Pen and Pencil. With illustrations by GUSTAVE DORÉ, and other eminent artists. Religious Tract Society.

IN this delightful volume many attractions meet. Spain is just now the most interesting of European nations, for to her ancient romance and poetic charms she is adding the brilliant hopes of future progress. Such a land deserved to be traversed by a writer with fine taste, keen eye, and a gracious heart, and such a one is the author of the book before us. Since, however, the most graphic pen must of necessity fail to set forth the glories of ancient architecture, the weird landscapes, and the picturesque costumes of the land of the Cid, it was a happy hour in which the unrivalled Gustave Doré was engaged to illuminate the pages with his masterly pencil. Add to subject, author, and artist, the best efforts of the paper maker, the printer, and the binder, and

you have before you this gem of books; no, we are mistaken, you have it not till you have ordered it of your bookseller, as you are sure to do if your drawing-room table needs a worthy ornament, and your tasteful mind a feast most rich and rare.

The Metropolitan Tabernacle: an Historical Account of the Society from its first planting in the Puritan Era to the present time; with other Sketches relating to the Rise, Growth, and Customs of Nonconformity in Southwark. By GODFREY HOLDEN PIKE. With an Introduction by C. H. SURGEON. Passmore & Alabaster, 18, Paternoster Row.

THIS half-crown's worth of Tabernacle history should, without fail, be in the hands of all our members; and there is a wider circle of friends who will be glad to peruse it. It is not alone the history of the church at the Tabernacle, but of all the old Baptist churches of Southwark. Mr. Pike has mingled diligence with prudence, and has given facts rather than legends. We find a difficulty in reviewing his work because we are necessarily made so conspicuous in it, but we believe the verdict of the public will be that it is a book which should have been written, and is written as it should be. Our friends the publishers have done their part with even more than their usual taste and excellence of workmanship.

The New Testament translated from the Purest Greek. By JOHN BOWES. Dundee.

WE are not inclined to judge harshly of this book, quite the contrary, as the translator, at any rate, is honest, and executes his work to the best of his judgment. One extract will show the character of the work.

Matt. iii. 1, 2:—"And in those days comes John the Immerser, preaching in the desert of Judea, and saying, Change your mind, for the reign of the heavens has drawn nigh."

We admire the attempt at faithfulness, and are glad to see the foreign word "baptist" put out, and a translation given; this we hope the present revisers of the Bible will have the honesty to do also, as we would rather see any translation than none at all; our wish being if a word means "sprinkler" to have it

put so, but if not, either let them translate it fairly, or confess inability for the work in hand. We are glad, therefore, to have the translation thoroughly executed. But we are not so well pleased with the scholarship and judgment displayed in the effort. Change for its own sake is to be deplored, and we think that frequently renderings are here given simply because they are new. The task undertaken in this book is evidently a delicate and difficult one, demanding much learning and great discretion: we cannot, however, find these manifest here, and therefore, while admiring the translator's honesty, we think he has failed in his attempt.

Ad Clerum. Advices to a Young Preacher. By JOSEPH PARKER, D.D. Hodder and Stoughton.

ON this subject Dr. Parker was entitled to speak, and in this volume he has spoken with his usual force. Young men must be great dolts if they can read his advice and derive no profit from it. Our grief that Dr. Parker should have gone aside to certain modern heresies is intense, and we pray that he may soon see his way out of them. Nothing of that mischief appears in this work, to which we hope to return on another occasion.

New Cyclopædia of Illustrations, adapted to Christian Teaching. By ELON FOSTER, of New York. London: Dickinson and Higham, Farringdon Street.

A VERY useful addition to the library of the Pastor, the Lay Preacher, and the Sabbath School Teacher. So huge a collection contains, of course, many well-worn anecdotes and metaphors, but upon the whole, though not so remarkable for freshness as for comprehensiveness, it will be a godsend to very many. To those who can afford its purchase it will be a garden full of flowers. If anything, it has too much of quotation from *Spurgeon* in it, a fault which our readers will probably excuse. To our mind it is a more usable book than "Spencer's Things New and Old," or "Bates' Cyclopædia," though we value both those goodly volumes. It is much of the same class as our "Feathers for Arrows." A few tempting extracts will be found on another page.

Sheaves from the Harrest Fields of Sunday Schools.

Morgan and Chase have issued some ten or twelve very cheap, pretty, and gracious children's books, the whole constituting an admirable series, under the above heading. We cannot spare space for all the titles, but they are all good. They appear to have been the result of a prize competition, and if so the experiment will well reward a repetition. Messrs. Morgan and Chase, we wish you every success, and the compliments of the season.

Bible Wonders; by R. NEWTON, D.D. *Drifting and Steering*; by LYNDY PALMER. *The Magic Shoes*; by CHAUNCEY GILES. *Gate of Pearl*; by the same; and also the *Wonderful Pocket*. *Little Effie's Home*; by the author of *Bertie Lee*. Oliphant & Co., Edinburgh.

HERE is quite a little library for Tom and Maggie, and so beautifully bound, too. The whole six would be a glorious Christmas-box, but even one would be sure to make eyes glitter, and little hearts rejoice. Mr. Editor, have you honestly read all these six books through? No, Maggie, I have not, but I feel sure you will, if papa buys them for you. When I get a little taste of a cheese I know whether my friends will like it, and having poked my book-taster into these, I think they will suit you and Tom.

Hours of Christian Devotion. Translated from the German of A. Tholuck. By ROBERT MENZIES, D.D. William Blackwood & Sons.

To us, estimating books by the standard of the heart, this is *the* book of the season. We have only read a portion, but we find it marrow and fatness. Here is no dry theorising or dead philosophising, but vital truth, glowing with every charm of grace. The pages are rich, pre-eminently rich with unction, and full of experimental truth. No believer who gets the volume will soon have done with it, if he be of our mind. Thanks be to God, Germany is rebuilding what it once laboured to destroy. Our only regret is that the chapter on baptism, and certain other blurs, should be present; however, nothing is perfect but that which cometh altogether of the Lord.

The Life of Arthur Tappan. With preface by NEWMAN HALL. Sampson Low, Son, and Marston.

THE biography of a man, firm, resolute, philanthropic and eminent. To those who remember the anti-slavery struggles

of years gone by, this will be a work of great interest; indeed, all lovers of their race will be glad to see how the battles of justice are fought, and how true heroes demean themselves.

Memoranda.

THE number of boys in the Orphanage is now 176; a few more are waiting till the Infirmary is completed, but for the present all new applications must be declined.

The other day the following discussion occurred at the Orphanage. C. H. S. had promised that he and Mrs. Spurgeon would spend Christmas-day with the boys, and have a grand holiday. Dreadful discovery—Christmas-day falls on a Sunday! Then C. H. S. must be preaching, and the day is sacred, and so there can be no holiday. Suggested that we had better keep it on Monday. C. H. S. proposes Tuesday. Proposal unanimously rejected on the ground that it is so late. Difficulty that there would be no time to make the plum-puddings on the day, and as the day before is Sunday, we must give up pudding. Case met by the proposal that the aforesaid pudding could be made on Saturday. Cook to be consulted. Further suggested that if any person has a box or two of oranges to spare, there are friends at the Orphanage who will guarantee that they are not spoiled if forwarded on the 22nd or 23rd December. Some youngsters ready to guarantee it with personal responsibility to see the matter attended to. Modesty hardly permitted the juvenile debaters to declare that it would be very nice to have a Christmas tree, but even orphan boys are fond of nuts, cakes, raisins, etc. When put to them, carried without a dissentient. Great question awaiting solution! Will any good angels be found to leave any of these dainties at Stockwell? General, unanimous and hearty expression of "We hope so." C. H. S. also hopes so. Means to see about it. A merry Christmas and a happy new year to all friends.

The young gentlemen of Dr. Cave's Finsbury College have sent a donation to the Orphanage. Might not some other schools follow the example?

During this month we have toiled to our utmost strength, and even beyond it, to aid the churches of our denomination in London which are in debt, and our efforts have been tolerably successful; but the general scheme needs a great deal of pushing, which we mean to apply as soon as

our personal effort is over. Surely our richer friends in London will come to the rescue of our poorer brethren in this needful work. Would to God that all the interest of the debts could be paid by our wealthier friends for five years, and in that time the worst would be over.

On Monday evening, October 24th last, Mr. Norris was recognised as pastor of the Baptist church, Bedminster, Bristol. Two sermons were preached on the Sabbath preceding by Mr. Rogers of the Tabernacle College. On the Monday evening G. H. Leonard, Esq., presided. Prayer was offered by Pastor R. Glover. Mr. Booden, the senior deacon, made a statement on behalf of the church. Prayer was offered by Dr. Gotch of the Baptist College, Bristol. The charge to the pastor was delivered by Mr. Rogers, and that to the church by Mr. Howard Hinton, M.A. Congratulatory addresses were given by Messrs. J. Penny, Clifton; G. Wood, of Bedminster; and R. P. Macmaster of Counterslip. This cause has already been greatly revived under the ministry of Mr. Norris, and great hopes are reasonably entertained of permanent success.

A bazaar was held on Wednesday and Thursday, October 5th and 6th, at Faversham, Kent, on behalf of the building fund of the proposed new Baptist chapel in that town—£90 were realised by the sale of useful and fancy articles. Contributions towards this object will be thankfully received by the Pastor, A. Bax, 10, East Street, Faversham. This is one of the most deserving efforts in the county.

The Colportage Association deserves a hundred times the support it now has. We wish some person, less loaded than we are, would take up the enterprise. There ought to be a society for it as large as the Religious Tract Society. If it is worth while to print books, it must surely be equally important to sell them.

The Day of Prayer of the London Baptist Association was full of life and power. At the Communion, at least, two thousand friends communed. To God be praise.

Baptisms at Metropolitan Tabernacle by Mr. J. A. Spurgeon:—October 27th, nineteen; November 3rd, thirteen.

Pastors' College, Metropolitan Tabernacle.

PRESIDENT—C. H. SPURGEON.—NUMBER OF STUDENTS, 85.

Amount required for Students during the year, about £5,500; the rest will be devoted to building Places of Worship.

Statement of Receipts from October 20th, to November 19th, 1870.

				£	s.	d.					£	s.	d.
Mr. T. Harvey	5	0	0	Rev. E. J. Silverton	0	10	0
Bristol	0	2	0	An Admirer of Illustrated Almanac	0	5	0
Mrs. J. G. Conder	3	3	0	Mr. T. Barnes	1	1	0
Mrs. Camps	3	0	0	A Friend, Brighton, per Pastor H. R. Brown	0	5	0
Mr. James Salvage	1	0	0	Friends at Maryport	1	0	0
Mr. W. Thomas	0	4	5	Miss Pringle, per Pastor W. C. Bunning	1	0	0
H. A.	0	5	0	Mr. W. C. Pitt	0	10	0
Dinah	1	0	0	Mrs. Elliott, per Lieutenant Moleworth	0	5	0
A Working Man	0	4	0	Mrs. Bydewell, Collecting Box	0	5	0
S. G., per Rev. E. Spurrier	1	0	0	Mrs. Bickmore	2	0	0
Mr. W. Knight, per Pastor E. Spurrier	1	0	0	W. Llanvapley	0	10	0
Mrs. Harris	0	5	0	Collection at Eld Lane, Colchester, per Pastor E. Spurrier	5	12	0
Mr. J. Wilson	0	7	6	Mr. R. Shayer	2	10	0
A Thursday night hearer	5	0	0	Weekly Offerings at Tab., Oct.	23	40	0	5		
Collected by Miss Jephys	1	5	0	" "	30	32	3	11		
Miss Burls	5	0	0	" "	Nov.	6	40	0	5	
Trophimus	1	0	0	" "	13	25	14	6		
Mr. Draustfeld	2	2	0							
Charlotte Ware	0	7	6							
S. B. P.	0	10	0							
Mr. J. B. Thomas	0	15	0							
Mr. J. Banger	1	1	0							
Mr. C. Griffiths	1	1	0							
Mr. E. Johnson	2	10	0							
							<u>£197 15 2</u>						

Stockwell Orphanage.

Statement of Receipts from October 20th, to November 19th, 1870.

				£	s.	d.					£	s.	d.
Mr. Young, Collecting Book	2	10	0	Mrs. Mary Jones	0	5	0
Mr. T. Harvey	5	0	0	Mr. J. Wilson	0	7	6
An Old Nurse	1	0	0	Mr. C. H. Wiele	0	3	0
J. C.	0	10	0	A Thursday Night Hearer	5	0	0
A Sinner saved by Grace	0	2	0	Miss Burls	2	10	0
Mr. T. Heath	1	1	0	Mrs. Smith	0	1	1
Mrs. Heath	1	1	0	Mr. Chew	2	10	0
Miss H. Heath	0	10	6	Miss Pringle, per Pastor W. C. Bunning	1	0	0
Miss Annie Heath	0	10	6	Collected by Mrs. Vynne	0	11	0
Master S. Mann	0	1	5	Proceeds of Band of Hope Concert at Ecton, per Mr. Field	0	16	0
H. A.	0	5	0	Pastor J. N. Bacon	0	10	0
Stamford Hill	0	5	0	M. H. N., per Rev. J. N. Bacon	0	10	0
A Lady at Surroy Chapel, per Mr. Charlesworth	10	0	0	Mr. J. Fellows	0	2	7
Mr. T. Barnes	1	1	0	W. K., per Mr. Young	0	5	0
Mr. W. Pitts	0	5	0	J. G., Psalm XXXIV.	0	3	0
A Thankoffering, Wantage	1	1	0	Mr. E. Johnson	2	10	0
Mrs. Carruthers and Friends	21	0	0	Mrs. Silverton	0	10	0
Mr. Buckmaster	0	10	3	E. K.	0	10	0
Miss Buckmaster	0	5	3	W. A. M.	0	3	0
Miss S. Seaman	0	8	0	Mr. M.	0	5	0
Mr. J. Green	0	11	4	Mr. and Mrs. D. Mc	5	0	0
The Misses Emily and Kate Nyo	1	0	0	The Pupils of Mr. Thomas W. Cayo	1	8	0
M. A. O.	1	0	0	Mr. B. Shayer	2	10	0
A Country Minister	0	2	0	H. S. S.	0	5	0
Mr. Joseph Wates	2	3	0	Legacy, late Mr. S. S. Allen, per Mr. W. C. Allen	25	0	0
Mrs. Joseph Wates	1	1	0							
Mrs. Harris	0	5	0							

£ s. d.			£ s. d.		
Contributions at the Ceremony of Laying the Foundation Stone of Devonshire Square Chapel, <i>continued</i> —			Collected by Mr. Reading 0 14 6		
Rev. W. T. Henderson 5 5 0			" Miss Hutchings 0 16 10		
Mr. Monekton 0 5 0			" Mr. Ashton 0 5 1		
J. W. M. 0 5 0			" Miss Bennington 0 16 8		
Mr. Morris 1 0 0			" Mr. Outridge 0 8 0		
Mr. C. Clark 1 0 0			" Master C. Spurgeon, Maldon 0 13 0		
Mr. Johnson 3 0 0			Miss Edo 0 19 9		
Mr. G. Hunt 1 0 0			Rev. D. Ashby 1 1 0		
Mr. Johnson 1 0 0			Mrs. Cullum 0 2 0		
Mr. Sheriff Owden 2 2 0			Mrs. Best 0 2 0		
Mr. Jones 2 2 0			Mr. and Mrs. E. Bult 1 0 0		
Mr. Alderman Besley (late Lord Mayor) 10 10 0	27 0 0		Mrs. Wigginton 0 1 0		
Boxes at Tabernacle Gates 2 10 0			Mrs. Clarke 0 1 0		
Annual Subscriptions:—			Mrs. Stone 0 2 6		
Mr. Tidmarsh per F. R. T. 0 5 0			Mr. E. H. Morgan 0 1 0		
Mr. Gibson 0 5 0			Mrs. Dalntree 0 10 0		
Miss Winckworth 0 5 0			Mr. D. Russell 0 2 6		
Mr. Underwood 0 5 0	1 0 0				
					£144 15 7

For a Christmas Festival at the Orphanage.—Miss Peck £10.

Colportage Association.

£ s. d.			£ s. d.		
<i>Subscriptions</i> —			<i>Donations</i> —		
Mr. C. Waters 0 10 6			A. 1 0 0		
Mr. T. E. Davis 1 1 0			Miss Burls 2 10 0		
Mr. B. Stringer 0 10 0			Trophimus 1 0 0		
Mr. T. Heath 0 10 6			Mr. J. N. Carter 2 0 0		
Mr. Raines 2 2 0			Lieutenant A. O. Molesworth 0 10 0		
Mrs. Dodd 0 5 0					
North Wilts District, per W. B. Weering, Esq. 5 0 0					£16 19 0

Orphanage Infirmary.

£ s. d.		
Mrs. Blackney 1 0 0		
W. C. W. 5 0 0		
Mr. Chew 2 10 0		
The late Harold Drako's Purse 0 10 9		
		£9 0 9

Golden Lane Mission.

Mr. W. J. Orsman, 153, Downham Road, London, N., thankfully acknowledges the following Donations:—

£ s. d.			£ s. d.		
Rev. J. C. Means 0 5 0			Collected by Miss M. V.—		
Mr. E. Tozer 0 10 0			" Mr. G. Vickress 10 0 0		
Mrs. H. Van Hager 7 0 0			" Mr. T. W. Elliott 0 10 0		
Mrs. Timaeus 0 10 0			" Mrs. Knell 0 10 0		
F. J. 1 0 0			" Mr. Neal 0 10 0		
Miss J. Burls 5 0 0			" A Friend, Surbitor 0 10 0		
Mr. J. Wilson 10 0 0			" Miss Gillman 0 2 6		
Mr. R. A. James 2 2 0			Mr. J. Wilson 0 5 0		
Mrs. Louisa Blair 10 0 0			J. W. K. 0 2 0		
Miss W. Adair 0 10 0			" Harry 0 10 0		
F. 0 4 0			A Friend, per J. G. 2 0 0		
Messrs. Shrimpton and Hooper 0 5 0			Mrs. W. G. Gibson 10 0 0		
" A " 2 0 0			E. M., and Parcel of Sermons, &c. 0 5 0		
M. J. M. 0 5 0					
Collected by Miss M. V.—					£68 17 8
" Mr. T. Vickress 2 2 0					

Subscriptions will be thankfully received by C. H. Spurgeon, Metropolitan Tabernacle, Newington. Should any sums be unacknowledged in this list, friends are requested to write at once to Mr. Spurgeon. Post Office Orders should be made payable at the Chief Office, London, to C. H. Spurgeon.