

THE

Sword and the Trowel;

A RECORD

OF

COMBAT WITH SIN & LABOUR FOR THE LORD.

EDITED BY C. H. SPURGEON.

1870.

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

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P R E F A C E.

ESTEEMED READER,

Throughout another year you have kindly welcomed our monthly compilations of stirring words, and current histories; we trust you have been in some measure interested and benefited. We can truly say that we have aimed at edification in every monthly issue, and never at mere amusement. The responsibility of catering for so many readers month by month is not light in our esteem, and we write the preface of another Volume with reverent gratitude to the God of all grace for sustaining us to this hour. While thanking our Greatest Helper, we cannot forget also to tender thanks to many earnest friends for increasing our circulation, cheering us with kind words of encouragement, and aiding us by their contributions.

This Magazine has not been conducted in a timid, crouching spirit, neither have we pandered to popular tastes. Some of our articles have brought down upon us upbraidings which we have borne without regret. Our reviews, when we have felt conscientiously bound to censure, have cost us many a postal lecture. We are not, however, penitent; we have nothing to retract, but doubt not that we shall sin again; we would not needlessly irritate, but we will not be silent in the presence of error, neither will we bespatter with flattery where honesty demands denunciation. A magazine which is not outspoken, and is destitute of principle, is a literary nuisance. We use the *trowel* wherever we can to aid every good cause, but we have a *sword* also and mean to use it. We expect to receive blows, and therefore when we do we are not overwhelmed with dismay. Christ's truth is too dear to us for us to flinch from its defence. In the widespread defection which is now so sadly apparent in certain quarters, we see not only signs of coming struggles, but calls to duty, stern and arduous, from which only cowards will desire to be excused. The ancient faith, assailed by foes on all hands, must not lack for champions.

This year the wants of the College have, through the bounty of the Lord, been met as they have arisen. There can be no doubt that the Orphanage attracts to itself much that would otherwise have gone to train the Lord's servants, to found churches, and open new places for preaching the gospel; but this need not be if all believers who value the Institution will give the Lord his tithe in a conscientious manner.

Our heart's longing is to see the College become more and more a Mission to the outlying places, both at home and abroad, and it may be, in answer to prayer, the Lord will make it so. This year, alas ! many a good opening has been missed from want of funds ; but it was necessarily so, and therefore we submit.

As for the Orphanage, let it be spoken to the praise of our faithful God, all its needs are met even before they arise. This year the Infirmary has been built, and no debt incurred. Our joy of heart is great for this and for other marvellous favours. The Lord hath done great things for us whereof we are glad. From small beginnings great things have arisen. The widow's heart has been made to leap for joy, and the fatherless have blessed their helpers.

Our Magazine has been of great service to our two labours of love, the College and the Orphanage. By its means our friends have been informed of our requirements. Ten thousand thanks to donors great and small, who have not only sent their money, but added cheering words of sympathy, more to be desired than silver.

We launch upon another year confident in the God of our strength. Mental labour in preaching, writing, and caring for our work, often lays us low, but with God's own promise beneath us we rise again. Dear brethren, give the weary labourer the rich dowry of your prayers. Some of you do thus remember us we know : the Lord reward you for it. Many of our dear friends and helpers have gone to heaven this year, but more will arise to fill their places. Those who are fed by the weekly sermon will not let our students and orphans want ; and we hope the Colporteurs will not be forgotten.

With Christian love to friends each and all,

We are still your willing servant,

A handwritten signature in dark ink, reading "C. H. Spurgeon". The signature is written in a cursive, flowing style with a large initial "C" and a long, sweeping underline.

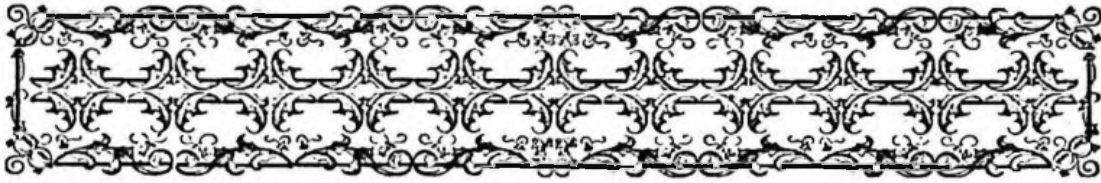
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THE
SWORD AND THE TROWEL.

—••••—
JANUARY, 1870.
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A New Year's Letter

TO MY MINISTERING BRETHREN.

BELOVED FRIENDS,

The season invites to renewal of spiritual life. It suggests freshness and awakening. As there was of old a time when kings went forth to battle, so are there periods when to gird up our loins anew is the order of the day. The furbishing of the armour, and the sharpening of the sword, are the duties now incumbent. Let the year of grace, 1870, be to us all a year of greater consecration, and more incessantly indefatigable effort for the great cause and kingdom of the Lord Jesus. To achieve this it will be most helpful to begin the year well, and to do this there must be holy resolve, and a settling of the whole soul to the work.

Being debarred from serving the Lord by my own public ministry, it has been laid upon my heart to endeavour to stir up my brother ministers to use increased diligence while they are permitted the great pleasure and privilege of preaching the word. It is a hard trial to be laid aside, and harder still if the heart be pierced with regrets for opportunities unimproved when health was in possession. That you may never know such poignant sorrows is my earnest wish, and to help in that end I ask leave to address a few words to you. I pray that every syllable I write may be approved of God, and may be by the Holy Ghost rendered serviceable to you.

It has struck me painfully, that for some little time a somewhat listless spirit has fallen upon many of the churches, and perhaps upon the ministers. A short time ago we heard more of special services, revival meetings, and aggressive efforts upon the world than we do at present; perhaps these may still be in full and vigorous operation among your people, but in many places it is not so; the pace of holy work has slackened, and the church is falling back into that dreary

routine which is easily reached and is so hard to escape. Nothing is more dreadful than stagnation, even heresy is not more deadly in its consequences. Sleep at the hour of battle would prove as disastrous to an army as the most deadly artillery. The spiritual morphia with which some churches appear to be drugged and drenched is for all practical purposes as injurious as the poison of infidelity. A church whose religion is mechanical and whose zeal is non-existent may soon become a nuisance but is never a blessing.

It may be a desponding fancy of a sick man, but my fear is, that we are many of us relaxing in our efforts for soul winning. We are not so bad as we were, but still we are declining from the proper temperature of zeal. Meanwhile our direst enemies, the Romanising Anglicans, have taken up the weapons which we have laid aside, and are making most ostentatious, and it is to be feared most successful, use of them. They are evidently wise in their generation, for they not only borrow from Rome, but they copy from us, as their late season of special services clearly testifies. Blending a little precious gospel truth with their thrice accursed sacramentarianism, and disguising their popery with evangelical phraseology, these wolves of Antichrist have worn the clothing of the sheep to serve their crafty ends. Is this permitted by our Lord to irritate us to a renewed activity? Does he thus chide us by causing us to see how others burn with zeal, and in their ardour compass sea and land to make proselytes? Does he not say to us, "Behold how these men are quick to adopt all methods; are ye, my servants, dull of understanding?"

Allow me, beloved friends, to urge upon you, with all affection, the adoption of special means for the conversion of your congregations. Despite the mischief done by wild excitement, there can be no question that the Holy Spirit does very graciously bless means prayerfully adopted by his servants, for arousing the church and ingathering sinners. Many pastors can bear witness, that persons who have remained undecided under their ordinary addresses, have been led to surrender their hearts to Jesus, at a special meeting where exhortation, persuasion, and instruction were all aimed at the seeker's spiritual good. If God had but blessed such services in the smallest degree we ought to repeat them, but as he has in many cases eminently smiled upon them, our duty is clear as the sun.

Will you not then, if you have hitherto omitted to do so, give serious heed to the suggestion that you should hold a series of services for calling in the careless population around you, and for leading to decision, under the power of the Holy Spirit, those who have heard in vain? To secure the ear of the outside world let all means be used. If men will not come into our chapels, let earnest services be held out of doors, or in halls, barns, or theatres, or wherever else the people will come. Every church should have its mission beyond itself upon some neutral ground for a week or two at least at this season. Were this done by every church, what a vast extent of new ground would at once be broken up! and be it ever remembered that virgin soil always bears the most luxuriant crop. Our congregations are like moors that have been shot over till little game remains, but the outside masses are like unbroken covers where every shot will have its reward.

Let our members be exhorted to assist us in drawing in the outlying

multitude to hear the gospel. Let them hold cottage meetings, tea meetings, and other gatherings, which they may be qualified to arrange or assist in conducting. To win attention from our neighbours it may be in some cases best to call in other preachers to give interest to the services. Certain individuals, whose gifts are of a special character, are better adapted for evangelising and exhortation than the best of pastors may be; we ought to feel no difficulty in accepting the aid of such brethren. A new voice may attract ears that have grown dull of hearing under us. An exchange with a trusty brother may be good for both congregations and both preachers. We would by any means save some, and therefore no stone should be left unturned. No personal vanity or jealous fear must prevent our accepting the aid of brethren whose adaptation to evangelising work may exceed our own. Who are we that our standing in the church should be of such consequence as to be preserved at the expense of souls? If men are but saved what matters it whether we be highly esteemed or little set by? I trust we are any or all of us willing to be made as the mire of the streets if the Lord Jesus may but have a glorious high throne in the hearts of the sons of men.

Certain of the performances of the late Ritualistic mimicry of dissent were singularly ridiculous. The candle business was enough to excite the derision of every sane man, and certain other tomfooleries were equally idiotic; they may serve as a caution to those eager but imprudent spirits in our own ranks who hope to gain the popular ear by advertising slang titles of sermons, and to impress the heart by mere rant and declamation. Solid Bible doctrine, with sober faithful utterance, will succeed better than all the claptrap and cushion-thumping of zealots. We want nothing vulgar, nothing theatrical, nothing in the Bombastes Furioso vein, in order to achieve success. The Holy Ghost sent down from heaven, ensured in all his plenitude of grace by the earnest entreaties of the church and the intercession of her Covenant Head, is our strength and pledge of victory: we dare not condescend to use unauthorised weapons when those appointed by the King himself are mighty through God to the pulling down of strongholds.

My dear brethren, how soon shall we be laid aside from our work, and that for ever! Few and golden are the hours in which we may manifest our loving anxiety for our hearers' souls. Our grave is preparing. Is our work done? If mine be accomplished, I tremble as I think how poverty-stricken my life has been, compared to my opportunities; and I pray to have my years lengthened, that I may render a better account of my stewardship. Your own feelings are much the same, and the more diligent you have been, the more surely will such confessions be made. None are content with themselves but those who ought to be ashamed. Alas! we have been unprofitable servants, and deserve to be dismissed the royal service. Let us not allow our reflections to evaporate in mere regret, but let us, in the fear of God, seek to be more diligent in the future. Meanwhile, if *we* loiter, death does not; our hearers are perishing before our eyes; and the millions are passing into eternal misery (yes, my brethren, we dare believe no less than *eternal* misery) as fast as time can bear them. Impelled by the love which brought our Master from his throne, and made him a sacrifice

for men, let us bestir ourselves. To us has he committed the word of reconciliation. We are ambassadors for Christ. Let us not bring contempt upon our office and reproach upon the gospel by a want of zeal; let us rather, by the good Spirit of the Lord, resolve to be instant in season and out of season.

Our private prayers, my brethren, must be more frequent and fervent. Could we not, as united in the one family in heaven and earth, enter into a brotherly compact to mention each other in our prayers at least once every day? Could not the months of January and February be specially marked by our reminding our people of our brethren in the ministry, both at home and abroad, and pressing upon them the peculiar needs of ministers, that they may join their prayers with ours that all the bishops, evangelists, and deacons of our churches may be thoroughly furnished unto every good work? The next three months would be a season to be remembered, if there should be unusual activity in all our churches, and prevalent intercession from all our members.

Brethren, what doth hinder us from receiving a great blessing? We are not straitened in God, let us not be straitened in our own bowels. For the love of our Lord Jesus, and the honour of his name, let us plead, and labour, and agonise, and believe, and the blessing will come, it shall not tarry.

Receive assurances of my purest and warmest love, pardon my forwardness in thus addressing you, and believe me ever to be your Brother and Servant for Jesus' sake,

C. H. SPURGEON.

A Visit to the Field Lane Refuge.

IT was a cold wintry evening in December. City clerks, whose hours of business are *not* from ten till four, with an interval for sandwiches and sherry, but who do the drudgery of commerce and receive the scantiest rations issued by that imperial potentate, were running homewards, in the hope of gaining heat and time. Errand boys, whose frolicsome humour is as irrepressible in the evening as in the freshness of early morn, were scampering, and dodging, and pirouetting, and buffeting each other in high glee, and with cheerful and untiring zeal for exercise, were wasting their juvenile energies, forgetful of the many miles of city streets through which they had that day trudged. The merry laugh of the shop girl, the loud shrill whistle of the boy who lives and rejoices in the streets, the brisk walk of the hungry artisan, and the swift hasty steps of the wearied clerk, contrasted favourably with the melancholy, sauntering gait of the half-clad poor, for whom there was no bright vision of a steaming kettle, a bustling housewife, and a tidy home. With such, that busy railway station over yonder in the Farringdon Road, is evidently an unknown institution, which has never assisted them to other scenes and brighter hopes. After all, how dismal the life in London, that is not relieved by a journey on a metropolitan railway! Who would for ever dwell in this vast Bastille of fog, mud, and dirty brick?

If there be one district in London which has been well-nigh "improved"

off the face of the earth it is this one. A new railway station, an extensive meat market, a marvellous viaduct and a score of new streets, have involved a demolition almost as great as that of M. Haussman in Paris. Hundreds of rickety houses long strangers to the virtue of cleanliness, and which were once swarmed by the poorest of the poor, have been removed. The vagrants, and the predatory tribes, who nestled loathsomely in the rookeries that until recently abounded between Holborn and Pentonville, have "moved on." Nobody knows and, alas! nobody cares what has become of them. They may be in our gaols—the refuge of the birds whose wings have been clipped by legal scissors; they may be in the convicts' hulks, musing over "the good old times" of lawless depredation; they may be still preying upon the more fortunate and more honest portions of the community, or skulking about, hungry and weary, aimless, ambitionless, hopeless, forsaken of God and man. Who knows?

What a strange contrast in this low locality between the bright-eyed artisan's wife who is tripping along to her home, and the homeless vagabond who is lounging half-dreamily at the corners of these alleys! One is surprised to see in the same thoroughfare the two representatives of almost distinct species of humanity. What home, in such a place, can it be that can claim such a cheerful housewife? Are not the houses mean, and the neighbours ill-natured and miserable? Is not the stench intolerable? Is not the atmosphere polluted beyond honest endurance? How easy to suppose that these dilapidated neighbourhoods, so dark and dreary, are untenanted by the honest, the clean, and the reputable? Yet as no desert is without its oasis, so there are few dark spots in the metropolis which are not the brighter for the honest, though humble, poor. God bless them, help them, and make them to shine as lights in the dark places of the city.

"My good woman," said the writer, as the said artisan's wife passed briskly round the corner, "which is Saffron Hill, and which is the Field Lane Refuge?"

"This, sir, is Saffron Hill, and t'other, sir—do you mean where they sleeps, and that?"

Yes, that was just the place we meant, and we were directly pointed to the direction in which it lay. Two persons, and only two, are ever troubled by me with questions as to streets and buildings in intricate neighbourhoods, unknown and unloved. They are policemen and women. Failing the policeman—and I would rather walk half-a-mile than miss him, for a policeman is a cyclopædia of information as to morally dubious localities—I have no patience to ask a man the route I should take, for either I receive a surly grunt, or an answer too elaborate to be of any use. I cannot be perplexed with such definite, such circumlocutory directions as—"Turn, sir, to the right when you have reached the fifth turning on the left, then cross over to the right, and go on till you have reached the second turning, and then keep on the left." Bradshaw is simplicity, and A B C guides interestingly clear, compared with such a director. If a tortuous way can be found, man will be sure to find it and to recommend it because it is the "nearest cut." I have no faith in "nearest cuts." Mr. Hypothenuse, who evermore seeks the sharp short ways of locomotion by saving corners, involves me and my

steps in inextricable difficulties. Give me a line and a turn, and then another line, even if it be five yards and four inches longer. I prefer the sensible advice of Mrs. H. to keep straight on, until I reach the nearest point to turn, and then if necessary to ask again.

There is no necessity to ask again this time, for a group of girls, huddling together for warmth, squealing and squalling and chattering—the normal music of poverty-stricken girlhood—are themselves living exponents of the objects of the institution whose high walls are before me.

“Which is the secretary’s office, my little girls?” I asked.

The girls stared. I saw that that word “secretary” was beyond their mental reach. So I tried again.

“Which is the office?”

Still a blank stare of astonishment and of wonder, and a muffled whispering. That word “office” was evidently unknown in their vocabulary. In my desperation, after finding the right way of putting so simple a question, I asked, “which was the gentleman’s room—Mr. Tawell, you know?”

“Oh, here, sir—try the other door, sir, for the gen’leman’s room,” shrieked a few of the enlightened girls, whose astonishment was no longer confined to the question, but to the questioner. How necessary, thought I, to have the gift of extreme simplicity of speech, when talking to the children of a ragged school! I must look up my Saxon and abjure every word that has a taint of Latin.

“The children of a ragged school!” What histories are their lives! What surroundings of infamy and misery do not their circumstances reveal! Do you want to see childish natures in their saddest manifestations? go to a ragged school. Do you wish to see cheerfulness and vivacity struggling to burst the bonds of misery and want? go to a ragged school. Ragged schools have broken down many theories, and not a few conventionalisms, and added new life to men’s creeds by giving an intenser sympathy with the needs of humanity. I begin to pity the minister who has never been to a ragged school.

The institution located in Field-lane is one of the most prominent of the ragged schools in the Metropolis. It was also one of the earliest in existence, and is now in its twenty-eighth year. It was commenced in a very humble way by Mr. Provan, the city missionary of the district, at a time when Field-lane was inhabited by more vicious characters than at present. For some time the only accommodation that could be afforded those who were relieved by the society, was a set of ill-ventilated and uncomfortable stables. Fortunately *The Times* lent its powerful aid, and through its appeal to the wealthy, the unprecedented sum of £12,000 was forwarded to the refuge. It was almost insolvent at this time, so that the money came at a suitable period, and enabled the managers to consolidate their position and extend the operations of the society. With the interest of this large sum they rented more suitable buildings. These they would probably have occupied until now, but for the fact that they were dispossessed of them by the Metropolitan Railway. This led to the erection of the present building—one of the noblest structures ever devoted to the shelter of the homeless poor and to the education of the children of the poverty-stricken. It is

constructed in four stories exclusive of the basement, is fire-proof throughout, and the rooms are lofty and commodious. It occupied us two hours and a-half to see over the institution, with its many rooms and departments of work, and to describe all that we saw and heard would require more space than our two papers can afford. We content ourselves this month with an account of *the educational portion of the work*, leaving the no less interesting subject of the shelter and evangelisation of the homeless poor for another paper.

No fewer than 1,400 day and evening scholars are on the books of this institution, a very large number indeed for one society, and suggestive of the mass of poverty and want to be found in the immediate neighbourhood. The children are classified, and are taught in three separate rooms. Will it be believed, that there is a *day school for babies*! We all know what a relief such a school must be to hard-working mothers, who gain their livelihood mostly by charring and washing. There are from fifty to sixty of these babies, who are under the entire charge of a nurse. Of course, babies cry, and need feeding, and comforting, and constant watching; all these are supplied. Their infantile wants are met lovingly and tenderly, and a due supply of milk provided for them by the monitors. Their little nurses who bring them to class are liberated to receive instruction in *the infant school*. The infant school is conducted by a lady teacher, who seems to have won the affectionate appreciation of both parents and children. The infants are taught reading, writing, and arithmetic, with sewing and singing, and they are instructed in the Scriptures, and in subjects which both educate their minds in natural objects and religious truths. The Lancasterian plan of employing monitors is adopted here. When the children arrive at the age of seven years they are deemed ripe enough for the upper school. From last year's report, we learn that the morning attendance at this infant school averages one hundred and eighty children; and the afternoon, two hundred and twenty; the highest number at one time being three hundred and fifty. A clothing club has been established in connection with this school, and over £12 were last year paid into this club by the children, and two hundred and ninety-seven garments were distributed in return, nearly all of which the children themselves had sewn. We saw some of these garments. O Mr. Secretary! are you training up these infants to be vain! You know well how to warm their little hearts and make them bubble over with delight. Such brilliant array! One may almost exclaim with amazement, "Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these," but then Solomon knew not frocks, and never attended a ragged school. Little frocks of sober hues, and tiny petticoats of many colours! Joseph's coat is evidently a model for these garments. I wonder not that the children look so delighted, as they survey such, to them, inestimable treasures. Behold how small a comfort may please a little girl! The matron informed me that a certain petticoat which she showed me was composed of one hundred and sixty-eight pieces, and these were as varied as the eye could imagine or the infant heart desire! O that one had Charles Lamb's power to immortalise that fancy petticoat!

The value of this infant school may be seen from the following cases. A poor woman lost her husband after a long and distressing illness.

Left with five children, only one of whom was old enough to go to work, what was she to do? They had been accustomed, prior to their father's illness, to receive good food and clothing; but now the mother had to part with her furniture for bread. She gave up her house, took a room near the Refuge, and obtained needlework. The difficulties of living solely upon needlework in London are such as to break down the spirits and the health of the most cheerful and robust. But for a widow, with five little children, such means of obtaining a livelihood are dreary indeed. What education could the wee things receive under such circumstances? Happily, in this case, the youngest child was received into the infant school; the eldest earned a little as monitor; the poor mother was thus helped in her difficulties, and was cheered in her struggles by the care taken of her children, and the education and the food given them. In another case a woman, whose husband was out of employment, had five of her seven children (under ten years of age), all attending the school, while the mother was taken into the sewing class and earned one shilling a day. Her baby was also taken care of and fed. By these means, the whole family was saved from the workhouse. The husband is now in employment.

The girls' day school is no less interesting. Great care is taken to educate the girls in the art of sewing, which branch of usefulness they would probably never acquire were it not for the lessons of the ragged school. The lavatory arrangements are so complete and extensive that the girls are kept clean, and so dirt is banished; while by the sewing classes, their clothes are improved, and, as the report says, "rags soon disappear." Great efforts are taken to clothe the children comfortably. Half-naked and shoeless, many of them come into the institution pitiable to behold, scarcely understanding the civilities and decencies of the respectable portions of the community, these soon rise to the desired level. Farthings and half-pence are stored up, and by the aid of Christian benevolence, garments are soon provided for them. Nine hundred and ninety-seven garments were thus distributed through the clothing society. All the provisions necessary for the making of soup for these little ones are gratuitously provided by kind friends. Thus, the steward of one of the metropolitan hospitals daily supplies meat that has previously been used for beef-tea; two city firms supply baskets of broken food; while the ever thoughtful, ever benevolent firm of Copestake, Moore & Co. furnish a daily supply which for a year has provided one hundred poor children with a good dinner. Special help has also been rendered by benevolent societies established for providing food for the hungry during the winter months. And thus the gathered-up fragments, broken, and but for this thoughtfulness wasted, become blessings to those who gratefully receive them. How much more might be done in this direction, were gentlemen living at ease to "consider the poor"! "The broken food supplied," says the Master of the Institution, "has literally saved the lives of many hundreds of children; and the meat dinners to the children, in the depth of winter, had a marked influence on the physical appearance of the children." A large milk-can—such as one sees on railway trucks—came in just as we were visiting the store-room, full of broken victuals—a rare medley—which had been preserved that day in one large house of business.

The stories that the children of this school might tell of the way in which they are brought up at home, or rather in many instances how they are neglected and abused by their parents, would be heartrending. Many of them are the offspring of drunken fathers—ay, and of drunken mothers, whose brutality towards their children is saddening. Many more have kind, though poor, mothers, who are anxious to see them become useful and industrious domestic servants. Not a few are orphans; indeed, we learn that at one period nearly one hundred motherless children attended the schools, one-half of whom were deserted by their fathers. Stagnation of trade, strikes, and sickness, are prolific causes of poverty; and during the last two or three years the London poor have suffered greatly from these causes.

In the large hall of this institution—a hall capable of holding in the area 1,500 persons—we saw *the girls' night-school*. This school was established for the exclusive benefit of girls prematurely sent to industrial occupations, and so deprived of the advantage of elementary education. There must have been, at least, two hundred of such girls, most of whom had come clean—a result that had, with a few, been arrived at with considerable difficulty, and even after every effort could not be considered a brilliant success. The girls seemed overflowing with happiness. The cheerful way in which they set to work told plainly of the interest which they felt in the school, and their determination to profit by the advantages presented to them. All the girls were very young—some were mere children, whom you might probably see in the streets selling fuses and newspapers in the day-time; child-labour is in demand in the metropolis as much as in agricultural districts. A young man standing before a desk read the Scriptures, and the children repeated the Lord's Prayer; after which the monitors, nearly all of whom were volunteers, commenced their work of instruction in sewing. Of this night-school, the secretary says: "Notwithstanding the many hours of the day in which the children are engaged, and the numerous inconveniences to which they are subject, many of them by unwearied efforts, have distinguished themselves by mental and moral improvement, and many others as the result of such religious teaching have evinced so pleasing a change in disposition, manners, and habits of life, as to encourage the hope that through the influence of the school, their principles have been so well grounded as in every stage of life to fit them to discharge their several duties with uprightness and integrity, and so to estimate this life as to regard it as a state of preparation for the life hereafter."

Then there is *an elder girls' industrial school*, conducted by young ladies who labour here with much self-denial and perseverance. These girls have little opportunity of learning to cut out and make their own clothing at home, indeed they have as a rule neither clothing nor home, in the usual sense of those terms. Their parents are of the class who either gain their livelihood in the streets or by the lowest kind of trade. Little education of a useful character can such neglected ones receive from their natural protectors; and it is a truly beneficent and Christian work to bring them together in this school for the purpose of imparting to them that higher knowledge which gold cannot buy, and from the possession of which poverty

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should not exclude. The attendance at this class varies from one hundred and twenty to two hundred and twenty. The teachers have instituted a sick fund to relieve cases of distress arising from illness, or want of work.

Visiting the institution in the evening, I could not of course enjoy the privilege of seeing *the day-school for boys*. The large schoolroom is well suited for the instruction of a great number of children with ease and comfort to the teachers. Between 200 and 350 boys attend this school, and the same number of girls; and with the number attending the evening-schools, 1,400 children have been under instruction in one day—children, it should be remembered, who are excluded from any other than a ragged school. In all these schools great care is taken to instruct the scholars in Scripture, and so interested are they in the lessons of Bible truth that they have sought to bring their parents under Christian instruction. This they have done by inducing them to attend the religious services held in the school. Of these services, and the efforts put forth to shelter the homeless adults, and to help them in direst poverty, more anon.

The End of an Apostate.

ON the banks of the Schuylkill, a few miles from Philadelphia, near the town of M——, stands a neat looking farmhouse, fronting the river. It is the month of June, 1858. The sky is clear, the woods are green, the water is flowing silently by, and nothing breaks the sweet harmony of nature, except the rattling of the coal cars on the rail-road behind the house, and the shouting of the cruel boatman as he urges his weary mules on the tow-path before the door. Little birds are singing in the leafy branches, and little children are playing in the shaded street, and all without is indicative of a pleasant home. None would think that within that dwelling there was a wretched mother, whose soul was struggling in the horror of a dark and inexpressible woe. But now the door is opened, and a lady of middle age, on whose face are fixed the traces of a deep-seated sadness, goes slowly and sadly forth to the house of a confidential neighbour. This is that mother; hearken to her story, as she opens part of her history and her heart to her neighbour, Mrs. B——, who after enquiring concerning her haggard looks, and fearful depression, received her reply in language nearly as follows. "Oh! Mrs. B——, my state of mind is horrible; this morning finds me in unutterable misery!" "I am very sorry," said Mrs. B——, "to hear you say so; you should fly to the Lord, and cast your burden upon him!" "The Lord!" she cried, "the Lord will have nothing to do with me! I departed from the Lord, and sinned against the light; and now he has cast me off for ever. Thirteen years ago I joined the church at M—— with good feelings, and good resolutions; but soon after my profession of religion, I married, and neglecting the Lord's plain command, I chose a worldly man, who afterwards proved to be a confirmed infidel. So soon as I fully discovered this, my hopes and prospects seemed blighted for ever. My kind words had no effect

on him. He laughed me to scorn; mocked when I prayed, and indignantly refused to let me go to worship, or hold any social intercourse with religious people. This, at first, made me exceedingly sad; but the more I was depressed, the more satisfaction he and his people seemed to enjoy in the triumph over me. But soon I became irritated, and throwing off every religious restraint, I, all at once, became as wicked and as desperate as he was. In this awful state I remained for years, with conscience seared—utterly regardless of sacred things; without fear of God or dread of hell. But recently some awful thing has come upon me. My whole soul is as if on fire all the day along. My conscience is burning. * * * I have no desire for worship, or anything of the kind. God has left me, for I cast him off, and he will hear me no more. I am the most wretched of creatures, and I deserve it all. I am more wicked than my infidel husband, or any of his people. They were ignorant, but I was not. I have sinned against a light that never was theirs; therefore my sin is great and my punishment awful. I cannot live. Please tell my sister to keep my dear little infant, for I must part with the very darling of my heart. Oh, if it was not for that place of fire which the Bible calls hell, how soon I would put myself out of this world! But I must do it at any rate, for my punishment is greater than flesh and blood can bear. *I will do it, for I cannot live.*"

After uttering such dreadful things, this wretched woman arose and went out, when Mrs. B—— said to her husband, "Get up, and follow her, for her condition is fearful." He did so, and as soon as he had left the house, observed her walking quickly towards the water, which was only a few yards distant. He called to her, and she looked back; but when she perceived him coming, she immediately gathered her clothes close to her person, to keep her from floating, and rushing forward, plunged into the river. She went down in a moment, never again to rise, until the great day when quick and dead shall stand before God in judgment.

Dear reader, this painful but authentic narrative has been written for your warning, by one who is now the minister of the church to which this unhappy woman belonged. How many instructive lessons does it furnish!

To profess the religion of Christ is one thing; to possess it is another. Had Mrs. ——— really been one of the people of God, she never would have thus sadly and finally erred from the faith. "They went out from us, but they were not of us; for if they had been of us, they would no doubt have continued with us: but they went out that they might be made manifest, that they were not all of us." 1 John ii. 19.

BE NOT UNEQUALLY YOKED TOGETHER WITH UNBELIEVERS. Here was the beginning of the downward course. The most intimate and important connection of human life was formed with one who in the end proved to be an open enemy of God. Why was not enquiry made into this matter beforehand? Passion, impulse, interest, or other worldly motives may and alas! often do, impel professed believers to unite themselves for life with unbelievers; but it is a folly which God usually scourges sorely.

Be patient, in meekness instructing them that oppose themselves. To grow angry, and speak harshly does no good, but rather harm, and that to both parties. The first requisite in dealing with spiritual adversaries is to control one's own spirit. A soft tongue breaketh the bone. But

here the ill-treated wife became "irritated," and thus gave Satan an advantage which he was not slow to improve. Tenderness, forbearance, the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit, might have won over her husband; hot words and passionate replies could only estrange him the more.

Grieve not the Holy Spirit of God. He is the only being who can change, subdue, pacify, and purify the human heart. If he is so vexed and resisted that he withdraws his influences from any soul, that soul is lost beyond remedy. Thus it was with this poor suicide. She knew her duty perfectly, but she "had no desire for anything of the kind." She was convinced, awakened, anxious, but without a spark of godly sorrow. She had only the sorrow of the world, which worketh death—in her case death alike to the body and to the soul.

A wounded spirit who can bear? What must have been the soreness of the anguish which could induce a tender mother to desert the very babe of her bosom! She loved the child, for her last and only request was that it should be cared for; yet the sting of remorse, the sense of guilt, the conviction of sin, so tortured her mind, that life became an intolerable burthen, and not even the yearnings of her maternal bosom could restrain her from the act of self-destruction.

The wicked shall be turned into hell. How else can this woman's exercises be explained? She did not wish to believe it, but her own experience convinced her that the Scripture doctrine of future punishment must be true. She felt that she deserved it. She did not impeach God's wisdom, or justice, or goodness, in appointing such a doom for the impenitent, but only mourned with inexpressible bitterness that that doom must be hers.

Some of the lost shall be "beaten with many stripes." They have had peculiar privileges and opportunities, have been very near the kingdom, but notwithstanding have made shipwreck of the faith. For them there is an aggravated condemnation. This is the dictate of Scripture, of reason, and of conscience. Those who are compelled to say, with this woman, "I have sinned against the light," must needs expect a corresponding doom.

The Christian stands by grace alone. He is kept through faith by the power of God unto salvation. Conscious of his weakness in himself, he is to cherish the strongest faith in the power, wisdom, and faithfulness of his covenant Saviour. Apart from this, apostacy is inevitable. But clinging to the cross and leaning upon the Almighty arm, he may always say, "The Lord *shall* deliver me from every evil work, and preserve me unto his heavenly kingdom."

Finally, dear reader, think much and often of that solemn Scripture which was so remarkably illustrated in the case of this miserable woman. If thou seek the Lord, he will be found of thee; but if thou forsake him, he will cast thee off for ever.—*From an American Pastor.*

The Story of Carey and Indian Missions.

BY G. HOLDEN PIKE.

(Part I.)

WHEN Mr. Marshman, several years ago, issued his volumes on the labours of our first Indian missionaries, the book found its way, through the agency of a local literary society, into the house of a worthy yeoman, whose concern had been with the field and the fold, until Carey, Marshman, and Ward, were names no more familiar than were Homer, Virgil, and Confucius. Being a pillar of the Nonconformist church, however, and understanding that Mr. Marshman's heroes were eminent Baptists, the farmer condescended the volumes, between his evening nappings, just to save appearances: but on finding them "All about the East India Company," he declined a complete perusal, and turned the work over to the next receiver. Authors nowadays will admit that even a farmer's adverse judgment is not to be despised. Nevertheless, Mr. Marshman has laid the public under lasting obligation by his laborious researches.

Carey was one of those happily constituted men whose life-work, after blessing a contemporary generation, remains a yet greater blessing to posterity. Such examples attract others into paths of self-denial and prevent our despairing of human nature, by showing us how nearly modern devotedness to Christ can rival the piety of apostolic times. With only small pretensions to genius, Carey has left memorials of which any claimant to intellectual distinction might be proud. Although of a humble origin, England honours the man who planted the gospel in her Indian possessions. "I wish people would let me die before they praise me," exclaimed he, on his exploits being lauded in the House of Commons. Nor were such expressions affected humility. They faithfully reflected the man's nature. Than did William Carey, probably none have more keenly realised the insignificance of human achievements, and their unworthiness of commendation.

Previously to the date of Carey's birth, Paulersbury in Northamptonshire had nothing in it particularly noteworthy; and the birthplace of this chief apostle of India remains the leading object of interest in the village. The great missionary sprang from the common people, his connexions having ranked scarcely above ordinary peasants. The humble status of gardener, weaver, or national schoolmaster, seems to have constituted the social goal at which most of his relations were satisfied to arrive.

When Carey first saw the light, in August, 1761, England had scarcely ceased rejoicing over the accession of her youthful sovereign George the Third, an event the Dissenters hailed with especial joy, because it ensured the collapse of Jacobitism, and annihilated the last hope of the exiled Stuarts. His father being a schoolmaster, William received the best education the parental solicitude could supply; but his religion was as yet mere head knowledge of the Bible. For his station in life he was industriously studious, eagerly reading what books were procurable. From such data we should form no degrading estimate of

Carey as a youth. If, however, we accept his own testimony—a testimony, by the way, no more to be relied on than that of Bunyan under similar circumstances—we shall arrive at very different conclusions, and behold in him much that is morally contemptible; as for example swearing, lying, and the demoralising jargon of the times.

The hand of Providence is discernible in Carey's early youth, for he was gradually prepared for his after experience. Afflicted by a distemper which made sunshine painful, he could never have been the *protégé* of worldly wisdom for carrying the gospel into Hindustan; yet strange to say, the tropical heats of those distant plains acted like an antidote to his disease. The early events in the lives of persons of Carey's humble station are not usually of sufficient interest to demand special comment, and to this rule our subject will supply no exception. At the age of fourteen he was apprenticed to the shoemaking, but on losing his master by death, he agreed to serve another, whose churchmanship and morality—an occasional hard drinking being excepted—won William's admiration. Meanwhile, he himself, according to his own account, was "an awful liar," and an Anglican of sufficient spirit to evince a contemptuous disdain for Nonconformists. As self-portrayed, he was also an ignoramus, vain of real and imagined acquirements, overbearing in argument, and addicted to many indiscretions. He illustrates his depravity by relating how he pilfered a shilling, and then attempted to conceal the theft, and to effect a compromise with conscience, but the shame and remorse which his perfidy entailed became of essential service in subsequent years. He was partially reformed by the example of a companion of higher principle, who prevailed on Carey to attend the Dissenters' meetings. The latter being still addicted to the vice of loquaciousness, loved to dispute for hours together; but such exercises served to increase his self-conceit, no less than to estrange him from many of larger experience.

But Carey's early life as portrayed by himself, and the same period as sketched by others, are not identical. He was dutiful at home, diligent in his calling, and under all skies persevering. His insatiable thirst for knowledge astonished and delighted his elders; for even the hours of nocturnal restlessness were devoted to practice in arithmetic. His love of nature was early shown in the birds, insects, and plants which he collected, the former sometimes being the victims of indulgence. While of an uncouth mien, he discovered to those able to discern them, many indications of future success. He went about everything he did with cheerful earnestness; and at the proper season would be as earnest in recreation as in business. "Never a youth promised fairer to become a great man," said one of his contemporaries, "had he not turned cushion thumper."

For cushion thumping, however, Carey was destined; and he won that distinction in a manner likely to ensure the approval of the most uncompromising despisers of "man-made ministers." If he profited by no college curriculum, he passed through a season of doubt and uncertainty; and when relief was obtained, by means of Hall's *Zion's Traveller*, he was received into communion by Dr. Ryland. After his baptism, Carey ventured on expounding the Scriptures to his rustic associates: from expounding he advanced with some diffidence to

occasional preaching, and so at length began his regular ministrations at Olney. Scott, the commentator, has left us a reminiscence of those early days. Once, while passing through Hackelton, Scott had business at a shoemaker's shop, where he was attended by the master, and "a sensible looking lad in his working dress." That lad was William Carey. Cook's voyages were destined to suggest to him the idea of missionary labour. Truly, Cook neither travelled nor wrote in vain.

Before attaining his twentieth year, Carey was indiscreet enough to wed the sister of his employer's wife—an illiterate girl not competent to afford her husband any suitable companionship, nor to sympathise with his nobler aspirations. On their master's death this young couple came in for his business; but mortal was never more widely separated from his *forte*, than was Carey while he continued to follow mercantile pursuits. He appreciated a Dutch grammar, a Greek concordance, or a botanical dictionary, while showing a hopeless incompetence for excelling in that complicated routine, known as buying in the cheapest market and selling in the dearest. Nevertheless for a season things assumed the dress of prosperity. The shop, the flower-beds, and the birds flourished simultaneously. Then came a time of commercial gloom, in one of those national reverses so common in an era of war and political unrest; and, while the populace in general were sufferers, an overwhelming embarrassment visited our young enthusiastic botanist and philologist, who was striving to supply his grosser wants by the art of shoemaking. Such troubles were but the prelude to domestic affliction. While prostrated by fever himself, Carey had a daughter carried off by the same disease. Then a return of his constitutional weakness rendered the sunbeams more than ever intolerable. Who could have expected that one so constituted would seek a life-sphere in India? Dissociate him with Providence, and what an inexplicable hue does the history of this man immediately assume! Yet while regarding the human side only of such a story, we see something of the nobleness of perseverance in well doing. Difficulties never repelled him; they were merely barriers to be removed. When his character became more fully known, many discerning persons watched his course with interest. "Do you think he will become a preacher," enquired his mother of one such. "Yes, and a great one," was the reply.

We have now to picture Carey as a fine example of youthful energy and as a youth bent on following out his predilections. While surmounting formidable difficulties, his strength of mind seemed to supply the defects of education. He rises before us as a young mechanic of parts and cultivation; his intelligent countenance bearing the stamp of that unflagging perseverance which prompts him to master whatever he undertakes. Nevertheless, many misapprehend his character; and even imagine his deficiency of mental power a disqualification for the ministry. Thus the greatness of such men is oftentimes not discerned while they are forming the basis of their fame.

On relinquishing trade, in 1786, in favour of preaching, a school suggested itself as the readiest means of supplementing a stipend of £11 a year, yielded by the cure at Moulton. Carey, however, was as little fitted for tuition as for trade. "When I kept school, the boys

kept me," he remarked, alluding to his inability to maintain proper discipline; and as the academy only realised seven and sixpence weekly, there is little fear of his words bearing a pecuniary interpretation. An acquaintance with some afterwards eminent Baptists followed; and unrestrained intercourse with those gifted men yielded considerable profit. Ryland, Sutcliffe, Hall, and Fuller, are names henceforth associated with that of Carey. To Robert Hall, of Arnsby, the future missionary became especially indebted.

An example has been given in the instance of Carey and Scott of the first recognition of eminent individuals. The meeting of Carey and Fuller is an additional illustration. An assembly at Northampton being disappointed by the non-appearance of their preacher, the former was pressed into service. On descending the pulpit stairs Fuller seized him by the hand, and, with warm congratulations, commenced a lifelong acquaintance.

Meantime, Carey's circumstances were those of dire privation. At Hackleton his business proved a failure. At Moulton, he and his were only slightly removed from starvation. In 1789 his condition was improved by a removal to Leicester; but unfortunately his new charge were tainted with Antinomian heresy; and a dissolution of their church union was necessary to purge away this weakening element. On this being effected, those who remained were unable to afford their minister more than a mechanic's wages. The advantages gained, therefore, were only those belonging to the well-stored library of Dr. Arnold, to which he had freedom of access, and the usual conveniences of town life. In this sphere Carey continued to plod with indefatigable energy. His school occupied him seven or eight hours a day, according to the season. Fridays and Saturdays were given to sermon-making. The remainder of his time was devoted to philology and general literature. He fittingly inaugurated the missionary prayer meetings, which are now held throughout the country in the first week of every month.

Some ministers congregated at Northampton were the first to hear mooted in public the great question of Christian missions; and Dr. Ryland called Carey an enthusiast for proposing so Utopian a topic. Nevertheless, a society was formed in 1791; and Ryland lived to confess, that God himself inspired William Carey to establish the church in Hindustan. As regards Ryland, it was long ere he completely understood his younger brother. The love of the latter for philology amounted to a passion. His Dutch studies more particularly afforded some merriment to the Northampton doctor, who supposed no profitable market would be found for such a commodity. Soon after, however, Ryland received some books from Dr. Erskine, of Edinburgh, and Erskine referred to a volume in Dutch which he desired to know the contents of, through the medium of a competent translator. The book was handed over to Carey, who, by fulfilling the task assigned him, proved to demonstration, that even Dutch may be turned to good account.

The church in every age has acknowledged an obligation to carry the gospel into heathen countries. From itinerant missionaries our own island first received the faith. While seeking undiscovered regions, Columbus was doubtless moved by inferior motives, but

he sought to impose on savage and uncivilised tribes, the *régime* of Rome. In the darkest ages of Papal supremacy, a propagandist zeal exceeded men's better judgment, till the weak agency of the sword was made to promote the ascendancy of the Cross. In Mexico, the planting of the faith was supposed to be effected by substituting for sundry heathen monuments, as many Christian altars; while the compulsory shaving of a few idolatrous priests was accepted as an equivalent for real conversion. The order of Jesuits, founded in 1640, was a missionary order. In 1622 there was instituted the famous Roman college for propagating the faith; and France saw similar societies inaugurated. In the sixteenth century the condition of heathens in eastern nations became a subject of interest, because Xavier, "the apostle of the Indians," was reported to have converted large numbers. In Puritan times, some Jesuits settled in India; and by means subtle, fair, and unfair, sought an extension of the Pope's dominion. Nor were the Pilgrim Fathers and their descendants indifferent to the woe of their pagan neighbours, since they devised means for ensuring their conversion. As early as 1680 the condition of negroes in British America engaged public attention. Finally, in the first year of the eighteenth century, the Society for propagating the Gospel in foreign parts was founded—the harbinger of those great bodies, whose annual revenue now amounts to some hundreds of thousands sterling annually.

If we rightly estimate the magnitude of the difficulties which obstructed so grand an enterprise, the vicissitudes experienced by the founders of modern missions will scarcely appear remarkable. Originating in Carey's mind, the idea could not but germinate, and the fruit was the settlement at Serampore. By reading Cook's narratives, new scenes were presented to his imagination—lands where the perfection of beauty in the landscape was outweighed by the moral deformity of heathenism. Meditation was but the prelude to action; Carey resolved on putting an agency in motion to dispute the ground with caste and idolatry. Some hints about a missionary society were thrown out in a conversation with Pearce of Birmingham, whither Carey had gone to collect for a chapel at Moulton. Regarding him as an enthusiast, one advised Carey to write down his ideas, and offered him ten pounds towards their publication. A conference in Ryland's study at Northampton followed, where, besides the doctor, were Sutcliffe, Fuller, and Carey. Still complimentary, but wishing to escape embarrassment, his friends recommended the latter to embody his thoughts in a treatise; but not to publish till more knowing heads should have subjected the manuscript to a necessary scrutiny. On the production of the essay, the worthies with whom its author had advised were astonished at the philological and other knowledge pervading its pages.

From its first mention at Birmingham, we have traced the embryo missionary scheme to Northampton. Thence we follow to a meeting at Clipstone, held in April, 1791, Sutcliffe and Fuller being the appointed preachers. Having now caught the spirit of Carey's infectious zeal, they dilated on the theme then filling their hearts, till the whole company seemed animated by an enthusiasm, which although repressed, yet promised to ripen into action at the proper season. The Association dinner succeeded the service, and, says Ryland, "Scarcely an idle word

was spoken." Similar meetings followed in succession, and at one of these, Carey preached on "Attempting great things for God." The enthusiast, as many still imagined him, achieved his object, when the Baptist Missionary Society was founded at Kettering, in October 1792.

As regarded ultimate success, the prospect was sufficiently dismal; because, unable to enlist the aid of more competent coadjutors, Carey's only allies were a few rural ministers, each of whom occupied an obscure station. In more influential quarters, the Utopian scheme commanded no favour. Wary of their prestige, the denominational leaders in London held aloof, and were counselled by Dr. Stennett not to commit themselves. As all this was so, we have but to form a faithful estimate of Carey's character—his readiness to relinquish the dearest English ties; his patient endurance of poverty; his contempt for ridicule; his perseverance against the apathy of friends and the sneers of opponents; and we shall realise an example of heroism and of moral fortitude such as history only rarely supplies.

The Society was formed. Its promoters were in honour bound to carry out its programme. The treasurer held £83 2s. 6d., £70 of which, as the offering of Birmingham, had greatly cheered the committee. It now remained to select a suitable sphere of action. All was involved in great uncertainty; for while some imagined that the Pillow Islands would afford an opening, Carey, whose geographical knowledge surpassed that of his coadjutors, does not seem to have obtruded his opinion. At this conjuncture, a gentleman, by name John Thomas, arrived from Calcutta, and by his advice, the East was chosen for a basis of operation. Thus did Carey and Thomas become the Paul and Barnabas of Indian Missions.

Great as were the difficulties which Carey as founder-in-chief of missions encountered, the opposition of his own household was scarcely less formidable. A stranger to zeal such as moved her husband, Mrs. Carey was appalled at the idea of settling in regions abounding with forest dangers and idolatrous temples, and consequently she resolved to continue in England. The missionaries had tasted a rough experience. Inward fears and outward struggles, open resistance and quiet remonstrance, in turn, had been encountered; and in turn answered or subdued. Their passage money was paid; the good ship was just sailing when an anonymous letter to the captain was the occasion of Carey and Thomas having to disembark and return from the Isle of Wight to London. Apparently the Utopian scheme had at last collapsed; and Thomas's creditors, by appearing on the scene of disaster, seemed to give an awful finish to the catastrophe. Imprudent, but not dishonest, Thomas avowed his intention of paying every demand; and on that assurance his tormentors were content with merely threatening. After these adventures the friends entered London in a state bordering on despair, but, as it so often happens, many unexpected providences rekindled their enthusiasm. The captain of a Danish Indiaman accommodated the party for half the usual fare; and because Mrs. Carey now consented to accompany her husband, the family embarked undivided. The East India directors now commenced an arbitrary interference. Not only was it illegal to sail in a Company's vessel; it was declared unlawful and dangerous to settle at all on Indian soil unless directly sanctioned by

the despots in London. But in recounting the obstacles which perplexed these pioneers, a chief stress must not be laid on such as sprang from enemies. Enemies can be resisted; and once defeated, their opposition can be forgotten. The unkindness of friends wears a darker complexion. But while London refused to form an auxiliary, there was at least one of her ministers who spoke encouraging words. "What if the Company should send us home?" enquired Carey of this friend. "Conclude," replied John Newton, for it was he, "that the Lord has nothing for you to accomplish."

The banding together of Carey and Thomas was not a happy coalition. Of a catholic temper, the former also possessed a calm temperament, and devoted his whole energy to whatever he undertook. Thomas was changeable, extravagant, and sectarian; and his accession to the cause might elicit some equivocal comments. By departing for India, however, the missionaries descended the shaft of heathenism, leaving Fuller, as they quaintly expressed it, "to hold the ropes." What this latter figure implied, Fuller's life will best tell. His unceasing, and partially successful endeavours to awaken the interest of the people of England brought on a paralytic affliction, which subjected him to a wearisome headache, whenever, in after years, his studies were too closely pursued. Although he evinced so brave a mien, he would never condescend to press the claims of missions with unseemly urgency; but, when sad and footsore, he would occasionally turn aside from a London street into a by-lane, there to weep with disappointment at his little success.

On landing in India, trials peculiar to the climate and to the customs of a heathen nation, awaited the missionaries. Adversity is a magnifier of the best traits in noble characters, and of this rule Carey was a fine example. Besides the hardships attendant on poverty and self-chosen exile, he was depressed by domestic sorrow, which need no longer be concealed. Either the privation Mrs. Carey endured, or an hereditary monomania magnified abounding difficulties, till an additional but illusory gloom was imparted to her daily life. Nor would it have been strange had the fortitude of a stronger woman been found wanting when the home allowance was uncertain; and Thomas's reckless mismanagement had squandered available resources. Weary and friendless, and without the means of subsistence, the family were on that heathen territory they had so often discoursed of, and which they supposed themselves so able to Christianise.

"Man's extremity is God's opportunity," says the proverb, a proverb never more finely illustrated than in the experience of these Indian missionaries. With only a scanty store of money and provisions, Carey determined on exploring the Sunderbuns, and to effect a settlement—the Sunderbuns being a wild tract, south of Calcutta, once the home of a vast population, but now a semi-desert, covering some thousands of square miles. Not knowing whither they went, the party followed a branch of the Ganges, and when forty miles from the capital, they came to an English gentleman's establishment, who, with a generosity not in keeping with his indifference to Christianity, invited the wanderers to abide with him until a home could be provided.

Having determined on settling in this neighbourhood, Carey, with

that energy with which he went about the lesser as well as the greater things of life, proceeded to erect a farmstead. While thus employed, an offer reached him carrying with it a promise of comparative affluence. He was invited to assume the mastership over some indigo works at Mudnabutty. The farm, with its half finished huts and sheds, was now forsaken, and the home committee was advised that their agents would need no further supplies. The factory, however, soon proved a failure, Carey's unfitness for secular pursuits having from the first presaged such an issue. Meanwhile, his passion for botany became more strongly excited by the attractions of tropical nature. Thus while anxious for the spiritual liberty of the race, he sought to benefit their prolific clime by the acclimatisation of plants from Europe.

But the conversion of his workmen to Christianity was Carey's first concern. Heart-sick and appalled he beheld the chains of Paganism encompassing myriads in their accursed bondage; and familiarity with the reigning slavery strengthened the conviction that God alone could end its ascendancy. Apart from mere idols, the signs of debasing superstition were everywhere conspicuous. At one time a murdered infant, bleaching in a tree, would reveal that degradation into which humanity can relapse; and, anon, a starving wretch by refusing Christian succour would evince the tyranny of caste. Yet beneath those skies of brass, and on those iron plains, a congregation was gathered, the people's homes being scattered in a radius of a hundred miles.

The acceptance of the factory appointment was regarded with disfavour by English friends, who, while failing to remit sufficient for their agents' sustenance, could yet rebuke their engaging in trade. Carey's reply was worthy of his cause and of himself: "I am poor, and shall remain poor, until the Bible is given to India." The suspicions of friends and the slander of the crowd are too frequently the reward of great and beneficent actions. In the instance before us their friends were questioning the wisdom of the missionaries' procedure, while the crowd were reporting that the said missionaries were merely slavedrivers.

Being established at Mudnabutty, Carey's grand aim was the translation of the Bible into the vernacular dialects. Such hours, therefore, as were not given to secular business were devoted to this singular object—singular, indeed, if we consider what means were available for its attainment. This Herculean task would have proved sufficiently onerous to an academy of scholars; but, when undertaken by a solitary man, that man exhibited an example of enthusiastic zeal and perseverance such as Rome commemorates with canonisation. Painfully and slowly the work progressed, no slight obstacle being the paucity of heathen words to express Christian ideas. A leading condition of success consists in giving an undivided attention to one thing at a time. Carey was a pattern of this worldly wisdom. Translation was now his business. Difficulties inseparable from printing, pecuniary and otherwise, loomed in the distance; but these never harassed present operations. Sufficient unto the day was the evil thereof. Such lives diffuse their light through all time; and, by their example, help those who are effecting good in spite of repelling obstacles. From evil, and from seeming evil, God still educes good. Circumstances which are our depression to-day become the encouragement of others to-morrow.

Carey had not been human had he shown a callousness to what was interpreted as non-success. His modesty never permitted a shrinking from this subject. Friends, it is true, were not slack in assisting; but the Divine Hand could only sustain him amid those surroundings. A printing press, the harbinger of future success, was now purchased for four hundred rupees, the price being refunded by a friend to missions. The grand difficulties were associated with money, because the first edition of the Bible would entail an expenditure of £2,000. In the distance, and more especially at home, many shortsighted people anticipated or bewailed the failure of missions; but the more sagacious saw that missions had already succeeded. The blight of heathenism was not to be removed by the first effort. On the contrary, as Fuller insisted, much general knowledge would have to precede spiritual liberty. Meanwhile, the missionaries evinced their disinterested motives. Thomas, for example, practised medicine; and, as we are assured, wrought sufficient cures to have established the fame of a European physician.

In the autumn of 1796, the common routine of the mission was enlivened by the arrival of a coadjutor, of the name of Fountain, who, being a violent partisan of the French Revolution, added little to the cause of evangelisation. The prominence he gave to the extreme in politics wellnigh provoked his recall. But other troubles were at hand—troubles quite foreign to the incautious expression of party crotchets. Carey and indigo were unequally matched; and being unremunerative, the factories were closed. Nevertheless, Ward and Marshman, Grant and Brunsden, were on their way to India; and it devolved on Carey to provide them a home.

On the failure of the factories, it was proposed to remove the mission to a small estate in the same neighbourhood, or to an eligible site in the interior. At this crisis, the printers of Calcutta had incensed the government by criticising its polity; and accordingly Carey's application to establish a press in the Company's territory was unsuccessful. Too sanguine of conquering difficulties, Carey still hoped to outlive official prejudice, and to plant his headquarters and printing office in Bengal. His want of foresight, moreover, would have allowed him to paralyse the mission, by cumbering it with an endowment.

Our indignation is still excited by reviewing the arbitrary action of the East India Company—a company which, having completed its term of maladministration, has incurred the capital penalty. Only under prescribed and humiliating conditions could emigrants settle in their territory. Incoming vessels were capriciously scrutinised, and non-mercantile passengers treated as interlopers—missionaries being invariably classed with this latter species. But the selfishness of a mercenary company was not to deprive India of Christian light; for while that company strove hard to exclude religion, it fell to the honourable lot of Danish officials to welcome and shelter the evangelists. Since the year 1676, the Danes had owned a settlement on the Hooghly, some dozen miles above Calcutta. Built in the English fashion, this city was conveniently situated for missionary purposes. At Serampore, the missionaries found a refuge, and there, eventually, they established that famous press which was to diffuse a knowledge of Christ throughout the empire of Hindustan.

Sketch of the late Mr. Thomas Olney's Life.*

THE Bible exhorts us to remember the way the Lord hath led us, and the fellow workers of our departed friend, Mr. Olney, earnestly desire to recal to mind the loving care and tender mercy of God towards their esteemed and aged brother.

He was born November 10th, 1790, in Tring, in the county of Herts. His father, Mr. Daniel Olney, was for many years a deacon of the Baptist church in that town. Mr. Olney was sent to London from Tring, and apprenticed in the City to a wholesale mercer. He from his first entrance into London, attended the ministry of the well known Dr. Rippon, of Carter-lane Baptist Chapel. Here the Lord graciously met with him and saved his soul. He was proposed as a candidate for church fellowship, December, 1809. If we take this for a starting point, then he was for 60 years a consistent and useful member of the church. In company with his brother, Mr. Daniel Olney, he was baptised and received into the church. Shortly after, he was married to Unity, the daughter of Mr. Potter, deacon of the Baptist church, Amersham, Bucks. He was accustomed, even in their earliest years, to take his children to Carter-lane Chapel, having a little chair fixed on the pew seat for the youngest.

Here he formed friendships, faithful till death, with many old Baptist worthies. Between Dr. Rippon and our departed friend a most cordial friendship was formed. For many years he sat in the pulpit with him, and also assisted his weak and failing strength in the administration of the ordinance of baptism.

The Sunday-school, the Baptist Home and Foreign Mission Societies, found in him a warm friend and liberal contributor.

In 1817, was commenced in Carter-lane Chapel an early Sabbath morning lecture. To be at the service by half-past six o'clock, to provide the necessary funds by collecting, to receive and welcome the various ministers, was to Mr. Olney at once a duty and a delight. His closest and dearest friendships were formed within the circle of the church. Not only did he say of the church, "Thy God shall be my God," but also, "Thy people shall be my people."

Great changes took place in the church. In 1829, Carter-lane Chapel became the property of the City, and was pulled down; Dr. Rippon became old and feeble; the love of some grew cold, and they left the church in its hour of peril. Not so Thomas Olney: he remained manfully with the church. He was appointed a trustee for the chapel in New Park-street, opened in 1833. His much-loved pastor and friend, Dr. Rippon, expired in his presence, it might as properly be said in his arms. It was our honoured friend's great privilege for some months by his care and kindness, to cheer the last days of his highly-esteemed friend and pastor, towards whose memory he cherished till his last days a most tender affection.

* It has pleased God to remove from us our most generous and indefatigable senior-deacon, of whom we gave our readers a portrait some months since. The loss to us is gain to him. Never minister had better deacon; never church a better servant. We shall miss him in a hundred ways, and cannot but beseech the Lord to raise up others to fill the gaps which he, and such as he are making, as one by one they leave us. The biographical notes here given are printed very nearly as we received them.

During all the time of erecting the new chapel in New Park-street, Mr. Olney may be said to have "favoured the very dust of Zion." From foundation to top stone he watched its progress with interest and prayer. Prosperity was given under the ministry of Mr. James Smith, better known as Mr. Smith, of Cheltenham, the author of so many excellent little religious books. How gracious was God to our deceased brother? It was his happiness to see all his four sons baptised and join the church assembling within the walls of New Park Street Chapel. In 1838, he was, together with his friend Mr. Winsor, chosen deacon of the church. He faithfully served that office thirty-one years. *He was ever remarkable for his early and constant attendance at the prayer-meeting, and other week-day services.* He truly loved the habitation of God's house. But God had other mercies in store for him. His beloved Zion was to arise and shine. By the providence of God, Deacon Olney had his attention directed by his old friend, the late Mr. G. Gould, of Loughton, to our present honoured pastor. The church was then seeking a minister, and from his recommendation Mr. C. H. Spurgeon was invited, and became the honoured and successful pastor of the church. Our Zion lengthened her cords and strengthened her stakes. The church abundantly grew and was multiplied.

A new and far larger building was needed, a meeting in Mr. Olney's house commenced the undertaking, and the work after much pains and prayer was accomplished. In 1855, "Father Olney," as he was playfully styled by pastor and deacon, was chosen treasurer of the church, and by the help of his sons fulfilled the office until his death, together with those of deacon and elder.

He was treasurer fourteen years. "Of his love and devotion to both the pastor and the church we all are witnesses." His greatest pride, we might almost use that word, was the work of God at the Tabernacle. He gloried and rejoiced in all that concerned the church. Every institution received his cordial co-operation; he loved college, orphanage, and almshouses, and helped them all to the extent of his ability. His fellow officers in the deaconship shared his esteem and love. And now that he has changed earthly for heavenly service and joy, may his memory and example stir us all to copy and follow him as far as he followed Christ.

Our departed friend had a childlike faith and humility. To believe in Jesus and to work for Christ was the very life of his new and better nature. He was eminently a true Baptist. In our departed "Father" the poor have lost a friend. The poor, and especially the poor of the church, always found in him sincere sympathy and help. By all his children his name will live in lasting remembrance and loving regard.

May the Lord raise up others like him for his church's sake.

Despondency.

COLTON declares that in moments of despondency Shakespeare thought himself no poet; and Raphael doubted his right to be called a painter. We call such self-suspicious morbid, and ascribe them to a hypochondriacal fit; in what other way can we speak of those doubts as to their saintship, which occasionally afflict the most eminently holy of the Lord's people!

A chirp from our own "bird of the air."

SIR,

I have now for some time frequented your garden, and last year even built my nest in one of your chestnut trees, and I therefore feel that I can do no less than thank you on behalf of self and many others, that no guns are fired at us by your orders, and that you do not grudge us a taste of your fruit when it is in season. I have had a cousin to see me lately, who is more fond of roaming than I am, and he has treated me to such a budget of town and country chirpings, that I hardly ever heard the like. Among other things, he told me that *you* had been twice at least reported to be dead, and though the pigeons living under the Tabernacle portico gave both rumours a flat denial, they were not in time to prevent the spread of the false report. Then my cousin heard again and again that you were in Paris, when I could see you from the window-sill tossing to and fro in bed. I certainly believed my own eyes better than the papers, little though my eyes may be. But the best of all was my cousin (who is no relation of "the sparrow alone" mentioned in Holy Writ, but is a terrible gossip), met a chaffinch who lives hard by the church, who enquired of him as though his heart would be broken about it, "Have you heard, and is it true, that poor Spurgeon is failing, his head is giving way? I was always afraid he would go out of his mind. Indeed, that is how I account for a great many of his actions, and especially his attacking the church so bitterly." Sir, I can assure you even a sparrow could see through that brotherly speech, but I could not help wondering who could have first set such a tale going. Perhaps as all breakages are ascribed to the cat, they will set down the origin of these stories to "a bird of the air," but all the world knows that we are innocent of inventing falsehoods, though parrots, and starlings, and other chatterboxes, may not be quite above suspicion as to repeating them; but then even those depraved creatures first catch the bad habit from man. Sir, as being winged creatures like the angels, we birds feel that we have a character to maintain, and we scorn the imputation of being false; whether we chirp or sing, we are no deceivers.

Hearing, as a sparrow must who lives near London, a good deal of the talk of the town, I am at a loss to know why so much is said that is not true by people who, if they are not great hypocrites, would be sorry to be called untruthful. They hear a report, and without taking the trouble to know the truth of it, they add just a little more to it, and tell it as often as they find an opportunity. When this is to the injury of good men and their own Christian brethren, they will repeat it none the less frequently, and though friendships may be destroyed, and ill feelings created, when there is no real ground for disagreement, yet they do not hesitate to let loose their mischief-making gossip in all directions. Hearts are broken, lives embittered, sins multiplied, and all by the means of idle talk, which, if it were true, would not be worth repeating, and, being false, is doubly evil.

I have been thinking whether a bird's suggestion might not be of some value to men, and I venture as a humble sparrow to offer it to you.

Birds for many a day supplied men with all their pens, I am sure you will lend me yours in return. Could not those persons who feel that they cannot be quiet, whistle, or chirp, or sing, instead of talking scandal? No hurt would come of the ladies imitating my friends the goldfinches, and the linnets; or if the gentlemen caught up the notes of the blackbird or the thrush, no characters would be injured thereby. Who would object to hear a correct imitation of a canary, instead of the scolding of a shrew? Who would complain, if the click-clack of gossips gave way to the song of the lark or nightingale? Would it not be better even to make the discordant noise of that vain fellow the peacock, than set slander afloat? Better by far, it seems to me, to make my poor twittering, than bespatter good men and women with ugly accusations behind their backs. Down in Foolshire they have sparrow clubs, to kill off us poor unfortunates, but I am sure we never did and never could do one-half the mischief which is brought about by human tongues.

There now, dear Sir, I have chirped my little note, and if perchance in my wanderings into neighbouring fields, some noble Cockney's gun should lay me low, I have at least discharged my conscience, and shown my gratitude to you for your hospitable shelter; I have done my part, I say, to help the race of man to rise from its degradation of talk to something like the dignity of the songsters of the grove, whose voices never sink to lying, slander, gossip, or evil speaking.

Yours,

A CHIRPER FROM THE FIR TREE.

A Word from the Beloved's own Mouth.

BY C. H. SPURGEON.

"And ye are clean."—John xiii. 10.

AS Gideon's fleece was full of dew so that he could wring out the moisture, so will a text sometimes be when the Holy Spirit deigns to visit his servants through its words. This utterance of our Saviour to his disciples has been as a wafer made with honey to our taste, and we doubt not it may prove equally as sweet to others.

Observe, dear reader, carefully what *the eulogium* is which is here passed upon the Lord's beloved friends. "Ye are clean." This is the primeval blessing, so soon lost by our first parent. This is the virtue, the loss of which shut man out of Paradise, and continues to shut men out of heaven. The want of cleanness in heart and hands condemns sinners to banishment from God, and defiles all their offerings. To be clean before God is the desire of every penitent, and the highest aspiration of the most advanced believer. It is what all the ceremonies and ablutions of the law can never bestow, and what Pharisees with all their pretensions cannot attain. To be clean is to be as the angels are, as glorified saints are, yea as the Father himself is. Acceptance with the Lord, safety, happiness, and every blessing, always go with cleanness of heart, and he that hath it cannot miss of heaven. It seems too high a condition to be ascribed to mortals, yet by the lips of him who

could not err, the disciples were said, without a qualifying word, or adverb of degree, to be "clean;" that is to say, they were perfectly justified in the sight of eternal justice, and were regarded as free from every impurity. Dear reader, is this blessing yours? Have you ever believed unto righteousness? Have you taken the Lord Jesus to be your complete cleansing, your sanctification and redemption? Has the Holy Spirit ever sealed in your peaceful spirit the gracious testimony, "ye are clean"? The assurance is not confined to the apostles, for ye also are "complete in him," "perfect in Christ Jesus," if ye have indeed by faith received the righteousness of God. The psalmist said, "Wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow;" if you have been washed, you are even to that highest and purest degree clean before the Lord, and clean *now*. O that all believers would live up to their condition and privilege; but alas! too many are pining as if they were still miserable sinners, and forgetting that they are in Christ Jesus forgiven sinners, and therefore ought to be happy in the Lord. Remember, beloved believer, that as one with Christ you are not in the gall of bitterness with sinners, but in the land which floweth with milk and honey with the saints. Your cleanness is not a thing of degrees, it is not a variable or vanishing quantity, it is present, abiding, perfect, you are clean through the Word, through the application of the blood of sprinkling to the conscience, and through the imputation of the righteousness of the Lord Jesus Christ. Lift up then your head and sing for joy of heart, seeing that your transgression is pardoned, your sin is covered, and in you Jehovah seeth not iniquity. Dear reader, read no further, till by faith in Jesus you have grasped this privilege. Be not content to believe that the priceless boon may be had, but lay hold upon it for yourself. You will find the song of substitution a choice song if you are able to sing it.

"In my surety I am free,
His dear hands were pierced for me;
With his spotless vesture on
Holy as the Holy One."

Much of the force of the sentence before us lies in *the person praising*. To be certified as clean by the blind priests of Rome, would be small comfort to a true Christian. To receive the approving verdict of our fellow men is consoling, but it is after all of small consequence. The human standard of purity is itself grossly incorrect, and therefore to be judged by it is but a poor trial, and to be acquitted a slender comfort; but the Lord Jesus judges no man after the flesh, he came forth from God and is himself God, infinitely just and good, hence his tests are accurate and his verdict is absolute. I wot whom he pronounces clean is clean indeed. Our Lord was omniscient, the least evil in his disciples he would have at once detected; if there had remained upon them an unpardoned sin he must have seen it; if any relic of condemnation had lingered upon them he must have detected it at once, no speck could have escaped his all-discerning eye; yet did he say without hesitation of all but Judas, "Ye are clean." Perhaps they did not catch the full glory of this utterance; possibly they missed much of that deep joyous meaning, which is now revealed to us by the Spirit; otherwise what bliss to have heard with their own ears from those sacred lips, so plain,

so positive, so sure a testimony to their character before God ! Yet our hearts need not be filled with regret because we cannot hear that ever-blessed voice with these our earthly ears, for the testimony of Jesus in the word is quite as sure as the witness of his lips when he spake among the sons of men, and that testimony is, "Whosoever believeth is justified from all things." Yes, it is as certain as if you, dear reader, heard the Redeemer himself speak, that you are free from all condemning sin, if you are looking with your whole heart to Jesus only as your all in all. What a joy is yours and mine ! He who is to judge the world in righteousness has himself affirmed us to be clean. By how much the condemnation of guilt is black and terrible, by so much the forgiveness of sin is bright and comforting. Let us rejoice in the Lord whose indisputable judgment has given forth a sentence so joyous, so full of glory.

"Jesus declares me clean,
Then clean indeed I am,
However guilty I have been,
I'm cleanséd through the Lamb.

His lips can never lie,
His eye is never blind,
If he acquit, I can defy
All hell a fault to find."

It may cheer us to call to mind the *persons praised*. They were not cherubim and seraphim, but men, and notably they were men compassed with infirmity ; there was Peter, who a few minutes after was forward and presumptuous ; and, indeed, it is not needful to name them one by one, for they all forsook their Master and fled in his hour of peril. Not one among them was more than a mere child in grace, they had little about them that was apostolic except their commission, they were very evidently men of like passions with us ; yet their Lord declared them to be clean, and clean they were. Here is good cheer for those souls who are hungering after righteousness, and pining because they feel so much of the burden of indwelling sin ; for cleanliness before the Lord is not destroyed by our infirmities, nor prevented by our inward temptations. We stand in the righteousness of another. No measure of personal weakness, spiritual anxiety, soul conflict, or mental agony can mar our acceptance in the Beloved. We may be weak infants, or wandering sheep in ourselves, and for both reasons we may be very far from what we wish to be, but as God sees us we are viewed as washed in the blood of Jesus, and we, even we, are clean every whit. What a forcible expression, "clean every whit ;" every inch, from every point of view, in all respects, and to the uttermost degree ! Dear reader, if a believer, this fact is true to *you*, even to *you*. Hesitate not to drink, for it is water out of your own cistern, given to you in the covenant of grace. Think not that it is presumption to believe the word, marvellous though it be. You are dealing with a wonderful Saviour, who only doeth wonderful things, therefore stand not back on account of the greatness of the blessing, but rather believe the more readily because the word is so like to everything the Lord doeth or speaketh. Yet when thou hast believed for thyself and cast every doubt to the wind, thou wilt not wonder less, but more, and it will be thy never-ceasing cry,

"Whence is this to me?" How is it that I who wallowed with swine should be made pure as the angels? Delivered from the foulest guilt, is it indeed possible that I am made the possessor of a perfect righteousness? Sing, O heavens, for the Lord hath done it, and he shall have everlasting praise.

"Yes, thou, my soul, e'en thou art clean,
'The Lord has wash'd thee white as snow,
In spotless beauty thou art seen,
And Jesus hath pronounced thee so.

Despite thy conflicts, doubts, and fears,
Yet art thou still in Christ all fair,
Haste then to wipe away thy tears,
And make his glory all thy care."

The time when the praise was given is not without instruction. The word of loving judgment is in the present tense, "Ye *are* clean." It is not "ye *were* clean," that might be a rebuke for purity shamelessly sullied, a condemnation for wilful neglect, a prophecy of wrath to come; neither is it "ye *might have been* clean," that would have been a stern rebuke for privileges rejected, and opportunities wasted; nor is it even "ye *shall be* clean," though that would have been a delightful prophecy of good things to come at some distant period; but ye *ARE* clean, at this moment, in this room, and around this table. Though but just then Peter had spoken so rudely, yet he was then clean. What comfort is here amid our present sense of imperfection; our cleanness is a matter of this present hour, we *are*, just here in our present condition and position, "clean every whit." Why then postpone our joy? the cause of it is in possession, let the mirth be even now overflowing. Much of our heritage is certainly future, but if there were no other boon tangible to faith in this immediate present, this one blessing alone should awaken all our powers to the highest praise. Are we even now clothed with the fair white linen which is the righteousness of saints? then let us sing a new song unto Jehovah-Tsidkenn, the Lord our Righteousness.

May the Holy Ghost now bear witness with every believing reader, "and ye are clean."

"Then may your souls rejoice and sing,
Then may your voices sweetly ring,
For if your souls through Christ are clear,
What cause have you to faint or fear?"

Courage.

SIR FRANCIS DRAKE, being in a dangerous storm in the Thames, was heard to say, "Must I who have escaped the rage of the ocean, be drowned in a ditch!" Will you, experienced saints, who have passed through a world of tribulation lie down and die of despair or give up your profession because you are at the present moment passing through some light affliction? Let your past preservation inspire you with courage and constrain you to brave all storms for Jesus' sake.

Expositions of the Psalms.

BY C. H. SPURGEON.

PSALM XLIV.

TITLE.—To the Chief Musician for the sons of Korah, Maschil.—*The title is similar to the forty-second, and although this is no proof that it is by the same author it makes it highly probable. No other writer should be sought for to father any of the Psalms when David will suffice, and therefore we are loath to ascribe this sacred song to any but the great psalmist, yet as we hardly know any period of his life which it would fairly describe, we feel compelled to look elsewhere. Some Israelitish patriot fallen on evil times, sings in mingled faith and sorrow, his country's ancient glory and her present griefs, her traditions of former favour and her experience of pressing ills. By Christians it can best be understood if put into the mouth of the church when persecution is peculiarly severe. The last verses remind us of Milton's famous lines on the massacre of the Protestants, among the mountains of Piedmont.*

The song before us is fitted for the voices of the saved by grace, the sons of Korah, and is to them and to all others full of teaching, hence the title Maschil.

DIVISION.—From 1—3, the Lord's mighty works for Israel are rehearsed, and in remembrance of them faith in the Lord is expressed 4—8. Then the notes of complaint are heard 9—16, the fidelity of the people to their God is avowed, 17—22, and the Lord is entreated to interpose, 23—26.

EXPOSITION.

WE have heard with our ears, O God, our fathers have told us, *what* work thou didst in their days, in the times of old.

2 *How* thou didst drive out the heathen with thy hand, and plantedst them; *how* thou didst afflict the people, and cast them out.

3 For they got not the land in possession by their own sword, neither did their own arm save them: but thy right hand, and thine arm, and the light of thy countenance, because thou hadst a favour unto them.

1. "We have heard with our ears, O God." Thy mighty acts have been the subjects of common conversation; not alone in books have we read thy famous deeds, but in the ordinary talk of the people we have heard of them. Among the godly Israelites the biography of their nation was preserved by oral tradition, with great diligence and accuracy. This mode of preserving and transmitting history has its disadvantages, but it certainly produces a more vivid impression on the mind than any other; to hear with the ears affects us more sensitively than to read with the eyes; we ought to note this, and seize every possible opportunity of telling abroad the gospel of our Lord Jesus *viva voce*, since this is the most telling mode of communication. The expression, "heard with our ears," may denote the pleasure with which they listened, the intensity of their interest, the personality of their hearing, and the lively remembrance they had of the romantic and soul-stirring narrative. Too many have ears but hear not; happy are they who having ears have learned to hear.

"Our fathers have told us." They could not have had better informants. Schoolmasters are well enough, but godly fathers are, both by the order of nature and grace, the best instructors of their sons, nor can they delegate the sacred duty. It is to be feared that many children of professors could plead very little before God of what their fathers have told them. When fathers are tongue-tied religiously with their offspring, need they wonder if their children's hearts remain sin-tied? Just as in all free nations men delight to gather around

the hearth, and tell the deeds of valour of their sires "in the brave days of old," so the people of God under the old dispensation made their families cheerful around the table, by rehearsing the wondrous doings of the Lord their God. Religious conversation need not be dull, and indeed it could not be if, as in this case, it dealt more with facts and less with opinions. "*What work thou didst in their days, in the times of old.*" They began with what their own eyes had witnessed, and then passed on to what were the traditions of their youth. Note that the main point of the history transmitted from father to son was the work of God; this is the core of history, and therefore no man can write history aright who is a stranger to the Lord's work. It is delightful to see the footprints of the Lord on the sea of changing events, to behold him riding on the whirlwind of war, pestilence, and famine, and above all to see his unchanging care for his chosen people. Those who are taught to see God in history have learned a good lesson from their fathers, and no son of believing parents should be left in ignorance of so holy an art. A nation tutored as Israel was in a history so marvellous as their own, always had an available argument in pleading with God for aid in trouble, since he who never changes gives in every deed of grace a pledge of mercy yet to come. The traditions of our past experience are powerful pleas for present help.

2. "*How thou didst drive out the heathen with thy hand*" The destruction of the Canaanites from the promised land is the work here brought to remembrance. A people numerous, warlike, gigantic and courageous, firmly established and strongly fortified, were driven out by a far feebler nation, because the Lord was against them in the fight. It is clear from Scripture that God sent a plague (so that the land ate up the inhabitants thereof), and also a visitation of hornets against the Canaanites, and by other means dispirited them, so that the easy victories of Joshua were but the results of God's having worked beforehand against the idolatrous nation. "*And plantedst them.*" The tribes of Israel were planted in the places formerly occupied by the heathen. Hivites and Jebusites were chased from their cities to make room for Ephraim and Judah. The Great Wonderworker tore up by the roots the oaks of Bashan, that he might plant instead thereof his own chosen "vineyard of red wine." "*How thou didst afflict the people.*" With judgments and plagues the condemned nations were harassed, by fire and sword they were hunted to the death, till they were all expelled, and the enemies of Israel were banished far away. "*And cast them out.*" This most probably refers to Israel and should be read, "caused them to increase." He who troubled his enemies smiled on his friends; he meted out vengeance to the ungodly nations, but he reserved of his mercy for the chosen tribes. How fair is mercy when she stands by the side of justice! Bright beams the star of grace amid the night of wrath! It is a solemn thought that the greatness of divine love has its counterpart in the greatness of his indignation. The weight of mercy bestowed on Israel is balanced by the tremendous vengeance which swept the thousands of Amorites and Hittites down to hell with the edge of the sword. Hell is as deep as heaven is high, and the flame of Tophet is as everlasting as the blaze of the celestial glory. God's might, as shown in deeds both of mercy and justice, should be called to mind in troublous times as a stay to our fainting faith.

3. "*For they got not the land in possession by their own sword.*" Behold how the Lord alone was exalted in bringing his people to the land which floweth with milk and honey. He, in his distinguishing grace, had put a difference between Canaan and Israel, and therefore, by his own effectual power, he wrought for his chosen and against their adversaries. The tribes fought for their allotments, but their success was wholly due to the Lord who wrought with them. The warriors of Israel were not inactive, but their valour was secondary to that mysterious, divine working by which Jericho's walls fell down, and the hearts of the heathen failed them for fear. The efforts of all the men-at-arms were employed, but as these would have been futile without divine succour, all the honour is ascribed unto the Lord. The passage

may be viewed as a beautiful parable of the work of salvation; men are not saved without prayer, repentance, etc., but none of these save a man, salvation is altogether of the Lord. Canaan was not conquered without the armies of Israel, but equally true is it that it was not conquered by them; the Lord was the conqueror, and the people were but instruments in his hands. "*Neither did their own arm save them.*" They could not ascribe their memorable victories to themselves; he who made sun and moon stand still for them was worthy of all their praise. A negative is put both upon their weapons and themselves as if to show us how ready men are to ascribe success to second causes. "*But thy right hand, and thine arm, and the light of thy countenance.*" The divine *hand* actively fought for them, the divine *arm* powerfully sustained them with more than human energy, and the divine *smile* inspired them with dauntless courage. Who could not win with such triple help, though earth, death, and hell should rise in war against him? What mattered the tallness of the sons of Anak, or the terror of their chariots of iron, they were as nothing when Jehovah arose for the avenging of Israel.

"*Because thou hadst a favour unto them.*" Here is the fountain from whence every stream of mercy flows. The Lord's delight in his people, his peculiar affection, his distinguishing regard—this is the mainspring which moves every wheel of a gracious providence. Israel was a chosen nation, hence their victories and the scattering of their foes; believers are an elect people, hence their spiritual blessings and conquests. There was nothing in the people themselves to secure them success, the Lord's favour alone did it, and it is ever so in our case, our hope of final glory must not rest on anything in ourselves, but on the free and sovereign favour of the Lord of Hosts.

4 Thou art my King, O God: command deliverances for Jacob.

5 Through thee will we push down our enemies: through thy name will we tread them under that rise up against us.

6 For I will not trust in my bow, neither shall my sword save me.

7 But thou hast saved us from our enemies, and hast put them to shame that hated us.

8 In God we boast all the day long, and praise thy name for ever. Selah.

4. "*Thou art my King, O God.*" Knowing right well thy power and grace my heart is glad to own thee for her sovereign prince. Who among the mighty are so illustrious as thou art? To whom, then, should I yield my homage or turn for aid? God of my fathers in the olden time, thou art my soul's monarch and liege Lord. "*Command deliverances for Jacob.*" To whom should a people look but to their king? he it is who, by virtue of his office, fights their battles for them. In the case of our king, how easy it is for him to scatter all our foes. O Lord, the King of kings, with what ease canst thou rescue thy people; a word of thine can do it, give but the command and thy persecuted people shall be free. Jacob's long life was crowded with trials and deliverances, and his descendants are here called by his name, as if to typify the similarity of their experience to that of their great forefather. He who would win the blessings of Israel must share the sorrows of Jacob. This verse contains a personal declaration and an intercessory prayer; those can pray best who make most sure of their personal interest in God, and those who have the fullest assurance that the Lord is their God should be the foremost to plead for the rest of the tried family of the faithful.

5. "*Through thee will we push down our enemies.*" The fight was very close, bows were of no avail, and swords failed to be of service, it came to daggers drawing, and hand to hand wrestling, pushing and tugging. Jacob's God was

renewing in the seed of Jacob their father's wrestling. And how fared it with faith then? Could she stand foot to foot with her foe and hold her own? Yea, verily, she came forth victorious from the encounter, for she is great at a close push, and overthrows all her adversaries, the Lord being her helper.

"*Through thy name will we tread them under that rise up against us.*" The Lord's name served instead of weapons, and enabled those who used it to leap on their foes and crush them with jubilant valour. In union and communion with God, saints work wonders; if God be for us, who can be against us? Mark well that all the conquests of these believers are said to be "through thee," "through thy name;" never let us forget this, lest going a warfare at our own charges, we fail most ignominiously. Let us not, however, fall into the equally dangerous sin of distrust, for the Lord can make the weakest of us equal to any emergency. Though to-day we are timid and defenceless as sheep, he can by his power make us strong as the firstling of his bullock, and cause us to push as with the horns of unicorns, until those who rose up against us shall be so crushed and battered as never to rise again. Those who of themselves can scarcely keep their feet, but like little babes totter and fall, are by divine assistance made to overthrow their foes, and set their feet upon their necks. Read Christian's fight with Apollyon, and see how

"The man so bravely played the man
He made the fiend to fly."

6. "*For I will not trust in my bow, neither shall my sword save me.*" Thy people Israel, under thy guidance, shouldered out the heathen, and gained their land, not by skill of weapons or prowess of arms, but by thy power alone; therefore will we renounce for ever all reliance upon outward confidences, of which other men make such boast, and we will cast ourselves upon the omnipotence of our God. Bows having been newly introduced by king Saul, were regarded as very formidable weapons in the early history of Israel, but they are here laid aside together with the all-conquering sword, in order that there may be room for faith in the living God. This verse, in the first person singular, may serve as the confession of faith of every believer renouncing his own righteousness and strength, and looking alone to the Lord Jesus. O for grace to stand to this self-renunciation, for, alas! our proud nature is all too apt to fix its trust on the puffed-up and supposititious power of the creature. Arm of flesh, how dare I trust thee? How dare I bring upon myself the curse of those who rely upon man?

7. "*But thou hast saved us from our enemies.*" In ages past all our rescues have been due to thee, O God. Never hast thou failed us. Out of every danger thou hast brought us. "*And hast put them to shame that hated us.*" With the back of thy saving hand thou hast given them a cuff which has made them hide their faces; thou hast defeated them in such a manner as to make them ashamed of themselves to be overthrown by such puny adversaries as they thought the Israelites to be. The double action of God in blessing his people and confounding his enemies is evermore to be observed; Pharaoh is drowned, while Israel passes through the sea; Amalek is smitten, while the tribes rejoice; the heathen are chased from their abodes, while the sons of Jacob rest beneath their vine and fig-tree.

8. "*In God we boast all the day long.*" We have abundant reason for doing so while we recount his mighty acts. What blessed boasting is this! it is the only sort of boasting that is bearable. All other manna bred worms and stank except that which was laid up before the Lord, and all other boasting is loathsome save this glorying in the Lord, which is laudable and pleasing. "*And praise thy name for ever.*" Praise should be perpetual. If there were no new acts of love, yet ought the Lord to be praised for what he has done for his people. High let the song be lifted up as we bring to remembrance the eternal love which chose us, predestinated us to be sons, redeemed us with a price, and then enriched us with all the fulness of God.

"*Selah.*"—A pause comes in fitly here, when we are about to descend from

the highest to the lowest key. No longer are we to hear Miriam's timbrel, but rather Rachel's weeping.

9 But thou hast cast off, and put us to shame; and goest not forth with our armies.

10 Thou makest us to turn back from the enemy: and they which hate us spoil for themselves.

11 Thou hast given us like sheep *appointed* for meat; and hast scattered us among the heathen.

12 Thou sellest thy people for nought, and dost not increase *thy wealth* by their price.

13 Thou makest us a reproach to our neighbours, a scorn and a derision to them that are round about us.

14 Thou makest us a byword among the heathen, a shaking of the head among the people.

15 My confusion *is* continually before me, and the shame of my face hath covered me,

16 For the voice of him that reproacheth and blasphemeth; by reason of the enemy and avenger.

9. "*But thou hast cast off, and put us to shame.*" Here the patriot bard begins to contrast the past glories of the nation's history with its present sadness and distress; which he does not ascribe to the death of some human champion, or to the accidents of war, but solely and alone to the withdrawal of Israel's God. It seemed to the mourner that Jehovah had grown weary of his people and put them away in abhorrence, as men lay aside leprous garments, loathing the sight of them. To show his displeasure he had made his people to be ridiculed by the heathen whose easy victories over their largest armies covered Israel with disgrace. Alas! for a church and people when the Lord in the active energy of his Spirit withdraws from them, they want no greater shame or sorrow. He will not cast away his people finally and totally, but many a church has been left to defeat and disgrace on account of sin, and therefore all churches should be exceedingly watchful lest the like should happen to themselves. Poverty and distress bring no shame on a people, but the Lord's absence takes from a church everything which can exalt and ennoble. "*And goest not forth with our armies.*" If the Lord be not the leader, of what avail are strong battalions? Vain are the combined efforts of the most zealous workers if God's arm be not revealed. May none of us in our churches have to mourn over the ministry, the Sabbath school, the missionary work, the visiting, the street preaching, left to be carried out without the divine aid. If our great ally will not go with us our defeat is inevitable.

10. "*Thou makest us to turn back from the enemy.*" The humiliating consciousness that the Lord has left them soon makes men cowards. Flight closes the fight of those who have not the Lord in the van. "*And they which hate us spoil for themselves.*" After defeat and retreat, comes spoliation. The poor, vanquished nation paid a terrible penalty for being overcome; plunder and murder desolated the conquered land, and the invaders loaded themselves with every precious thing which they could carry away. In spiritual experience we know what it is to be despoiled by our enemies; doubts and fears rob us of our comforts, and terrible forebodings spoil us of our hopes; and all because the Lord, for wise purposes, sees fit to leave us to ourselves. Alas! for the deserted soul; no calamity can equal the sorrow of being left of God, though it be but for a small moment.

11. "*Thou hast given us like sheep appointed for meat.*" As sheep are slaughtered for food, so were the people slain in flocks, with ease, and frequency.

Not with the dignity of sacrifice, but with the cruelty of the shambles, were they put to death. God appeared to give them up like sheep allotted to the butcher, to abandon them as the hireling abandons the flock to wolves. The plaint is bitterly eloquent. "*And hast scattered us among the heathen.*" Many were carried into captivity, far off from the public worship of the temple of God, to pine as exiles among idolaters. All this is ascribed to the Lord, as being allowed by him, and even appointed by his decree. It is well to trace the hand of God in our sorrows, for it is surely there.

12. "*Thou sellest thy people for nought.*" As men sell merchandise to any one who cares to have it, so the Lord seemed to hand over his people to any nation who might choose to make war upon them. Meanwhile no good result was perceptible from all the miseries of Israel; so far as the psalmist could discover the Lord's name received no honour from the sorrows of his people; they were given away to their foes as if they were so little valued as not to be worth the ordinary price of slaves, and the Lord did not care to gain by them so long as they did but suffer. The woe expressed in this line is as vinegar mingled with gall: the expression is worthy of the weeping prophet. "*And dost not increase thy wealth by their price.*" If Jehovah had been glorified by all this wretchedness it could have been borne patiently, but it was the reverse; the Lord's name had, through the nation's calamities, been despised by the insulting heathen, who counted the overthrow of Israel to be the defeat of Jehovah himself. It always lightens a believer's trouble when he can see that God's great name will be honoured thereby, but it is a grievous aggravation of misery when we appear to be tortured in vain. For our comfort let us rest satisfied that in reality the Lord is glorified, and when no revenue of glory is manifestly rendered to him, he none the less accomplishes his own secret purposes, of which the grand result will be revealed in due time. We do not suffer for nought, nor are our griefs without result.

13. "*Thou makest us a reproach to our neighbours.*" Scorn is always an intensely bitter ingredient in the cup of the oppressed. The taunts and jeers of the victors pain the vanquished almost as much as their swords and spears. It was a mystery indeed that God should suffer his royal nation, his peculiar people, to be taunted by all who dwelt near them. "*A scorn and a derision to them that are round about us.*" The down-trodden people had become a common jest; "as base as Israel" cried the cruel tongue of the tyrant: so ordinary had the scorn become that the neighbouring nations, though perhaps equally oppressed, borrowed the language of the conquerors, and joined in the common mockery. To be a derision to both strong and weak, superiors, equals, and inferiors, is hard to bear. The tooth of scolding bites to the bone. The psalmist sets forth the brutality of the enemy in many words, in order to move the pity of the Lord, to whose just anger he traced all the sorrows of his people; he used the very best of arguments, for the sufferings of his chosen touch the heart of God far more readily than any other reasonings. Blessed be his name, our great Advocate above knows how to avail himself of this powerful plea, and if we are at this hour enduring reproach for truth's sake, he will urge it before the eternal throne; and shall not God avenge his own elect? A father will not long endure to see his children despitefully entreated; he may put up with it for a little, but his love will speedily arouse his anger, and then it will fare ill with the persecutor and reviler.

14. "*Thou makest us a byword among the heathen, a shaking of the head among the people.*" The lamentation is here repeated. They had sunk so low that none did them reverence, but universally and publicly they were treated as infamous and despicable. Those who reviled others dragged in Israel's name by the way as a garnish to their insults, and if perchance they saw one of the seed of Jacob in the street they used lewd gestures to annoy him. Those whose heads were emptiest wagged them at the separated people. They were the common butts of every fool's arrow. Such has been the lot of the righteous in ages past, such is their portion in a measure now, such may be yet again

their heritage in the worst sense. The world knows not its nobility, it has no eye for true excellence: it found a cross for the Master, and cannot be expected to award crowns to his disciples.

15. "*My confusion is continually before me.*" The poet makes himself the representative of his nation, and declares his own constant distress of soul. He is a man of ill-blood who is unconcerned for the sorrows of the church of which he is a member, or the nation of which he is a citizen; the better the heart the greater its sympathy. "*And the shame of my face hath covered me.*" One constant blush, like a crimson mantle, covered him both before God and man; he felt before God that the divine desertion was well deserved, and before man, that he and his people were despicable indeed now that heavenly help was gone. It is well for a nation when there still exist in it men who lay to heart its sin and shame. God will have pity on his chastened ones, and it is a pledge thereof when he sends us choice ministers, men of tenderness, who make the people's case their own.

16. "*For the voice of him that reproacheth and blasphemeth.*" It seems that from mocking the people of God, the adversaries advanced to reviling God himself, they proceeded from persecution to the sin which is next of kin, namely blasphemy. "*By reason of the enemy and avenger.*" The enemy boasted of avenging the defeats of their forefathers; they took revenge for the ancient victories of Israel, by insulting over the now fallen people. Here was a sad plight for a nation to be placed in, but it was by no means a hopeless case, for the Lord who brought all this evil upon them could with equal ease release them from it. So long as Israel looked alone to her God, and not to her own arm, no foe could retain her beneath his foot; she *must* arise, for God was on her side.

17 All this is come upon us; yet have we not forgotten thee, neither have we dealt falsely in thy covenant.

18 Our heart is not turned back, neither have our steps declined from thy way;

19 Though thou hast sore broken us in the place of dragons, and covered us with the shadow of death.

20 If we have forgotten the name of our God, or stretched out our hands to a strange god;

21 Shall not God search this out? for he knoweth the secrets of the heart.

22 Yea, for thy sake are we killed all the day long; we are counted as sheep for the slaughter.

17. "*All this is come upon us; yet have we not forgotten thee.*" Here the psalmist urges that Israel had not turned away from her allegiance to Jehovah. When in the midst of many griefs we can still cling to God in loving obedience, it must be well with us. True fidelity can endure rough usage. Those who follow God for what they get, will leave him when persecution is stirred up, but not so the sincere believer; he will not forget his God, even though the worst come to the worst. "*Neither have we dealt falsely in thy covenant.*" No idol was set up, the ordained worship was not relinquished, God was still nationally acknowledged, and therefore the psalmist is more earnest that the Lord should interpose. This and the succeeding verses are suitable for the lips of martyrs, indeed the entire psalm might be called the martyr's complaint. Not for sin but for righteousness did the saints suffer, not for falsehood but for truth, not for forsaking the Lord but for following hard after him. Sufferings of such a sort may be very terrible, but they are exceedingly honourable, and the comforts of the Lord shall sustain those who are accounted worthy to suffer for Christ's sake.

18. "*Our heart is not turned back, neither have our steps declined from thy way.*" Heart and life were agreed, and both were true to the Lord's way. Neither within nor without had the godly sufferers offended; they were

not absolutely perfect, but they were sincerely free from all wilful transgression. It was a healthy sign for the nation that her prophet-poet could testify to her uprightness before God, both in heart and act; far oftener the case would have worn quite another colour, for the tribes were all too apt to set up other gods and forsake the rock of their salvation.

19. "*Though thou hast sore broken us in the place of dragons.*" Though utterly crushed and rendered desolate and driven as it were to associate with creatures such as jackals, owls, serpents, which haunt deserted ruins, yet Israel remained faithful. To be true to a smiting God, even when the blows lay our joys in ruinous heaps, is to be such as the Lord delighteth in. Better to be broken by God than from God. Better to be in the place of dragons than of deceivers. "*And covered us with the shadow of death.*" The language is very strong. The nation is described as completely enveloped in the dense darkness of despair and death, covered up as though confined in hopelessness. Yet the claim is made that they still remained mindful of their God, and a glorious plea it is. Better death than false of faith. Those who are true to God shall never find him false to them.

20. An appeal is now made to the omniscience of God; he is himself called in to bear witness that Israel had not set up another god. "*If we have forgotten the name of our God.*" This would be the first step in apostacy; men first forget the true, and then adore the false. "*Or stretched out our hands to a strange god.*" Stretching out the hands was the symbol of adoration or of entreaty in prayer; this they had not offered to any of the idols of the heathen.

21. "*Shall not God search this out?*" Could such idolatry be concealed from him? Would he not with holy indignation have detected unfaithfulness to itself, even had it been hidden in the heart and unrevealed in the life. "*For he knoweth the secrets of the heart.*" He is acquainted with the inner workings of the mind, and therefore this could not have escaped him. Not the heart only which is secret, but the secrets of the heart, which are secrets of the most secret thing, are as well to God as a book to a reader. The reasoning is that the Lord himself knew the people to be sincerely his followers, and therefore was not visiting them for sin; hence, then, affliction evidently came from quite another cause.

22. "*Yea,*" i.e., assuredly, certainly, "*for thy sake,*" not for our offences, but for obeying thee; the trials of these suppliants came upon them because they were loyal to their God. "*Are we killed all the day long.*" Persecution never ceased to hound them to the death, they had no respite and found no door of escape; and all in God's behalf, because they would not forsake their covenant God and King. "*We are counted as sheep for the slaughter;*" as if we were only meant to be killed, and made on purpose to be victims; as if it were as easy and as innocent a thing to slay us as to slaughter sheep. In this and following verses we clearly hear the martyr's cry. From Piedmont, and Smithfield, from St. Bartholomew's massacre and the dragoonades of Claverhouse, this appeal goes up to heaven, while the souls under the altar continue their solemn cry for vengeance. Not long shall the church plead in this fashion, her shame shall be recompensed, her triumph shall dawn.

23 Awake, why sleepest thou, O Lord? arise, cast us not off for ever.

24 Wherefore hidest thou thy face, and forgettest our affliction and our oppression?

25 For our soul is bowed down to the dust: our belly cleaveth unto the earth.

26 Arise for our help, and redeem us for thy mercies' sake.

23. "*Awake, why sleepest thou, O Lord?*" God sleepeth not, but the psalmist puts it so, as if on no other theory he could explain the divine inaction. He would fain see the great Judge ending oppression, and giving peace to the holy,

therefore does he cry "Awake;" he cannot understand why the reign of tyranny and the oppression of virtue are permitted, and therefore he enquires, "Why sleepest thou?" *Arise.* This is all thou needest to do, one move of thine will save us. "*Cast us not off for ever.*" Long enough hast thou deserted us; the terrible effects of thine absence are destroying us; end thou our calamities, and let thine anger be appeased. In persecuting times men are apt to cry, Where is the God of Israel? At the thought of what the saints have endured from their haughty enemies, we join our voices in the great martyr cry, and sing with the bard of Paradise:—

"Avenge, O Lord, thy slaughtered saints, whose bones
Lie scattered on the Alpine mountains cold;
Even those who kept thy truth so pure of old,
When all our fathers worshipped stocks and stones,
Forget not: in thy book record their groans
Who were thy sheep."

24. "*Wherefore hidest thou thy face, and forgettest our affliction and our oppression?*" Not petulantly, but piteously and enquiringly, we may question the Lord when his dealings are mysterious. We are permitted to order our case with arguments, and plead the right before the face of the august Majesty. Why, Lord, dost thou become oblivious of thy children's woes? This question is far more easily asked than answered; it is hard, indeed, in the midst of persecution to see the reason why we are left to suffer so severely.

25. "*For our soul is bowed down to the dust.*" Our heart is low as low can be as low as the dust beneath the soles of men's feet. When the heart sinks, the man is down indeed. Heart-sorrow is the very heart of sorrow. "*Our belly cleaveth unto the earth.*" The man is prone upon the earth, and he is not only down, but fastened down on the earth and glued to it. It is misery, indeed, when the heart cannot escape from itself, is shut up in its own dejection, and bound with the cords of despondency. God's saints may be thus abject, they may be not only in the dust, but on the dunghill with Job and Lazarus, but their day cometh, and their tide will turn, and they shall have a brave summer after their bitter winter.

26. "*Arise for our help.*" A short, but sweet and comprehensive prayer, much to the point, clear, simple, urgent, as all prayers should be. "*And redeem us for thy mercies' sake.*" Here is the final plea. The favour is redemption, the plea is mercy; and this, too, in the case of faithful sufferers who had not forgotten their God. Mercy is always a safe plea, and never will any man find a better.

"Were I a martyr at the stake,
I'd plead my Saviour's name,
Intreat a pardon for his sake,
And urge no other claim."

Here ends this memorable Psalm, but in heaven its power ends not, but brings down deliverance for the tried people of God.

HINTS TO THE VILLAGE PREACHER.

Verse 1.—The parents' duty, and the children's privilege.

Family conversation, the most profitable subject for it.

The true glory of the good old times.

Verse 2.—The contrast; or, the dealings of God with saints and sinners.

Verse 3 (last clause).—The eternal well-spring of all mercy.

Whole verse.—1. The creature laid low. 2. The Lord exalted. 3. Discriminating grace revealed.

Verse 4.—Personal allegiance, and pleading intercession.

"*My King.*" This intends—1. My Ruler. 2. My Honour. 3. My Defender.

The deliverances of Jacob, illustrated by his eventful life.

Verse 5.—Our enemies—their activity, the closeness of their approach, the certainty of their overthrow, the secret of our strength.

Verse 6.—Self-renunciation—the duty of saint and sinner.

Verse 7.—Salvation completed, hell confounded, Christ exalted.

Verse 8.—Praise, its continuance—how to make it continual, how to manifest it perpetually, influence of its continuance, and reasons to compel us to abide in it.

Verse 9.—In what sense God casts off his people, and why.

Last clause.—The greatest of all calamities for our churches.

Verse 12.—The human and divine estimate of the results of persecution.

Verse 13.—Trials of cruel mockings. Our conduct under them, comfort in them, and crown from them.

Verse 14.—Unholy proverbs or godless bywords.

Verse 15.—Confessions of a penitent.

Verse 17.—The faithful soul holding fast his integrity.

Verse 17.—What it is to be false to our covenant with God.

Verse 18.—1. The position of the heart in religion—it comes first. 2. The position of the outer moral life in religion—it follows the heart. 3. Necessity of the agreement of the two. 4. The need that both should be faithful to God.

First clause.—When we may be sure that our heart has not apostatised.

Verse 21.—A question and an assertion.

Verse 22.—The noble army of martyrs.

Verse 23.—The cry of a church in sad circumstances. The plaint of a deserted soul.

Verse 24.—Reasons for the withdrawal of divine comfort.

Verse 25.—The great need, the great prayer, the great plea.

On Ecclesiastical Councils.

BY G. ROGERS.

BEFORE this number will be in the hands of our readers, the eyes of all Europe will be turned towards a council being held at Rome by all the leading representatives of the Romish Church, which, on account of the influence it cannot fail to have for good or for evil upon the interests of vital godliness, ought not to pass unnoticed by us. Such a council in the present state of Romanism must constitute one of the most critical periods in its history, and must be regarded as an experiment the results of which can be foreseen by none. It is easy to perceive that its object is by concentration and external parade to display the remaining strength of the church of Rome, and to re-assert its imperious claims; but it is by no means improbable that its foundations will be found to be so undermined that the renewal of its lofty pretensions may serve only to accelerate its fall. Already an opposition council at Naples, within its own ecclesiastical jurisdiction, has been determined, and the effect of a kingdom divided against itself is foreshadowed. We shall not, however, endeavour to predict what the results will be, or whether they will be immediate or more remote. We shall rather avail ourselves of the opportunity of looking at the subject of ecclesiastical councils in general.

Our first thought respecting them, as of everything relating to the Church of Christ, is—What saith the Scriptures? Councils may occupy a prominent place in church history, but what is their place in the New Testament? Have they any place here? We candidly confess we have found none. Instead of being prominent here as a part of church government, or foremost in the plan of its organization, there is no intimation respecting them. In vain shall we look for any authority for their convocation, or any instructions respecting them. This is the more remarkable, as we have the record of all that pertains to life and godliness; an apostle tells us what he ordained in all the churches, and the Head of the church has declared he will put upon it no other burden. In

none of the directions given to Timothy and Titus for regulating the offices of the church have we any mention made of councils. Elders or bishops, deacons, and churches are frequently mentioned, but councils never. The word often occurs in reference to Jewish councils, but never in connection with the church of Christ, and is not to be found in any of the epistles. Neither in the *examples* of New Testament churches have we any sanction for general councils. As there is no command to apostles or elders to meet in conclave for the solution of difficulties or the advancement of the faith, so there is no instance of their having done so. If it had been a part of their duty, ample instructions for the conduct of such an assembly would have been given, and we should have expected to see them occasionally illustrated in the Acts of the Apostles; but in no instance have they so acted, and we are left alike without rule and without example respecting them. The council, as it might be considered, for the choice of an apostle in the place of Judas, was evidently not convened for that purpose, and consisted not of apostles only, but of a large company of the disciples. The conduct of Peter on that occasion is very questionable. He had obviously received no authority for the proceeding, or there could have been no need to cast lots. He had been told with others to wait until the Spirit had been given before they took church action. No disapprobation of the choice of Matthias is expressed, but neither is there any approving confirmation. Paul was the apostle chosen by Christ to complete the twelve; nor is it likely that so high an office in the church could be filled by any except Christ himself.

The nearest approach to an ecclesiastical council in the New Testament is the account of a conference at Jerusalem recorded in the fifteenth chapter of the Acts of the Apostles; but a little reflection will suffice to convince every unprejudiced mind that the resemblance is in appearance only. The occasion of this council was the attempt of some men from Judea, in opposition to the will of Paul and Barnabas, to enforce circumcision upon the Gentile converts to Christianity at Antioch. The church at Antioch, consisting probably of both Jews and Gentiles, requested Paul and Barnabas, and certain others, to go to Jerusalem and ascertain whether these men had really, as they professed, received such a commission from the church in that city and from the apostles. That council did not, therefore, originate with the apostles, but with the people; neither did the apostles act in it upon their own authority, but as representatives of the will of the people. The subject in dispute was one which belonged to Judaism rather than to Christianity, was peculiar to that people and to those times, and had nothing to do with the church in general. It did not affect the essential doctrines or discipline of the Christian church. The assembly before which the question was argued consisted of the church, the apostles, and elders. In this order they are specified, the church being first. To the church, too, all the appeals are made, as though its judgment was principally desired. "All the multitude kept silence, and gave audience to Barnabas and Paul." And when James, who presided, not Peter, though he was present, gave his opinion, "it pleased the apostles and elders, with the whole church;" and "they wrote after this manner: The apostles, and elders, and brethren;" and, "it seemed good," they write, "unto us." Here is no assembly of divines, no separated meeting of presbytery, no authority of apostles, apart from the church; and the united decision of the whole assembly is expressed, not as an imperial decree, but as a recommendation to brethren. Compare this with the ecclesiastical councils that are supposed to be justified by it, and what have they in common? Had the apostles and elders of churches been known to have met in council with closed doors to issue their decrees respecting any of the heretical doctrines and disorderly practices that appeared in their times, some pretext might have been given for such councils in our day; but the only council that is recorded seems rather to condemn them.

Mosheim, in his "Ecclesiastical History," speaking of the first century, says:—"The churches in those early times were entirely independent; none of them subject to any foreign jurisdiction, but each one governed by its own rulers and its

own laws. For though the churches founded by the apostles had this particular difference shown them, that they were consulted in difficult and doubtful cases, yet they had no juridical authority, no sort of supremacy over the others, nor the least right to enact laws for them. Nothing, on the contrary, is more evident than the perfect equality that reigned among the primitive churches; nor does there ever appear in this first century the smallest trace of that association of provincial churches, from which councils and metropolitans derive their origin. It was only in the second century that the custom of holding councils commenced in Greece, from whence it soon spread through the other provinces." Ecclesiastical councils, we here learn, had their origin in Greece, as early as the second century. They probably rose from a sincere desire to promote the peace and extension and spiritual welfare of the churches. There is scarcely any part, indeed, of the great apostacy from the primitive simplicity of Christianity that may not have risen from the purest motives; so needful is it to make the strict rule of Scripture rather than our own pious suggestions our invariable guide. To the Greeks, who had known the advantages of the political union of independent states, a confederation of churches and of their pastors would naturally suggest itself, and considerable benefit might be supposed to result from it, sufficient to lead to its adoption in other countries. These by the Greeks were called *synods*, and by the Romans *councils*. However innocent at first, they soon became the source of incalculable evils. From being subject to the churches they began to assume authority over them. Superiority of rank and influence in churches and their pastors was a necessary consequence of the new arena of conflict and control. New orders of ecclesiastics arose, until the whole constitution culminated in the infallibility of one supreme pontiff. It was a dark day in the annals of church history when the first thought of an ecclesiastical council arose. The church then began to forge the fetters with which for centuries it has been enslaved. The supremacy once obtained, there has been less disposition to renew a general council than to rely upon the decrees of the past; and it has only been upon a great emergency, or when the demand became almost irresistible, that general councils have been held. They are called œcumenical or general, in distinction from provincial or national councils, which have been more frequently held. The last œcumenical council was held at Trent, a city in Germany, in the middle of the sixteenth century, for the purpose of making a grand demonstration in favour of Romanism in opposition to the wide-spread effects of the Lutheran Reformation. The decrees of that council were directly aimed against the innovations introduced by the Reformers, and instead of rectifying these abuses which had been fearlessly exposed, unblushingly reaffirmed them, made them more stringent, and threw a greater amount of authority around them. The sole object in fact was to re-establish the despotic authority of the Pope, under the pretence of healing the divisions and restoring the peace of the church. There were prelates who recommended more moderate and conciliatory measures, but the Papacy had secured its defenders in sufficient numbers to ensure, while seeming to allow the utmost freedom of debate, all that it desired. The decrees, for the most part, were without doubt, previously prepared, and the wise and deliberate advice of a council meant nothing more than its submissive adoption of the dictations of its supreme head. Upon nearly all matters affecting the dogmas and discipline of the Romish church since that period, appeals are made by its most ardent defenders to the Council of Trent.

The situation of the church of Rome at the present time is in some respects analogous to what it was when hard pressed by the Reformation on every side; nor is it improbable that this may have suggested another council for regaining its ascendancy. Its plans have been laid, its forces marshalled, and its decrees, which, after much pretence of anxious and prayerful discussion, will be adopted, have been already recorded. The times however are altered. The Spain, the Italy, the Germany, the France, the England, of the middle of the sixteenth century, are not the Spain, the Italy, the Germany, the France, the England, of the present

day. Romanism is essentially the same. It cannot change without ceasing to be. It has no intention by the proposed council to reform itself, or to suffer itself to be reformed by others. Nor is it perhaps desirable that it should. Rome's downfall will be more hastened by declaring itself to be what it really is. In order that it might retrace its steps all the way back to the simplicity of the first church within its walls, many centuries would be required; and to attempt to accomplish it by a single bound, would be self-annihilation. We are glad on the whole that the council will be held. It means evil, but God may mean it for good. It professes to abide by the decisions of former councils, and merely to supplement them by asseverations of the continuance of its own immaculate purity in the midst of the increasing degeneracy of the age, and of its paternal yearnings to restore the wandering prodigals to its embrace. That it will gain aught by the attempt, we have no fear. The good which we hope will result from it will be, that it will serve to undeceive those who maintain that the Roman Catholic religion is not what it formerly was, and on that account are disposed to show it more favour; that those who are half involved in it will pause and retrace their steps, when they see that the submission of their opinions, and the consignment of their immortal interests to the infallibility of a man like themselves, is the only prospect set before them; that those who have partly disentangled themselves from the spiritual thralldom in which they have been held, will make a vigorous effort to burst all their bonds; that ecclesiastical councils will be less prized by all denominations of Christians for the settlement of doctrinal differences and church irregularities, and will be encouraged so far only as they contribute to the fraternal interchange of thought and affection; and finally, that prayer will be made without ceasing, that this movement on the part of the church of Rome may so serve to bring it to the light, that its deeds may be made manifest that they are not of God, and that all may look to him alone who is the Light of the World, and the Life of Men.

A Western Drover's Story.

MY name is Anthony Hunt. I am a drover, and I live miles and miles away upon the western prairie. There wasn't a home within sight when we moved there, my wife and I, and now we haven't many neighbours, though those we have are good ones.

One day about ten years ago, I went away from home to sell some fifty head of cattle—fine creatures as ever I saw. I was to buy some groceries and dry goods before I came back, and above all, a doll for our youngest, Dolly; she had never had a shop doll of her own, only the rag babies her mother had made her. Dolly could talk of nothing else, and went down to the very gate to call after me to "buy a big one." Nobody but a parent can understand how my mind was on that toy, and how, when the cattle were sold, the first thing I hurried off to buy was Dolly's doll. I found a large one, with eyes that would open and shut when you pulled a wire, and had it wrapped up in paper and tucked it up under my arm, while I had the parcels of calico and delaine and tea and sugar put up. It might have been more prudent to stay until morning, but I felt anxious to get back, and eager to hear Dolly's prattle about her doll.

I mounted on a steady-going old horse of mine, and pretty well loaded. Night set in before I was a mile from town, and settled down dark 'as pitch while I was in the middle of the wildest bit of road I know of. I could have felt my way though, I remembered it so well, and it was almost that when the storm that had been brewing, broke, and pelted the rain in torrents, five miles, or may be six, from home too.

I rode on as fast as I could, but all of a sudden I heard a little cry like a

child's voice! I stopped short and listened. I heard it again. I called and it answered me. I couldn't see a thing! All was dark as pitch. I got down and felt about in the grass—called again, and again it was answered. Then I began to wonder. I'm not timid, but I was known to be a drover, and to have money about me. It might be a trap to catch me unawares and rob and murder me.

I am not superstitious—not very—but how could a real child be out on the prairie in such a night, at such an hour? It might be more than human.

The bit of a coward that hides itself in most men showed itself to me then, and I was half inclined to run away; but once more I heard that cry and said I, "If any man's child is hereabouts, Anthony Hunt is not the man to let it die."

I searched again. At last I bethought me of a hollow under the hill and groped that way. Sure enough, I found a little dripping thing that moaned and sobbed as I took it in my arms. I called my horse, and the beast came to me, and I mounted, and tucked the little soaked thing under my coat as well as I could, promising to take it home to mammy. It seemed tired to death, and pretty soon cried itself to sleep against my bosom.

It had slept there over an hour when I saw my own windows. There were lights in them, and I supposed my wife had lit them for my sake, but when I got into the door yard I saw something was the matter, and stood still with dead fear of heart five minutes before I could lift the latch. At last I did it, and saw the room full of neighbours, and my wife amidst them weeping.

When she saw me she hid her face.

"Oh don't tell him," she said, "it will kill him."

"What is it, neighbours?" I cried.

And one said, "Nothing now, I hope—what's that in your arms?"

"A poor lost child," said I, "I found it on the road. Take it, will you, I've turned faint," and I lifted the sleeping thing and saw the face of my own child, my little Dolly.

It was my darling, and no other, that I had picked up upon the drenched road.

My little child had wandered out to meet "daddy" and doll, while her mother was at work, and whom they were lamenting as one dead. I thanked heaven on my knees before them all. It is not much of a story, neighbours, but I think of it often in the nights, and wonder how I could bear to live now if I had not stopped when I heard the cry for help upon the road, the little baby cry, hardly louder than a squirrel's chirp.

That's Dolly yonder with her mother in the meadow, a girl worth saving—I think (but then, I'm her father and partial may be)—the prettiest and sweetest thing this side of the Mississippi.

"The Bird flies to its Own."

"Ales Volat Proprius."

"MANY years ago a strange bird appeared at Jerusalem. It was caught and brought before a celebrated Rabbi for examination, in order that he might decide whether it belonged to the clean or unclean birds. After examining it, he could not make up his mind to either side of the question, and left the disputed point to be settled another way. He ordered the bird to be placed on the roof of a house and to be carefully watched, in order that the birds which associated with it might be noticed. For some time no birds of any kind would recognise the stranger, until at last there came a raven from Egypt which claimed acquaintance with it. In consequence of this the starling was ever afterwards classed with the raven, and considered as an unclean bird." *

* Bible Animals. J. G. Wood. Longmans.

The Bible distinguishes mankind into two classes, and variously describes them as clean and unclean, sanctified and unholy, saved and lost, sheep and goats, wheat and tares, children of the kingdom and children of the wicked one. Distinctions which are not carnal, ceremonial, and earthly, but spiritual, moral, and heavenly. Not formal and nominal, but essential and real, a distinction of heart and character.

It is not every distinction that involves a difference, but between the two great classes of men the difference is great indeed. Their pleasures, pursuits, prospects, all differ. Moreover the two classes are journeying in different directions, pursuing paths which diverge more and more as the end is neared, one of which, the narrow way, leadeth unto life; the other, the broad, leadeth unto destruction. Thus both travel to their own place, and nowhere is the distinction so marked as in the end. "The wicked go away into everlasting punishment, the righteous into life eternal." Reader, to which class do you belong? On which road are you journeying? Where is your destination? Have you considered the question? Remember, "Birds of a feather flock together," and "A man is known by the company he keeps." It is true, wolves are sometimes found in sheep's clothing, and, according to the fable, jackdaws may white-wash their feathers and pass for doves, but sooner or later their conduct will proclaim their kind, and they will be made to appear in their true colours. Gotthold observes, "The kite is a bird which soars aloft as if it would approach to heaven. All the while, however, it keeps its sharp eye continually directed to the earth, if haply it may there spy some prey to seize; and like it are hypocrites. They love to speak of heavenly and spiritual things; they go to church and take the holy supper; they read, and pray, and sing, but nevertheless their heart retains its earthly inclination, and they seek that which is temporal more than that which is eternal. Mere professors are to be found in every society of Christians, but in heart they are still in the world." As for the true child of God he delights not in the counsel of the ungodly; but says as David did, "I am a companion of all them that fear thee and of them that keep thy precepts." When Peter and John were let go, they "went to their own company." Reader, what company do you belong to? Where do you go, when the restraints of business, etc., are removed? Where do you spend your leisure hours? Which do you prefer, the Public House or the Prayer-meetings? The Parks or the Preaching? Dancing or Devotion? The House of God or the Place of gay and fashionable resort? In other words, are you "clean or unclean?" Remember, "He that walketh with wise men shall be wise, but a companion of fools shall be destroyed."

FRANK H. WHITE, Chelsea.

Death.

TO-DAY the world is like a masquerade. High carnival is being held, and men wear their masks and dominoes, and strut about, and we think that man a king, and this a mighty Oriental prince, and this a haughty Indian chief. But the time is over for the masque; daylight dawns; strip off your garments; every one of you put on your ordinary garments. Who goes out to the unrobing-room with greatest confidence? Why, the man who feels that his next dress will be a far more glorious vestment. Who shall go to that disrobing-room with the greatest tremor? Why, those who feel that the splendid character they once wore will give place to beggary and meanness—when for robes they shall have rags; for riches, poverty; for honour, shame; and for regal splendour, hissing and reproach. If any of our readers seem to be what they are not, let them be wise enough to think of the spade, the shroud, and the silent dust; let every one among us now put his soul into the crucible, and as we shall test ourselves in the silence of the dying hour, so let us judge ourselves now.

Reviews.

The Treasury of David. Consisting of an original Exposition and a vast collection of illustrative extracts upon the Book of Psalms. By C. H. SPURGEON. Passmore and Alabaster, 18, Paternoster Row. Vol. I. Price Eight Shillings.

THIS is in outward appearance a noble volume, as to the contents we will only say that they cost us a world of labour and a large amount of cash, and we shall be grievously disappointed if the volume be not prized by many. We shall by next month endeavour to obtain a review from some candid friend; meanwhile we hope our readers will buy the book and judge for themselves. Such books are usually sold for half-a-guinea, we hope by a larger sale to make the lower price remunerative.

The City Diary, 1870. W. H. and L. Collingridge, Aldersgate Street.

FOR ONE Shilling, a diary, interleaved with blotting-paper. A very useful book for city men, tradesmen, &c. It contains all information about the city dignitaries, banks, places of worship, &c., &c. Very cheap at the price.

The London Almanack and also *Broad-sheet* are good, but so many claim our notice that we have no room for the tribe of smaller ones.

Young People's Pocket Book and Almanack, 1870, and also the *Scripture Pocket Book.* Religious Tract Society.

BOTH very convenient and useful pocket books, with full information, and not a little good teaching, such as it will be well to have before us throughout the year.

Spurgeon's Illustrated Almanack. Price One Penny. Passmore and Alabaster.

WE cannot say anything in praise of our own work, but the public have kindly given a verdict in our favour for several years, by demanding some sixty thousand copies. Surely these people would not purchase year by year, if they did not get their money's worth.

Whitaker's Almanack for 1870.

WE can only say that the former excellence of this Almanack is fully sustained. It is a marvel of cheapness and completeness. It contains for a shilling everything about everything.

Gesenius's Hebrew Grammar. Translated from the 20th edition. By B. DAVIES, LL.D. Asher and Co., 13, Bedford Street.

WE have compared this grammar with some dozen others, and are inclined to place it first of all for convenience, clearness of arrangement, and general usefulness. Dr. Davies is so skilled a teacher that his experience is sure to be invaluable in the translating and adjusting of a book for students. His Reading Book and Exercises at the end will enable the beginner to surmount the chief difficulties at starting. We cheerfully call the attention of tutors and students to this new and improved translation of the work of one of the chief authorities on the Hebrew language.

Stories and Pictures from Church History. By the Author of "Christian Manliness," &c., &c. London: The Religious Tract Society.

GOOD wholesome reading for our youths. Most writers who deal with Primitive Church History are seized with a sort of idolatrous reverence for every bit of silly tradition or absurd incident they can scrape together; in this case a difference is made between the precious and the vile. A folly is not mystic wisdom because performed by a father of the church; the discriminating eye and hand must be used, or a world of mischief will be wrought by reverence for authority and age. This volume has our most cordial commendation.

Belief. What is it? or the Nature of Faith, as determined by the facts of Human Nature and Sacred History. Blackwood & Sons, Edinburgh and London.

A VERY thoughtful book no doubt, but who will ever read it? Some conscientious reviewer may perhaps complete the task; we with equal conscientiousness decline it. Sitting one day at the foot

of a mountain at our case, we advised all our friends to climb it, and awarded all sorts of praise to those who achieved the feat; so now, we say, "here is a grand book for you, my lads; never mind it's being dry; just tackle it, and show your stamina." "Oh" you say, "read it yourself." Not if we know it. We have other fish to fry.

The Parent's Gift: A Help to early Prayer and Praise. By the Rev. CHARLES BULLOCK. W. Hunt and Co., and the Christian Book Society.

WE do not believe in forms of prayer of any sort whatever, and should like to see them all consumed, like the "curious books" of Ephesus, in one fire; hence we have no place for this book but between the bars of our study grate. However, our friend the author, if he must teach his children forms, should begin by telling them to shut their eyes when they pray, and not, as in the frontispiece, to look into vacuity. It may be as well to add, that it is no part of *Christian*, though it may be of *Popish*, training to sign children with the cross on the forehead. If there be anything in Scripture to support this brow-marking performance, we are at a loss to know where it is to be found, except it be in the apocalyptic mark of the beast; and the fact that two intersecting lines are the cabalistic sign of Popery, lends some colour of support to that theory. How can Evangelical clergymen teach children to sing hymns about such nonsense? Why not make the sign of an isosceles triangle on their brows? It would do them quite as much good, and be quite as scriptural.

Anecdotes of the Wesleys; illustrative of their Character and Personal History. By Rev. J. B. WAKELEY. With Introduction by Rev. J. MCCLINLOCK, D.D., LL.D. Hodder & Stoughton, 27, Paternoster Row.

A CAPITAL volume. A standard collection of Wesleyana. Will sell by tens of thousands.

From Egypt to Sinai. From the French of Professor GAUSSEN. Religious Tract Society.

PROFESSOR GAUSSEN's lectures to young people on the exodus of the Children of Israel, have been deservedly popular in

Geneva, and we are glad to see them in their English dress. We should word here and there a paragraph on the death of Christ, &c., a little differently, but the subject-matter of the book we highly commend. It is a good one for a thoughtful young person, and older folk will find plenty of information to repay them for its perusal. A solid, though still readable work for a Sunday School Library, which ought to contain many of this class, for the use alike of teachers and the elder scholars.

Topics for Teachers. Vol. II. By JAMES COWPER GRAY. Elliot Stock, 62, Paternoster Row.

AN invaluable book for all teachers. Full of illustrations, and abounding in matter for explaining and enforcing religious truth. We are glad to find the author of that capital work, "The Class and the Desk," using his good taste and extensive knowledge to such an admirable result as this book before us. The maps, letter-press, and multitude of wood-cuts are all first-class. No words of ours can too strongly commend it to the attention of our readers.

The Hive. Vol. II. Elliot Stock, 62, Paternoster Row.

WELL described as "a storehouse of material for working Sunday School Teachers." Verily teachers and children alike ought to be the better for such a book as this. If our readers engaged in the good work of instructing the young use "the Hive," they will know its fulness and sweetness; if they do not, then we advise them to take it in month by month, and they will thank us for our advice, and buy the two volumes already published.

Homeward Bound, and other Sermons, by NEWMAN HALL, LL.B. James Nisbet & Co., Berners Street.

ANYTHING from the pen of Mr. Hall will always be acceptable, and this volume of sermons will delight his friends as much as anything they have received from him. His clear and simple exhibition of gospel truth must be of service. We cannot have too much of such doctrine as the following:—

"Rowland Hill being once asked which doctrine he preferred, justification or sanctification, said that he felt like the little boy who, to the foolish question whether he loved

his father best or his mother, replied that he loved both best. Bible doctrines are essential to Christianity, and the facts of both are necessary for the production and maintenance of the divine life in the soul."

We read with pleasure the author's views on the proceedings at Pentecost. He says:—

"This sign of grace preceded the sacraments. 'Repent and be baptised, every one of you, in the name of Jesus Christ, for the remission of sins, and ye shall receive the gift of the Holy Ghost.'"

"But repentance was to precede baptism, and 'Christ is exalted to give repentance and remission of sins;' so that repentance was a fruit of grace already received by those who presented themselves to be baptised; and baptism was their open profession of Christ, by whom alone forgiveness is bestowed, and an outward sign of such washing away of sin, not the essential condition of it."

Such confession of Christ and symbolic washing away of sin is hardly to be reconciled with the author's views of the absolute innocence of children, and yet the baptism of them.

"Look at this little child, this new-born infant. It is as yet incapable of sin, for it has no knowledge, no moral consciousness." "However sad may be the consequences of Adam's sin to all his descendants, a child cannot be considered as a sharer of the guilt."

If, therefore, neither by act nor state (and sin is both these), the child is not in any sense a sinner, how is baptism a symbol of the washing away of sin when an infant is sprinkled; or have we two baptisms, one like the old-fashioned kind at Pentecost, and a second added to it. The author adds elsewhere:—

"However innocent at first, children have within them the seeds of evil, which only need favouring circumstances to develop. From Adam we all inherit a degenerate nature."

Now that "nature" and those "seeds" we cannot call good, and therefore we call them evil and sin, and feel that, in consequence, on the ground of Christ's work alone, and not on the score of innocency, can any child ever be received into the company of those whose "robes are washed and made white in the blood of the Lamb." "In Adam all die," and only "in Christ" can "all be made alive."

We are not aware of any passage to substantiate the teaching of the following remark:—

"Different Christian societies have different methods by which the confession of Christ is made and membership recognised. But there is one act of confession common to most churches—participation in the Holy Communion representing our fellowship in the body and blood of the Lord Jesus Christ."

The Lord's Supper (a name we greatly prefer to the other term), is an ordinance for communion and for remembrance, and showing forth the Lord's death, but not for confession, and has nothing whatever to do with reception into church membership save as a convenient time and opportunity. The breaking of bread is no more a church ordinance than is prayer. It is incumbent upon Christians, as members of Christ's body, and not upon churches as such. The sooner it is reduced to a simple act of fellowship the better, in these Ritualistic times. We most sincerely deprecate this appendage of public confession to the table of the Lord, where Christians meet solely for communion and in remembrance of their Master's death; especially do we object to this addition when another ordinance has been instituted, as the author expresses it, for the purpose of "open confession of Christ," and "an outward sign of such washing away of sin." This confusion of the ordinances is best avoided, as the result will be a neglect or perversion of some important precept of the Lord. We write at this length because we so highly esteem our friend, that we should like to see him right on the few points which divide us. May this book help greatly to extend the interests of that kingdom in which the writer has done service in the past, and will do even more, we hope and pray, for many years to come.

Lilian's Happy Hours. Religious Tract Society.

TALKS with mamma about the sun, moon, and stars, with the other wonders of the sky. Here we have a series of very instructive lessons on astronomy, such as will be a delight to any intelligent child; and as every mother will see in that description her own darling little one, it amounts to saying that it is a charming book for all, which is certainly the case.

Reconciled; or, the Story of Hawthorn Hale By EDWIN HODDER. Hodder and Stoughton, 27, Paternoster-row.

AN admirable story for young people, well got up, and printed on toned paper. A suitable present for a juvenile friend at Christmas time.

The Moth and Candle, or Lucy Woodville's Temptation. Religious Tract Society.

THE publications of the Religious Tract Society remind us of the freight of Solomon's ships, which went every three years to Tarshish, returning with "gold, and silver, ivory, and apes, and peacocks." We are certainly much helped with the precious wares they so abundantly furnish, but oh! the "apes and peacocks" in the shape of religious novels which the good ship occasionally brings in her cargo! We have no doubt that they will find purchasers, though we are not of the number. Our taste is for something more useful, and, as we think, not so likely to foster a light and dissipated taste, unfitting for the enjoyment of more solid literature.

Triumph: The Christian more than a Conqueror. By REV. GEORGE PHILIP, M.A. William Nimmo, Edinburgh.

SOME grapes of Eshcol pressed so as to yield sweet refreshment for warring, weary, humanity. Such was the author's intention, and he has succeeded in penning a book which cannot fail to benefit all who read it. It is an exhibition of the present and future triumph of the church of God.

Anti-Nicene Christian Library. Vols. XIII. and XIV. T. and T. Clarke, Edinburgh.

THESE volumes, being the completion of the works by Cyprian and the writings of Methodius, Alexander of Lycopolis, and Peter of Alexandria, with some other fragments, are equal to their predecessors in interest and value. We question the propriety of translating some parts of Methodius—the discussion between the virgins is so unspeakably beastly that we are ashamed to have it on our shelves, and only let it remain there tied up with a label intimating it needs to be looked at cautiously. We hope that if similar passages occur in other volumes that the translators, as on previous occasions, will incorporate those portions of the original untranslated, so that as little harm as possible may be done. We regret this drawback in the volume before us, but most strongly commend the "Anti-Nicene Library" as a whole to the attention of all students of theology. We hope that Messrs. Clarke will be encouraged in their spirited enterprise.

Studies in the Psalms. By HETTY BOWMAN. Book Society, 28, Paternoster Row.

PART of a series of "Studies" for a Ladies' Bible-class, and intended for the help of such as are engaged in this work. Good, without being either fresh or very deep. It will be of use, and is generally reliable.

Memoranda.

We have been off the watch-tower during last month, and cannot give any record of events, but our health is now greatly improving, and we hope to be at our usual much-loved work.

Will friends forgive us for reminding them that the greatest kindness they can do us is to prevent all temptation to anxiety of mind on our part by supplying with regularity of liberality the needs of the College, Orphanage, and Colportage.

Many of our hours of pain and weakness have been lightened by preparing the first volume of our book on the Psalms for the press. If we could not preach we could

write, and we pray that this form of service may be accepted of the Lord.

The pastors in London, who were once students of our College, have agreed to hold special services during the month of February. Could not this become universal?

We have received a number of letters asking to have our article on the Church of England and the sects printed as a tract. Friends are informed that our publishers are issuing it in that form, as cheaply as possible.

Baptisms at Metropolitan Tabernacle, by Mr. J. A. Spurgeon:—December 2nd, twenty-seven; 9th, ten.

Pastors' College, Metropolitan Tabernacle.

Statement of Receipts from November 20th, 1869, to December 17th, 1869.

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Mrs. P. Woodhams ...	0	5	0	A Lover of Mr. Spurgeon's Sermons,			
Mrs. Tunstall ...	0	10	0	Edinburgh ...	0	10	0
D. W. ...	1	0	0	Mr. Johnstone ...	1	0	0
Mr. J. Corbet, per Mr. A. Jameson	1	0	0	Mrs. Bryant ...	1	1	0
John Ploughman, Willingham ...	0	5	0	Mr. G. Ballard ...	1	0	0
Rev. S. Murch ...	2	0	0	Mrs. Bickmore ...	20	0	0
Mr. Solvage ...	1	1	0	Mrs. Bickmore, Quarterly Subscription	2	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Dougall ...	1	0	0	Mr. H. B. Frearson ...	5	0	0
S. A. ...	1	0	0	Omega ...	0	10	0
Mr. W. Carter ...	2	2	0	Mr. and Mrs. Booth ...	1	0	0
May ...	0	5	0	Collection at Tamworth, per Mr. W.			
Mr. W. Davison ...	0	2	0	Carnes ...	2	2	0
A Mite for the Master's Work ...	0	2	6	Profit of Lecture, by Mr. O. H. Spurgeon	61	2	0
Mr. W. Wright ...	2	0	0	Mrs. Craigie ...	0	10	0
C. M. C. R. ...	0	5	0	Dr. Beilby ...	0	10	0
Collected by Miss Jephia ...	1	5	0	Weekly Offerings at Tabernacle, Nov.	21	40	0
Miss Burls ...	4	0	0	" " " Dec.	29	27	8
Mr. A. A. Croll ...	50	0	0	" " " "	5	51	8
Miss S. B. Davey ...	0	10	0	" " " "	12	27	8
Mr. H. Pledge ...	1	0	0				
Mr. and Mrs. T. ...	50	0	0				
J. K. ...	5	0	0				
					£370	7	8

Stockwell Orphanage.

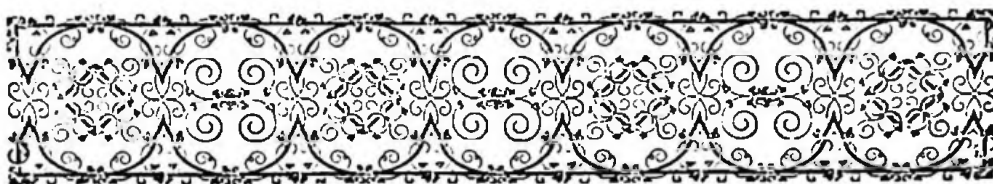
Statement of Receipts from November 20th, 1869, to December 17th, 1869.

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
E. G. ...	0	12	6	Collected by Mrs. Johnstone ...	2	12	6
W. A. M. ...	0	2	6	Proceeds of Lecture, by Dr. Jones	10	5	4
Mr. J. Barker, on behalf of the late Miss				J. D. ...	2	0	0
Drake, of Lockwood ...	10	0	0	Mrs. Thompson ...	0	7	6
Mrs. Bate ...	0	3	3	R. A. ...	10	0	0
Rev. S. Murch ...	2	0	0	Mr. McLeod ...	1	1	0
Hitherto hath the Lord helped me	5	0	0	J. A. M. ...	0	10	0
Collected by Miss Shindler	1	10	0	Miss Cowen ...	0	10	0
Mr. C. Gilpin, M.P. ...	2	0	0	J. K. ...	5	0	0
Rev. W. Brock ...	2	0	0	Totteridge ...	1	0	0
E. E. E. ...	2	2	0	Mrs. Webster ...	10	0	0
Messrs. Thresher and Glenny	10	10	0	S. H. ...	0	2	6
Mrs. D. Olney ...	10	0	0	Miss Burls ...	4	0	0
J. M. G. ...	0	10	0	Mrs. Bunt, per Rev. W. G. Lewis	5	0	0
A. B. ...	0	2	0	Rev. W. G. Lewis ...	1	0	0
A Member, "H" ...	0	10	0	Small Sums, per Rev. W. G. Lewis	0	10	0
Mr. Blake ...	0	5	0	Mr. E. Russell ...	1	0	0
Collected by Mrs. Withers, Reading :-				Mr. Arnold, Collecting Box	0	13	2
Annual Subscriptions—				Mr. and Mrs. Booth ...	1	0	0
Messrs. Helmes and Co. ...	1	1	0	Omega ...	0	5	0
Mr. J. May ...	0	10	6	B. G. Briggs ...	0	10	0
Mr. Irving ...	0	10	0	Mrs. Graigie ...	0	10	0
Mr. J. Fuller ...	0	5	0	Dr. Beilby ...	0	10	0
Quarterly Subscriptions—				Mr. and Mrs. Pasfield, annually	1	0	0
Mr. G. Palmer ...	1	0	0	Mr. J. Easton, annually	1	1	0
Mr. J. Huntley ...	0	10	0	Mrs. Chalk ...	0	5	0
Mr. W. Moore ...	0	5	0	Mr. J. G. ...	1	0	0
Mr. J. O. Cooper ...	0	5	0	A Friend ...	1	0	0
Mr. J. Leach ...	0	5	0	Meetings at the Orphanage	48	10	4
Mr. J. Withers ...	0	5	0				
Mr. J. Long ...	0	15	0				
Mr. P. Davies ...	0	2	6				
					£161	4	1

Colportage Association.

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Donations—				Miss Burls ...	2	0	0
Mr. E. I. Smart ...	0	7	6	Mr. E. Brayne ...	1	1	0
Mr. W. Davison ...	0	3	6	Collected by—			
Mr. W. Wright ...	0	10	0	Mr. W. Barber ...	0	4	0
H. H. ...	0	5	0				
Subscriptions—							
Mr. W. Izard ...	1	1	0				
Eythorne District, per T. Pledge, Esq. ...	7	10	0				
					£13	2	0

Received for the Orphanage.—Twelve Night Shirts, Two Pairs Sheets, Zion Chapel, Chatham; Five Night Shirts, Seven Day ditto, "Sarah;" Four Pictures, Mr. Champion; Can of Arrowroot, "Anon;" One-and-a-half Dozen Handkerchiefs, One Dozen Pairs Gloves, ditto Braces; Seven Pairs Stockings, Mrs. Barrow; Two Chair Cushions, Seven Small Dolls, Four Dolls' Jackets, Four Penwipers, Two Kettle Holders, One Tea Pot Stand, One Child's Feeder, One Muslin Apron, "Anon;" Six Blotting Pads, Six Writing Desks, Twelve Draughtboards and Men, Mr. T. Olney; Iron Hoops, Mr. Mills; Ten Pairs Light Trousers, Mr. Bousfield; One Sack of Peas, "Anon;" Half cwt. Sugar, "Anon;" Eleven Comforters, "H. B.;" Fifteen Comforters, "Anon;" One Hundred and Twenty Eggs, "Anon;" Sixteen Small Bags of Sweets, The Misses Nell—"some Boxes of Sweets for Christmas Tree, Mrs. Tyson; Three Dolls, One Necktie, from Lizzie.



THE
SWORD AND THE TROWEL.

FEBRUARY 1, 1870.

The Eagle and the Hen.*

"As an eagle stirreth up her nest, fluttereth over her young, spreadeth abroad her wings, taketh them, beareth them on her wings: so the Lord alone did lead him."—Deuteronomy xxxii. 11, 12.

"How often would I have gathered thy children together, even as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings, and ye would not!"—Matthew xxiii. 37.



WHAT great condescension it is on God's part that he should compare himself to anything that he has made, for the Creator must always be infinitely grander than the created! Greater condescension still is it that the Eternal should liken himself to birds—to a bird of prey, and then to the familiar domestic fowl. He whom neither time nor space can compass, nor imagination conceive, yet speaks of fluttering with wings and covering with his feathers. Does not this assure us of the willingness of the Lord to reveal his love to us? Does it not prove his desire that we should understand his providential dealings with us? He does not aim at dazzling us by displaying his inconceivable glory, but his object is to comfort us by manifesting his gracious condescension. He uses these images that he may instruct our ignorance, and that our feeble minds may grasp those majestic truths which otherwise must remain veiled in mystery, sublime but incomprehensible. Just as a father stoops to talk in the nursery prattle of his little child, because otherwise it would not understand him, even so does our heavenly Father employ homely images and common figures that we who are but babes in grace may comprehend him and confide in him. Ought we not to echo to this desire on God's part to teach, by a more than willingness to learn of him? Where he thus bows the heavens that he may instruct us, should we not arouse all our powers to devout attention, saying with young Samuel, "Speak, Lord, for thy servant heareth."

* This meditation was suggested by a hint in Stiers' "Words of the Lord Jesus."

Having for the sake of bringing out a contrast, chosen two Scriptures for our meditation, we will commence with the metaphor of the eagle, and refresh our memories by reading the text again.

"As an eagle stirreth up her nest, fluttereth over her young, spreadeth abroad her wings, taketh them, beareth them on her wings, so the Lord alone did lead him."

We do not intend to give a full exposition of these rich expressions, but merely to glance at thoughts which gleam upon the surface.

In the image of the royal eagle fondly cherishing its young, we see *love allied with grandeur unbending itself in tenderness*. The eagle, wearing the wings of the morning, and holding the blast in scorn, is the playmate of the lightning, delighting in the uproar of the tempest. Terrible sublimity surrounds "the warrior bird," whose fiery glance dares fix itself upon the sun. "She dwelleth and abideth on the rock, upon the crag of the rock, and the strong place. From thence she seeketh the prey, and her eyes behold afar off. Her young ones also suck up blood, and where the slain are, there is she."

"The tawny eagle seats his callow brood
High on the cliff, and feasts his young with blood;
On Snowdon's rocks, or Orkney's wide domain,
Whose beetling cliffs o'erhang the western main,
The royal bird his lonely kingdom forms
Amidst the gathering clouds and sullen storms.
Through the wide waste of air he darts his sight,
And holds his sounding pinions poised for flight."

The text portrays this monarch among the birds of the air as practising endearments towards its young of the most affectionate kind; you see no allusion to its strength of wing, or to the brightness of its eye, or to the ferocity of its nature; it is sporting with its eaglets, with all the fondness of a dove, and in such an attitude is the right worthy emblem of greatness bowed by force of love unto familiar tenderness. When we speak of God unto what shall we liken him? Where are words by which we can describe him? Since we cannot in any way set him forth, we will not attempt the task, yet will we quote the psalmist's words, and bid you note the blending of love with loftiness. "He healeth the broken in heart, and bindeth up their wounds. He telleth the number of the stars; he calleth them all by their names." And yet further would we remind you that "He maketh the clouds his chariot: he walketh upon the wings of the wind, yet doth he dwell with the humble and contrite and with those who tremble at his word." He thundereth marvellously with his voice, and is terrible in majesty, and yet a bruised reed he will not break, and a smoking flax he will not quench. "The mountains quake at him, and the hills melt, and the earth is burned at his presence, yea, the world and all that dwell therein;" yet hath he said to his people, "As one whom his mother comforteth, so will I comfort you; and ye shall be comforted in Jerusalem." Wonder of wonders, that the Infinite should stoop to commune with the insignificant and impure. It is beyond all things marvellous that God should *love* man. We can easily comprehend that he should be kind to man, and deal benevolently and even mercifully with him, seeing that he is the creature of his hand; but that the infinite God should bow his heart to love a finite and sinful being, is a miracle surpassing all miracles. Herein

in very deed the heavens are rent, and the glory of the Lord is revealed among men. Talk not of the resurrection of the dead, or the opening of the eyes of the blind, or the ears of the deaf, these are small marvels when compared with God's loving man after man had wilfully broken the most just of laws and hardened himself in rebellion against his Lord. To speak of the eagle stooping to its young is nothing; here is a far more amazing triumph of love, when the Most High and Holy One revealeth himself in tenderest affection to the people of his choice.

A second glance at our text fixes our attention upon *love allied with prudence bestirring the loved ones*. Note the words, "As the eagle stirreth up her nest;" here love arouses wisdom, wisdom seeks the good of the fledglings, and paternal foresight breaks their repose. The parent birds make the young eaglets uneasy in the nest. Having been so well cared for before their feathers appeared, the young eagles might be well content to abide in the nest, they might be slow to try those callow pinions, and begin to shift for themselves; but the prudent bird will not allow its offspring to remain in indolence; it stirs up the nest and makes it uncomfortable for them that they may desire to leave it, and may test their wings by taking short flights which by-and-by shall lengthen into heavenward soarings. Now, observe that God in dealing with his people exercises the same prudent love, and uses trials as a preventative for spiritual sluggishness. Most of the saints have experienced the discipline of grace. They were growing too fond of earth, too wrapped up in creature joys, too carnal-minded, and lo, it came to pass that the desire of their eyes was taken away with a stroke, or their riches made to themselves wings and flew away, or their bodily frame began to quiver with pain, or their honour among men faded like a flower, and in every case the result was to wean from earth and to wed to heaven. How easily can God fill the downiest nest with thorns, and how good it is for us to find it so! We do not always at once perceive the wisdom which spoils our comforts, but in future days I wot that we shall consider our sharpest trials to have been amongst our richest privileges, and perhaps in heaven next to the note which resounds the dying love of Christ, the highest will be that which sings of the wisdom of God in the tribulations with which he graciously afflicted his people on the way to their rest. Next to the cross of Christ, we may prize the cross we are daily called to carry. The eagle stirs up its nest, and even thus we may expect that God in infinite love will often spoil our earthly repose. The Israelites were in Egypt in the land of Goshen, and as they found fat and fertile pastures for their flocks they would by insensible degrees have become fully naturalised, the chosen seed would have degenerated into Egyptians, and grovelled in all the idolatries of that land; but the Lord sent a Pharaoh to rule them, who knew not Joseph, and the people were put under cruel taskmasters, and their male children ordered to be destroyed, then it was that they remembered the Lord's promise to visit them and bring them out of Egypt. Then they bethought themselves of the land that floweth with milk and honey which God had covenanted to give them, and their minds were all the readier for Moses the servant of God and the miracles with which he brought them out. Nor was this the only instance of the stirring up of Israel's

nest, for all the time they were in the wilderness their daily trials prevented their finding rest until they came to Canaan. The desert was not a smooth highway or a luxuriant pasture land. Serpents bit them, thirst parched them, Amalekites assailed them. They found few wells and palm trees; the wilderness was desolate to them, and all in order to keep them from attempting to find a dwelling out of the land of promise. Their only rest must be where God had said it should be: they must build no houses and plant no vineyards out of Canaan. See, then, in God's people the image of ourselves and let us admire the prudence of divine love.

"It needs our hearts be wean'd from earth,
It needs that we be driven,
By loss of every earthly stay,
To seek our joys in heaven.
For we must follow in the path
Our Lord and Saviour run;
We must not find a resting-place
Where he we love had none."

Again turning to the text, we perceive in the next few words *love by its example leading the way*. The eagle, having stirred up her nest, flutters over her young, as if to show them how to fly. She tries every fond endearment to induce them to trust the buoyant air, her own fluttering being the best practical instruction she can yield. The eagle, according to naturalists, takes much pains to teach its young, and educates them in the best manner—namely, by example. Sir Humphrey Davy had an opportunity of witnessing the instructions given, and thus records the fact:—"I once saw a very interesting sight above one of the crags of Ben Nevis, as I was going in the pursuit of black game. Two parent eagles were teaching their offspring—two young birds—the manœuvres of flight. They began by rising from the top of the mountain, in the eye of the sun. It was about midday, and bright for this climate. They at first made small circles, and the young birds imitated them. They paused on their wings, waiting till they had made their first flight, and then took a second and larger gyration, always rising towards the sun, and enlarging their circle of flight, so as to make a gradually ascending spiral. The young ones still slowly followed, apparently flying better as they mounted; and they continued this sublime exercise, always rising, till they became mere points in the air, and the young ones were lost, and afterwards their parents, to our aching sight."

After a more glorious sort, the Lord God of our salvation trains his people for high and holy endeavours by the leadings of his providence and the examples of his holiness.

When Israel came out of Egypt, the Lord led forth the people, showing them how and where to march. If they had to pass through the Red Sea, the pillar of cloud and fire went before them; if they were afterwards called to traverse the sandy desert, the Lord in majesty marched in the van. They were never commanded to advance until Jehovah's mysterious footsteps had first trodden the path. In a more spiritual sense we see and admire the abundant grace of God reflected in the sympathy of Christ, for he has borne already what we bear, as it is written, "In all

their affliction he was afflicted, and the angel of his presence saved them: in his love and in his pity he redeemed them; and he bare them, and carried them all the days of old." The example of Christ fulfils to the utmost the comparison of the fluttering eagle. He who would learn to be holy must study the life of his Redeemer, and copy its every line. Jesus the eagle of God, teaches us how to fly towards heaven. His example is our noblest incentive and encouragement. In subordination to this the saints who have gone before us in their experience of sustaining and sanctifying grace, are so many divine flutterings by which the Lord teaches us to trust him, and to rejoice in him. Thus you have love in prudence stirring up the nest—love, by its example, exciting to effort and showing the way.

The text further brings before us *love lending its strength to educate and discipline its beloved*. "Taketh them, beareth them on her wings." The eagle has been said to place her callow eaglets between her wings, and when she has borne them up to a certain height, she casts them off her back to compel them to fly. They must try their wings or fall and be dashed to pieces; thus they are driven to their first attempts, but if the old bird perceives that their little wings cannot bear them up, she darts beneath them in a moment and catches them between her wings again; and carries them aloft in safety to repeat the experiment as they are able to bear it. Whether this is literally true or not we cannot say, but assuredly the illustration it affords is valuable, for thus does the Lord exercise all his people. Suddenly he takes away all manifest supports from us, and we are compelled to live by faith. At first we fear that we shall surely be destroyed, for our faith is very weak; but underneath us the everlasting wings are again revealed, and though a moment before falling rapidly, we find ourselves rising quite as suddenly, upborne again, beyond all clouds and mists of despondency, into the divine sunshine of joy; perhaps to descend again into trembling and anxiety when faith again is tried. Thus it is that we learn the flight of faith—not so much by comforts as by the lack of them. Thus it is we gather strength—not so much by a sense of strength as by discovering our weakness and being compelled to repose upon Christ. The sacred discipline of trial develops all the graces which almighty love had wrought in us, and makes us mature, vigorous, valiant, and confident.

Still, we must not forget that in the text we see *love lending its needful aid in time of peril*. The eagle upholds and upbears her eaglets while yet too weak to take care of themselves. She never suffers them to fall so as to be dashed in pieces. Her wings still bear them up beyond all risk of downfall. Equally safe are they from the hunter's deadly aim, she flies too high for him to reach her, or if such danger should occur, the shot must first pass through the mother bird before it can possibly wound her young—they are perfectly safe. So God bears his people up; they shall not fall totally or finally; they shall be sustained by his grace. He protects them from every danger, and he will safely bring them into his kingdom and glory.

Taking the illustration of the eagle as a whole, we have before us *disciplinary love*. This is the most prominent view of God under the Old Testament dispensation. It is love in awful majesty of greatness, thundering from the top of Sinai, "I am the Lord thy God;" love

training a wayward people to make them fit for their noble calling; love educating as by a schoolmaster, training as by a captain, chastening as with a rod. The eagle metaphor is a very precious revelation of divine love; we could not afford to miss the blessings which it vividly sets forth; we want just such a God as Israel had in the wilderness—a God with the eagle's strength, with the eagle's love to its offspring, with the eagle's prudence in stirring up its nest, and with the eagle's care in instructing its young by doing itself what it would have its eaglets do. We want just this, but is there not something more sweet, more tender yet? In the New Testament do we not see love in even fairer colours? Is there not a gentleness, a nearness, a tenderness even more consoling to the troubled breast? We think we see all this in the second text. We are far enough from depreciating the first, yet would we magnify the second. Not for a moment would we allow that the Old Testament revelation is of inferior worth, yet do we discover in the New Testament points of inexpressibly glorious grace, surpassing everything before revealed.

We will now turn to *the metaphor of the hen*. We have it in two places in Scripture, but one will serve us, it is contained in the twenty-third of Matthew at the thirty-seventh verse:—

"How often would I have gathered thy children together, even as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings, and ye would not."

Here we have *love connected with familiarity*. The idea suggested by the eagle is sublimity; the thoughts aroused by the brooding hen are of familiar tenderness. Let us so think of God, for so he reveals himself in the gospel. In the person of our Lord Jesus Christ our God comes very near to us, and he would have us come very near to him. It is the same God, great as he that overthrew the Egyptians in the Red Sea, and answered Job out of the whirlwind; yet when we draw near to his throne by faith in Jesus Christ, his greatness is not our first thought. We feel then the glow of his loving nearness to us, for the Lord has condescended to place us in union with his dear Son, to make us his own children, to give to us all the privileges of sons and the nature of sons, and to promise that we shall be with Jesus where he is. It is a blessed thing that the child of God need no longer lie like a slave beneath the throne. We are brought nigh by the blood of Christ. It is to be feared that many heirs of heaven have never enjoyed the spirit of adoption as they ought to do. They have suffered themselves still to abide under the spirit of bondage. Their prominent thought of God has been still the eagle and not the hen; they have not yet learned to cower down beneath the divine protection, with the familiarity of the chicken beneath the parental wings. We are not to think less of the infinite greatness of God, nay, we should think more of him; for let our ideas of him be ever so much enlarged, we shall never reach the height of his glory; but still let there be no distance, let not his majesty chill and freeze the genial current of our soul, but let us remember that his love is as great as his power, and his tenderness is as infinite as his existence; he himself comes near to us; be not abashed to come near to him.

The comparison of the hen sets forth *love bestowing perfect rest*. The eagle stirred up her nest. The hen does the very opposite, she gathereth

her chickens under her wings. Her object is not to excite and to arouse, but to shelter and cherish. Have you never observed the little chicks delightedly sheltering beneath their mother's feathers, a head peeping from under the wing, and another thrust out between the plumage of the breast. How happy they all appear to be! Scarce any little note has more music of delight in it than the happy twittering of chicks when they are in warm Elysium of rest. There is nothing that they want; there is nothing more they could think of wanting. So, under the New Testament dispensation, the Lord reveals himself to his people as giving them rest. "We that have believed do enter into rest." "Peace I leave with you, my peace I give unto you." Note well, that the two ordinances which distinguish the two Testaments differ just as do the two metaphors before us. The passover—how did they eat it? In haste, each man with his loins girt and his staff in his hand, for they expected to hear of judgment upon Egypt, and to go forth themselves by night in great haste from the iron bondage. But how did our Lord and his apostles celebrate the sacred supper? Not superstitiously kneeling, or uncomfortably standing. No, all the disciples reclined at the table, after the Oriental custom, manifesting that they were at perfect ease; and we are accustomed to advise you, when you gather together to break bread, to sit as easily as you can. The best posture at the Lord's Supper is that in which you may decorously enjoy the greatest rest. There is the great difference; the law bids you gird up your loins, for you must up and away; but the gospel says, "It is finished; you who are troubled, rest with us. Christ has ascended up on high, he has taken possession of the better Canaan for you." May we all know our God in Christ as the Lord and giver of peace! Peace, because our sin is washed away by the precious blood of Jesus; peace, because our righteousness is complete through the perfect work of Christ which is imputed to us; rest, because the everlasting covenant cannot be broken; rest, because the Beloved has gone to prepare a place for us, and will soon come again; rest, because we have cast all our care on him who careth for us, and henceforth enjoy a peace which passeth all understanding, which keeps our hearts and minds through Jesus Christ.

Further, the simile of the hen brings out *love communing in the dearest manner*. The hen not only covers the chickens, but she supplies them with warmth from her own body. She, as it were, communicates of her vital force to the little tremblers whose strength is small, and who are cherished greatly by being nestled beneath her wings. Even so the Lord not only comes near us but he comes near us so as to communicate the mysterious warmth of his love and the mystic vitality of his own Spirit to us. We have before us not so much love fluttering over its fledglings teaching them what to do, as love brooding over its offspring and communicating of its own self to them. Beloved, this is not a mystery to be talked of, except in friendly fellowship with those who have experienced it, but this is a matter rapturously to be enjoyed by each Christian for himself. When we know by experience that the sap of the branch is the sap of the stem, that the life of the Christian is Christ Jesus, then know we this secret. "For ye are dead, and your life is hid with Christ

in God;" we derive from Christ all that we have, and by coming into contact with him in heartfelt communion we receive love out of his love, peace out of his peace, joy out of his joy, and life out of his life, as the chickens receive their nurture from the hen. May we understand this and enjoy it evermore!

Again, observe that in the figure of the hen we see *love covering weakness*. In the eagle it is love stirring up activity and developing latent strength, but here it is love bestowing protection upon those who are passive in receiving it, being weak. The little chicks do not try to uplift themselves on their own wings; they have nothing to do but to get fully beneath the mother, and there to rest. We need as in the first simile to be trained to use power when we have received it, and it should be our prayer that we may be strengthened with all might by his Spirit in the inner man. But there are times of sorrow, times of weakness, times of despondency, when that view of God yields us no comfort, and then we find it a peculiarly appropriate consolation that God has compared himself to the hen, so that we who are weak, trembling, powerless, may hide beneath his power and love, and find that nothing is required of us, but everything bestowed upon us. We rejoice to serve God, we delight, as saved souls, to honour our Redeemer, but it grates on our ears when we hear exhortations to serve God addressed to those who are dead in trespasses and sins, as if such services would save them, or as if their own strength would suffice them. They *are* to be exhorted to seek salvation in Christ by fleeing to him that he may gather them beneath his wings, Scripture warrants us in doing that; but we should be very wrong if we exhorted them to perform Christian duties as if they could fly up to heaven on their own wings. All the efforts of human nature will never save a soul. Men are not saved as eagles learn to fly, but they are saved as chickens are housed beneath the hen. They are not saved by activities, they are saved by passively accepting the activity of another and the sufferings of another—even Jesus Christ.

Hence we should carefully observe that this second metaphor was addressed to sinners, not to saints; not to Israel receiving God's mercy, so much as to Israel rejecting it; for Christ says, "How often would I have gathered thy children together, even as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings, and ye would not." This last, then, is peculiarly a metaphor of encouragement and rebuke to sinners: the first is very instructive to the advanced saint, but this is suitable for saints and sinners too; and we delight to speak of it in the hope that some poor seeking heart, without strength, with no wings of its own, may come and hide beneath the wings of God, and find a refuge where Jesus Christ has provided it, under the shelter of eternal love, as it manifests itself in the atonement of the Lamb of God. There is a difference, then, between these two figures, though they are both marvellously instructive. The first was an Old Testament type, revealing sternness, majesty, sublimity, power, prudence, discipline; the second is a New Testament emblem, manifesting sweetness, tenderness, familiarity, rest, security, content. The first is a symbol which only a saint can take to himself, and that not in the matter of his salvation, but only of his education. The second is a figure which is for the sinner as well as for

the saint, for the doubter, for the trembler. May each of us live to know the second first, and then the first afterwards, as we grow in grace.

The lesson which the two comparisons may teach is not far to find.

First, to the child of God, the lesson is one of encouragement. Are you in trouble? Rejoice in your trouble: it is the eagle stirring up the nest. The eagle has not forgotten her young, when she stirs them up, love moves her to that deed: God has evidently not forsaken you if he is exciting you to look above this world of care. I could bless God when I was lately in acute pain, when the thought occurred to me, "My Master has not quite forgotten his servant. I am not cast away like a wilted, withered flower, flung out of the hand because it yields no fragrance. My Lord is bruising me, as men do spices, to bring out of me whatever of fragrance he perceives. He has some esteem for me, else would he not bruise me."

Perhaps you are called by God to a certain very difficult labour. Accept that labour, and if the service be beyond your strength, be not startled at it; the eagle taketh her young upon her wings, and bears them aloft. Get upon the wings of God in all your labour. You can mount well enough (who could not?) on another's wing? You shall swim well enough with the life-belt of omnipotence about you. You shall be strong enough to perform even miracles when God is at your right hand. Fear not, for as your days are so shall your strength be. Go to your service not only with utter distrust of yourself, even with the sentence of death written on your own strength; but go also with an unwavering trust in God, and with the confidence that he cannot forsake you.

Perhaps you are the conscious subject of great weakness. The longer the Christian lives the weaker he grows in his own esteem. He *thought* himself weak at first, but he *knows* himself weak now. Then let this text encourage you. If you are weak, come like the chickens, who being weak, hide under the hen. Sing with Wesley—

"Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of thy wing."

There can be no better plea for you in going to God than this. If he should say, "Why come you here?" be content to reply, "Lord, I am weak, I come to thee for strength. I am defenceless, I come to thee for protection!" Necessity is the best argument with God's mercy. Your sense of weakness, therefore, should encourage you to hide beneath the wings of your God. "He shall cover thee with his feathers, and under his wings shalt thou trust. His truth shall be thy shield and buckler." "Because thou hast made the Lord, which is my refuge, even the Most High, thy habitation; there shall no evil befall thee, neither shall any plague come nigh thy dwelling."

The lesson to the unbeliever is equally plain. Unbeliever, there is nothing consoling in these metaphors for you if you remain as you are. They can give you no encouragement. Suppose the eagle should find in its nest a bird which, when the parent fluttered, never responded to its flutterings, which when taken on the father's wings would never learn to fly! The royal bird would soon understand that an intruder was there; and

what would be the result? An eagle is a dreadful bird when incensed. So remember when the Lord groweth angry and his longsuffering endeth, and his mercy is clean gone for ever, you will be in an awful condition. Did you never read those words, "Beware, ye that forget God, lest he tear you in pieces, and there be none to deliver"? Behold in those words the divine wrath revealed as the eagle. That same eagle which thus taught its young to fly, tears in pieces that which it hates. O yield yourselves to God; yield yourselves by repentance and faith to him against whose wrath you cannot stand. May God grant you grace never to try passages at arms with the Almighty! Let not a worm contend with the devouring flame, nor the chaff wrestle with the whirlwind, nor a sinner fight with his God.

Look at the other metaphor—that of the hen gathering her chicks. Suppose you unbelievably remain apart from Christ, and are not gathered, so that the Saviour may weep over you, and say, "How often would I have gathered you as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings, and *ye would not*;" O then remember how Jerusalem perished, and see in her fate a picture of your own. The chick which is unguarded by the mother's wings is always in danger. There is a speck in the sky; it is a hawk; see you not how it descends like a flash of lightning, and takes away the little one to be destroyed? The falcon of justice is searching for its victim, beware lest it bear you away to the place of doom. When the trumpet shall peal, and the dead shall awake, and the pillars of the earth shall shake, and the earth shall rock and reel, and the elements shall melt with fervent heat, then swift-winged vengeance shall soar aloft, and if you have no God to cover you, it will bear you away, into everlasting destruction from the presence of the Lord. My hearer, my reader, may you never know what it is to be left out when God shall read the muster-roll of his people. Without God! Without Christ! It will one day be everlasting misery to be without Christ! Seek ye the Lord while he may be found. The little chick does not need to prepare itself to come under the hen: it is not called upon to bring anything, or do anything. It merely runs, stoops its little head, and finds a shelter. Even thus, must we come to Christ, with desire in our hearts, prayer on our lips, and faith in our souls.

Spiked Guns.

TO render a cannon useless there is no need to blow it to pieces, or melt it down, or fracture it, let but a small piece of iron be driven into the touch-hole, and the gun is disabled for service. In like manner, to render a man useless in the gospel war, there is no need for the devil to ruin his character, render him a heretic, or pervert him into a blasphemer, let but the entrance by which the divine fire reaches his soul be stopped up, and the mischief is effectually done. Alas! too many professors are like spiked guns, the heavenly spark has no admittance into their souls: in all other respects they are in right trim, but worldliness has blocked up the communication with the heavenly fire, and the divine enthusiasm being shut out, they are useless in the church, the mock of Satan, and the grief of those who are zealous for the Lord God of Israel.—*From My Note Book, now preparing for publication.*

The Story of Carey and Indian Missions.

BY G. HOLDEN PIKE.

(Part II.)

THERE is no difficulty in accounting for the English opposition to Indian missions. Its main-spring was identical with the main-spring of all antipathy to revealed religion—the depraved human heart. Fallen humanity but too readily assimilates itself with whatever is earthly. Persons reared in Christian lands *must* regard idolatrous rites with shame and horror; nevertheless, experience shows that a residence amid heathen surroundings, and an absence of customary ordinances, breeds an indifference which ripens into deism; and deism in India is but another name for a profligate life. The Calcutta of seventy years since was a very lazaretto of moral delinquency. Deists by profession, most of the Europeans were profligates in practice. Society was chiefly composed of fortune-seekers, mercenary traders, renegades, and tyrannical officials; and from this motley crowd did heathens derive their impressions of the nature of Christianity. According to Carey, a reign of unchecked licentiousness evinced to the world what England would be without the restraints of Christianity.

A few words may be said about that great empire, held by England as a sacred trust. From very ancient times the merchants of various nations have regarded India as a favoured clime, where abounding wealth was only outgloried by perpetual sunshine. A traffic in her spices and fabrics, enriched some of the renowned nations of antiquity. Among the moderns, the Portuguese were the first to engage in this eastern trade; and they observed the precaution of overawing any would-be competitors by naval force, and sinister reports of the terrors abounding in neighbouring seas. The spiritual freedom of the Reformation infused a spirit of enterprise among the Teutonic races such as the yoke of Rome never fails in repressing. So early as the reign of Henry the Eighth, shipowners were talking of a north-west passage, where the vigilance of Portugal might be eluded; and two unsuccessful endeavours at discovery were made. English enterprise grew rapidly under Elizabeth, when a redoubled enthusiasm sought the unknown route which would open to the nations the supposed wealth of Hindustan. On returning from his voyage round the world, Drake found England clamorous to do him honour. His exploits inspired others with a spirit of rivalry which prompted several other expeditions of discovery. The ships and rich cargoes, captured from the Spanish and Portuguese, further excited the merchants' impatience to be sharing so opulent a traffic. Therefore, while Elizabeth's reign was hastening to its close, the English and Dutch East India Companies were formed; but any particular reference to these, or to the merchant adventurers, is foreign to our purpose.

The nations of Europe might profitably take greater interest in the history and future of Hindustan. Various travellers have given conflicting accounts of her natural attractions, wealth, and civilisation. What trustworthy knowledge we possess of her ancient condition is soon epitomised. The India of to-day is in most respects the India of

antiquity. From time immemorial, the arrogant Brahmins have treated the lower castes as gross inferiors. Though enveloped in pagan ignorance, their priests are yet great pretenders to knowledge; and, even such light as they really possess, they zealously hide from their slaves of the outer world. The other castes are the military, the pastoral, and the peasant orders. The latter are scarcely rated above common cattle, and their lives are held far cheaper than those of cows or insects. The ancient history of this vast region—a country, says her greatest historian, which seems fitted to become the “paradise of earth,” is entirely wanting. History is supplanted by the voluminous fictions of the Brahmins, the wild absurdities of their Shastres constituting their principal claim on our attention. Time is divided into four yugs, amounting to about four millions of years. The first period is called golden, the second silver, the third copper, and the fourth earthen; the last accounting for the badness of human nature. Such, in short, is India. While pretending to rejoice in complete civilisation, she is steeped in the rudeness of barbarism; and while claiming the command over the springs of knowledge, brutal ignorance and cruel superstition are cursing her fertile plains and polluting her crowded cities.

As already shown, only by the instrumentality of the Danish Government was the establishment of Indian missions made possible. The opening days of the year 1800 saw six missionaries and their families settled in Serampore; and that city now becomes associated with their alternate adversity and success. Carey's home is darkened by that saddest of all objects—an insane wife; but despite this crushing sorrow, he still works with indomitable energy, so characteristic of himself. As the missionaries live in common all are equal, unless Carey's claims to be master of the treasury and medicine chest may be accounted a distinction.

The mission now enters on a new phase. Three workers—Fountain, Brunsdon, and Thomas, the last having lost his reason—find a grave in their adopted country. We now become directly concerned with that illustrious triumvirate—CAREY, MARSHMAN, and WARD.

Joshua Marshman was of Nonconformist parentage, and a native of Westbury Leigh, in Wiltshire. His connections were respectable but not wealthy. The Westbury schoolmaster, a sad type of his class in those days, taught his pupils reading only. Reading, therefore, being chiefly what Marshman learnt in youth, he evinced a prodigious fondness for that useful art, and eagerly mastered what books were procurable. Having such predilections, he was dazzled at the prospect of beginning life with a London bookseller. But as it has happened, and will yet happen in this terrestrial sphere, anticipation was sweeter than reality. His spirits are depressed by menial drudgery, but anon, his condition is slightly mended by a recall to his father's loom. The society among whom he now associates includes many uncongenial souls, and such surroundings are not calculated to brace him for that noble contest with evil destined to make his manhood famous. He applies for admission to Christ's table; his straitlaced elders award him seven years' probation; and at last allow him to go into the world unbaptised. Now he is appointed master of

Broadmead School, Bristol. There he makes an acquaintance of Dr. Ryland, by whom Marshman is allured into the lecture-room of the academy. He studies the classical and Eastern languages. In the meantime he is interested in certain letters of William Carey; and the sequel is, that Marshman resolves on devoting his energies to Indian missions.

William Ward enjoyed the benefit of a more liberal training, his experience having prepared him for his superintendence of the press at Serampore. He had a mother both pious and strongminded. As a printer's apprentice, in his native town of Derby, he seized every opportunity of storing up knowledge. While still young, he very successfully edited the *Derby Mercury* and the *Hull Advertiser*. Two articles, of which he was the author, were subjected to a state prosecution on account of their alleged Jacobinical tendencies. On joining the Dissenters at Hull, Ward proved his sincerity of profession by zealously teaching the poorer people. He seems to have explored the town in the company of one to whom he was afterwards indebted for an ability to study theology. While seeking new missionary agents the committee found at Eward Hall, that "Christian printer," whose services Carey already coveted. This being no other than William Ward, he, too, was engaged for India.

Had they been going into the territory of a friendly power, the four, who in 1799 sailed from the Thames for India, would have shown themselves no cowards; the pittance ensured by the home committee being insufficient for their maintenance. But dangers springing from poverty and climate were less formidable than official intolerance. On arriving in India, the missionaries had to encounter the full force of the company's opposition, till after much harassing negotiation, the idea of settling on British soil was necessarily abandoned. Even the captain who brought the missionaries over, was ordered to carry them back, and threatened with the penalties of refusal. But by their vindictive opposition these contemners of Christianity only strengthened the basis of the missionary fabric. Serampore remained invitingly open, and the conduct of her officials pleasantly contrasted with the procedure of England. A small estate in the city, purchased for six thousand rupees, was henceforth the seat of the mission.

It is not easy to realise the obstacles which confronted these indefatigable pioneers. Those who can estimate the difficulties they conquered, will learn something of Christian heroism. What mean we by "a thousand difficulties"? The phrase is easily spoken, and no extraordinary meaning may be attached. Keenly, however, did Carey and his compeers experience its terrible import, while seeking the establishment of truth by breaking down "those amazing barriers" encompassing the citadel of error in Hindustan. They had weary wanderings; oftentimes labours were apparently fruitless; they had toils at the desk, in teaching, and in the office. "First one mentions an encouraging circumstance," wrote Carey, "and then another quotes a promise; and then another tries to bring a parallel case, and thus we endeavour to encourage ourselves in the Lord our God."

Serampore now became an active missionary station. A self-imposed code governed the daily life of its members, and that spirit of love

pervading the Bible, it was hoped, would win the victory. Foreign habits, and European contempt of idolatry, were never paraded before the natives; while an industrious self-sacrifice, probably unparalleled, made the missionary establishment for the most part self-supporting. At consecutive periods Carey held several lucrative government appointments, such as professor of Sanscrit at Fort William College, and Translator-general of the official proclamations. Marshman conducted an academy, Ward superintended the printing office. The earnings of these singular men, amounting in the aggregate to considerable fortunes, were devoted to the single and noble object of giving the Bible to India.

While they were thus winning the admiration of Christendom, it is disappointing to find how abjectly servile the missionaries could be to the chiefs of the Bible Society. As Nonconformists, they were overwhelmed with the condescension which allowed of their corresponding with bishops. Yet after all, what in these days would be contemptible was then characteristic of the era.

While the virgin soil was being broken as described, and while the missionaries rejoiced at what they were effecting, their success or non-success was a subject of sport for spectators in the distance. Reviewers and others, whose attainments included simple division, were able to set down some thousands of pounds—the cost of the mission to a given date—and then apparently to demonstrate to their dumb-founded readers, that every conversion was costing some hundreds sterling. With equal justness might a similar reasoning be applied to matters of commerce. Suppose one were to enclose a Canadian forest, to remove its timber, to drain its surface, to construct convenient roads and suitable buildings, and then on reaping the first grain, were to measure success by this same principle of simple division! By ignoring future harvests, it could readily be shown that the wheat had cost twenty pounds per bushel. But such a financier would be quite as reasonable as were the early opponents of Indian missions.

But the missionaries' enthusiasm raised them above the reach of all time-serving malignity. They now concerned themselves about the 16,000 rupees, which were indispensable for launching the first edition of the Bible. As it so frequently happens under similar circumstances, the money flowed in at the proper season. Soon afterwards the Bengali Testament was printed from native cast types, and the whole Bible was rapidly approaching completion. But this attention to translations failed to afford entire satisfaction to friends in England. Fuller was not sanguine about reaping in proportion to the outlay. The missionaries, moreover, were aided by Dr. Buchannan, an alliance which excited Fuller's mistrust, for he discovered in Buchannan the antitype of Worldly Wiseman. This is mentioned *en passant*, as one more example, if that were needed, of how even the enlightened are blinded by prejudice. Buchannan was far different from what the secretary imagined. Of a humble origin, he had persevered under great difficulties, till, from being a Company's chaplain, he rose into a Fort William professor, and his subsequent labours will warrant the enrolment of his name among the benefactors of India.

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The mission continued to assert itself in spite of strenuous opposition. If books could be multiplied in Serampore, their circulation could at least be checked in the Company's territory. But the arrival of additional help from Europe was what especially excited official indignation. Then, in July, 1806, the public were startled by the atrocities of Vellore, where the Sepoys murdered their sleeping officers. The origin of the outrage was traced to a major's petty interference with the men's costume, and to the evil machinations of the connexions of a defunct chief. But, whatever its spring, Christianity was made to bear the obloquy of the calamity. Maligned and mis-represented, the workers at Serampore replied by continuing to devote their incomes to the common cause of evangelisation. Sometimes, by overstepping the limits of their authority, the English officials were compelled to make an inglorious retreat. Thus, although arriving in an American vessel, certain missionaries were ordered to re-embark; but as extreme measures promised to embroil England, America, and Denmark in political squabbles, self-interest prompted a milder action. Anon, the mission press was ordered from Serampore to Calcutta, but as an enforced removal would have provoked a quarrel with Denmark, further proceedings were necessarily abandoned.

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The Company tried every artifice to repress missionary action, and to prevent the entrance into their territory of fresh evangelists from Europe. After the outbreak at Vellore very severe restrictions were placed on both preaching and the vending of publications. "India swarms with deists," wrote Carey, while tracing his trouble to an infidel source, or to what was as fatal, a general indifference to Christian tenets. When the storm had passed, and affairs assumed their wonted aspect, a day of thanksgiving was observed, and this was succeeded by a legacy of three thousand rupees. While all this was transpiring in India, England was inundated by the virulent diatribes of Waring, Twining, and the Edinburgh reviewers. The pamphlets of the former two have long been forgotten. The articles of Sydney Smith would only survive to tarnish his fame had he not lived to regret having written them.

Nevertheless the missionaries wanted not for able defenders outside the Nonconformist communion. In the first number of the *Quarterly Review*, Southey pleaded the justness of their claims, and their worthiness of support with an ability surpassing the eloquence of old Indian scribes and clerical wittings. He did not, however, regard Carey, Marshman, and Ward with unqualified admiration. Nor is this a matter for surprise; since we ourselves—now that the flight of sixty years has hushed the controversy into history—must regret an indiscretion that published journals overflowing with piety, and with expressions sufficiently becoming in the closet, but which "make a jester merry, and a wise man sad," when obtruded before the multitude. So thought Southey, who possessed a capacity for outshining Sydney Smith in venomous writing. He declares, for example, that Dissenting phraseology springs from "the insanity of the system, not of the individual;" and Fuller is "that fierce and fiery Calvinist." After having made such concessions to the prejudice of his readers, Southey, with his lever of common sense, manfully toppled over the most skilfully constructed of antimissionary arguments. The revolt at Vellore, so dishonestly associated with Christianity, he traced to its origin—a wanton interference with the Sepoy's head-dress; "as direct an outrage on their religious customs as it would be to prohibit baptism among Christians, or circumcision among Mahomedans." The apologists of heathenism loudly demanded a toleration for harmless superstitions; Southey required similar concessions for Christian Englishmen. He then rebutted some stereotyped objections. "It is impossible to convert the Hindus," said the party of which Waring, Scott, and Twining were the luminaries. "They may more easily be converted than any other people in the world," rejoined the *Quarterly*, and supported the assertion by indisputable proofs. "But why wish to convert the Hindus?" "Because," returned Southey, "it is the Christian's duty to spread the gospel in obedience to the express injunction of our divine Master." The Leadenhall-street oracles pleaded Bishop Horsley's authority for the obsolescence of the command. "Why convert the Hindus?" they asked. "Common humanity prompted the endeavour," urged the other side, while quoting the atrocities of the suttee to illustrate the need of blessing India with Christianity. Priestley was of opinion, that if superseded at all, Brahminism must be substituted by Socinianism—a compromise between faith and deism which Priestley himself professed.

Said Southey, "Socinianism has paralysed itself by its union with the degrading and deadening philosophy of Materialism. It is only the methodistical Christians who are numerous enough, zealous enough, and enthusiastic enough, to furnish adventures for such a service. The anti-missionaries cull out from their journals and letters, all that is ridiculous, sectarian and trifling; call them fools, madmen, tinkers, Calvinists and schismatics; and keep out of sight their love to man, and their zeal for God, their self-devotion, their indefatigable industry, and their unequalled learning." This was an eloquent and conclusive reply to those reviewers and others to whom Evangelical churchmen and devoted dissenters were but "two classes of fanatics." "The utter unfitness of the persons employed" was another quibble against Indian missions. As we have seen, this was already disposed of satisfactorily; but, had it been needful, a very weighty answer remained, —the very number of the *Quarterly* containing Southey's defence of the trio at Serampore, had an article reviewing a Bengali lexicon by Carey of a thousand pages folio.

In England the missionary tours of Andrew Fuller made a sunny contrast to this factious opposition. In Parliament, however, missions were spoken of as "visionary and impracticable." Of how differently the people regarded the subject from their rulers, Fuller supplied some unequivocal proofs; since his appearance before an English auditory was commonly the prelude to a handsome collection, and one visit to Scotland yielded £2,000. But earnest and lovable as he was, how far from perfect was this same Fuller! Even Serampore could humble herself before his close communion crotchets;* and, by succumbing to his persevering interference, the missionaries, who otherwise presented so noble a spectacle, in the matter of the commemorative bread and wine, lapsed into mere sectaries, and so in opposition to their own more enlightened belief, became sorry examples of an exclusive *régime*.

The valuable qualities of genius, devotion, and perseverance, exemplified in Carey were certain, soon or late, to assert their claims and to recommend their possessor to the regard of the best friends of India. Although so unassuming, his abilities were so manifest, and his services in philanthropy so conspicuous, that several learned bodies added his name to their rolls, and among others was the Asiatic Society of London. While not despising these honours, nor indifferent to the labours which won them, his great endowments natural and acquired, no less than the emolument they secured, were made to succour the cause of missions. A distinguishing trait of his character was modesty. When elected to the Sanscrit and Bengali professorship he accepted the office with reluctance, or even with actual dismay; and he did so while able to evince his fitness for the dignity by issuing a grammar of the language, and by delivering the first Sanscrit oration ever spoken before an English audience.

At this juncture the governor of India was the Marquess Wellesley. One little episode which occurred during his term of office deserves a passing notice. The character of the Marquess had much in it to admire, so

* We do not endorse this remark, but leave Mr. Pike to speak for himself. We feel pretty safe with anything Fuller did.—C. H. S.

that Carey, in the speech already referred to, paid him a graceful compliment. "I esteem such a testimony from such a man," said the governor, referring to this circumstance, "a greater honour than the applause of Courts and Parliaments." It was not surprising that a governor-general thus liberal-minded, and thus ready to utter his sentiments, proved obnoxious to the London autocrats. His pet scheme of Fort William College was eyed suspiciously, and orders were issued to cut off all further grants. These orders, however, were countermanded when the utility of the institution was plainly demonstrated. While connected with this college, Carey was appointed translator-general to the government. He had accounted it a favourable innovation when the official orders were sent to the native courts in English, but proclamations and other forms were still given to the populace in their vernacular dialects.

Besides translating the Bible into the principal Indian languages, these heroes of Serampore planned the establishing of stations in the interior. Being animated by the spirit of primitive Christianity, their action was not unworthy of the apostles themselves. Judging others by their own standard, they formed too high an estimate of human nature. They hoped to extend their bounds by enlisting the services of coadjutors, who, like themselves, would engage in some trade or profession, and who, like themselves, would relinquish their profits for the common weal.

Prior to 1813 these philanthropic plans were often rudely discouraged by the arbitrary procedure of the Company. Thus, in 1812, five American teachers were expelled the country, and a few months following an Englishman was similarly banished. But the season of redress had now arrived. Arraigned at the bar of the Commons and of public opinion, the Company had to defend its long term of abused power, and to suffer defeat in the ensuing parliamentary battle. The East India charter was expiring, and the crisis of its renewal became the opportunity for more enlightened politicians to propose the insertion of a clause which should confer the right on Europeans of unrestricted liberty in India. These reforms were vehemently denounced by the anti-missionaries, but the influx of nearly a thousand petitions in a few weeks overawed the opposition. Fuller and others waited on the ministry, the former having had an interview with Spencer Percival a few days prior to his murder. But this is not the place for detailing that popular excitement, nor the particulars of that great debate which characterised this year of liberty for missions, when the Company, as a penalty of tyranny, forfeited its illgotten power.

The mission was at length unfettered, and as if to compensate him for his self-denial under extended opposition and calumny, honours now gathered fast on the head of its founder. The Linnean Society, the Geographical Society, and the Horticultural Society elected him into fellowship. Carey's character was now appreciated. He had staked his all for winning great things, and he had won them. "If your objects are large, the public will contribute to their support," he said. "If you contract them, their liberality will also contract." While experience was verifying his words, a redoubled energy was being thrown into the work of the mission. A Christian literature was widely

disseminated: thousands of pamphlets would be distributed at a single festival.

But while freedom was in the ascendant, life at Serampore had its wonted light and shadow. To Felix, his eldest son, Carey hoped to bequeath his labours, till his hopes were blighted by the death of Felix in 1823. This youth passed through adventures sufficiently interesting to have warranted more lengthy details than what we possess. On its first introduction, vaccination greatly astonished the heathen nations. The natives of Rangoon learned this art of Felix Carey; and reports of its efficacy were not long in reaching the King of Ava. As the introducer of the beneficent system, and consequently as a public benefactor, Felix was commanded to repair to the king; but during his progress he suffered shipwreck, and lost a printing press, and what was far more affecting, his wife and two children were drowned. He arrived at Ava, however, and, rising in royal favour, became appointed ambassador at Calcutta. To his sire's sore dismay, the son now assumed the airs of a nabob, with a train of fifty attendants. Fortunately or unfortunately, this mock prosperity soon subsided. Unskillful in the tactics of diplomacy, Felix failed in his pretentious office, and feared again to show himself in his master's presence. For three years in a condition of wild freedom, he roamed about Bengal, the while encountering adventures akin to the narrations of excited romancers.

In addition to what has been advanced, the mission was subject to disasters beyond the control of human agents. Fire destroyed the printing works in March, 1812, when the warehouses were stocked with twelve hundred reams of paper, many manuscripts, and valuable stores of English and Indian types. This event at least evinced the affection of Christians for Serampore. India and England immediately subscribed the amount of the loss. Eleven years later when the Hoogley flooded the town, the mission station very severely suffered. Such calamities caused greater damage than can easily be imagined.

The year 1817 saw the beginning of differences between the missionaries and the home committee, misunderstandings that culminated in complete rupture ten years afterwards. The liveliest of quarrels are seldom edifying, and a dull narration of the one in question need not be attempted. Our sympathy is entirely with the missionaries. Old friends in England passed away and younger hands embarked for India, the latter soon making the discovery that the rigorous self-denial characterising the men already in the field was too burdensome for their weaker enthusiasm. Yet, it is hard to understand why, persons enjoying a comparative ease in London, should not have entertained a more considerate mien towards those noble spirits who founded the mission, and nurtured it with their earnings to the extent of £80,000.

The London committee wished for an investigation of their agents' procedure, and to appoint foreign trustees to the property at Serampore. They desired to control an expenditure which the missionaries chiefly contributed from their own means, but to these humiliating proposals Carey and his colleagues resolutely refused a hearing. Their steadfastness occasioned much abuse and misrepresentation. "The men at Serampore," as some contemptuously styled them, were maligned as dishonest stewards and fortune-hunters, who, working for their own profit, had amassed

considerable fortunes. Time has sifted these calumnies, exposed their falsity, and embalmed the memories of the subjects of them until their names are revered throughout the whole of Christendom. Not being dismayed by this undeserved obloquy, the missionaries extended their labours by founding a native college, for which a charter was granted by the King of Denmark. Thus, by means of English studies, the endeavour was made to undermine the superstition of caste, and other pagan absurdities. In visiting England and America, in 1819-20, Ward collected £3,000 in the former, and 10,000 dollars in the latter country for this educational scheme.

"I never intended to return to England . . . my heart is wedded to India," wrote Carey, in 1825; and closely adhering to his resolution he toiled on for the weal of his adopted country with that unremitting diligence which so few have the power to exemplify. But now he is growing weaker under the accumulation of years. Moreover, one by one his ties to earth are breaking. Cholera struck down William Ward, in 1823, and with much dejection did his survivors regard the presses which henceforth are to do their work of enlightenment without Ward's ceaseless watchfulness. Carey himself dies in June, 1834, and Marshman in December, 1837; and they all await the general awakening in the cemetery at Serampore. Happily there is no need to enlarge on the circumstances of their last hours. What has been already related must suffice for their eulogium.

In summing up the character of a man like Carey, due prominence should be given to his extraordinary diligence. Even the grammars he composed are too numerous for mentioning separately; and his Bengali lexicon fills three bulky quartos. When we add to these his many translations, we have a sum of work such as only few are able to crowd into the fleeting days of mortal existence. Extremely frugal in diet, his tastes were refined, and next to philology his predilections tended towards the attractions of tropical nature, in whose delightful domains he continually found new allurements. While labouring so abundantly in teaching and translating, his luxuriant garden surpassed in rich completeness the most famous botanical collections of the empire. To what did he owe his amazing success? Being far too sensible a man not to know where lay his strength, he also knew his weaker points, but like all great minds, subjected by grace, he was extremely modest. "I can plod," he himself testified, "to this I owe everything. The plodder is the man who will rise to respect and eminence, and should he live sufficiently long to effect his designs, he will make the world his insolvent debtor." To composition, as an art, he gave but little attention. Of a kind disposition, his mien was gentle and prepossessing, although he never commanded that easiness of mien imparted by good breeding and early culture. He achieved the truest of all success, by doing well what God allotted him to do; and we are also assured, that although for so long a period he drew a handsome income, he chose for his Master's sake to die poor.

Such was William Carey, the founder of modern missions to India. His life was one long sacrifice. Zeal, love, and mental gifts, as one offering, and as his all, were thrown into heaven's treasury. Is it not wonderful what humanity becomes by imitating its perfect example in

Christ! When working in his strength what cannot our weakness achieve? Christ is the hope of the world. To this his own life testifies; and the lives of spiritual heroes like Carey declare it. What were men taught when this poor shoemaker assailed the powers of heathenism? It was simply a reiteration of the old story: "The battle is not yours, but God's," and to God therefore belongs the victory. Verily, Christ is the hope of man; and next to his own testimony and that of the prophets, the laborious experience of such men as we have spoken of is an eloquent harbinger of his future universal supremacy. There is a time for all things; for light to reveal the deformity of Brahminical error; for idolatry to cease; for caste to depart; and for India to rejoice in perfect liberty; and when God's light-creating voice shall bid the night of paganism retire; the longest shadow heralding the uprising sun of a happier day, will be the one thrown across the land by the life-work of William Carey—the only monument worthy of such a benefactor of India.

Ministers Sailing under False Colours.

BY C. H. SPURGEON.

OUR forefathers were far less tolerant than we are, and it is to be feared that they were also more honest. It will be a sad discount upon our gain in the matter of charity if it turn out that we have been losers in the department of truthfulness. There is no necessary connection between the two facts of growth in tolerance and decline in sincerity, but we are suspicious that they have occurred and are occurring at the same moment. We freely accord to theological teachers a freedom of thought and utterance which in other ages could only be obtained by the more daring at serious risks, but *we also allow an amount of untruthfulness in ministers, which former ages would have utterly abhorred.* It is upon the grounds for this last assertion that we mean to utter our mind in a brief paragraph or two; our love to the most unlimited religious liberty inciting us to all the sterner abhorrence of the license which like a parasite feeds thereon.

Upon the plea of spiritual liberty, of late years certain teachers who have abjured the faith of the churches which employ them, have nevertheless endeavoured, with more or less success, to retain their offices and their emoluments. A band of men who maliciously blaspheme the atonement and deny the deity of our Lord, continue at this hour to officiate as pastors of more than one Reformed Church upon the Continent. A powerful body of sceptics, whose doubts upon the inspiration of Holy Scripture are not concealed, yet remain in churches whose professed basis is the inspiration of the Bible. Ministers are to be found who deny baptismal regeneration, and yet put into the mouths of children such words as these, "In my baptism: wherein I was made a member of Christ, the child of God, and an inheritor of the kingdom of heaven." In the same establishment may be found believers in nearly every dogma of the Popish creed, who nevertheless have declared their faith

considerable fortunes. Time has sifted these calumnies, exposed their falsity, and embalmed the memories of the subjects of them until their names are revered throughout the whole of Christendom. Not being dismayed by this undeserved obloquy, the missionaries extended their labours by founding a native college, for which a charter was granted by the King of Denmark. Thus, by means of English studies, the endeavour was made to undermine the superstition of caste, and other pagan absurdities. In visiting England and America, in 1819-20, Ward collected £3,000 in the former, and 10,000 dollars in the latter country for this educational scheme.

"I never intended to return to England . . . my heart is wedded to India," wrote Carey, in 1825; and closely adhering to his resolution he toiled on for the weal of his adopted country with that unremitting diligence which so few have the power to exemplify. But now he is growing weaker under the accumulation of years. Moreover, one by one his ties to earth are breaking. Cholera struck down William Ward, in 1823, and with much dejection did his survivors regard the presses which henceforth are to do their work of enlightenment without Ward's ceaseless watchfulness. Carey himself dies in June, 1834, and Marshman in December, 1837; and they all await the general awakening in the cemetery at Serampore. Happily there is no need to enlarge on the circumstances of their last hours. What has been already related must suffice for their eulogium.

In summing up the character of a man like Carey, due prominence should be given to his extraordinary diligence. Even the grammars he composed are too numerous for mentioning separately; and his Bengali lexicon fills three bulky quartos. When we add to these his many translations, we have a sum of work such as only few are able to crowd into the fleeting days of mortal existence. Extremely frugal in diet, his tastes were refined, and next to philology his predilections tended towards the attractions of tropical nature, in whose delightful domains he continually found new allurements. While labouring so abundantly in teaching and translating, his luxuriant garden surpassed in rich completeness the most famous botanical collections of the empire. To what did he owe his amazing success? Being far too sensible a man not to know where lay his strength, he also knew his weaker points, but like all great minds, subjected by grace, he was extremely modest. "I can plod," he himself testified, "to this I owe everything. The plodder is the man who will rise to respect and eminence, and should he live sufficiently long to effect his designs, he will make the world his insolvent debtor." To composition, as an art, he gave but little attention. Of a kind disposition, his mien was gentle and prepossessing, although he never commanded that easiness of mien imparted by good breeding and early culture. He achieved the truest of all success, by doing well what God allotted him to do; and we are also assured, that although for so long a period he drew a handsome income, he chose for his Master's sake to die poor.

Such was William Carey, the founder of modern missions to India. His life was one long sacrifice. Zeal, love, and mental gifts, as one offering, and as his all, were thrown into heaven's treasury. Is it not wonderful what humanity becomes by imitating its perfect example in

Christ! When working in his strength what cannot our weakness achieve? Christ is the hope of the world. To this his own life testifies; and the lives of spiritual heroes like Carey declare it. What were men taught when this poor shoemaker assailed the powers of heathenism? It was simply a reiteration of the old story: "The battle is not yours, but God's," and to God therefore belongs the victory. Verily, Christ is the hope of man; and next to his own testimony and that of the prophets, the laborious experience of such men as we have spoken of is an eloquent harbinger of his future universal supremacy. There is a time for all things; for light to reveal the deformity of Brahminical error; for idolatry to cease; for caste to depart; and for India to rejoice in perfect liberty; and when God's light-creating voice shall bid the night of paganism retire; the longest shadow heralding the uprising sun of a happier day, will be the one thrown across the land by the life-work of William Carey—the only monument worthy of such a benefactor of India.

Ministers Sailing under False Colours.

BY C. H. SPURGEON.

OUR forefathers were far less tolerant than we are, and it is to be feared that they were also more honest. It will be a sad discount upon our gain in the matter of charity if it turn out that we have been losers in the department of truthfulness. There is no necessary connection between the two facts of growth in tolerance and decline in sincerity, but we are suspicious that they have occurred and are occurring at the same moment. We freely accord to theological teachers a freedom of thought and utterance which in other ages could only be obtained by the more daring at serious risks, but *we also allow an amount of untruthfulness in ministers, which former ages would have utterly abhorred.* It is upon the grounds for this last assertion that we mean to utter our mind in a brief paragraph or two; our love to the most unlimited religious liberty inciting us to all the sterner abhorrence of the license which like a parasite feeds thereon.

Upon the plea of spiritual liberty, of late years certain teachers who have abjured the faith of the churches which employ them, have nevertheless endeavoured, with more or less success, to retain their offices and their emoluments. A band of men who maliciously blaspheme the atonement and deny the deity of our Lord, continue at this hour to officiate as pastors of more than one Reformed Church upon the Continent. A powerful body of sceptics, whose doubts upon the inspiration of Holy Scripture are not concealed, yet remain in churches whose professed basis is the inspiration of the Bible. Ministers are to be found who deny baptismal regeneration, and yet put into the mouths of children such words as these, "In my baptism: wherein I was made a member of Christ, the child of God, and an inheritor of the kingdom of heaven." In the same establishment may be found believers in nearly every dogma of the Popish creed, who nevertheless have declared their faith

in articles which are distinctly Calvinistic; and now last, and, to our minds, most sorrowful of all, it comes out that there are men to be found among Caledonia's once sternly truthful sons who can occupy the pulpits and the manses of an orthodox Presbyterian church, and yet oppose her ancient confession of faith. Our complaint is in each case, not that the men changed their views, and threw up their former creeds, but that having done so they did not at once quit the office of minister to the community whose faith they could no longer uphold; their fault is not that they differed, but that, differing, they sought an office of which the prime necessity is agreement. All the elements of the lowest kind of knavery meet in the evil which we now denounce. Treachery is never more treacherous than when it leads a man to stab at a doctrine which he has solemnly engaged to uphold, and for the maintenance of which he receives a livelihood. The office of minister would never unwittingly be entrusted by any community to a person who would use it for the overthrow of the principles upon which the community was founded. Such conduct would be suicidal. A sincere belief of the church's creed was avowedly or by implication a part of the qualification which helped the preacher to his stipend, and when that qualification ceases the most vital point of the compact between him and his church is infringed, and he is bound in honour to relinquish an office which he can no longer honestly fulfil. Scrupulous conscientiousness would not wait for any enquiries of church courts, but with noble delicacy, jealous of her own honour, would come forward and boldly say, "Gentlemen, the doctrines which you believe me to hold are no longer dear to me: I know that your church is not likely to alter her belief, and as I cannot square mine with hers, I leave her. I could not profess to be what I am not, or eat the bread of a church whose articles of faith I cannot accept." Having said this, the preacher has restored things to their natural position, and has a right, as far as his fellow men are concerned, to prophesy whatsoever seemeth good unto him. Whether he becomes orthodox or heterodox, more enlightened or less sound, is mainly his own business, and that of those who may accord with him; certainly, it is no concern of ours at this present, nor indeed is it so the concern of any soul breathing, that the man should be in any degree denied unbounded liberty of utterance; he has a right to speak what he believes, and in God's name let him speak. To put him to the loss of civil rights, or social status (so far as this last is a matter of voluntary act), is a suggestion to be scorned. To touch a hair of his head, or label him with an opprobrious epithet, would be disgraceful. He has cast off the bond which he found irksome; he scorned to be in fetters; he in common with all his fellows may now tell out his message in the world's great audience chamber, and our prayer for him is, the Lord send him divine light and love, and may his labour never be frustrated. But if the man make no such declaration to the religious body from whom in heart he differs, and offers no such resignation, but remains with it in name and in pay while secretly or openly opposing its covenanted faith, we have no words which can sufficiently describe the meanness of his conduct. If a priest engaged in sacrifice in the temple of Juggernaut should be converted to Mohammedanism, he would be a great rogue should he continue his ministrations in honour of the

Hindoo deity; and every rupee that he received from the worshippers of the idol would be the fruit of fraud. Or to change the instance, should the pastor of a Christian church become a conscientious believer in the divinity of the goddess Kalee, he would be nothing short of a villain if he held his position and pocketed the contributions of believers in Jesus. The cases may be said to be extreme, but they are scarcely more so than some existing among us, and the principle is the same as in less glaring instances. By what tortuous processes of reasoning could it be made to appear consistent with uprightness for an Arminian to accept emoluments upon the condition of teaching Calvinistic doctrines, or how could a Calvinist be justified should he enter into covenant to teach the opposite tenets? Would it be any decrease of the inconsistency of either official if he should, after gaining his position and securing its salary, become a stickler for ministerial liberty and insist upon delivering himself of his own real opinions which he dared not have avowed at his instalment, and which, *ex officio*, he ought to denounce? A church, having a written creed, virtually asks the candidate for her pulpit, "Do you hold fast our form of sound words, and will you endeavour to maintain it?" On the response to that enquiry, other things being settled, the appointment depends. The candidate's "yea," is accepted in confidence as being sincere, and he is inducted; but if it be a lie, or if at any time it cease to be altogether true, it is only by a sophistry unworthy of an ingenuous mind, that a man can justify himself in retaining his place; he is bound in honour to relinquish it forthwith.

It may be said that churches should leave their ministers free to preach whatever they please. Our answer is, that it may or may not be the proper course, to us it seems to be a plan worthy only of a race of triflers, but that is not the point in hand. When churches agree to leave their preachers perfectly unbound as to doctrine, our remarks will have no relevancy, for where there is no compact there can be no breach of it; but the fact is that the churches as a rule do not give such boundless license, but lay down more or less distinct creeds and rules of practice, to which assent is given by all their ministers; and while these are still in use, no man can promise to maintain them, and yet war against them, profess to esteem them, and yet despise them, without his conduct being a great moral mystery to those who fain would think him an honest man.

It is frequently bewailed as a mournful circumstance that creeds were ever written; it is said, "Let the Bible alone be the creed of every church, and let preachers explain the Scriptures as they conscientiously think best." Here again we enter into no debate, but simply beg the objector to remember that *there are creeds*, that the churches have not given them up, that persons are not forced to be ministers of these churches, and therefore if they object to creeds they should not offer to become teachers of them; above all, they should not agree to teach what they do not believe. If a man thinks the banner of a political party to be a wrong one, he should not enlist under it, and if he does so, with his heart in another camp, he may expect ejection with remarks unflattering. Protest by all means against creeds and catechisms, but if you sign them, or gain or preserve a position by

appearing to uphold them, wonder not if your morality be regarded as questionable.

It has been insinuated, if not openly averred, that to deprive a man of his office in any church because he denies its doctrines is persecution. But if the members of a religious community are forced to support a man who undermines their faith, are *they* not most clearly persecuted? If they are compelled to endure as their spiritual leader a person who impugns the doctrines which he was chosen to defend, is not this persecution of the heaviest sort? The liberty of preachers is important, but the liberty of hearers is important too. It would be wrong to oppress the individual, but it is not less so to oppress the many. Let the preacher use his tongue as he wills, but by what show of right should a congregation support him while he is opposing their views of truth? There is the whole world for every earnest speaker to talk in, but for what reason is he to have possession of a pulpit dedicated to the propagation of dogmas which he glories in refuting? We have scarcely patience to expose so self-evident an absurdity. The whine concerning persecution is effeminate cant. Not thus did the heroes of the Disruption set up a caterwauling when, because they could not agree with regulations forced on the Scottish Establishment, they surrendered all that they possessed of church house room and provender. Did Luther and Calvin claim to remain priests of the church of Rome, and hang on to benefices under the Pope's control? Did the Nonconformists of two hundred years ago claim to eat bread episcopally buttered after they had refused compliance with the Act of Uniformity?

Every free association has at least a civil right to make its own laws; no man is bound to join it, but, having joined it, if he disobey the rules it is no persecution, but the purest justice, to cast out the offending member. To put such a perfectly justifiable and even necessary expulsion on a level with thumb-screwing, burning, or imprisonment, is sheer idiotic maundering; and one wonders at the littleness of the souls who allow such pleadings to be offered on their behalf. Half a grain of heroism would make a man say, "No, I have no right to a stipend which I am disqualified from earning. I shall be a loser, but the world is wide, truth is precious, and while I am true to my sacred calling, and the spirit of truth, I doubt not that God will bear me through, and that there are true hearts beating in unison with mine who will rally round me: at any rate, I dare not act dishonestly." However great a man's error, one feels a sympathy with his person when he is moved by honourable sentiments to make personal sacrifices; but, even if we were certain that truth was on his side, if he violated the rights of others by forcing his opinions upon them, indignation should be excited in every just man's bosom.

But suppose a church to be founded upon compromise, and intended to embrace parties of many shades of opinion? Then, of course the latitude specified may be enjoyed without infraction of the code of honour, although it is possible that difficulties of another sort may arise; but even in such a case there must of necessity be some points settled, something not to be considered as moot, and our remarks are applicable to deviations from those settled standards to the fullest degree. Concerning these there must be no shuffling, or honour is gone.

Ecclesiastics may not think so, but the common sense of observers outside never hesitates in its verdict when the clergy play with words. The proverb concerning the falseness of priests owes its origin to the aptness of ecclesiastics to twist language. No conceivable mode of expression could fix a doctrine if certain divines had the exposition of them. Black is white, and red no colour, and green a peculiar shade of scarlet with theological word-splitters. Alas! that it should be so, for the crime is great, and thousands have died at Tyburn for faults not a tithe so injurious to the commonwealth.

What is to be done with persons who will not leave a church when their views are opposed to its standards? The reply is easy. They should have a patient hearing that they may have opportunity to explain, and if it be possible to their consciences, may sincerely conform; but if the divergence be proven, they must with all the courtesy consistent with decision be made to know that their resignation is expected, or their expulsion must follow. The church which does not do this has only one course before it consistent with righteousness; if it be convinced that the standards are in error and the preacher right, it ought at all hazards to amend its standards, and if necessary to erase every letter of its creed, so as to form itself on a model consistent with the public teaching which it elects, or with the latitude which it prefers. However much of evil might come of it, such a course would be unimpeachably consistent, so consistent indeed that we fear few ordinary mortals will be able to pursue it; but the alternative of maintaining a hollow compact, based on a lie, is as degrading to manliness as to Christianity. Much and often have we marvelled at the inertia of Christian manhood. An Imaum who traduced the prophet from the pulpit of the Mosque, would have small tolerance from the disciples of Mahomet beyond the leave to go his way, and never pollute the place a second time. Not even the most debased of idolatries would so stultify itself, or become so heartlessly hypocritical, as to enrich with the gold and silver of its votaries priests who avowedly and laboriously opposed the gods, and the teachings of the Shastras. It is reserved for certain Christian churches to degrade themselves by tolerating as their teachers the acknowledged and professed propounders of another gospel, and allowing the inspiration of the Bible, the deity of Christ, and the verities of the faith, to be scoffed at to their faces on the Sabbath-day by their own paid ministers. How long ere this reproach shall be rolled away!

Covetousness.

COVETOUS men must be the sport of Satan, for their grasping avarice neither lets them enjoy life nor escape from the second death. They are held by their own greed as surely as beasts with cords, or fish with nets, or men with chains. They may be likened to those foolish apes which in some countries are caught by narrow necked vessels; into these corn is placed, the creatures thrust in their hands, and when they have filled them they cannot draw out their fists unless they let go the grain, sooner than do this they submit to be captured. Are covetous men, then, so like the beast? Let them ponder and be ashamed.—*From "My Note Book."*

A Visit to the Field Lane Refuge.*

THE evils attending indiscriminate charity have recently forced themselves upon public attention in a variety of ways. People are discovering, what might have been perceived long ago, that reckless relief is demoralising to the recipients, and productive both of mendicancy and mendacity. Generous giving may not always be wise giving; and many a man has been pauperised instead of assisted by the benefactions of the liberal. To relieve the needy and deserving without injuring the tone of their moral character, is confessedly difficult. The task however must be attempted; and no excuse can justify the supineness of those whose selfishness and indolence lead them to be indifferent to the opportunities for practical benevolence which in these days of commercial depression, are opened to them.

There are few instances in which it is more important to give wisely, than in the case of men of good character who have been overwhelmed by misfortune. Unfortunately, there are just now, large numbers of the unemployed in London whose destitution is appalling. Many of them are men of honest intentions, who would disdain to live on charity if work could be had. How to help them to tide over their heavy misfortunes is a question worthy of serious consideration. Emigration is at best a necessary evil, for we need the sinews and the skill of our best workmen. Yet this must be resorted to in times of widely-prevalent distress. There is, however, a class of men that, under ordinary as well as extraordinary circumstances, needs special attention. Through a variety of causes, some of which might have been prevented, they have fallen into poverty. Reckless trading, or reckless living, may have brought them down in the scale of society. Unsuccessful as tradesmen, they have probably been unsuccessful as workmen. Unaccustomed to "rough it," they may have fallen into severe illnesses; or if they have not suffered personally in health from the change in their outward circumstances, their families may have done so. Then, the difficulty of obtaining employment as unskilled labourers is very great, since such labour is always at a discount. Very many men, too, have mistaken their calling. Some aspiring shoemaker has left his awls and wax for the, to him, barren field of literature, whereas he had better have stuck to his last. Some draper's assistant who had a soul above serving behind the counter, and who had a fancied taste for the fine arts, has put "architect" after his name, but has never had the opportunity of building anything but castles in the air, and has found them as unprofitable as most airy speculations. There are incompetent men who judged that they had a mission, but could never find a field in which to discharge their consciences; curates who once dreamed of a wealthy alliance that would establish them without the aid of the State; schoolmasters who have every qualification save that most indispensable one, good penmanship; briefless lawyers who have spent a brief professional career, and a variety of semi-professional men who were never handy at anything that was remunerative, who were destined to serve

* Continued from January number, page 10.

bnt whose vanity caused them to aim to be masters. Many there are who have left country towns and villages under the mistaken impression that the streets of our metropolis are paved with gold. In fact, the causes are multitudinous; for poverty is easily attainable, and it is, alas! all too possible for men of maintained integrity of character to become homeless and destitute.

In a spacious, lofty, well ventilated room in the Field Lane Refuge we saw a large number of persons such as we have described. Accustomed as we have been, in preparing material for our series of papers on "Christian Work among the Lowly," to witness scenes of deep poverty, we were never more pained than by seeing respectable, healthy, intelligent, well-clad men who had been glad to seek refuge in this institution. Without homes, without money, having pawned all their possessions but not parted with their honour, these men were here resting for a time that they might be saved from destitution or hopeless despair. Glad are these men of a lump of dry bread and a cup of coffee, though once they would have reserved such humble fare for the beggars at their doors. Thankful are these men for the kind word which they had often given with the cup of cold water to the poor and the starving. Some were professional men of educated tastes—you could tell them readily enough by their demeanour, their light and delicate touch. Some were young men just out of their apprenticeship who had been unsuccessful in gaining employment as workmen; some were lads belonging to the increasing class of apprentices who have served only half their time. There were also a number of working men, some with grey hairs, whose dilapidated clothes told of destitution and misery.

The great object of the institution is not to provide a permanent asylum for these needy ones, nor to encourage pauperism. When a poor fellow makes application for relief, it is immediately granted; the master then ascertains from him his history; this is duly recorded in a book, and the accuracy of his story is tested; if it be found that the man is honest and his case worthy, he is sheltered, and assisted as far as possible, but he is expected to be on the look-out for some sort of situation. Perhaps his clothes are so deplorably bad that no one would care to engage him in the condition in which he would present himself to an employer. There is a store-room filled with clothes that have been given as "cast-off" wearing apparel, and through this provision many a man has been enabled to secure a situation. The plan of sending disused clothing to such an institution is one worthy of great commendation. We believe that greater facilities are about to be offered to the benevolent public for this purpose; and store-rooms will be opened at certain central places in the city for the reception of garments which may be worn by the homeless and destitute. Surely this would be infinitely more satisfactory and pleasant than selling such articles for a few coppers at the door to old clothesmen. If this method of assisting the poor were more largely adopted, we believe more good might be done than is possible even with gifts of money. For want of decent clothing, many a mechanic has sunk into pauperism, and losing all manly self-respect has forgotten the duty of self-help.

The Field Lane Refuge seems peculiarly happy in many of its methods of inculcating lessons of independence. There is an industrial

class, for instance, which is much appreciated. At a given signal, we observed a number of the more meanly-clad leave the desks around which they had been sitting reading the Bible, and descend into a room below. This room was not a large one ; it would probably hold about forty persons. Forms were provided, and at the call of the word "Tailors," a body of men took one side of the apartment, while the "Shoemakers" occupied the other. We believe we are correct in saying that there was only one tailor and one shoemaker present, and they were the masters. These masters give out suitable pieces of cloth or leather, and direct how they can best be appropriated. It was a curious and pitiable sight to observe the men take off their shoes and begin to repair them, their feet in the meantime remaining uncovered. And yet they set about their task with cheerful alacrity, though they manifested a little clumsiness in manipulating their pieces. "In summer," says the report, "it is a great boon to have the feet defended from the stones; but in wet and cold weather the comfort of dry feet is such as wins from the poor creatures expressions of touching thanks. From the opportunity here afforded for repairing his garments, many an honest man, now earning his daily bread in peace, dates his ability to make himself sufficiently decent to solicit and obtain employment."

Returning to the dormitory, we found that each man had a hammock, and a warm rug. Each inmate is expected to have a thorough wash before retiring to rest, and before leaving the refuge in the morning, and also a hot bath once a week. There are appliances for the efficient cleansing of clothes, etc. Mr. Williams, the master, an intelligent, warm-hearted Christian, reads the Scriptures to the men both morning and evening, and then commends them to the care of God, urging them to remember him in all they do, and not to forget where strength in hours of temptation may be gained. Every evening in the week, and three times on the Lord's-day, the inmates receive secular or Bible instruction. This work has not been without results. Not a few have learnt in this refuge the way to immortal life; and many have for the first time bent the knee and called upon God in this room.

Mr. Williams has been kind enough to favour us with a number of interesting cases extracted from his journal, for all of which we have no space. We quote three cases as types of the rest, only one of which has been published :—

"A. B., aged twenty-eight, classical teacher, and Bachelor of Arts, of Trinity College, Dublin, left his situation through a whim of his own. But when he arrived in London, he found out to his bitter cost, it was not quite so easy to find a situation. For eight months he had been wandering about the country in search of employment, and truly it may be said of him, 'He would have eaten of the husks which the swine did eat, but no man gave unto him.' To use his own words, 'I was glad to pick up the rotten turnip which the beast refused, and even relished it, and for my bed I had nothing but the white bed of snow, which then mantled the earth; and yet the Lord has mercifully brought and preserved me in health through it all.'"

"J. P., a young man, aged twenty-six, had been an officer in the navy, he was the son of a clergyman in Ireland. Having formed the acquaintance of loose companions he lost his position in the navy,

disgraced his family, by whom he was cast adrift on the world; he applied to me in a most forlorn and destitute condition—boots with toes out, trousers with knees out, hat with crown out, coat with elbows out, and pockets turned inside out; altogether, he seemed a helpless and hopeless case; but seeing he was a young man of no mean ability, I determined to see what could be done for him; I made an appeal in the first instance to his mother, and then to his father, the result of which was the father procured for him another appointment, and up to the present he is giving every satisfaction.”

“P. T., a young man, aged twenty-three, a surveyor, son of respectable parents in San Francisco, having had a dispute with his father, he took ship and sailed away to England; when he came on shore in Southampton he had not a penny in his possession. In reply to my interrogations he stated, ‘My parents have been most indulgent and kind at all times; I thought I could do well in England, but how humbly would I sit down now, and eat of the very crumbs that fall from my father’s table. I left them without their knowledge or consent, but how bitterly have I repented of my folly. I am now houseless, homeless, bootless, and shirtless. If you can befriend me in any way I never shall forget your kindness. I am now wandering about from union to union like a common felon, shunned by every one. Misery and ruin stare me in the face, I have youth and education in my favour, but they but seem to retard my progress, thousands of miles from my home and friends—what shall I do!’ I appealed to his father, and in reply received a cheque for £25, to be laid out as I thought proper, to send him home as expeditiously as possible.”

The *Female Refuge* resembles in nearly all particulars that of the males. With the exception of the *young* women, the inmates seemed to be of somewhat lower type of character than the men; at least their appearance was more deplorable. The refuge is designed to protect the innocent, to befriend the destitute, and to shelter the homeless; and the leaves of the journal lying on the desk at the entrance door amply testify to the invaluable services rendered by the institution. Here are girls who had been on the brink of moral ruin; some who had fallen; some who had been lured to the Metropolis under various pretences; some who had through the tyranny and cruelty of mistresses been turned out of doors, unceremoniously and illegally; some who had been found by missionaries and Bible-women in garrets, without fire or clothing or food; and others who had been rescued from the streets. Some of these women have been accustomed to the luxuries of life; and after suffering the hardships of utter destitution, the refuge becomes a sweet retreat that reminds them once again of the decencies of life. Moreover, during the slack season, poor needlewomen—you can tell who *they* are by their spare figures and thin fingers—are glad to find an asylum here. Mr. Tawell informs us that for honest, sober, and industrious women, occupation is found much sooner than for men. But then, alas! all are not sober, nor all honest. Love of drink brings many a woman of good abilities and fair education into the lowest depths of poverty.

The institution affords shelter to country girls who are searching for situations, and it sometimes finds places for them. The great aim is to encourage the honest, and persevering and industrious; help is generously

given to all such persons, while the lazy and the imposing are left to their own resources. "All who honestly discharge their duty are encouraged to hope. Trifling assistance, by way of clothing, stock, temporary shelter to do needlework that the money saved by lodging may purchase a few articles for housekeeping, shelter till the slack season is over, recommendation, and intercession of the matron with offended mistresses and friends for character where it has unfeelingly been withheld, are services which render the refuge a priceless boon to poor defenceless women." Women, too, who have fallen in station through habits of intoxication, have been restored to comfort and respectability. Altogether 1,690 women were admitted last year; these received 16,033 lodgings, and 34,000 loaves of bread; coffee night and morning, and dinner and tea on Sundays. Out of this number there were 554 who may fairly be described as "defenceless" females who were saved from destitution and infamy, and who now are earning an honourable living.

Great care is taken to classify the inmates. The matron says that whilst it is to be feared that very many of those who seek shelter in this refuge are wanting in principle, and while many are ignorant of the gospel of Christ, they are nevertheless glad to receive instruction. The Bible classes are means of great religious good, especially to those who remain in the refuge for a few weeks. The matron has furnished me with a number of interesting cases illustrative of the kind of work done in this department of the institution. One case is typical of many. It is that of an orphan girl from Norfolk, who was in service three months in a respectable part of London, but was discharged because she was inefficient (although acknowledged to be steady and honest), and had incurred a debt of four shillings for bootmending and making a dress. Judged from the matron's narrative, her case was very hard, and the mistress was cruelly thoughtless, to say the least, although the cruelty may have arisen from want of thought and not from want of heart. Upon leaving her situation, she took the train to Norfolk, to a grandmother, who immediately paid her fare back again. She then sought shelter in Newport Market Refuge, where she was found by a missionary just as the term allowed there was expiring, and was recommended to the Field Lane Refuge. Her clothes were in a deplorable condition, and were only fit to burn. She was therefore provided with a new suit, and sent into a pious family, where she was so differently treated that the girl no longer appeared the same. She often visits the matron, attends the Bible classes, and having been permitted by her mistress to practise reading in the evening, she has acquired a taste for poetry, which she recites admirably. Thus the committee of the refuge acted the part of guardians to this friendless girl, as indeed they do to others similarly exposed to the snares with which this great city abounds. A young girl, not twelve years of age, an orphan, who had been most shamefully ill-treated by a stepfather, was brought to the refuge by an aunt who declined to do anything for her. Her stepfather had frequently come home drunk, and turned the wee thing out of bed into the streets, half-naked. She had been imprisoned, it appears, though the story seems scarcely credible, for taking two shillings out of her brother's pocket. The child had her

good traits of character, but had many bad ones. She was intelligent, somewhat precocious, able to read and write, and had a good general knowledge; but so badly trained was she in other respects, that she took to fighting and screaming, and rebelled against every authority. Two months, however, of firm and affectionate treatment wrought great changes in her deportment. "To-day," writes the matron to us, "she has acknowledged, when questioned, that she was the one in fault, though up to the last few days, she has been addicted to most notorious falsehoods. We believe that this child's heart is taking in the great truths necessary to the salvation of her soul, and we look up to God to make our instruction bring forth fruit to his glory, and what is already accomplished encourages us to hope for greater blessings." The young girl referred to in the following paragraph, which we give in the matron's own words, was pointed out to us. Happy indeed did she appear to be while she was sewing in her class.

"Another little one, thirteen years old, both parents drunkards, was brought to us by her mother, whose head was bound up from having been beaten by her husband, who was sentenced to six months' imprisonment. This child can tell tales of woe and suffering experienced in her young life we hope seldom exceeded. Her parents were once well off, and surrounded by the comforts of life, lived in comparative happiness till the demon drink entered them. She said the joint would hang and blacken at the fire on Sunday morning, while father and mother quarrelled and drank: sometimes the father would come home and turn them all out of bed. This little one has learned to read and work, making such progress and improvement, both physically and mentally, that it is enough to make any kind heart sing for joy. I have never known this child attempt to deceive."

The *servants' training-house* is distinct from the Female Refuge, and has another matron. Its object is to protect friendless girls when out of situations, and while being sheltered, to bring them to the Saviour. The report of the institution summarises briefly the work done. It says, "During the day they are employed making garments for those going to service. Every girl going to service is provided with an entire change of clothing. The food provided is plain and wholesome. When situations are obtained from this room, the girls are not allowed to come back, unless on special recommendation from their mistresses. One great good conferred by the servants'-room is the immense number who obtain situations with respectable Christian families. Some of these girls are found to have been dismissed peremptorily from service, without a moment's notice, almost driving the poor victims into the paths of sin. Others, discharged from hospitals, are allowed to stay for a time, until strong enough to work. Few leave without the association of a home; and a holiday from service generally secures a visit. Once in six months they are invited to tea with the matron, meetings which are both interesting and instructive." The rooms are cheerful and bright; the girls are happy in appearance, and apparently at home; while those who have come to have "a cup of tea" with the matron, by permission of their mistresses, do credit to the institution which has fostered them under its care and provided them with the means of obtaining an honest livelihood.

A very admirable part of this work is that of the *Youths' Institute*. There are a large number of hard-working lads in the neighbourhood, who the moment they have done their work, return to their homes, or seek pernicious society in the streets or in the penny gaff. Boys need society as do men, but few opportunities have they of cultivating the acquaintance of those who will excite their attention, please their eye, and educate their taste. The institute here meets a great want, although it is on a small scale. When a lad leaves his house of business—suppose he be a printer's or a type-founder's boy, and there are many such in the City—he may repair to the institute, make use of the lavatories, and attend classes for his instruction in different branches of knowledge, or sit down and read or play at chess, or engage in gymnastic exercises, or attend the mutual improvement class. Only recently, there was a competition in essay-writing, and a lad of seventeen carried off the prize; although the other six essays were intelligent productions, this one was praised as being most admirable.

There are one or two branches of work in this large institution which we have not noticed—the most important is the *Ragged Church*. The Field Lane Refuge is essentially a Christian institution. It is managed by Christian men, and it is doing a Christian work. Here the ragged poor of London assemble on the Sabbath for public worship. Such a sight is presented on these occasions as is not to be witnessed every day. Here are the veritably poor and ragged. They come from all parts of the Metropolis—from lodging-houses, courts, alleys, fields, and casual wards. They know they are welcome, and are sure of a hearty reception. They need no exhortation not to come in their Sunday clothes, their week-day rags constitute their only attire. Nearly forty-three thousand persons heard the gospel preached in this chapel last year. Nine hundred, and frequently one thousand, poor persons attend one service. Large as is the attendance, the attention paid is remarkable and their singing is hearty. One poor Irishman walks with his son all the way from Wandsworth because he says “it does his soul good.” Anxious enquirers have remained after the service for prayer. “Robber and harlot,” says the annual report, “men ruined by vice, and women sin-stained and world-weary have found this service a kind of ladder to reach the Eternal City. Some of these are living such lives of devotion to Jesus, as to put many hereditary Christians to the blush; whilst others have gone into the presence-chamber of him whose grace plucked them out of the mire of sin.”

I cannot close this narrative of facts without mentioning one that is highly honourable to the gentleman concerned. It is this—Mr. Tawell, the indefatigable and obliging secretary, has saved the institution several thousands of pounds by his honorary services. He is a most hardworking secretary, and both he and his family have done nobly in thus befriending the homeless and destitute.

EDWARD LEACH.

Expositions of the Psalms.

BY C. H. SPURGEON.

PSALM XLV.

TITLE.—*The many titles of this Psalm mark its royalty, its deep and solemn import, and the delight which the writer had in it. To the Chief Musician upon Shoshannim. The most probable translation of this word is upon the lilies, and it is either a poetical title given to this noblest of songs after the Oriental manner, or it may relate to the tune to which it was set, or to the instrument which was meant to accompany it. We incline to the first theory, and if it be the true one, it is easy to see the fitness of borrowing a name for so beautiful, so pure, so choice, so matchless a poem from the golden lilies, whose bright array outshone the glory of Solomon. For the sons of Korah. Special singers are appointed for so divine a hymn. King Jesus deserves to be praised not with random, ranting ravings, but with the sweetest and most skilful music of the best trained choristers. The purest hearts in the spiritual temple are the most harmonious songsters in the ears of God; acceptable song is not a matter so much of tuneful voices as of sanctified affections, but in no case should we sing of Jesus with unprepared hearts. Maschil, an instructive ode, not an idle lay, or a romancing ballad, but a Psalm of holy teaching, didactic and doctrinal. This proves that it is to be spiritually understood. Blessed are the people who know the meaning of its joyful sound. A Song of loves. Not a carnal sentimental love song, but a celestial canticle of everlasting love fit for the tongues and ears of angels.*

SUBJECT.—*Some here see Solomon and Pharaoh's daughter only—they are short-sighted; others see both Solomon and Christ—they are cross-eyed; well-focussed spiritual eyes see here Jesus only, or if Solomon be present at all, it must be like those hazy shadows of passers-by which cross the face of the camera, and therefore are dimly traceable upon a photographic landscape. "The King," the God whose throne is for ever and ever, is no mere mortal and his everlasting dominion is not bounded by Lebanon and Egypt's river. This is no wedding song of earthly nuptials, but an Epithalamium for the Heavenly Bridegroom and his elect spouse.*

DIVISION.—*Verse 1 is an announcement of intention, a preface to the song; verse 3 adores the matchless beauty of Messiah; and from 3—9, he is addressed in admiring ascriptions of praise. Verses 10, 11, 12, are spoken to the bride. The church is further spoken of in verses 13—15, and the Psalm closes with another address to the King, fortelling his eternal fame, 16—17.*

EXPOSITION.

MY heart is inditing a good matter: I speak of the things which I have made touching the King: my tongue is the pen of a ready writer.

1. "*My heart.*" There is no writing like that dictated by the heart. Heartless hymns are insults to heaven. "*Is inditing a good matter.*" A good heart will only be content with good thoughts. Where the fountain is good good streams will flow forth. The learned tell us that the word may be read overfloweth, or as others, boileth or bubbleth up, denoting the warmth of the writer's love, the fulness of his heart, and the consequent richness and glow of his utterance, as though it were the ebullition of his inmost soul, when most full of affection. We have here no single cold expression; the writer is not one who frigidly studies the elegancies and proprieties of poetry, his stanzas are the natural outburst of his soul, comparable to the boiling jets of the geysers of Hecla. As the corn offered in sacrifice was parched in the pan, so is this tribute of love hot with sincere devotion. It is a sad thing when the heart is cold with a good matter, and worse when it is warm with a bad matter, but incomparably well when a warm heart and a good matter meet together. O

that we may often offer to God an acceptable *minchah*, a sweet oblation fresh from the pan of hearts warmed with gratitude and admiration. "*I speak of the things which I have made touching the King.*" This song has "the King" for its only subject, and for the King's honour alone was it composed, well might its writer call it a good matter. The psalmist did not write carelessly; he calls his poem his works, or things which he had made. We are not to offer to the Lord that which cost us nothing. Good material deserves good workmanship. We should well digest in our heart's affections and our mind's meditations any discourse or poem in which we speak of one so great and glorious as our Royal Lord. As our version reads it, the psalmist wrote experimentally things which he had made his own, and personally tasted and handled concerning the King. "*My tongue is the pen of a ready writer,*" not so much for rapidity, for there the tongue always has the preference, but for exactness, elaboration, deliberation, and skillfulness of expression. Seldom are the excited utterances of the mouth equal in real weight and accuracy to the *verba scripta* of a thoughtful accomplished penman; but here the writer, though filled with enthusiasm, speaks as correctly as a practised writer; his utterances therefore are no ephemeral sentences, but such as fall from men who sit down calmly to write for eternity. It is not always that the best of men are in such a key, and when they are they should not restrain the gush of their hallowed feelings. Such a condition of heart in a gifted mind creates that auspicious hour in which poetry pours forth her tuneful numbers to enrich the service of song in the house of the Lord.

2 Thou art fairer than the children of men: grace is poured into thy lips: therefore God hath blessed thee for ever.

2. "*Thou.*" As though the King himself had suddenly appeared before him, the psalmist lost in admiration of his person, turns from his preface to address his Lord. A loving heart has the power to realise its object. The eyes of a true heart see more than the eyes of the head. Moreover, Jesus reveals himself when we are pouring forth our affections towards him. It is usually the case that when we are ready Christ appears. If our heart is warm it is an index that the sun is shining, and when we enjoy his heat we shall soon behold his light. "*Thou art fairer than the children of men.*" In person, but especially in mind and character, the King of saints is peerless in beauty. The Hebrew word is doubled, "Beautiful, beautiful art thou." Jesus is so emphatically lovely that words must be doubled, strained, yea, exhausted before he can be described. Among the children of men many have through grace been lovely in character, yet they have each had a flaw; but in Jesus we behold every feature of a perfect character in harmonious proportion. He is lovely everywhere, and from every point of view, but never more so than when we view him in conjugal union with his church; then love gives a ravishing flush of glory to his loveliness. "*Grace is poured into thy lips.*" Beauty and eloquence make a man majestic when they are united; they both dwell in perfection in the all fair, all eloquent Lord Jesus. Grace of person and grace of speech reach their highest point in him. Grace has in the most copious manner been poured upon Christ, for it pleased the Father that in him should all fulness dwell, and now grace is in superabundance, poured forth from his lips to cheer and enrich his people. The testimony, the promises, the invitations, the consolations of our King pour forth from him in such volumes of meaning that we cannot but contrast those cataracts of grace with the speech of Moses which did but drop as the rain, and distil as the dew. Whoever in personal communion with the Wellbeloved has listened to his voice will feel that "never man spake like this man." Well did the bride say of him, "his lips are like lilies dropping sweet-smelling myrrh." One word from himself dissolved the heart of Saul of Tarsus, and turned him into an apostle, another word raised up John the Divine when fainting in the Isle of Patmos. Oftentimes a sentence from his lips has turned our own midnight into morning, our winter

into spring. "*Therefore God hath blessed thee for ever.*" Calvin reads it, "*Because God hath blessed thee for ever.*" Christ is blessed, blessed of God, blessed for ever, and this is to us one great reason for his beauty, and the source of the gracious words which proceed out of his lips. The rare endowments of the man Christ Jesus are given him of the Father, that by them his people may be blessed with all spiritual blessings in union with himself. But if we take our own translation, we read that the Father has blessed the Mediator as a reward for all his gracious labours; and right well does he deserve the recompense. Whom God blesses we should bless, and the more so because all his blessedness is communicated to us.

3 Gird thy sword upon *thy* thigh, O *most* mighty, with thy glory and thy majesty.

4 And in thy majesty ride prosperously because of truth and meekness *and* righteousness; and thy right hand shall teach thee terrible things.

5 Thine arrows *are* sharp in the heart of the king's enemies; *whereby* the people fall under thee.

6 Thy throne, O God, *is* for ever and ever: the sceptre of thy kingdom *is* a right sceptre.

7 Thou lovest righteousness, and hatest wickedness: therefore God, thy God, hath anointed thee with the oil of gladness above thy fellows.

8 All thy garments *smell* of myrrh, and aloes, *and* cassia, out of the ivory palaces, whereby they have made thee glad.

9 King's daughters *were* among thy honourable women: upon thy right hand did stand the queen in gold of Ophir.

3. "*Gird thy sword upon thy thigh.*" Loving spirits jealous of the Redeemer's glory long to see him putting forth his power to vindicate his own most holy cause. Why should the sword of the Spirit lie still, like a weapon hung up in an armoury; it is sharp and strong, both for cutting and piercing: O that the divine power of Jesus were put forth to use it against error. The words before us represent our great King as urged to arm himself for battle, by placing his sword where it is ready for use. Christ is the true champion of the church, others are but underlings who must borrow strength from him; the single arm of Immanuel is the sole hope of the faithful. Our prayer should be that of this verse. There is at this moment an apparent suspension of our Lord's former power, we must by importunate prayer call him to the conflict, for like the Greeks without Achilles we are soon overcome by our enemies, and we are but dead men if Jesus be not in our midst. "*O most mighty.*" A title well deserved, and not given from empty courtesy like the serenities, excellencies, and highnesses of our fellow mortals—titles, which are but sops for vain glory. Jesus is the truest of heroes. Hero worship in his case alone is commendable. He is mighty to save, mighty in love. "*With thy glory and thy majesty.*" Let thy sword both win thee renown and dominion, or as it may mean, gird on with thy sword thy robes which indicate thy royal splendour. Love delights to see the Beloved arrayed as bescometh his excellency; she weeps as she sees him in the garments of humiliation, she rejoices to behold him in the vestments of his exaltation. Our precious Christ can never be made too much of. Heaven itself is but just good enough for him. All the pomp that angels and archangels, and thrones, and dominions, and principalities, and powers can pour at his feet is too little for him. Only his own essential glory is such as fully answers to the desire of his people, who can never enough extol him.

4. "*And in thy majesty ride prosperously.*" The hero-monarch armed and appalled is now entreated to ascend his triumphal car. Would to God that our Immanuel would come forth in the chariot of love to conquer our spiritual foes and seize by power the souls whom he has bought with blood. "*Because of truth and meekness and righteousness.*" These words may be rendered, "*ride forth upon truth and meekness and righteousness*"—three noble chargers to draw the war-chariot of the gospel. In the sense of our translation it is a most potent argument to urge with our Lord that the cause of the true, the humble, and the good, calls for his advocacy. Truth will be ridiculed, meekness will be oppressed, and righteousness slain, unless the God, the Man in whom these precious things are incarnated, shall arise for their vindication. Our earnest petition ought ever to be that Jesus would lay his almighty arm to the work of grace lest the good cause languish and wickedness prevail. "*And thy right hand shall teach thee terrible things.*" Foreseeing the result of divine working, the psalmist prophesies that the uplifted arm of Messiah will reveal to the King's own eyes the terrible overthrow of his foes. Jesus needs no guide but his own right hand, no teacher but his own might; may he instruct us all in what he can perform, by achieving it speedily before our gladdened eyes.

5. "*Thine arrows.*" Our King is master of all weapons: he can strike those who are near and those afar off with equal force. "*Are sharp.*" Nothing that Jesus does is ill done, he uses no blunted shafts, no pointless darts. "*In the heart of the King's enemies.*" Our Captain aims at men's hearts rather than their heads, and he hits them too; point-blank are his shots, and they enter deep into the vital part of man's nature. Whether for love or vengeance, Christ never misses aim, and when his arrows stick, they cause a smart not soon forgotten, a wound which only he can heal. Jesus' arrows of conviction are sharp in the quiver of his word, and sharp when on the bow of his ministers, but they are most known to be so when they find a way into careless hearts. They are *his* arrows, he made them, he shoots them. He makes them sharp, and he makes them enter the heart. May none of us ever fall under the darts of his judgment, for none kill so surely as they. "*Whereby the people fall under thee.*" On either side the slain of the Lord are many when Jesus leads on the war. Nations tremble and turn to him when he shoots abroad his truth. Under his power and presence, men are stricken down as though pricked in the heart. There is no standing against the Son of God when his bow of might is in his hands. Terrible will be that hour when his bow shall be made quite naked, and bolts of devouring fire shall be hurled upon his adversaries: then shall princes fall and nations perish.

6. "*Thy throne, O God, is for ever and ever.*" To whom can this be spoken but our Lord? The psalmist cannot restrain his adoration. His enlightened eye sees in the royal Husband of the church, God, God to be adored, God reigning, God reigning everlastingly. Blessed sight! Blind are the eyes that cannot see God in Christ Jesus! We never appreciate the tender condescension of our King in becoming one flesh with his church, and placing her at his right hand, until we have fully rejoiced in his essential glory and deity. What a mercy for us that our Saviour is God, for who but a God could execute the work of salvation. What a glad thing it is that he reigns on a throne which will never pass away, for we need both sovereign grace and eternal love to secure our happiness. Could Jesus cease to reign we should cease to be blessed, and were he not God, and therefore eternal, this must be the case. No throne can endure for ever, but that on which God himself sitteth. "*The sceptre of thy kingdom is a right sceptre.*" He is the lawful monarch of all things that be. His rule is founded in right, its law is right, its result is right. Our King is no usurper and no oppressor. Even when he shall break his enemies with a rod of iron, he will do no man wrong; his vengeance and his grace are both in conformity with justice. Hence we trust him without suspicion; he cannot err; no affliction is too severe, for he sends it; no judgment too harsh, for he ordains it. O

blessed hands of Jesus! the reigning power is safe with you. All the just rejoice in the government of the King who reigns in righteousness.

7. "*Thou lovest righteousness, and hatest wickedness.*" Christ Jesus is not neutral in the great contest between right and wrong; as warmly as he loves the one he abhors the other. What qualifications for a sovereign! what grounds of confidence for a people! The whole of our Lord's life on earth proved the truth of these words; his death to put away sin and bring in the reign of righteousness, sealed the fact beyond all question; his providence by which he rules from his mediatorial throne, when rightly understood, reveals the same; and his final assize will proclaim it before all worlds. We should imitate him both in his love and hate; they are both needful to complete a righteous character. "*Therefore God, thy God, hath anointed thee with the oil of gladness above thy fellows.*" Jesus as Mediator owned God as his God, to whom, being found in fashion as a man, he became obedient. On account of our Lord's perfect life he is now rewarded with superior joy. Others there are to whom grace has given a sacred fellowship with him, but by their universal consent and his own merit, he is prince among them, the gladdest of all because the cause of all their gladness. At Oriental feasts oil was poured on the heads of distinguished and very welcome guests; God himself anoints the man Christ Jesus, as he sits at the heavenly feasts, anoints him as a reward for his work, with higher and fuller joy than any else can know; thus is the Son of man honoured and rewarded for all his pains. Observe the indisputable testimony to Messiah's Deity in verse six, and to his manhood in the present verse. Of whom could this be written but of Jesus of Nazareth? Our Christ is our Elohim. Jesus is God with us.

8. "*All thy garments smell of myrrh, and aloes, and cassia.*" The divine anointing causes fragrance to distil from the robes of the Mighty Hero. He is delightful to every sense, to the eye most fair, to the ear most gracious, to the spiritual nostril most sweet. The excellences of Jesus are all most precious, comparable to the rarest spices; they are most varied, and to be likened not to myrrh alone, but to all the perfumes blended in due proportion. The Father always finds a pleasure in him, in him he is well pleased; and all regenerated spirits rejoice in him, for he is made of God unto us, "wisdom, righteousness, sanctification, and redemption." Note that not only is Jesus most sweet, but even his garments are so; everything that he has to do with is perfumed by his person. "*All*" his garments are thus fragrant; not some of them, but all; we delight as much in his purple of dominion as in the white linen of his priesthood, his mantle as our prophet is as dear to us as his seamless coat as our friend. All his dress is fragrant with all sweetness. To attempt to spiritualise each spice here mentioned would be unprofitable, the evident sense is that all sweetnesses meet in Jesus, and are poured forth wherever he is present. "*Out of the ivory palaces, whereby they have made thee glad.*" The abode of Jesus now is imperial in splendour, ivory and gold but faintly image his royal seat; there is he made glad in the presence of the Father, and in the company of his saints. Oh, to behold him with his perfumed garments on! The very smell of him from afar ravishes our spirit, what must it be to be on the other side of the pearl gate, within the palace of ivory, amid those halls of Zion, "conjubilant with song," where is the throne of David, and the abiding presence of the Prince! To think of his gladness, to know that he is full of joy, gives gladness at this moment to our souls. We poor exiles can sing in our banishment since our King, our Wellbeloved, has come to his throne.

9. "*Kings' daughters were among thy honourable women.*" Our Lord's courts lack not for courtiers, and those the fairest and noblest. Virgin souls are made of honour to the court, the true lilies of heaven. The lowly and pure in heart are esteemed by the Lord Jesus as his most familiar friends, their place in his palace is not among the menials but near the throne. The day will come when those who are "kings' daughters" literally will count it their greatest honour to serve the church, and, meanwhile every believing sister is spiritually

a King's daughter, a member of the royal family of heaven. "*Upon thy right hand,*" in the place of love, honour, and power, "*did stand the queen in gold of Ophir:*" the church shares her Lord's honour and happiness, he sets her in the place of dignity, he clothes her with the best of the best. Gold is the richest of metals, and Ophir gold the purest known. Jesus bestows nothing inferior or of secondary value upon his beloved church. In imparted and imputed righteousness the church is divinely arrayed. Happy those who are members of a church so honoured, so beloved; unhappy those who persecute the beloved people, for as a husband will not endure that his wife should be insulted or maltreated, so neither will the heavenly Husband; he will speedily avenge his own elect. Mark, then, the solemn pomp of the verses we have read. The King is seen with rapture, he girds himself as a warrior, robes himself as a monarch, mounts his chariot, darts his arrows, and conquers his foes. Then he ascends his throne with his sceptre in his hand, fills the palace hall with perfume brought from his secret chambers, his retinue stand around him, and, fairest of all, his bride is at his right hand, with daughters of subject princes as her attendants. Faith is no stranger to this sight, and every time she looks she adores, she loves, she rejoices, she expects.

10 Hearken, O daughter, and consider, and incline thine ear; forget also thine own people, and thy father's house;

11 So shall the king greatly desire thy beauty: for he is thy Lord; and worship thou him.

12 And the daughter of Tyre *shall be there* with a gift; *even* the rich among the people shall entreat thy favour.

10. "*Hearken, O daughter, and consider.*" Ever is this the great duty of the church. Faith cometh by hearing, and confirmation by consideration. No precept can be more worthy of the attention of those who are honoured to be espoused unto Christ than that which follows. "*And incline thine ear.*" Lean forward that no syllable may be unheard. The whole faculties of the mind should be bent upon receiving holy teaching. "*Forget also thine own people, and thy father's house.*" To renounce the world is not easy, but it must be done by all who are affianced to the Great King, for a divided heart he cannot endure; it would be misery to the beloved one as well as dishonour to her Lord. Evil acquaintances, and even those who are but neutral, must be forsaken, they can confer no benefit, they must inflict injury. The house of our nativity is the house of sin—we were shapen in iniquity; the carnal mind is enmity against God, we must come forth of the house of fallen nature, for it is built in the City of Destruction. Not that natural ties are broken by grace, but ties of the sinful nature, bonds of graceless affinity. We have much to forget as well as to learn, and the unlearning is so difficult that only diligent hearing, and considering, and bending of the whole soul to it, can accomplish the work; and even these would be too feeble did not divine grace assist. Yet why should we remember the Egypt from which we came out? Are the leeks and the garlic, and the onions anything, when the iron bondage, and the slavish tasks, and the death-dealing Pharaoh of hell are remembered? We part with folly for wisdom; with bubbles for eternal joys; with deceit for truth; with misery for bliss; with idols for the living God. O that Christians were more mindful of the divine precept here recorded; but, alas! worldliness abounds; the church is defiled; and the glory of the Great King is veiled. Only when the whole church leads the separated life will the full splendour and power of Christianity shine forth upon the world.

11. "*So shall the king greatly desire thy beauty.*" Whole-hearted love is the duty and bliss of the marriage state in every case, but especially so in this lofty mystic marriage. The church must forsake all others and cleave to Jesus only, or she will not please him nor enjoy the full manifestation of his love. What less can he ask, what less may she dare propose than to be wholly his? Jesus

sees a beauty in his church, a beauty which he delights in most when it is not marred by worldliness. He has always been most near and precious to his saints when they have cheerfully taken up his cross and followed him without the camp. His Spirit is grieved when they mingle themselves among the people and learn their ways. No great and lasting revival of religion can be granted us till the professed lovers of Jesus prove their affection by coming out from an ungodly world, being separated, and touching not the unclean thing. "*For he is thy Lord; and worship thou him.*" He has royal rights still; his condescending grace does not lessen but rather enforce his authority. Our Saviour is also our Ruler. The husband is the head of the wife; the love he bears her does not lessen but strengthen her obligation to obey. The church must reverence Jesus, and bow before him in prostrate adoration; his tender union with her gives her liberty, but not license; it frees her from all other burdens, but places his easy yoke upon her neck. Who would wish it to be otherwise? The service of God is heaven in heaven, and perfectly carried out it is heaven upon earth. Jesus, thou art he whom thy church praises in her unceasing songs, and adores in her perpetual service. Teach us to be wholly thine. Bear with us, and work by thy Spirit in us till thy will is done by us on earth as it is in heaven.

12. "*And the daughter of Tyre shall be there with a gift.*" When the church abounds in holiness, she shall know no lack of homage from the surrounding people. Her glory shall then impress and attract the heathen around, till they also unite in doing honour to her Lord. The power of missions abroad lies at home: a holy church will be a powerful church. Nor shall there be lack of treasure in her coffers when grace is in her heart; the free gifts of a willing people shall enable the workers for God to carry on their sacred enterprises without stint. Commerce shall send in its revenue to endow, not with forced levies and imperial taxes, but with willing gifts the church of the Great King. "*Even the rich among the people shall intreat thy favour.*" Not by pandering to their follies, but by testifying against their sins, shall the wealthy be won to the faith of Jesus. They shall come not to favour the church but to beg for her favour. She shall not be the hireling of the great, but as a queen shall she dispense her favours to the suppliant throng of the rich among the people. We go about to beg for Christ like beggars for alms, and many who should know better will make compromises and become reticent of unpopular truth to please the great ones of the earth; not so will the true bride of Christ degrade herself, when her sanctification is more deep and more visible; then will the hearts of men grow liberal, and offerings from afar, abundant and continual, shall be presented at the throne of the Pacific Prince.

13 The king's daughter *is* all glorious within: her clothing *is* of wrought gold.

14 She shall be brought unto the king in raiment of needlework: the virgins her companions that follow her shall be brought unto thee.

15 With gladness and rejoicing shall they be brought; they shall enter into the king's palace.

13. "*The king's daughter is all glorious within.*" Within her secret chambers her glory is great. Though unseen of men her Lord sees her, and commends her. "*It doth not yet appear what we shall be.*" Or the passage may be understood as meaning within herself—her beauty is not outward only or mainly; the choicest of her charms are to be found in her heart, her secret character, her inward desires. Truth and wisdom in the hidden parts are what the Lord regards; mere skin-deep beauty is nothing in his eyes. The church is of royal extraction, of imperial dignity, for she is a king's daughter; and she has been purified and renewed in nature, for she is glorious within.

Note the word *all*. The Bridegroom was said to have all his garments perfumed, and now the bride is *all* glorious within—entireness and completeness are great points. There is no mixture of ill savour in Jesus, nor shall there be alloy of unholiness in his people, his church shall be presented without spot or wrinkle, or any such thing. "*Her clothing is of wrought gold.*" Best material and best workmanship. How laboriously did our Lord work out the precious material of his righteousness into a vesture for his people! no embroidery of golden threads can equal that master-piece of holy art. Such clothing becomes one so honoured by relationship to the Great King. The Lord looks to it that nothing shall be wanting to the glory and beauty of his bride.

14. "*She shall be brought unto the king in raiment of needlework.*" The day comes when the celestial marriage shall be openly celebrated, and these words describe the nuptial procession, wherein the queen is brought to her royal husband attended by her handmaidens. In the latter-day glory, and in the consummation of all things, the glory of the Bride, the Lamb's wife, shall be seen by all the universe with admiration. While she was within doors, and her saints hidden ones, the church was glorious; what will be her splendour when she shall appear in the likeness of her Lord in the day of his manifestation? The finest embroidery is but a faint image of the perfection of the church when sanctified by the Spirit. This verse tells us of the ultimate rest of the church—the King's own bosom; of the way she comes to it, she is *brought* by the power of sovereign grace; of the time when this is done—in the future, "*she shall be,*" it does not yet appear; of the state in which she shall come—clad in richest array, and attended by brightest spirits. "*The virgins her companions that follow her shall be brought unto thee.*" Those who love and serve the church for her Lord's sake shall share in her bliss "in that day." In one sense they are a part of the church, but for the sake of the imagery they are represented as maids of honour; and, though the figure may seem incongruous, they are represented as brought to the King with the same loving familiarity as the bride, because the true servants of the church are of the church, and partake in all her happiness. Note that those who are admitted to everlasting communion with Christ, are pure in heart—*virgins*, pure in company—"her companions," pure in walk—"that follow her." Let none hope to be brought into heaven at last who are not purified now.

15. "*With gladness and rejoicing shall they be brought.*" Joy becomes a marriage feast. What joy will that be which will be seen at the feasts of paradise when all the redeemed shall be brought home! Gladness in the saints themselves, and rejoicing from the angels shall make the halls of the New Jerusalem ring again with shoutings. "*They shall enter into the King's palace.*" Their peaceful abodes shall be where Jesus the King reigns in state for ever. They shall not be shut out but shut in. Rights of free entrance into the holiest of all shall be accorded them. Brought by grace, they shall enter into glory. If there was joy in the bringing, what in the entering? What in the abiding? The glorified are not field labourers in the plains of heaven, but sons who dwell at home, princes of the blood, resident in the royal palace. Happy hour when we shall enjoy all this and forget the sorrows of time in the triumphs of eternity.

16 Instead of thy fathers shall be thy children, whom thou mayest make princes in all the earth.

17 I will make thy name to be remembered in all generations; therefore shall the people praise thee for ever and ever.

16. "*Instead of thy fathers shall be thy children.*" The ancient saints who stood as fathers in the service of the Great King have all passed away; but a spiritual seed is found to fill their places. The veterans depart, but volunteers fill up the vacant places. The line of grace never becomes extinct. As long as time shall last, the true apostolical succession will be maintained. "*Whom thou mayest make princes in all the earth.*" Servants of Christ are kings. Where

a man has preached successfully, and evangelised a tribe or nation, he gets to himself more than regal honours, and his name is like the name of the great men that be upon the earth. Jesus is the king-maker. Ambition of the noblest kind shall win her desire in the army of Christ; immortal crowns are distributed to his faithful soldiers. The whole earth shall yet be subdued for Christ, and honoured are they, who shall through grace, have a share in the conquest—these shall reign with Christ at his coming.

17. "*I will make thy name to be remembered in all generations.*" Jehovah by the prophet's mouth promises to the Prince of Peace eternal fame as well as a continuous progeny. His name is his fame, his character, his person, these are dear to his people now—they never can forget them; and it shall always be so as long as men exist. Names renowned in one generation have been unknown to the next era, but the laurels of Jesus shall ever be fresh, his renown ever new. God will see to this; his providence, and his grace shall make it so. The fame of Messiah is not left to human guardianship; the Eternal guarantees it, and his promise never fails. All down the ages the memories of Gethsemane and Calvary shall glow with unextinguishable light; nor shall the lapse of time, the smoke of error, or the malice of hell be able to dim the glory of the Redeemer's fame. "*Therefore shall the people praise thee for ever and ever.*" They shall confess thee to be what thou art, and shall render to thee in perpetuity the homage due. Praise is due from every heart to him who loved us, and redeemed us by his blood; this praise will never be fully paid, but will be ever a standing and growing debt. His daily benefits enlarge our obligations, let them increase the number of our songs. Age to age reveals more of his love, let every year swell the volume of the music of earth and heaven, and let thunders of song roll up in full diapason to the throne of him that liveth, and was dead, and is alive for evermore, and hath the keys of hell and of death.

"Let him be crown'd with majesty
Who bowed his head to death,
And be his honours sounded high
By all things that have breath."

Reviews.

*The Treasury of David.** Containing an original Exposition of the Book of Psalms. Vol. I. Psalm I. to XXVI. By C. H. SPURGEON. Passmore and Alabaster, 18, Paternoster Row. Price 8s.

THE Author of this work has acquired a well-earned reputation not less as an expositor than as a preacher of the divine word. His expositions in the pulpit, from the commencement of his ministry, have attracted special notice, and have been regarded by some as his most original and admired productions. It is not wonderful that this should have been singled out for special commendation, since the qualifications for a good expositor are of a far higher order than those which are required for a good preacher of divine truth. The former demands more extensive Biblical researches and more minute and critical investigation than would be suitable to the latter. On this account the two characters, with equal eminence, are seldom combined. The first teachers of Christianity were content to announce and illustrate its most prominent disclosures with great earnestness and simplicity, without pausing to reflect upon the nicer distinctions of thought and language; and they acted in wise conformity with the age in which they lived. It was not until Christianity came into close contact with

* This review has been sent us by a venerable minister with the remark that what he had conscientiously written we might conscientiously print.

systems of human philosophy and of false religions that its own system required to be developed, and the precise boundary of its revelation to be defined. The fathers brought a rich store of learning to the interpretation of the Sacred Scriptures but it was unrestrained by acknowledged rule, and followed the dictates of their own reasonings and the fervour of their own imaginations. No uniform principles of interpretation were adopted by them. "Every man did that which was right in his own eyes." Jerome, Origen, Chrysostom, Augustine, and many others of similar influence and fame, mystified what they professed to explain, and by their free and fanciful use of inspired language, prepared the way unintentionally, but not less veritably, for the long and fatal degeneracy that ensued. The Reformation could do little more than restore the most fundamental truths to the light. The Puritan fathers went deeper into the critical analysis of the Scriptures than all who had preceded them, and acted upon just methods of exposition, intuitively perceived rather than systematically propounded by them. Since their day much has been done, under the guidance of exact rules, in elucidating dark passages, and discovering new beauties and harmonies in the Divine Word. Nature had its use without science in the first ages of the world; but nature without science would not suffice for the progressive development of our day. Precisely thus, Scripture in its first and chief aspect might meet the wants of the church in its infant state, but more definite and enlarged views are required as it rises to a perfect man in Christ Jesus. While conceding to German writers some considerable help in the application of modern learning and genius to Biblical interpretation, we fear that on the whole they have drawn multitudes from the old paths without showing unto them a more excellent way. In digging new channels they have polluted the stream rather than followed its own clear and natural course. They have looked more to the letter that killeth than to the spirit that giveth life. Their energies have been directed to that which is literal rather than to that which is spiritual. Hence their elaborate treatises upon the historical credibility of the most ancient portions of the sacred volume, and their attentions to nice discriminations in the Books of the New Testament, rather than to the discovery and defence of their fundamental principles. Conscious of their scholarly attainments they have selected the spheres in which they could be most freely exercised and most prominently displayed; and conscious too perhaps of want of sympathy with "the spirit that giveth life," they have ignored nearly altogether the school of the heart. To enter into an author's meaning, however, we must enter into his spirit, and this is particularly the case with the sacred writers. The most devotional parts of Scripture on this account have been less carefully and faithfully expounded. What commentary on the Book of Psalms has hitherto appeared equal in critical analysis and faithful exposition to those which have been written upon other inspired books of similar importance? There has evidently been, amidst all the voluminous productions of others, a great want here, which the work before us is well calculated to supply.

Mr. Spurgeon has been happy, therefore, in the selection of the book in which to test his critical powers, and in which to indulge his reverential and enthusiastic regard for divine truth. It was a task well suited to his mind and his heart. Few, perhaps, have been so like-minded, or could accompany the royal psalmist so far in the deep things of God. The different experiences under different circumstances, and sometimes independent of them, to which utterance is freely given in these divine songs, can be traced by one only who has walked in similar paths. The same principles indeed lie at the foundation of all genuine piety, and there can be no difficulty in those in whom they are particularly vigorous and in continual operation in recognising the effects which they have produced in others; but there are footsteps in advance even of the footsteps of the flock which some one in a past age may have taken, and which require to be retraced, that others may be encouraged to follow. The path of the man of God's own heart is here restored, his footsteps are retraced. The writer felt "boundless profit and ever-growing pleasure" in walking in them, and has desired "to communicate to others a portion of the benefit, with the prayer that it may induce

them to search further for themselves." Well will it be for others if they can go with David as far as this exposition is intended to lead them.

It must not be supposed that spiritual qualifications alone are required for a full and faithful interpretation of this book. It is one of the most difficult of all the books of Scripture to expound with biblical accuracy and a just discrimination of mental perceptions and of moral feeling. As one of the poetic books, it includes ellipsis, abrupt transitions, imagery, bold, excessive, or concealed, inversions of grammatical construction, and all the poetic licence of Oriental imagination. Each Psalm is in itself an independent study. It has its own peculiar circumstances, its own experience in relation to those circumstances, its own cast of thought and feeling, and its own special modes of expression. No one, therefore, is entitled to be heard as a professed expositor of the Book of Psalms unless he can bring to his task attainment in biblical scholarship of no ordinary kind. It is just here it might be thought by many that Mr. Spurgeon would fail. His capacity for sympathising with David's religious sentiments and emotions, and perhaps with his poetic beauties, nearly all might be disposed to allow, but for critical distinctions and laborious mental research, few would give him credit. In this, as in many things aforesaid, the public will, we think, be undeceived. No one can look carefully into any part of this volume without observing an amount of research, a discrimination of the most delicate shades of meaning, and a condensation of thought that is not surpassed by many of the most approved expositors in any age. We shall be much mistaken if this book does not secure for the author a far higher position amongst biblical interpreters and thoughtful students of theology than has hitherto been awarded him. It cannot fail, too, to increase the confidence reposed in the theological teaching of the author, in whatever way it may be communicated, since it must ever be regarded as the result of the same reverence for the authority of the Scriptures, and sincere and careful enunciation of its truths. Nor can the preparation of this exposition have failed to impart such skill and experience as may be needful for the completion of the work and for the investigation of any other portion of the sacred volume. With tools thus burnished, and such knowledge of the direction of the precious ore, and such a skilful and diligent hand, not the "Treasury of David" merely, but of other inspired writers, may be put into the possession of those who have neither the opportunity nor ability to procure it for themselves.

The author's plan is in some respects novel, and admirably adapted to meet every experimental, critical, and practical requirement. Full scope is given to his own original impressions after a careful and prayerful perusal of the Psalm. This is followed by the most precious extracts from the writings of others, which reveals a surprising acquaintance with authors of every description, and a keen and benignant eye to discern and admire sparkling gems of truth wherever they may be found. Helpful suggestions are then given to those who have not been able to search the Scriptures so minutely for themselves, but may nevertheless be desirous of transmitting the benefit which they have received from these instructions to others.

A part of these expositions first appeared in the "Sword and Trowel," and gave to that periodical its first and principal attractions, and established it in the position it now occupies. They have evidently been intended, however, and are better fitted for the separate form which they have now assumed, and will take their place amongst the most valuable theological productions of modern times. They take the highest ground, and may be read by all without fear of offence. To all who possess them the meaning of every verse in that part of Scripture at least is placed within their reach; and it may confidently be expected that every encouragement will be given to the author to complete the work, and that for this as well as for other labours for the extension of divine truth, thanks will be given by many on his behalf.

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Jesus All in All. By C. R. HOWILL. The Book Society, Paternoster Row.

A VERY precious little book for anxious souls. If any of our readers wish for a work of the same sort as the "Anxious Enquirer," this will suit them. The preface by Mr. Samuel Martin will suffice to prove its sound and scriptural spirit. We pray God to bless it to thousands of seeking ones.

NOTICE.—We are compelled to leave a mass of Reviews, already in type, till next month. No Publisher shall be neglected.

Memoranda.

THE STOCKWELL ORPHANAGE prospers under the admirable mastership of Mr. Charles-worth. It now contains one hundred and twenty boys. We presided at the distribution of prizes, and our heart rejoiced at what we saw and heard. The Lord is providing and will provide for the maintenance of this blessed work, but friends will not forget that our needs are constant. We want to hold a good bazaar at Midsummer; will not our faithful helpers aid us?

A new chapel in Battersea Park was opened, Jan 18. The Baptist Association found £1,000, and by the aid of our friends, we have found the rest and opened it free of debt, our beloved deacon Mr. W. Higgs, having built the place much under cost price. Mr. Mayers is the minister.

Our College work is going on successfully. We close the financial year without debt. Glory be to God.

Great Grimsby, Lincolnshire.—The Bap-

tist Chapel, Upper Burgess Street, having undergone extensive alterations, was reopened on Lord's-day, December 12. The friends would take this opportunity of making their appeal on behalf of new Sunday and day schools they hope to erect immediately, on account of their present school-room being crowded to suffocation every Lord's-day. The people have worked nobly since the settlement of their present minister. Will friends who read this come to their help? Subscriptions will be thankfully received and gratefully acknowledged by E. Lauderdale, minister.

On Tuesday, January 4th, the pastor's fifth anniversary tea meeting was held in Kingsgate Street Chapel, Holborn. The pastor (Mr. W. H. Burton) then gave an interesting summary of the work accomplished during his pastorate; stating, among other reasons for devout gratitude, that over four hundred members had during that time been added to the church.

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The greater than Solomon. By the Rev. S. A. WINDLE. S. W. Partridge.

TWELVE spiritually-minded lectures on the first four chapters of Canticles. Thoroughly evangelical, and to the people of God very refreshing.

Jesus All in All. By C. R. HOWILL. The Book Society, Paternoster Row.

A VERY precious little book for anxious souls. If any of our readers wish for a work of the same sort as the "Anxious Enquirer," this will suit them. The preface by Mr. Samuel Martin will suffice to prove its sound and scriptural spirit. We pray God to bless it to thousands of seeking ones.

NOTICE.—*We are compelled to leave a mass of Reviews, already in type, till next month. No Publisher shall be neglected.*

Memoranda.

THE STOCKWELL ORPHANAGE prospers under the admirable mastership of Mr. Charlesworth. It now contains one hundred and twenty boys. We presided at the distribution of prizes, and our heart rejoiced at what we saw and heard. The Lord is providing and will provide for the maintenance of this blessed work, but friends will not forget that our needs are constant. We want to hold a good bazaar at Midsummer; will not our faithful helpers aid us?

A new chapel in Battersea Park was opened, Jan 18. The Baptist Association found £1,000, and by the aid of our friends, we have found the rest and opened it free of debt, our beloved deacon Mr. W. Higgs, having built the place much under cost price. Mr. Mayers is the minister.

Our College work is going on successfully. We close the financial year without debt. Glory be to God.

Great Grimsby, Lincolnshire.—The Bap-

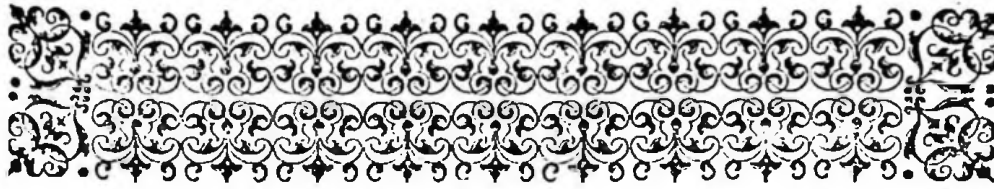
tist Chapel, Upper Burgess Street, having undergone extensive alterations, was reopened on Lord's-day, December 12. The friends would take this opportunity of making their appeal on behalf of new Sunday and day schools they hope to erect immediately, on account of their present school-room being crowded to suffocation every Lord's-day. The people have worked nobly since the settlement of their present minister. Will friends who read this come to their help? Subscriptions will be thankfully received and gratefully acknowledged by E. Lauderdale, minister.

On Tuesday, January 4th, the pastor's fifth anniversary tea meeting was held in Kingsgate Street Chapel, Holborn. The pastor (Mr. W. H. Burton) then gave an interesting summary of the work accomplished during his pastorate; stating, among other reasons for devout gratitude, that over four hundred members had during that time been added to the church.

Stockwell Orphanage.

Statement of Receipts from December 18th, 1869, to January 19th, 1870.

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Two Friends, Walthamstow	0	4	0	Collected by Mrs. Davies	1	12	0
Boxes at Tabernacle Gates, December 30 ...	1	17	10	Miss Maxwell	0	5	0
January 8	4	9	10	Mrs. Lillycrop	1	1	0
A Railway Porter	0	10	0	Mrs. Schwabe	1	1	0
On account of Students' House—				W. J. B.	1	2	8
Mrs. Keys	0	6	3	Baptist Church, Doncaster, per Mr. J. J.			
Mrs. Keys	1	10	0	Dalton	0	13	6
Mr. J. L. Keys	1	6	0	Hughie and Cecil	2	0	0
Per Mr. H. R. Brown	5	0	0	Mr. W. H. Payne	0	10	0
Mrs. E. Harris, Streatham	1	8	6	A Thankoffering from Vale House ...	1	1	0
Mr. J. Naylor	0	5	0	Mr. Black	0	5	0
Mr. Searle	1	0	0	Mrs. H. Lake, Guildsboro'	1	18	1
Clerk	0	10	0	Sale of Bazaar Goods, per Mrs. Evans ...	5	5	0
A Friend	1	0	0	Miss Stringer, per Rev. J. Mitchell			
T. B. A.	0	10	0	Cox	10	0	0
Two Friends in Kelso	0	12	0	Mr. T. Hunter	10	0	0
Mr. S. Vast	0	5	0	R. A.	10	0	0
Collected by Master W. Riddel	0	13	6	Mr. James Tod and his Two Boys ...	0	20	0
Mr. E. Morgan	2	0	0	Mr. W. Pedley	1	1	0
A Reader of Magazine, Tain	0	5	0	Mrs. Hill	22	0	0
J. S.	0	10	0	Mr. Doyle	0	5	0
Middle Summer	1	0	0	Miss Cowen	0	10	0
Gratitude	0	5	0	Mr. J. Blake	0	18	0
Bazaar at Orphanage, Dec. 28th, 1869 ...	56	10	11	Baptist Chapel Schools, Hawick ...	0	10	0
J. H.	0	5	0	E. M.	0	5	0
R. J. P.	0	2	6	A. V. L.	2	9	0
Mr. W. Hale	1	1	0	Mr. Fidge, Annual Subscription ...	1	1	0
Mrs. Williams, Collecting Box	0	2	7	Annual Subscriptions, collected by F.			
Mrs. Robertshaw, Collecting Card ...	0	15	0	R. T.—			
Mr. P. Lamont	0	5	0	Mr. Pewtress	0	5	0
K. S. M.	0	2	6	Mr. Keen	0	5	0
Mrs. Taylor	0	1	0	Mr. Adrian	0	5	0
Brighton	1	1	0	Mr. Probin	0	5	0
Mr. A. Benest	0	2	6	Mrs. Probin	0	5	0
Proceeds of Lecture at New Baptist				Mrs. Tyson	0	5	0
Chapel, Waterbeach, per Mr. D.				D. B.	0	5	0
Morgan	1	15	6	Mr. Taylor	0	5	0
Collection at New Baptist Chapel, Water-				Mrs. Taylor	0	5	0
beach after Sermon, by Mr. Williams	3	9	6	Miss Taylor	0	5	0
Three Friends	0	15	0	Mr. Lavender	0	5	0
Friends	5	0	0	Rev. F. Tucker	0	5	0
January	0	1	0	Mr. Varley	0	5	0
Mrs. Fielding	0	5	0	Mr. Henry Brown	0	5	0
Mr. Miller	0	5	0	Mr. Telfer Higgins	0	5	0
Mrs. Haggett	1	5	0	Collecting Cards and Boxes, Dec. 28th—			
A Friend from Cambridge	3	0	0	Mr. Richardson	0	0	6
Ditto do.	2	0	0	Master Pearson	0	1	6
Per Editor, "Christian World"	1	10	0	Miss Prosser	0	4	3
A Friend	20	0	0	Master Phillips	1	3	4
Mr. G. L. Bobbett	0	2	6	Master Melzer	1	6	2
M. H.	0	10	0	Miss Ross	2	0	0
J. L., Firstfruits	0	2	0	Mrs. Underwood	0	8	0
Mrs. Blackney	2	10	0	Mrs. Fisher	0	10	0
Baptist Sabbath School, Loches	0	11	0	Miss Stocks	0	12	0
Mr. J. Edwards	0	10	0	Miss Lawson	0	6	3
Mrs. Hall	1	0	0	Mr. Ryan	0	12	0
Charlotte Nunneley	0	10	0	Miss Clark	0	10	0
H. A.	0	2	6	Miss Hughes	0	10	0
Mr. Boardman	1	0	0	Miss E. Hughes	0	7	6
Mr. J. Fergusson	1	0	0	Master W. Everett	0	9	6
Mr. G. Kerridge	0	5	0	Master F. Holmes	0	18	9
Mr. William Ewing	1	0	0	Miss Budge	0	8	0
Mr. R. J. Lacey	0	5	0	Master Glead	0	15	1
Mr. Bowbrick	0	10	0	Master Gardner	1	3	3
Rev. A. G. Brown	0	10	0	Mrs. Halt	0	1	2
A Few Friends at Brentwood, per Mr.				Martha Ling	0	8	0
W. Mayo	0	3	6	Miss H. E. Phillips	0	11	2
Proceeds of Entertainment at the Orphan-				Miss A. Phillips	1	0	11
age, Dec. 9th, 1869	5	0	0	Miss Bonsor	0	5	0
Mrs. Cruikshank's Bible Class	0	15	0	Master Wagstaff	0	10	7
Profit on Sale of Westminster Chimes ...	0	10	6	Master Bunting	0	7	9
Mrs. Croker	1	10	0	Mrs. Healey	0	5	6
Mr. Chew	2	10	0	Mr. Lequex	1	1	6
Mr. W. Williams	1	0	0	Master A. Bone	0	3	6
Mutual Improvement Society, Water-				Mrs. Read	0	7	0
beach	2	10	0	Miss E. Jones	0	8	0
Mr. William Norton	0	10	0	Miss Gawkroger	0	12	6
Mr. A.	5	0	0	Mrs. Fergusson	1	1	6
A Friend, per Miss Irimey	1	1	0	Mrs. Croyley	0	6	0



THE
SWORD AND THE TROWEL.

MARCH 1, 1870.

The Voice of the Turtle.

"The voice of the turtle is heard in our land."—Solomon's Song ii. 12.

THERE had evidently been a previous season of discomfort when the voice of the turtle was not heard, for preceding these words we read, "the winter is passed, the rain is over and gone." This indicates that the spouse had previously passed through a winter of sorrow and adversity, but now enjoyed a time of joy, prosperity, and peace, fitly represented by the appearance of flowers, the singing of birds, and the voice of the turtle.

Brethren, there are periods when in the little world of our manhood, rain, and frost, and tempest, rule the cheerless day; but there are also times, especially with believers in Jesus, when all these are things of the past, for a hallowed summer reigns within, with blossoming graces, growing fruits, and sounds of tuneful praise. In the delightful calm of the heart peace spreads her silver wings, and notes prophetic of coming bliss are heard on every side; the mountains and the hills break forth before us into singing, and all the trees of the field clap their hands.

I. Our first remark concerning this text will be, THERE ARE SEASONS SET AND APPOINTED FOR PROSPERITY AND JOY.

The turtle was in Palestine what the cuckoo is with us. Its voice made proclamation that the rainy season was over, that spring had arrived, and that summer drew near. One of the prophets tells us "the stork in the heaven knoweth her appointed times; and the turtle and the crane and the swallow observe the time of their coming." These migratory birds never came at the wrong time. If their note was heard it was a far surer indication of the weather than a day of brightness

which might be but a break in the gloom. A poet of Israel might have said of the turtle dove,

Delightful visitant! with thee
I hail the time of flowers,
And hear the sound of music sweet
From birds among the bowers.

Guided by the unerring wisdom of God, which in birds men call instinct, the some-time wanderers to other lands returned to Jordan's banks and Sharon's plains as the messengers of brighter days. Our times of peace and comfort are as surely appointed as the turtle's return, and in their seasonableness we may see infinite wisdom and love. Like birds of passage, our halcyon times will not visit us before the predestinated hour, neither will they tarry beyond the foreappointed moment; and they are as wisely timed as the ascent of the Pleiades or the falling of Orion. It is most fit that there should be a winter; it would be neither for human health nor for the earth's fertility, that vernal verdure or autumnal ripeness should run round the year. Everything that is seasonable is best. Our joys are the better because they alternate with griefs. We could not endure perpetual sunshine this side the stars; there is a need that we be in heaviness, an argument for every stroke of the rod, a reason for every hiding of the face of the Wellbeloved. Not by chance but by most wise and tender love are our days of trial and of joy ordained for every one of us.

There is a set time *in which, for the first hour in our lives, we enjoy peace with God.* Seekers would fain be finders the moment they seek. Earnest spirits, when the tears of repentance stand in their eyes, would wipe them away immediately; and truly if Christian people were earnest in teaching the simple gospel to them, and in sympathising with them, and praying for them, the hour of comfort would not usually be far off; but even then there would be cases in which the clear shining would be delayed by the shower. The case of John Bunyan, who was for years in spiritual darkness, is to the point, and his floundering in the Slough of Despond form by no means a solitary experience. Men who have afterwards become most eminent in the kingdom of God, have been long seeking the light and groping like blind men for the wall, crying out by the month together, "O that I knew where I might find him, that I might come even to his seat." Distracted with dreadful forebodings, oppressed with the weight of conscious guilt, ignorant of the way of salvation, and unable through unbelief to lay hold on eternal life, there are some who weary themselves with doleful searchings even for years, and only at last return unto their rest. One could wish that their liberation from so horrible a prison-house were more speedy, but yet we have noticed that certain of them have been the most joyful of believers when their fetters have been filed, have had little bondage during the rest of their lives, and having lain long in Doubting Castle themselves, have been the better able to use the key of promise on behalf of the desponding. Dear friend, believe thou in Jesus Christ now, and thou shalt have peace; but if as yet the light break not upon thy spirit, still do thou hope on, for the morning soon shall dawn. Prisoner of hope, the day shall come when HE who looseth the captives shall set thy feet in a large

room. Slow breaks the light but surely. The blessedness of pardoned sin shall obliterate thy woes. "Thou shalt forget the shame of thy youth, and shalt not remember the reproach of thy widowhood any more." Ere long thou shalt sing,

The winter of my woe is gone,
The summer of my soul comes on;
The Sun of Righteousness shines forth
And scatters all the clouds of wrath.

In the same manner *our times of joy after conversion are all set and appointed.* The life of the Christian is not one of uninterrupted peace. It is often his own fault that he loses the joy of salvation, but still it is very rarely that we meet with a Christian who always walks in the sunlight. Clouds appear to be common on most earthly skies. Do not wonder, my dear friend, if you do not always feel equally alive and happy in spiritual things. Do not be astonished if sometimes the dark side of your nature is most conspicuous; be not surprised if you have to contend with inbred sin, rather than to rejoice in the mercies of the covenant. Look abroad on nature in the wintry months, see how the fields are white with frost, as though the earth were wrapped in a winding-sheet. Those meadows should be emerald with hope, and so they yet shall be; ay, and more, they shall put on the beautiful array of realised enjoyment, the kingcups shall strew them plenteously with gold, and the daisies shall look up with their sweetly simple eyes, and smile because the summer has come. Bright is the hope, but it must be waited for, and meanwhile snow, and hoar frost, and ice, and rain must hold their carnival; yet not one hour beyond the set time shall they riot and rule us, for the Lord hath set it as his covenant for ever, that summer shall not cease. The voice of the turtle will soon be heard; even now the almond hastens to put forth her flowers. So is it with you. You must endure your trouble, and it shall be followed by deliverance in due season. "It is good for a man that he both hope and quietly wait." Look at the sea—the pulsing life-blood of the world—it is not always at flood tide; at ebb it must retreat far from the shore. And yonder noble river, Father Thames, how foul his banks, how manifest the shoals in mid-river; wait till the hour comes round, and you shall see the milk white swans sailing over the sparkling waters, where you see at this moment nothing but mire and dirt. That subtle element, the air, has its appointed changes; scarce a leaf moves on the tree to-day, and yet to-morrow hurricanes may lash the sea to fury, rend up the oaks, and dash whole navies on the rocks. Even the solid earth has its paroxysms of disturbance, when it forgets its ancient stability, and imitates the restless sea. In the nature of things it must be so. We are in a material world, a world of changes, a world that is by-and-by to be dissolved. We are in a body subject to pains and infirmities, a body that must decay; how can we expect to find unchanging peace in a changing world, and undying joy in a dying body? How can you hope to find rest where your Saviour found none, and where he has told you that you are not to find it? Be not cast down at severe trial, as though some strange thing had happened unto you.

Others beside you have heard the raven's croak, and the owl's hoot, and the bittern's cry, but in due time they have heard the turtle's voice again, and so will you. Your brightness shall come forth as the noon-day. The Lord shall turn your captivity as the streams in the south. Weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning, and that morning is not far off; the watchful eyes of faith can catch the first gleams thereof, even though darkness shadows all things visible to sense. If the vision tarry, wait for it; it shall come, it shall not tarry. God hath appointed it, and in due season the voice of the turtle shall be heard in your land.

This is equally true *with regard to the future of our lives*. How fond are we of being amateur prophets! Of all callings the most unprofitable is that of a self-ordained prophet. When we take the telescope and try to look into the nearer future, we breathe on the glass and create a haze, and then declare that we see clouds and darkness before us. We know not what shall be on the morrow; sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof; our guesses at coming disaster are foolish and wicked. Yet the vilest pretenders to necromancy and astrology are not more busy at foretelling than many of the Lord's people. One knows that in old age he will be unable to earn his living, and will be imprisoned in the workhouse; another is equally sure trade will be ruined and he will be a bankrupt; a third expects that with her growing infirmities she will become a weariness to all her relatives, and they will wish her dead; while a fourth is equally clear that she shall turn aside into sin, and be a castaway. These favourite theories of misery remind me of a friend who keeps pet vipers, which I earnestly recommend him to kill, or I fear they will kill him. What can be the use of indulging these fears, suspicions, and imaginings? Trials are appointed, but joys also are reserved. It is idle to paint the sun as if he were all spots, or life as if it were only sorrow. The eternal hand measures out to the heirs of heaven due portions both of affliction and prosperity, and it is a dangerous misrepresentation to talk only of the wormwood, and never of the wines on the lees. I would have you anticipate joy rather than sorrow. Remember, child of God, you are nearing heaven every hour; it should be brighter with you as you near the sun. Nearer the angels' harps, you may surely expect more music of joy. Every hour shortens the storm and brings closer the everlasting calm. Rejoice in your prospects! You shall soon come to the land Beulah, that peaceful country which borders on the glory-land, and forms the suburbs of Jerusalem the Golden. Though your outward man decayeth, your inward man shall be renewed day by day. You shall bring forth fruit in old age to show that the Lord is upright. At eventide it shall be light.

On the margin of the river
You shall hear the turtle's voice,
Telling of the joys for ever
Bidding you e'en now rejoice.

One almost longs for the grey hairs, for the mature faith, for the deep experience, and the consummated hope, which are the portion of aged

Christians. The voice of the turtle shall be heard in your land, in the halcyon days of waiting for the call to heaven, and when the hour of your departure shall be actually at hand, your soul shall be at peace. 'Tis thus the Lord ordains, and thus it shall be with all the saints.

II. Secondly, THE VOICE OF THE TURTLE—WHAT DOES IT INDICATE?

There are three excellences in the sound. First, it is *the voice of peace*. The cry of the eagle tells of strife, the scream of the vulture speaks of carnage, but the soft voice of the dove proclaims peace. The dove is associated not with the laurel of war, but with the olive-branch of peace. Many of us are now enjoying the purest form of peace. Believers have a right to peace. Sin, the peace-breaker, was put away by the one sacrifice of Christ; and therefore being justified by faith, we have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ. We have one to answer for us whose righteousness covers all our transgressions. We rest in his love and in his finished work, and therefore our soul is perfectly at rest with regard to sin and the punishment of it. We have peace too, as to the future. We can leave all in the hands of God. We can say, "Father, thy will be done." We believe that our covenant God will never forsake us, nor will he try us above what we are able to bear. So, then, we have peace with regard to every future circumstance. Grace ruling within us, puts away all anger and malice, and thus we have peace with all mankind. If any have offended us, we have from our hearts forgiven them. If we have offended any, we desire to make all restitution, to humble ourselves if need be, and as much as lieth in us to live peaceably with all men. We are in a happy state of mind when we can feel that even the new-born child is not more at peace with mankind than we are. Specially are we at peace with our fellow Christians. We would not constantly be raising discussions and controversies upon vexatious and unprofitable questions. Quibbles which gender strife are not for us. We can truly say that our desire is to minister to the peace of the church, to the edification of the saints, to the unity of the body of Christ. Where this is the case, the voice of the turtle is heard in our land. O may no other voice but that be heard in this church! These many years, I bless God, we have been kept without division, and without internal strifes, and by his grace many more years we shall continue in the same condition, knit together in love, and bound together in the perfect bond of charity. So may it be in all the churches of Jesus Christ, and may the time come when in every place all churches and their pastors shall be able to say, "The voice of peace is heard among us; we have love one towards another, and are of one mind, striving together only for the gospel of Christ, and knowing no emulation except which shall please his brother to his good for edification."

The voice of the turtle was, next, *the voice of love*. We have always associated with the turtle dove the idea of love. We have heard of its pining for its mate, and of the peculiar fondness which it has for its young. The gazelle among animals and the dove among birds are the favourites of love. Happy is it with us when love rules in our breast. I hope, beloved, that you love the Lord Jesus Christ because he first loved you; that his love constraineth you, his great love wherewith he loved you even when you were dead in trespasses and sin, the love which

brought him to the cross to pay with his own heart's blood the price of your redemption. You can sing,

" My Jesus, I love thee, I know thou art mine,
For thee all the follies of sin I resign ;
My gracious Redeemer, my Saviour art thou,
If ever I loved thee, my Jesus, 'tis now."

Oh ! it is blessed to feel the heart knit to Christ, drawn to him, going forth in lively flames of affection towards him. As the sparks of fire seek the sun, as though they knew their origin, so should our love mount towards Christ from whom it came. May it be so ! Do you feel your hearts glow with love to God ? It may be that you are under his chastening hand, and you smart in your body ; or it may be you have a sick one at home, or there are anxieties in your business, but if you love the Lord intensely you will still say, " Blessed be his name ! Though he slay me, yet will I trust in him." What can be more like heaven than to feel the affections going forth to God with fervour ? Sweet is it also to feel sincere love to all believers in Christ, so as to recognise that there is but one family, and that we, individually, are a brother or sister in that family, not in name only, but in deed and in truth. He who is one with Christ is one with all those who are born again. It is a blessed thing when the voice of the turtle sounds in the soul indicating a burning love to sinners. It is well when the believer pines to see others saved. To sigh and cry before God because the ungodly continue to reject him and to despise his gospel, is a most gracious sign. O that we may always continue in that same loving frame of mind, not having to ask,

" Do I love the Lord or no ?"

but feeling

" There's not a lamb among his flock
I would disdain to feed ;
There's not a foe before whose face
I'd fear his cause to plead."

May our love to Christ, and to all the saints, and to the souls of men, grow exceedingly ; and in that sense may the voice of the turtle be heard in our land, because the love of God is spread abroad in our hearts by the Holy Ghost, which is given unto us.

The voice of the turtle also, in the third place, had associated with it, a degree of *mournfulness*. This is not at all inconsistent with peace and love. There is a passage in Nahum in which the voice of the dove is used as an expression and illustration of deep-seated sorrow. There is a plaintive monotony about the notes of the dove suggestive of mourning. Now, even when the Christian is perfectly happy from one point of view, he will still feel a measure of godly sorrow, which indeed lies at the root of all spiritual joy. Just as some poets have sung the praises of a "pleasing melancholy," so there is associated with the highest joy of the Christian a sweetly serene sorrow. I will show you of what kind it is. When you live to God, and are conscious of his love, your soul is sure to say, " O that I were always here ! O that I could always feel as I feel now !" Or else you mourn to think that you could ever have sinned against one so gracious. It is not a

bitter moaning over unpardoned sin. You know you are forgiven; you are sure of that; but it is the mourning of one who laments to think that he should have needed to be pardoned, and that he should ever have gone astray.

"My sins, my sins, my Saviour!
How sad on thee they fall,
Seen through thy gentle patience,
I tenfold feel them all."

There is a great difference between the agony of remorse and the sweet sorrow of repentance. Indeed, the tear of repentance, though it be salt, is also sweet. It is acceptable to God, and must therefore be seasoned with preserving salt, but it is also sweet as honey to the soul. Rowland Hill was wont to say that he almost regretted he could not shed the tear of repentance in heaven. He hoped to walk repenting all his life long, till he got up to the gates of Paradise, and could almost wish that he might be allowed the sweet exercise of repenting even among the angels. There is more joy in holy tears than in laughter; and when our sacred sorrows most abound "a secret something sweetens all." In the mines of soul-sorrow we find diamonds of the first water, such as glitter nowhere else.

"Lord, let me weep for nought but sin,
And after none but thee,
And then I would—O that I might!
A constant weeper be."

It is perfectly consistent with peace and love to be sighing after more holiness, more fellowship, more usefulness, and still to be lamenting deficiencies, and deploring imperfections, "Blessed are they that do hunger and thirst after righteousness." They are blessed, and yet they continue to hunger and thirst, and that is a part of their blessedness. May we also long to be with Jesus, and in this sense may we ever hear the turtle-voice in our souls, "My Saviour, when shall I come to the promised land, the land that floweth with milk and honey?"

"My heart is with thee on thy throne,
And ill can brook delay;
Each moment listening for the voice,
'Rise up, and come away.'"

Such pining does not break our peace. We sometimes sing—

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

Such thirsting such panting, such dying, may we always experience, for thus shall we live in joy and peace.

These are the turtle's three notes. May they be ever in our souls: the note of peace, the note of love, the note of holy mourning and pining after the Saviour.

III. Now, supposing this to be the condition of our soul, WHAT THEN? This shall make our third point. There is an appointed season for all this; the season has a threefold blessedness about it: WHAT ARE ITS PECULIAR DUTIES?

know Christ, if for no other reason than this, that their faces may shine with the same cheerfulness that lights up yours, I know I am bringing before you a hard duty for wintry seasons, but when the voice of the turtle is heard it will be easy to you—nay, natural. You have lain among the pots, but now that you have the wings of a dove, covered with silver, and your feathers with yellow gold, mount, mount, mount, and as your spirit mounts, become like the lark which sings as it rises, and is heard where it is not seen, still pouring down a flood of song from the invisible into which it has ascended. Live near to God, but let your communion with the sons of men be cheerful and joyous. Compel them to hear your praises. This is the duty of this present season, and if you neglect it, the voice of the turtle may not be heard in your land any longer, and you may have to sigh, and pine, and cry for the Lord to return.

O sing unto the glittering glorious King,
O praise his name, let every living thing ;
Let heart and voice, like bells of silver, ring
The comfort that this day doth bring.

I would to God that this subject were the property of you all. Even in the most select congregation there are some who have no interest in Christian peace and love, and one's heart is grieved to think of that. No turtle's voice can sound in hearts where Jesus is not trusted, where sin reigns, where spiritual death binds all the powers in iron bands. May you be led to feel your sad estate, may the rain of repentance fall, and then may the birds of faith and hope begin to sing; for then, and then only, will you understand the inward serenity of the people of God.

Safety of Believers.

“**A** BRITISH subject may be safe although surrounded by enemies in a distant land—not that he hath strength to contend alone against armed thousands, but because he is a subject of our queen. A despot on his throne, a horde of savages in their desert, have permitted a helpless traveller to pass unharmed, like a lamb among lions—although like lions looking on a lamb, they thirsted for his blood—because they knew his sovereign's watchfulness, and feared his sovereign's power. The feeble stranger has a charmed life in the midst of his enemies, because a royal arm unseen encompasses him as with a shield. The power thus wielded by an earthly throne may suggest and symbolise the perfect protection of Omnipotence. A British subject's confidence in his queen may rebuke the feeble faith of a Christian. ‘O thou of little faith, wherefore didst thou doubt?’ What though there be fears within and fightings without, he who bought his people with his own blood cannot lose his inheritance, and will not permit any enemy to wrest from his hand the satisfaction of his soul. The man with a deceitful heart and a darkened mind, a feeble frame and a slippery way, a fainting heart and a daring foe—the man would stumble and fall: but the member of Christ's body cannot drop off; the portion of the Redeemer cannot be wrenched from his grasp. ‘Ye are his.’ Christ is the safety of a Christian.”

Our Soldiers.

WE are not about to discuss the vexed question of the lawfulness of war. For our purpose, it is enough that governments have deemed it necessary, and that the military profession does really exist. We remember once being startled out of the few senses we have, by the question seriously and piously put, "Can a soldier be a Christian?" Dismal thoughts arose in one's mind of millions of men who, if a harsh creed were to determine the question in the negative, were excluded from all hope of salvation; and of numbers of godly soldiers, who, on such a sweeping hypothesis, were deluding themselves or deluding others. We are not troubled, however, with any such alarming doubts. It is enough for ordinary understandings that many Christian men, wearing Her Majesty's uniform, have endured hardness as good soldiers of Jesus Christ. Still we regard war as something akin to murder done on a large scale, for which God holds those responsible who wilfully and eagerly, from love of conquest or thirst of gain, embroil the nations in perplexities and quarrels. Poetry has sought to throw its gilded charms around the monster War, Romance has given it the appearance of chivalrous enterprise, and Heroism has imparted to it a fleeting glory; but under the thin veil of poetry, romance, and heroism, lay hid the stern facts, prosaic enough, of a thousand evils painful to contemplate: while the suffering on the battle field which fills the air with shrieks, and groans, and agonising yells, and calls for heaven's vengeance, is augmented by the woe which desolates many a sequestered hamlet and many a humble family, expressed with the widow's moan and the orphan's lamentation. Whether we regard war in its physical aspect, causing grief and suffering, and lifelong misery to once active but now crippled men, or whether we look upon it in its social aspect, draining the nations of their youngest, manliest blood, interrupting commerce, and severing ties consecrated by God; or whether its moral aspect be regarded, as evoking all the cruel arts and Satanic subtleties of diplomacy, the brutal passions of anger, malice, and revenge, and causing a fearful forgetfulness of the laws of humanity in the midst of the mad, turbulent excitement of the hour; or whether we view it in its higher aspect—its violation of every religious consideration, its delight in ushering into eternity those unfitted for it and unconcerned about it; whatever view we take, the verdict is the same—war is an unutterable evil, a curse to humanity, a pestilence to nations, and frequently an atrocity which excuses cannot palliate or eloquence conceal. Christian men should bend the whole weight of their power and influence to prevent its occurrence and to expose its evils. It were an inhumanity unpardonable to treat war as less than an evil—

"As if the soldier died without a wound—
As if the fibres of this godlike frame
Were gored without a pang; as if the wretch
Who fell in battle doing bloody deeds,
Passed off to heaven, translated and not killed,
As though he had no wife to pine for him—
No God to judge him!"

And yet war, by the same great unalterable law that converts the wrath of man into God's praise, has brought great public benefits in its train. The desolation of carnage, and the bloodthirstiness of regal tyranny and cruelty, have not unfrequently ushered in liberty to the captive and freedom to the enslaved.

Since the thrice-happy dawn of Messiah's peaceful reign has not yet shed its undying lustre upon the earth; since the predicted era has not come when men "shall beat their swords into ploughshares, and their spears into pruning hooks; nation shall not lift up sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more;" since war's sterile wastes have not yet been turned into the fruitful gardens of the Lord, war will, rightly or wrongly, be deemed a necessity. If Christians cannot prevent hostilities, they may mitigate their severity and alleviate their miseries. Since soldiers fight *our* battles, we should seek to equip them with the armour of truth. Our book of "standing orders" is the Word of God. It should be theirs. No soldier, indeed, should be without his Bible. A general would not send his troops to battle unarmed; a Christian country should not send its soldiers to death without doing the little it can to prepare them for the change. It is not so long ago when it was held that only the scum of our population should recruit the ranks of the army—that irreligiousness was a qualification for the service, and drunkenness a passport to it. The latter degrading system is still flourishing in many parts of England. Cromwell's Ironsides should have taught men differently. The biographies of officers and commanders, and the histories of perilous and trying campaigns, have undoubtedly proved that sober and Christian soldiers are most to be depended on in the crisis of battle.

The religious condition of the soldiers of England is a subject fraught with sad and serious considerations, and charged with much importance. Those acquainted with military stations know too well the evils which beset, and the temptations that surround our brave defenders. There is deep cause for sorrow in the sad fact that barrack towns are the seat of the most degrading and polluting sins. The occasional revelations made in the newspapers, based on official and medical reports, cause a thrill of sorrow to pass through every sensitive Christian heart. Equally, indeed more profoundly, sad must he feel at the moral condition of our soldiery abroad. Soldiers should of all men be Christians. Their temptations are so peculiarly alluring and pleasing to human nature, that they need "the whole armour of God" to resist the insidious attacks of their enemies. Sunday after Sunday we pray for them in public worship; but rarely do we form a fair conception of the vast number of souls falling under the designation of soldiers, or of their great spiritual need.

Without doubt, the best method of proclaiming the truths of the gospel to our soldiers would be by the men themselves becoming volunteer mission agents. We might fill our paper with records of successful work among various regiments done solely by Christian soldiers. It is one peculiarity of the converted soldier, that he is not ashamed of the gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ which has been the power of God to his own salvation. Working men know what it is to run the gauntlet of ridicule and scorn for Christ. That is an awful feeling of solitariness

which a consistent man has when he is surrounded by his fellows, none of whom sympathise with his religious convictions, but all of whom seek to waylay and entrap him. It is even worse with the Christian soldier. He must boldly take his stand for Christ, fearless of the scorn of men. Let a man aim to be godly, and forthwith a hungry pack of human wolves race to run him down. The isolation of consistency is no mere sentiment with the Christian soldier. Yet his trials strengthen him. He abides the more manfully at the post of duty, and takes his stand the more bravely by the standard of his Master's cross. This is excellent material out of which teachers and preachers of the Word may be made. Better evangelists and Scripture-readers could not be had than godly soldiers.

But what of army-chaplains? The writer would not deal uncharitably, but he would re-echo the question—what of them? We know what is the general run of gaol, workhouse, and barrack chaplains, but have not been wonderfully struck with their zeal or capabilities. They are ordinarily very pleasant, agreeable, estimable men, well suited for any other kind of work; too often not remarkably adapted for this important service. When the Romish church seeks in fair and promising fields to proselytise, it picks out really earnest and assiduous men who, whatever else they may not be, are undoubtedly enthusiasts. When the Anglican church chooses its agents, what principles are they that too often guide the selection? Is as much ardour for the cause of Christ expected in a chaplain as is required in an ordinary soldier for the cause of the Queen? Is it not unfrequently of far more importance that the chaplain should be a social fellow, who can joke with the officers, and converse respecting balls and fashionable gaieties, than that he should be skilled in the mysteries of the kingdom of God and be able to minister comfort to the weary and heavy laden heart of a distressed soldier? Again I say, I would not be harsh, but are not these things so?

It is clear that the chaplain should be on terms of sufficient intimacy with the soldiers to enable them most heartily to welcome him when ever he visits them, and to induce them to pour out their hearts, and confidently state their difficulties in spiritual intercourse. But is it so? At the first sight of the chaplain the soldier will stand erect and look as demure and touch his cap as mechanically as if he were a commander-in-chief who had met him. He knows the said chaplain will within five minutes be again in the mess-room, and in conference with the officers. He must, therefore, mind those difficult letters, his P's and Q's, or he may be reported. No one can suppose that there can be that freedom existing between the "spiritual adviser" and the advised which is absolutely essential in every case to evoke sympathy and impart the highest confidence. Was it ever intended that in placing a gentleman chaplain *over* the men he should be placed *with* them? We all know what it is to see soldiers "stand at ease," which is about the last thing we can say of the uneasy and unnatural attitude of the soldier in obeying that command. But do they "stand at ease" before their chaplain? Now, since there must be, according to present arrangements, an infinite distance between the chaplain and the soldiery, it is the more needful that some other Christian men, of humbler habits and less.

lofty notions, should fill up the great gap. We are not sure that our way of putting the matter will meet with the approval of the committee, who may repudiate altogether our criticism of chaplains, but it strikes us that the Army Scripture Readers' Society really does supply the want, or rather it *seeks* to do so; for it cannot meet the emergency adequately. This society has been in existence for some years. We believe its origin is due to our friend, Mr. W. A. Blake, of Brentford. At first its work was very small, and its income insignificant. During the Crimean War, it attracted considerable public notice, and did a large amount of good. A union was effected with a new and similar society; and it secured the approval of the Commander-in-Chief, the Secretary of War, and the Chaplain-General, so that it is more directly under the sanction of the military authorities than when first instituted. This has been found essential, since the slightest interference with military discipline would produce great mischief. Consequently, the agents of the society must work under and in connection with the chaplain. Each chaplain has between 500 and 2,000 men under his care. Whether Scripture-reader and chaplain work harmoniously together in every case we cannot venture to say: perhaps it would be too much to expect; but in many cases the union is regarded as a great blessing; while the detailed reports show that much good is done by the various agents of the society. There are twenty-seven readers employed in the various stations of England; eight are in Ireland, five in Scotland, one in Gibraltar, five in Canada, and sixteen in India, making a total of sixty-two agents supported by the society. The work of these men is very simple. Primarily, the reader's duty is to read and expound the Scriptures to the men and their families, enforcing the great doctrines of truth, and urging the necessity of decision for Christ. He is to hold Bible-classes, to distribute books and tracts, and converse with the soldiers on the fundamental truths of religion. The society has its publications, all of them of the martial stamp, and eminently suitable for the purpose of distribution. Increased facilities have been afforded to the Scripture-readers by the military authorities; and the latest and most agreeable privilege afforded them was announced in the leading newspaper about fourteen months since. In consequence of the heat, it is needful that the soldiers in India should have a room for meditation and prayer. The only places available for such purposes were noisy huts and barracks, which were exceedingly inconvenient and unpleasant. Now, however, by order of Sir John Lawrence, a room is allowed, with needful furniture, in the barracks of every British regiment in India, "to which," says the order, "the men can resort for private reading and prayer, and for holding prayer-meetings and other meetings of a similar character." The room is to be in a central position, but not in the barracks. Furthermore, a residence is assigned for a Scripture-reader in the married quarters, a most beneficent and welcome concession, which will benefit the society pecuniarily.

In looking at what these humble men are doing so unostentatiously, we would first glance at their work at home. Here their labours are highly appreciated. At Aldershot three men are engaged in visiting the soldiers, and addressing them on the love of the Saviour to fallen

humanity. The hospitals furnish fields of labour most important to occupy. Cases occur of young men, whose sinfulness of heart and obduracy of will had stifled the convictions of guilt, being aroused to reflection by the earnest, simple utterances addressed to them. Not a few have left the hospital hating the sins which before they so fondly cherished. The Society's reader at Colchester gives us an insight into the condition of the men. He finds many have had a religious training in their younger days; and it is interesting to notice from most of the reports how often soldiers refer to the lessons learnt in the Sabbath school. These men have, however, fallen into the sins peculiarly attractive to soldiers. "It is uphill-work both for readers and chaplains, and the common expression on visiting prisoners, either in cell or guardroom, is 'drink was the cause of my being here.'" Other causes, however, operate as powerfully. In some cases plots of garden ground are allotted to deserving soldiers; and it appears they cultivate them with great taste, and find it agreeable relaxation. They are thus kept in leisure hours from the canteen or barrack tavern, and other demoralising places. The various reports before us go to prove that sin is everywhere the same in character; that temptations, though under diverse forms, are equally fascinating and destructive; that infidelity is to be found in all ranks of men, and is everywhere dull, stupid, and impenetrable, or vain, frivolous, and vicious; that much ignorance prevails among men as to the terrible heinousness of sin, and even greater misconception as to the way of salvation. Indeed, all missionary work is the same in kind. Men are beguiled by the same tempter, allured by the same evils, victimised by the same lusts, deceived by the same indifference, deluded by the same snares. Man needs the gospel. The one truth of God—the one Christ—the one faith in the Saviour's merits is needed by all alike. Good Christian people sometimes think that sin peculiarly belongs to certain professions and castes, and that different efforts are required for one class to those demanded by others. The truth is, the heart of man is everywhere the same; the one remedy is everywhere needed. If there be anything specially striking about the experience of Christian soldiers it is (1) that they are exceedingly simple-hearted, and without affectation or the conceit of self-important nobodies; (2) that they are eminently manly and straightforward—bending neither to the right hand nor to the left, bearing patiently and bravely the reproach of the enemies of the cross; (3) that they are tender-hearted and affectionate—thankful to anyone who will "come down" to them and address them as brothers; and (4) that they learn more readily often than civilians the lesson of witness-bearing for Jesus Christ.

A Scripture-reader at Gravesend gives us a case not without its interest. A young soldier enquired in a rather roundabout, simple, stammering manner of the reader, "Whether he could tell him of any place he could go to, as his mother had been writing to him, and sending him little papers in the letters." The reader seemed to understand at once the man and his case, and asked him whether or no he wished to hear something about a Saviour. "He brightened up, and answered, 'That is it, sir; that is it!' I invited him to my house, and he came. He, through drink, had left a good home and a praying mother; but he could not get rid of her prayers, and lately he did not know what was wrong with

him. We had a long conversation, read, and prayed. He attended the classes, and came to me while he stayed here." Hopes were entertained of his being a sincere believer. This case is illustrative of many others that might be given, all of which have many lessons for those who seek to bring their children to Christ, and for such as, amidst great discouragements labour assiduously in instilling into the minds of lads these truths of the gospel.

The Chaplain-General has a remarkably good story to tell, worthy of being repeated again and again. Some years ago a young soldier, a recruit, called upon him. Entering into conversation with him, the Chaplain-General asked the recruit how he liked his profession. He replied, "O sir, I like it very much, but there is one great drawback. I never can find an opportunity to pray." He was naturally asked how that was. He replied, "O sir, if you only knew what takes place in the barrack-room. When I first joined I tried to pray. I knelt down at my bedside as I had been used to do at home, but there were such yells, such abuse, such throwing of boots at me, that I don't know how I was able to stand it." The Chaplain-General said, "My poor lad, I do know it; but don't expose yourself to such treatment; wait till the lights are out, and then commit yourself to your heavenly Father." The young recruit seemed to have followed the advice given, but at the end of the fortnight confessed, "It won't do." "Why?" asked the Chaplain-General. "Because, sir," was the manly reply, "it seems like being ashamed of my Saviour." The Chaplain, an old man, felt ashamed, as he confesses, in the presence of this young lad of nineteen, and urged him to perseverance in his brave conduct, since God would most certainly bless it. What was the result? The soldiers, one after another, were ashamed of their conduct, admired the lad's holy bravery; then one began to kneel down with him, then another, until each of the sixteen men did so regularly. Would that all soldiers of the cross were as persistent and faithful. Then might we expect larger accessions to the Christian service.

The work of the Army Scripture Readers' Society abroad has this defect common to most societies—it is unable to do all that it wishes to perform. It is ambitious of increasing its usefulness until no garrison or camp is without its Scripture-reader, and no library without its Bible. The readers' reports as to the work done by them in visiting the sick, teaching the Scriptures, and conversing with the soldiers generally in the various military stations abroad, are of the usual character of mission reports. They illustrate the difficulties of Christian labour, its undying pleasures, and its glorious successes. Of one thing we are convinced: the Government must ultimately turn its most serious attention to the social condition of our soldiers. There are many blots on the present system of enforced celibacy which properly to expose and denounce would need vigorous boldness and outspokenness. When Mr. Arthur Mursell revealed before the men of Manchester the revolting but truthful details of the horrors which arise from drunkenness, prudery and affected virtue raised a shriek of indignation. For men are apt to denounce those who lift the curtain of concealment from prominent vices, although they sit the while complacently under the shadow of grosser sins than could possibly, from their obnoxious nature, be denounced or hinted at

in public. There is no need to parade vices before the world, but there is a "needs-be" for a recognition of glaring evils that are more potent for mischief than easy-going people imagine. Fortunately we have a Government that is not afraid of meeting and dealing with difficulties. There is, too, a more healthy feeling among military authorities as to the social condition of soldiers. The distress and misery from which the wives of soldiers suffer are enough to prevent marriage, even when permitted. An attempt has been made in Woolwich to meet some of the acknowledged miseries which have been looked upon as inseparable from a soldier's home. But the whole question of the marriage of soldiers is a complicated one. A newspaper has recently pointed out that it is open to discussion whether private soldiers ought not to be enlisted for such terms of active service as would render unnecessary a permission to marry. "A man," the writer goes on to say, "enlisted for three or four years could scarcely regard it as a hardship if, during this period, he were required to remain a bachelor, and in many ways the service would derive advantages from his so remaining." The subject, however, is one hardly suited to the pages of a religious magazine. We only refer to it as bearing upon the work and the difficulties of evangelisation among the troops. It is sheer folly to condemn the inclination of soldiers for marriage. But we see no great relief for the inevitable evils that the soldier's marriage brings, and for the social vices that thrive upon enforced celibacy, save in limiting the period of service, and not regarding the profession of arms as a life-long condition. However, even that system may have its difficulties. Meanwhile, we are thankful for any honest attempt made to improve the social and sanatory condition of soldiers, believing that if so raised they will be the more accessible to Christian influence. Thank God for the large number of soldiers of the Queen who are also soldiers of the cross! May every society and every individual effort that seeks to enlist new recruits for Emmanuel's service be crowned with success by the Great Captain of our salvation!

Speculations.

WHILE a minister of my acquaintance was riding in a railway carriage, he was saluted by a member of an exceedingly litigious and speculative sect. "Pray, sir," said the sectary, "what is your opinion of the seven trumpets?" "I am not sure," said the preacher, "that I understand your question, but I hope you will comprehend mine: What think you of the fact that your seven children are growing up without God and without hope? You have a Bible-reading in your house for your neighbours, but no family prayer for your children." The nail was fastened in a sure place, enough candour of mind remained in the professor to enable him to profit by the timely rebuke. It were greatly to be desired that Christians who are given to speculate upon the prophecies, would turn their thoughts and leisure to the perishing myriads by whom we are surrounded, and sow in the fields of evangelisation rather than in the cloudland of guess-work interpretation.—*From "Feathers for Arrows," ready April 1.*

“Mind your own Business.”

BY PASTOR T. R. STEVENSON, LUTON.

THESE words are often quoted, but seldom welcomed. Sometimes we dislike them because they are uttered rudely. Occasionally we only writhe under them, for the simple reason that we feel they are richly merited. They have not a pleasant look. They seem to come down rather heavily on poor humanity. There is a tone in the phrase which is far from musical to most of us. Nevertheless, it may be useful. Rightly regarded, it will prove beneficial.

Taking the saying just as it stands, we may well ponder it. “Business” ought not to be neglected. “Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might.” There is neither piety nor morality in going about work in a half-hearted style. Not at all. Reason and revelation alike demand energy and enterprise in our several callings. “Do it heartily as unto the Lord;” that is the best maxim to inscribe in our shops and offices. Yet how often is this disregarded! There are various classifications of men. They are frequently divided into educated and ignorant, wise and foolish, rich and poor, etc., etc. But there is one other species not usually named in these categories, that cannot fail to have suggested itself to thoughtful persons. There are people who are bunglers. Yes; they bungle at almost everything that they do. When they write a letter, they beg of you to “excuse this scrawl,” as they term it. Little wonder that they make such a request, for the document looks as if a fly had been in the ink and then taken a morning’s walk up and down the paper. As to reading, you should hear what havoc they make with the poor author’s sentences and paragraphs. It is fearful. If they talk they are bound to “murder the Queen’s English,” and set Lindley Murray at open defiance. Their coats most likely lack buttons here and there; their shirt-cuffs are dirty or in a condition of fringe; their gloves have ventilators at the tips of the fingers. Perpetually are they in trouble. They are sure to get into scrapes. No wonder. They deserve it. They are void of manly ambition. To labour wisely and efficiently never seems to enter their obtuse heads. To drag on is their only care. They believe in what are called “make-shifts.” Talk with them on the folly of this course, and they cry “Oh! never mind, it’ll do.”

Atrocious words! “It’ll do,” indeed! Were it practicable, we would destroy the phrase once and for ever. “It’ll do.” How many railway collisions have occurred, how many vessels have foundered, how many houses have been burned down, how many, many limbs have been broken, how many lives have been lost by this one monster, “It’ll do”! Away with it. “It’ll do”—did you exclaim? We beg your pardon. It won’t do. Certainly not. What is worth doing at all is worth doing well. Reader, put your soul into your work. Do your labour as well as you can. “If a Christian is nothing but a blacker of boots, I would have him the best blacker of boots in the whole parish.” So said the Rev. John Newton. He was quite right.

Mind your business. Attend to it diligently. Conduct it on righteous

and wise principles. You will have your reward. As Benjamin Franklin has it—"Mind thy shop, and thy shop will mind thee." Rest assured that it is better to do one thing at a time, and that as well as possible, than attempt a score things and make abortions of them all. This is excellently put in the following fable. "A goose who was plucking grass upon a common, thought herself affronted by a horse who fed near her, and in hissing accents thus addressed him: 'I am certainly a more noble animal than you, for the whole range and extent of your faculties is confined to one element. I can walk upon the ground as well as you; I have besides, wings, with which I can raise myself in the air; and when I please, I can sport in ponds and lakes, and refresh myself in cool waters; I enjoy the different powers of a bird, a fish, and a quadruped.' The horse, snorting somewhat disdainfully, replied, 'It is true you inhabit three elements, but you make no very distinguished figure in any one of them. You fly, indeed; but your flight is so heavy and clumsy, that you have no right to put yourself on a level with the lark or the swallow. You can swim on the surface of the waters, but you cannot live in them as fishes do; you cannot find your food in that element, nor glide smoothly along at the bottom of the waves. And when you walk, or rather waddle upon the ground, with your broad feet, and your long neck stretched out, hissing at every one who passes by, you bring upon yourself the derision of all beholders. I confess that I am only formed to move upon the ground; but how graceful is my make, how well turned are my limbs, how highly finished my whole body, how great is my strength, how astonishing is my speed! I had far rather be confined to one element, and be admired in that, than be a goose in all!'"

The advice may justly be given to those who make the inconsistencies of religious professors an excuse for their own unbelief. To such we would with all courtesy, yet all candour, say, "Mind your own business." You point to believers who are not what they ought to be; "Mr. A. is selfish; he never sacrifices his comfort or money for the good of others. Mr. B. is not straightforward in trade; there is a strong suspicion of trickiness in his commercial affairs. Mrs. C. is dreadfully doleful; she calls the world a 'waste, howling wilderness,' and she certainly seems to contribute to the howling. Miss D. is slanderous; she bears false witness, picks holes in reputations, damages characters." Is this how you speak? Do you make these facts an apology for keeping aloof from Christ? If so, pray "mind your own business." Attend to Number One. Your business is to break loose, by God's help, from sin, and to seek pardon. "This is the work of God, that ye believe on him whom he hath sent." Do this, and leave the shortcomings of Christians to God. Besides, dear friends, allow us to put one question. Are *you* free from fault? What! is there no duty neglected? Has the robe of your character no rent or patch? Be careful, then, how you speak of others. "First cast out the beam that is in thine own eye." A schoolmaster said one morning to his pupils, "Boys, I must have more attention. The first boy that sees another lad idle shall be rewarded if he tells me." Presently one rose and addressed the pedagogue: "I saw Sam Simons look off his book, please sir." "Indeed, how do you know he did?" "I saw

him." "Oh, you saw him, did you? Were *your* eyes on *your* book when you saw him?" In like manner, were you giving as much heed as you ought to do to the great spiritual duties of life, you would not be so full of complaints about others. Hear what the Saviour says. "What is that to thee? Follow thou me." Recollect, too, his question on another occasion, "What think ye of *Christ*?" Not what think ye of his followers? What think ye of him? Ay, it is with him that you have to do. To quote from devout Bishop Hall—"The Scripture is the sun; the church is the clock. The sun we know to be sure, and regularly constant in his motions; the clock, as it may fall out, may go too fast or too slow. As, then, we should condemn him of folly that should profess to trust the clock rather than the sun, so we cannot but justly tax the credulity of those who would rather trust to the church than to the Scripture." Precisely so. The sun rather than the clock must be our guide. The counsel of a living poet is worthy of full regard:—

"Look at religion less as lived than taught;
From its professors learn it not, but spell
From out the Master's teaching, and the Book—
The alphabet of Truth. Study truth here rather
Lest thou shouldst stumble at the many faults,
The hollowness and inconsistency
Of those its advocates, and shouldst refuse
The precious gold because thou hast been duped
By some base counterfeit."

Again, all such as stumble at the mysteries of religion may well make a practical application of the words, "Mind your own business." That there are difficulties in the Bible cannot be denied: few intelligent Christians seek to deny it. Easy were it to raise questions about certain parts of the Old and New Testament, not easy to answer. The nature of the Trinity, the origin of moral evil, the locality of the other world, the exact pursuits of the future life—who can understand them? Nevertheless, the fact that such mysteries exist is no excuse for neglecting salvation. Certainly not! How can it be? However feeble may be the light shed on these subjects, it is far from dubious on other and practical themes. That a Saviour is provided, a Saviour who has died for our sins, a Saviour who mediates for us, a Saviour who waits to receive all poor, lost sinners, who come without one plea but the grand argument of his atoning blood—this is plain enough. The most stupid reader may find the road to God and heaven in this book. Be it ours to attend to such experimental portions. Such is our chief business: let us mind it. If ever a lost soul appears before the great tribunal, pleading as its apology the mysteries of the Bible, it will be rendered speechless by the declaration, "The wayfaring man, though a fool, shall not err therein."

It ought not, moreover, to be forgotten, that if we are offended at the Word of God because of its mysteries, we ought, in order to be consistent, to go much farther, and, in fact, be offended at God's works as well. This is Bishop Butler's argument, and it is invulnerable. Nature and providence are not always plain. On the contrary, they abound in phenomena which defy our full comprehension. They have heights which none

can scale, and depths utterly unfathomable. So well is this put by Mr. Arthur Helps, that we cannot refrain from copying a striking paragraph from his book entitled "Realmah." "I saw a sparrow perched upon a telegraph wire, and I said to myself: 'As much as that sparrow knows of the urgent haste, and the sorrow, and the suffering which are expressed in the messages which are passing under its claws, which do not perceive the slightest tremulousness as the messages speed on, so much does the poor human being know of what is being transacted in this universe, and of what it all means.' And while I was thinking this thought, Mr. Sparrow chirped an affectionate little chirp, and Mrs. Sparrow came and perched beside him; and they doubtless thought that they were masters of the situation, and the lord and lady of the whole scene!"

It may be that this page is being read by some brother or sister in the Lord who is earnestly trying to do good. Are you not sometimes disheartened? We know you are. It can hardly be otherwise. Usefulness is often trying and difficult. It has manifold discouragements. Ever and anon we seem altogether to fail, do we not? Alas, alas! how much seed of truth dies on the rock of vice; how much is carried off by the fowls of worldly care or worldly wealth; how much perishes on the wayside of procrastination. Who hath believed our report? Thus we are very prone to murmur. Listen, my fellow labourer, there is a message from above. It is for thee. "Do thy duty, and leave the rest to me." Yes; "mind your own business." Your "business" as a toiler for Christ is to use all wise, loving means for men's spiritual welfare, and then quietly waiting, trust your Master for the effects. "God giveth the increase." He cannot be unfaithful to his promise; rest upon it; make it your abiding trust; time will prove its truthfulness; eternity will reveal its worth.

James Hamilton, D.D.*

THE value of a biography depends far less upon its subject than upon its author. Milton mutilated by Ivimey, and Carey smothered by his nephew Eustace, are mournful instances of literary murder. James Hamilton has the singular good fortune to be embalmed by William Arnot, his own familiar friend and acquaintance, a spirit cast in the same fair mould, a genial genius wealthy in grace and wisdom. It were worth while to pray for an earlier end to one's career, if we could be sure of an Arnot to produce its record. Apples of gold in baskets of silver are precious things in an appropriate setting, the golden apple being neither dishonoured by contact with a basket too homely, nor shamed by comparison with costlier metal than its own; the memorial of a good man's life should not be marred by poor writing, neither should it be overshadowed by excessive authorship. In this case Hamilton is worthily set forth by Arnot, but Hamilton is not made the fly, and Arnot the encasing amber. A more satisfactory biography in all probability was never produced.

* Life of James Hamilton. By William Arnot. Nisbet & Co.

It was our privilege on one or two occasions to come into personal contact with Dr. Hamilton, and we were held captive by his lovely character and winning spirit. He was not one of those bold, outspoken, daring spirits with whom our wilder nature feels at home, and from whose society we derive courage from the tremendous conflicts of the hour; but his were the tenderness, gentleness, and love which cheer the hour of peaceful calm. It was not his work to rough hew the logs, but to shape the pillars for the temple. The voice of the turtle, and the soft plumage of the dove were more indicative of his nature, than the shrill cry of the eagle or its soaring wing. Not Luther but Melancthon saw we in him. As a pearl of mild yet matchless radiance, he shone in the church in Regent Square with a lustre far more pleasing to the spiritual eye than the ever-changing opal or terrible crystal of Edward Irving. His removal leaves a blank in the jewelled breastplate of London's ministry which will not soon be filled.

We have been struck in reading these memoirs with one thought, namely, the value and necessity of hard work. That useful and needful lesson we shall briefly illustrate. James Hamilton was a man of fertile mind but he never trusted to his natural powers of production, he tilled his mental soil with arduous care, and had no faith in reaping sheaves from furrows which had never been plodded over by the sower.

His father was a man of incessant labour, a miser of time, grudging every second which was spent out of the pulpit, the closet, or the study. Even during his meals the Magdeburg Centuriators, or Owen on Perseverance, absorbed him. The day begun with a long perusal of Kennicott's Hebrew Bible, and the evening closed with the contracted Greek of Eusebius, or the stately pages of Justin Martyr, under the brightest blaze of the argand lamp, the space between having been filled up with vigorous study and visits of mercy. His toils passed the bounds of judicious industry, and shortened his days. He was thus an example of a virtue pushed to an extreme; the health of the body needs recreation and exercise, and the mind's perfect sanity is in few cases long maintained without the refreshment of rest. With such a paternal example, we wonder not to find the son a student from his youth up. Speaking of himself, he says, "It was the writer's lot to be born in the midst of old books. Before he could read them, they had become a kind of companions, and, in their coats of brown calf and white vellum, great was his admiration for tomes as tall as himself. By-and-by, when he was allowed to open the leather portals, and look in on the solemn authors, in peaked beards and wooden ruffs, his reverence deepened for the mighty days of the great departed; and with some vague prepossession, his first use of the art of reading was to mimic an older example, and sit poring for hours over Manton and Hopkins, Reynolds and Horton. Indeed, so intense did this old-fashioned affection grow, that he can well remember, when compelled to shut the volume and retire to rest, how, night after night, he carried to his cot some bulky folio, and only fell asleep to dream of a paradise where there was no end of books, and nothing to interrupt the reader. And although it is impossible to recall, without a smile, such precocious pedantry, the writer is grateful for tastes then formed and for impressions then acquired."

While yet a youth, and suffering from a feeble constitution, his days were mapped out after the fashion indicated in the following memoranda:—"Rise at a quarter to seven. Read Henry's *Commentary*. Attend Greek and logic classes from half-past seven to half-past nine. Breakfast. Ten to eleven, write logic lectures. Eleven to twelve, attend the logic class. Twelve to two, write letters; prepare for Greek; write notes of the logic lectures; get books from the library, etc. Two to three, Greek class. Three to four, walk, dine. Four to six, Greek. Six to seven, logic. Seven, tea. Half-past seven to nine, logic. Nine, worship. Half-past nine to half-past twelve, read two chapters of Greek Testament, and go to bed." Such zealous labour naturally led to Hamilton's distinction as a prizeman, for capacity for work is one of the grandest of the capacities, and enables a man to reach any point he aims at. Leisure hours were spent in long marches over Scotland's hills and through her glens, with botanical pursuits in view, as an incentive to walking. The account of his reading during his college course is enough to make one giddy, rising at four and five is the usual rule, and between two and three thousand pages are the average reading of each month. Nor was he less a worker when he became a minister; in fact, he was to the last too much a worker, if such can be, in a calling which justly taxes every faculty, and tolerates no particle of indolence. "Life in earnest," naturally enough, was the topic of his pen, for it was the motto of his soul. Books when read by him, were distilled as in an alembic, and their essence preserved to assist his sermonisings, or to be utilised by reference on future occasions. His pen was prolific of works in which the richest fancy, and the ripest scholarship were blended with the most childlike simplicity: none of these were mere coruscations, they were sparks hammered out on the anvil. His discourses were all beaten oil, never mere *ad captandum* talkings to fill up time. We find him in cold weather in his study at five on Sabbath mornings, and his wife at his feet in tears because she feared, and alas! too justly, that such labours would wear away his feeble frame. He did all he could do, and more than (considering his health,) he ought to have done.

Young men of gifts far inferior should see the inexcusableness of idleness in themselves, when this great preacher found himself obliged to labour. Ministers who spend their days in ease, rising late, reading light literature, dawdling in gossip, sauntering in profitless society, and generally killing time, should feel their cheeks grow crimson as they remember the unwearied toils of James Hamilton. We do not for a moment plead for excessive mental toil, but we fear that many might double and treble their present efforts before they would run any serious risk in that direction.

Our belief is that the reason of the non-success of many Christian ministers and Sunday-school teachers lies where the failure of many tradesmen lies also, namely, in the lack of downright work. Ignorance of what it is to spend and be spent, is ignorance fatal to success. Judging from the way in which persons call upon us for no object but to spend an hour in talk of the most commonplace sort, we should conclude that time is a drug in the market with many professors, and while this is the case can we wonder that our churches do not prosper?

The salvation of souls is a supernatural work, but no observer can fail to have seen that usually the divine displays itself through the human, and the energy of the Spirit is revealed in the energies of faithful men. Eminence in usefulness depends in some measure, we admit, upon talents entrusted to the worker, but far more universal is the rule which makes it dependant upon indefatigable earnestness. Ten talents lying idle will yield nothing but rust and remorse; the ablest man must strive mightily, if he would be reckoned a faithful steward; but the same amount of zealous industry, if exercised by the servant with one talent, will not be unremunerative, nay, he will be surprised to find how rapidly the interest will accumulate. Our witness is that there are no gains without pains. "The kingdom of heaven suffereth violence, and the violent take it by force." The diligent soul shall be made fat: but for idleness neither nature nor grace can bring a reward beyond thistles in the garden, and rags on the back. There is no time for trifling, for the Master's voice crieth aloud, "Behold, I come quickly."

"O that each in the day of his coming may say,
 'I have fought my way through;
 I have finished the work thou didst give me to do.'
 O that each from his Lord may receive the glad word,
 'Well and faithfully done,
 Enter into my joy and sit down on my throne.' "

John Wesley in Company with High Churchmen.

RENEGADES are always more violent partisans than the original members of the body with which they unite themselves, and their antagonism to the community which they leave is sure to be inveterate. "An old Methodist" who has developed into a *priest* has therefore set himself with evident delight to the work of converting his former comrades from the error of their ways. With remarkable tact he has gone about his work of proselytism by touching Mr. Wesley's followers upon the very tender point of the personal conduct and teaching of their leader. To assail them from the Bible and their supposed divergences from the example of Christ, is a task we imagine less to his taste, less easy certainly unless the assailant would also involve himself, and less likely to excite public attention. A peculiar affection, carried as we believe quite as far as it should be, binds most Wesleyans to the revered founder of their organisation, and to attack them through their leader, is to touch the apple of their eye. We admire the shrewdness of such a course of action, it is worthy of a Ritualist, in fact, worthy of an older spirit, of whose devices we are not ignorant, for whose evil kingdom the sacramental system is subtly working with terrible results.

No one acquainted with the life of John Wesley and with the results springing therefrom would have readily imagined him to have been, throughout life, an advanced member of the school which boasts of Father Ignatius and Mr. Purchas. Calvinists, as we are, we may have thought that Arminian doctrines have a Popish tendency; but we

should have admitted with the same breath, that the gracious Spirit has evidently interposed to keep the mass of Wesleyan Arminians from that deadly evil. If we had been on the grand jury, before the trial of Mr. Wesley for high churchism, we should have instantly returned a verdict of "No True Bill." As well accuse George Fox of Anabaptism, or John Bunyan of Mormonism as Wesley of Tractarianism, so we should have thought and said. But now that the case has actually been brought before a public tribunal, we are to our infinite regret, amazed at the amount of evidence which the Accuser of the Brethren is able to set forth, and although we feel morally certain that taking the whole run of Wesley's life, the charge cannot be borne out, and is simply ridiculous, yet with our present light we are forced to admit that his earlier years and certain of his actions and isolated utterances give more than a mere colour of truth to the accusation. That he was simply the founder of a religious order after the fashion of Mr. Lyne, or, to go from the absurd to the marvellous, like Francis Xavier, is the idea insinuated by the "Old Methodist," and that he believed in the real presence, the confessional, penance, apostolical succession, prayers for the dead, and ritualism in general, is the point which he sets himself to prove. Our lament that there should be so much in Mr. Wesley's acts and utterances to furnish materials for the high-churchman's theory is more than equalled by our wonder at the dexterity which makes so much out of these comparatively slender aids, and ignores so entirely the whole weight of his general teaching and behaviour. Some of the items have only to be looked at to be dismissed; the great Arminian Evangelist is said to have approved of prayers for the dead, and the proof cited consists of expressions such as these, "grant that we, with those who are already dead in thy faith and fear, may together partake of a joyful resurrection," "that we all together with those who now sleep in thee, may awake to life everlasting,"—expressions which, whether we endorse them or not, we can all see to be very different from those prayers for the departed which are supposed to influence their condition. There is no likeness between the two. A man may well enough pray the Lord to bring about the time when all his elect in heaven and on earth may receive the resurrection-body, and yet may hate Tractarian prayers for the dead as he hates adultery or murder. So, also, when it is asserted that Mr. Wesley believed in the celibacy of the clergy, the fact that he supposed many advantages to be connected with such a state, is no evidence that he considered it to be a general duty; and when we remember that he took to himself a wife, that fact disposes of the question with all unprejudiced men. Other matters alleged are merely details of worship not peculiar to Ritualists; frequent communion is practised by many among all denominations, fasting was as much in vogue among Puritans as Papists, and is not utterly neglected by ourselves, and the repulsion of evil-doers from the Lord's table is the custom of all Dissenters. To mention these as peculiarities of Ritualists is unfair; and if Mr. Wesley be found to have agreed with them, it is no more clear from this that he was a high-churchman than that he was a Plymouth Brother, a Baptist, or a Congregationalist. Such irrelevant chapters weaken rather than strengthen the arguments of the "Old Methodist."

We fear, however, that after making all deductions, a considerable residuum of truth remains to lend countenance to the assertion that John Wesley, like many others, was greatly influenced by the manners of the country whence he came out. He was a Church of England man, and could not shake off the iron rings from his wrists, though the links which bound his hands together were effectually snapped. We wonder the Ritualists do not go in to prove Luther to have been one of themselves, for there would be even more evidence to support their claim than they can find in the present case. There are Lutheran sacramentarians at this day in abundance, but we never heard of high-church Wesleyans, and surely a tree may be known by the fruit which comes of it. Somewhere or other in the Wesleyan body sacramentarianism would have cropped out if it had been an original deposit of the founder; that it has not done so we take to be very decided evidence that it was never there.

We are, however, no apologists for Mr. Wesley, if when quotations are fairly made it can be shown that he believed in Baptismal Regeneration, and we are afraid the task is an easy one. The horrible falsehood of the catechism is commented upon by him, as if it were a text of Scripture. He says in his works, vol. xix. 279, 280.

"What are the *benefits* we receive by baptism? The first of these is the *washing away the guilt of original sin* by the application of the merits of Christ's death. 'As by the offence of one, judgment came upon all men to condemnation, so by the righteousness of one, the free gift came upon all men to justification of life.' And the virtue of this free gift, the merits of Christ's life and death, are applied to us in baptism. 'He gave himself for the church, that he might sanctify and cleanse it with the washing of water (Eph. v. 25, 26), by the Word'—namely, in baptism, the *ordinary instrument of our justification*." And again at page 280, "By baptism we are admitted into the church, and consequently made *members of Christ*, its head. For 'as many as are baptised into Christ,' in his name, 'have thereby put on Christ' (Gal. iii. 27)—that is, are mystically *united* to Christ, and made *one* with him. For 'by one Spirit we are all baptised into one body' (1 Cor. xii. 13)—namely, 'the church the body of Christ.' From which spiritual, vital union with him proceeds the influence of his grace on those that are baptised."

"By baptism we, who were by nature children of wrath, are made the *children of God*. And this *Regeneration*, which our church in so many places ascribes to baptism, is more than barely being admitted into the church, though commonly connected therewith; being 'grafted into the body of Christ's church, we are made the children of God by adoption and grace.' By *water*, then, as a means—the water of baptism—we are regenerated, or born again; whence it is also called by the apostle, 'the washing of regeneration.' Our church, therefore, ascribes no greater virtue to baptism than Christ himself has done. Nor does she ascribe it to the outward washing, but to the inward grace, which added thereto makes it a sacrament."

The mixing of water with the sacramental wine is proved concerning Mr. Wesley if the MSS. from which the "Old Methodist" quotes are genuine, for he writes, "I believe it a duty to observe so far as I can, *to use water in the Eucharist*." His belief in an ordained priesthood deriving power through bishops, is also clear enough, and we doubt not that if it had been in his power the Wesleyans would to this hour have been left without the ordinances, unless now and then some of the anointed of our Anglican Papacy had seceded and carried the

precious unction with them. How a man like the acute and clever John Wesley could believe in such arrant nonsense as apostolical succession, it is difficult to make out ; we should as soon believe an impostor who should pretend that the faculty of telling us our fortune has been handed down to her from the Queen of Sheba, by having her palms anointed with the oil of a sacred toad. Happily, the Methodists were not so weak as their leader on this point, and almost unanimously discarded the superstitious dogma, preferring a ministry to a priesthood. Well may Dr. Rigg suppose that Mr. Wesley's faculties were beginning to fail, and that his judgment was enfeebled towards the end of his career. We fear that on the point of sacerdotal pretensions his intellect never had been clear, but that the smoke of Oxford had blinded his eyes to the follies of Anglican priestcraft. Imagine a man's declaring as a dying testimony that none but priests could administer the sacraments without sin, and warning his preachers to beware lest like Korah, Dathan, and Abiram, they seek the priesthood also." We believe there are few Methodists who would patiently endure even to hear John Wesley himself talk in that fashion.

The worst passage in the entire book, we mean the most seriously damaging to the memory of the great Methodist leader, is that upon Justification by Faith. We confess to having experienced a feeling of horror as we perused the paragraphs which we now give in full. What a man feels when he sees the character of his brother, or bosom friend, withered to the root, we felt in perusing this most painful passage, painful because we fear it is too true. Foibles about casting lots or setting men on one side of the meeting-house and women on the other are pardonable enough, but an uncertain sound upon the great fundamental article of our faith is not to be tolerated though an angel from heaven were guilty of it. An apostle is to be withstood to the face if he errs on this vital point. We know that the doctrine of justification by faith has been overstated by Antinomians in one direction, and Luther has uttered now and then an incautious word, but this does not render it less an error for a minister of Christ to say that we are "*rewarded because of our works*," or less pernicious to tell sinners that they are to "*wait for faith in doing good*." Were it not that the evangelical spirit among modern Methodists has been most decided we should fear for a community whose founder could give forth such worse than doubtful utterances; as it is we hope the "Large Minutes" are not binding on Methodists, or we say unhesitatingly that the sooner they are repealed the better. If it be true that such statements remain to this day "the foremost exponent of the doctrines and principles of Wesleyan Methodism," it is a fact to be universally deplored. Every true believer who is found in the Methodist body should see that this matter is looked into, and if it cannot be set right, so that justification by faith alone shall be undoubtedly taught, it is his duty to go where that essential truth is believed, and not to bolster up a system of doctrine involving error on so cardinal a point. Our Methodist friends may well clear themselves on this matter so far as their minutes are concerned, for our hope is that they themselves personally are generally, if not universally, sound upon the matter : by so doing good will come out of

evil, and the subtle attacks of the "Old Methodist," and the old serpent will only lead to the glory of God by the purification of the church. The redoubtable passage is as follows :—

"The next day, 'Saturday, 28, I showed at large, that the Lord's Supper was ordained by God, to be a *means of conveying* to men, either preventing, or justifying, or sanctifying grace.'"

"Having once laid down (viz. in 1740) the doctrine of justification by faith in 'the *true sense* of those words,' Wesley went on from step to step, ever making it more and more manifest that he had no part or share in the Protestant 'by faith alone' heresy, and its hideous distortions of the Scriptural and Primitive doctrine. Already, on this ground, he had withdrawn himself from the Moravians, and the year after (1741) saw him part company with Luther : June, 1741. 'I read over Martin Luther's Comment on the Epistle to the Galatians. I was utterly ashamed. How have I esteemed this book . . . how blasphemously does he speak of good works and of the law of God ! . . . Here (I apprehend) is the real spring of the grand error of the Moravians. They follow Luther, for better for worse.' Again, (same date.) 'In the evening I preached on those words, 'In Christ Jesus neither circumcision availeth anything, nor uncircumcision, but faith which worketh by love.' After reading Luther's miserable comment upon the text, I thought it my bounden duty openly to warn the congregation against that dangerous treatise, and to retract whatever recommendation I might ignorantly have given of it.' 'Aug. 1 (same year), I had a long conversation with Mr. Ingham (Moravian Methodist). We both agreed, 1. That none shall finally be saved, who have not, as they had opportunity, done all good works ; and 2. That if a justified person does not do good, as he has opportunity, he will lose the grace he has received, and if he 'repent' not and 'do the former works,' will perish eternally. But with regard to the unjustified (if I understand him), we wholly disagreed. He believed, it is not the will of God, that they should wait for faith *in doing good*. I believe, this is the will of God, and that they will never find him unless they seek him *in this way*.' Three years later, namely in 1744, Wesley lays down in the first Methodist Conference the following '*Minutes*':—'Q. 1. What is it to be justified? A. To be pardoned. Q. 2. Is faith the condition of justification? A. Yes. Q. 3. But must not repentance and works meet for repentance go before this faith? A. Without doubt ; if by repentance you mean conviction of sin ; and by works meet for repentance, obeying God as far as we can, forgiving our brother, leaving off from evil, doing good, and using his ordinances according to the power we have received.'"

"Ten years later still (1754) in his *Notes on the New Testament*, and in all succeeding editions, on Acts v. 16, 'Be baptised and wash away thy sins,' Wesley says, 'Baptism administered to real penitents, is both a means and seal of pardon. Nor did God ordinarily in the Primitive Church bestow this on any unless through this means.' Two years later than this (1756), Wesley wrote *A Treatise on Baptism*, in which he sets forth as his own the ordinary high-church doctrine of Baptismal Regeneration, and calls 'Baptism the *ordinary instrument* of our justification.' xix. 280. This 'sacramental justification,' as modern Methodists derisively call it, Wesley taught also in respect of the Lord's Supper (as has already appeared):—'I showed at large,' writes Wesley, 'that the Lord's supper was ordained by God to be a *means of conveying* to men . . . justifying grace.'

"In 1767 Wesley threw overboard the watchword of all Protestant communities—justification by faith, as the Article by which a church stands or falls. After showing, what to him 'appeared clear as the day,' that the gospel plan of salvation does not require any such belief, he drives home the wedge:—'But if so, what becomes of *Articulus stantis vel cadentis ecclesiæ* ? (the article of a standing or falling church). If so, is it not high time for us, *Projicere ampullas et sesquipedalia verba*—to lay aside big words that have no determinate

meaning—and to *return* to the plain word, 'He that feareth God and worketh righteousness is accepted with him'!"

"The wave of re-action swept further, and in 1770, when Wesley was of the ripe age of 67, there appeared the famous '*Large Minutes*,' to which Mr. Wesley ever afterwards constantly pointed, as expressing his matured conclusions on the subject: the last edition of which he prepared eighteen months only before his death: in them he says, "We have received it as a maxim, that 'a man is to do nothing, *in order to* justification:" nothing can be more false. Whoever desires to find favour with God, 'should "cease to do evil and learn to do well." Whoever repents, should do 'works meet for repentance.' And if this is not *in order* to find favour, what does he do them for? Is not this 'salvation by works?' Not by the *merit* of works, but by works as a *condition*. What have we then been disputing about for these thirty years? I am afraid *about words*. As to *merit* itself, of which we have been so dreadfully afraid: we are rewarded 'according to our works,' yea, *because* of our works. How does this differ from 'for the sake of our works?' And how differs this from '*secundum merita operum*?'—As our works *deserve*? Can you split this hair? I doubt, I cannot.' xv. 356, 357.

"This was the last straw which broke the Protestant camel's back. This 'advanced re-actionary' could no further go; and if in these passages which determine what Wesley's view of justification by faith was, throughout every decade of his life after 1738, there be anything which the *highest* high-churchman does not accept, it is only that John Wesley in this last passage goes further than he."

"Wesley's agreement with himself, and with high-churchmen, is apparent throughout. He held, as they do, that justification (pardon) and salvation are of the grace and love of God alone. Faith, along with repentance and works meet for repentance, is the *condition* of salvation; the sacraments the *means or instruments* of it: (Two things perfectly distinct). And, 'That we are justified by faith alone, is spoken to take away clearly all merit of our works, and wholly to ascribe the merit and deserving of our justification to Christ only.' (1766. Ss. ii. 49.) The doctrine of 'faith only,' in any other sense and connection, he expressly disavowed, and with all his heart repudiated. Throughout his long life he waged one unceasing warfare against solidianism in every shape. And with this, his deep and reverent faith in all Christian ordinances, especially the two greater sacraments, baptism and the holy Eucharist, was in perfect and closest consistency."

"Stout Hugh Latimer."

(FIRST PAPER.)

THE yeomanry were once our nation's glory. A fine sturdy race of Englishmen were they; fond of their native land, and not particularly disposed to compliment other nationalities. Reared in villages, which were their pride—the centre and circumference of their ambitions, fond of agriculture, they were attached to the soil, and were always ready to defend it against the boldest assailants. The no less sturdy sons of the old yeomen were undisturbed by the unhealthy cravings for city life, which rob our villages of youth and manhood; for trade was then but small and manufactures unimportant. Large towns were few in number and of no great influence. It was the halcyon day for villages; and the great bulk of the population still lived in them, happy and contented. It was, however, the happiness of

ignorance, of superstition, of darkness. Even those who were the professed lights, that were paid and ordained of men to guide the wanderer into the realm of brightness, were darkness itself; for Popery was rampant, and its priests were earthly, sensual, devilish. There is no need to picture the characters and lives of these religious teachers. No picture could be too black, no words too strong, to represent their ignorance, sensuality, and despotism.

It is at this time that our scene opens. Cambridge was not the Cambridge of to-day, though its students were probably more numerous than now. It had scarcely one-half of the seventeen colleges which now give importance to the town. It was nevertheless the hotbed of Popery. Its hostels, college-houses, and religious-houses, were occupied by students and monks, who studied little and knew less. The revival of learning on the Continent had scarcely begun to affect England, although there were signs of changes which troubled the minds of those who had settled in the gloom of ignorance. Two arrivals in Cambridge were scarcely noticed at the time, although both men soon made themselves known and their influence felt. One was a "shrewd-looking diminutive Dutchman;" the other a delicate, pale, freshman from Thurstone. During this year, Cambridge was thrown into great excitement by the arrival of King Henry VII., and four years subsequently Wolsey stirred the town and its filth by a visit; for when an event of so great an importance to the city was about to occur, the unscavenged streets had to be cleaned of their accumulated dirt, and therefore the visitation of rank was not unfrequently accompanied by a visitation of plague. That young freshman was doubtless wandering through the narrow streets of Cambridge witnessing the pomp, and ceremony, and servility offered to the cardinal, who was impiously complimented upon being a "Priest after the order of Melchisedek." Strange doings were going on that year in Cambridge. Luther's books, so much detested because so much dreaded, were burned, in order that his opinions should find no acceptance with the students; and no doubt, Hugh Latimer, the young freshman, was delighted as he saw the flames encircle the heretical volumes. Yet the opinions became known, and were received in secret with much approbation by not a few earnest seekers after truth. The other arrival in Cambridge about this time was Erasmus, the leader of a new kind of learning, as it was called. He did not remain long in Cambridge; he was unpopular; his sharp, caustic satire, his poignant wit, at the expense of that section of rascaldom, the mendicant friars, brought him into much disrepute. Still, he greatly improved the education given in Cambridge; and left the University to enter upon that great work which had so much to do in revolutionising the church—the Greek New Testament. Probably had Erasmus foreseen the result of his work, he might have hesitated; but he did not forecast the issues of disseminating the pure word of God in the vernacular tongue. The Greek and Latin Testament were received with enthusiasm. Even high ecclesiastical dignitaries approved of the circulation of a book that was confined to scholars, and the high reputation of Erasmus as a scholar paved the way for its reception where it might otherwise have been summarily rejected. The reception of the sacred volume in Cambridge was dangerous to the pretensions of Rome. Men were beginning to see the

streaks of light which were appearing on the horizon. They found in the Greek and Latin Testament God's answer to a troubled soul.

Hugh Latimer was a bitter opponent at first of this new order of things. He disliked "the new learning;" he repudiated the new heresy; he gloried in not understanding Greek. He preferred the old church; its rubrics, its ceremonies, its superstitions. He saw no need for the reformation of the clergy: they were good enough, and he measured their sincerity and devoutness by his own. Bound hand and foot by tradition and ecclesiastical Toryism, who would suspect that yonder staid man, now forty years of age, having passed the greenness and impetuosity of youth would become one of the greatest leaders in the dawning Reformation? Of all men, he was surely the unlikeliest for such a work.

And the unlikeliest man was brought to the work in the unlikeliest manner. On the occasion of taking a degree of Bachelor of Divinity, it was required that a student should preach on some theological subject. Latimer chose to direct his powers of anathematising against the heresies of Melancthon. Little Bilney, who had been converted to God through reading the Scriptures, listened to the harangue, and determined to have a word with the orator. Bilney made his confession of faith to Latimer, and, said the latter, "by his confession I learned more than before in many years." Latimer was honestly determined to see whether these things were so. He procured a copy of the New Testament and greedily read it. He found, much to his surprise, that pardon and peace were to be had through Jesus Christ, and that doctrine was light to his soul. He had longed for a convent, but now he panted to declare the truth he had received. Not that he left or desired to leave the church to which he, in common with other Reformers then, were attached. His views were changed only so far as these two facts were concerned—salvation by Christ, and not by penance and good deeds; service rendered to God not by prostrations before images, but by leading men to repentance and faith in God. Latimer remained, on other points, to the last, far behind others; for he was a Conservative by nature, though a Radical in practice. And now, to use the bluff old Saxon words which spice his sermons, and add so much to their interest, "He began to smell the Word of God, and forsook the school-doctors and their fooleries." He laboured hard with Bilney in that department of Christian effort, than which no better preparation for the ministry could be found—the visitation and instruction of the poor, the sick, the outcasts of Cambridge. His fellow students saw the change, half-dreaded and wondered at it: while the hearts of that little nest of believers, who were destined to play such havoc upon the walls of superstition and heresy were rejoiced because another persecuting spirit had, like Saul's, been brought under subjection to Jesus. It was certainly a matter for great joy, and the little company were much exhilarated.

That party was fast increasing. Wolsey had his college ready at Oxford—that fine old building one never sees without admiring the audacity, the persistent energy, the love of learning and of art which the cardinal, son of a butcher though he was, displayed during his glorious or inglorious career. He drafted off a number of Cambridge students to Oxford, who were to a man after Latimer's own

heart. The consequence was that a new field for the propagation of truth had been opened; and a new source of trouble provided for right reverend fathers in God. Those gentlemen, going about seeking whom they might devour, began to be alarmed at the spread of these new opinions. Master Latimer was a sad offender. He must be visited. And so, the Bishop of Ely, finding the heretic was to preach in Latin in the University Church at Cambridge, managed to enter the building as the preacher had begun his discourse. The occasion was critical. A less able, less sagacious man might have stumbled and fell; but Latimer preserved his presence of mind. He calmly waited until the bishop and his splendid retinue were seated. He then resumed, by saying, "A new audience, especially of such rank, deserves a new theme," and so he changed his subject, and preached from the words, "Christ being come, a high priest of good things to come," &c.—and exalted Christ as the pattern for bishops and priests, not forgetting to hit hard those who "were not of that race of bishops which Christ meant to have succeeded him in his church, but rather of the fellowship of Caiaphas and Annas." It was very adroitly done, and it had the effect of surprising and delighting the bishop. His lordship, however, though apparently satisfied with the sermon, ingeniously craved one request. It was that Latimer should preach against Martin Luther and his doctrine. Latimer very shrewdly answered him, "My lord, I am not acquainted with the doctrine of Luther, nor are we permitted here to read his works." This was true. He offered, however, if he should understand that Luther taught anything contrary to the Scriptures gladly to confute him. The bishop was not thus to be denied. "Well, well, Mr. Latimer," he replied, "I perceive that you somewhat smell of the pan." Latimer was subsequently inhibited from preaching in that diocese. It so happened, however, that certain monasteries were not under episcopal jurisdiction, and Latimer was invited by Barnes to preach in his pulpit, and the offer was accepted. Bilney and Latimer were afterwards summoned to London before Wolsey, who was far more interested in his foreign intrigues of diplomacy, than in the rise and progress of heresy. Wolsey, however, could find no fault in Latimer, and he therefore discharged him and gave him licence to preach throughout England. Foxe makes a misstatement relative to his having signed certain articles on this occasion; but this, it appears, was not so, "as is sufficiently evident from the fact that Latimer, when subsequently on his trial before Stokesley and Warham, was never accused of having 'relapsed.'"*

Judged by many of the Reformers of his time, Latimer was but ill-acquainted with the truth of God. He had not enquired into many subjects against which the Reformers protested. He still clung to the church of Rome, although vehemently striking at its sins. He, however, warmly advocated the rights of free enquiry and private judgment, and protested against withholding the word of God from the people. As a preacher he was rising fast in public estimation. In the university he was recognised as a power. A competent judge said, "I have an *ear* for other preachers, but I have a *heart* for Latimer." His popularity soon

* "Hugh Latimer: a Biography." By the Rev. R. Demaus. Religious Tract Society. A valuable book to which we are much indebted in writing this account.

brought him into notoriety. He was ridiculed and slandered. Those whose morals had been condemned, and those who had fattened on the abuses which he so vigorously assailed, opposed him with violence. Meanwhile the truths of the Reformation were spreading, the Reformers were being persecuted, and some of them unfortunately recanted. In 1529, Latimer aroused the wrath of his foes by preaching a very ingenious sermon on "The Card." Christmas used to be enlivened at this time by card-playing; and Latimer's idea was to show how his hearers might play with Christ's cards so as to be winners and not losers. The sermon was not only ingenious, it was eloquent. "I promise you," he said in his peroration, "if you build a hundred churches, give as much as you can make to the gilding of saints, and honouring of the church, and if though you go as many pilgrimages as thy body can well suffer, and offer as great candles as oaks; if thou leave the works of mercy and the commandments undone, these works shall nothing avail thee." Latimer did not disbelieve in these things so much as he believed that other things that were left undone were of infinitely more importance. Obedience was preferable to sacrifice—God's law to mere religious zeal: this was the gist of his sermon, and yet so eaten up with superstition and idolatry were the friars and monks, that such "sound doctrine" was unbearable. Latimer was answered by a prior who proposed to teach the game of "Christmas dice," by which Lutheranism might be overthrown. Latimer was, however, more than a match for any opponent in homely humour. The prior had condemned the reading of the Scriptures by the illiterate on the ground that the Bible was full of figurative language, which they would understand literally to their own ruin. "Thus," he said, "where Scripture saith 'No man that layeth his hand to the plough, and looketh back, is meet for the kingdom of God,' will not the ploughman, when he readeth these words, be apt forthwith to cease from the plough, and then where will be the sowing and harvest? Likewise, also, whereas the baker readeth, 'a little leaven leaveneth the whole lump,' will he not forthwith be too sparing in the use of leaven, to the great injury of our health? And so, also, when the simple man reads the words, 'If thine eye offend thee, pluck it out, and cast it from thee,' incontinent he will pluck out his eyes, and so the whole realm will be full of blind men, to the great decay of the nation, and the manifest loss of the king's grace." Such very simple wit was not difficult to annihilate. Latimer completely crushed his opponent, and turned the ridicule upon him. Figures of speech were not confined to Scriptures he argued. "Every speech hath its metaphors, so common and vulgar to all men, that the very painters do paint them on walls and in houses." "As for example," and here he looked at his opponent, "when they paint a fox preaching out of a friar's cowl, none is so mad as to take this to be a fox that preacheth, but know well enough the meaning of the matter, which is to paint out unto us what hypocrisy, craft, and dissimulation lie hid many times in these friars' cowls, willing us thereby to beware of them." This was a smart retort, and certainly had the effect of increasing the bitterness of the sufficiently acrimonious controversy.

The fame of Latimer reached the court, and King Hal determined to hear this extraordinary preacher, whose eloquence had produced so

great a sensation. He preached before the king at Windsor, to the great annoyance, it would seem, of his opponents, but to the evident satisfaction of his Majesty, who paid him £75 of our money for his services. About this time, a royal proclamation was issued forbidding the use of the New Testament, although the King promised "That he would cause the New Testament to be faithfully and purely translated into the English tongue, that it might be freely given to the people, when he saw their manner and behaviour convenient to receive the same." Latimer did not fail to remind him of his promise, but without the desired effect. A very noble letter did Latimer write to his Majesty on the subject, a letter which Mr. Froude the historian has described as "of almost unexampled grandeur," but Henry was not prepared then to grant the favour.

Latimer's homely and simple habits were not in accordance with Court life, and he was soon tired of it, and anxious to retire into privacy. He was therefore instituted into the rectory of West Kington, in Wiltshire. Here, however, he found little rest; his opinions were so little shared by the priests in the neighbourhood, that they soon commenced their favourite work of persecution. Convocation was at least useful in punishing heretics, and it did not take long to scent out Latimer. He was proceeded against, and formidable articles of accusation were drawn up. For a time, the matter remained in abeyance; but his enemies were on the watch for a favourable opportunity. This soon came, and he was summoned before the vindictive Bishop of London. He was examined on several occasions, questions, both trivial and difficult to answer, were put to him that he might be entrapped; he was worried and badgered; and in his distraction he appealed to King Henry. To appeal to Cæsar was to delight Cæsar's heart. A theological discussion was his glory, and it was a recognition of his pretensions as the supreme head of the church in England. Unfortunately, the king advised submission, and Latimer, we are sorry to add, relapsed. His latest biographer is quite right in regarding this as the darkest page in the reformer's history. "Something might no doubt be urged in his defence; he was constitutionally weak; he was over-persuaded by his friends; he was over-awed by Henry; he had not been guilty of apostacy, for he still honestly adhered to almost all the doctrines of the Romish church. But making all possible allowance for these considerations, it cannot be denied that Latimer's conduct on his trial was unworthy of his character and of his position." Latimer, like many men in those days of persecution, was placed in a position which demanded manly courage and frank avowal instead of prudence. No doubt he felt his humiliation; and his after history must be allowed to condone this great fault.

He did not wait long to renew his attack upon the old superstitions. At Bristol he fulminated against the abuses of the clergy, and created a great stir in the city. The bishop of the diocese had prohibited his preaching any more in the city, but Cranmer gave him license to preach anywhere within the province of Canterbury. All this hubbub and fierce controversy was the means of Latimer's further enlightenment. He now saw how untenable had been his theological position. His natural conservatism had led him to cling to the old doctrines;

but now he saw the need of reform both in the abuses and the doctrines of the Romish church. It was mainly the denunciation of those abuses on which the priests thrived that aroused the ire of his foes. "This is the wasp," said he, "that doth sting them and maketh them to swell." Cranmer had him again in London, much to the discomfiture of the vindictive bishop; and he was made a court-preacher. The breach between the Pope and the King had now become past all compromise; the clergy were cowed; the cruel laws against the "heretics" were relaxed; and now Latimer enjoyed freedom. Cranmer granted him power to license preachers, and at the age of fifty he was appointed Bishop of Worcester—a diocese much larger than it is now, and for which he received a sum equivalent (in our money) to £15,000 per annum—a princely revenue. This was a landmark in his history. We shall see how he acquitted himself in his new office; a lecturer of bishops should surely be himself free from blame.

Some of our readers may remember the high encomium passed upon Latimer by Sir Richard Morison, "Did there ever any man flourish, I say not in England only, but in any nation in the world, after the apostles, who preached the gospel more sincerely, purely, and honestly, than Hugh Latimer, Bishop of Worcester?" Up to the date at which these words of eulogy were written, it might be said—This witness is true.

E. L.

A Handful of Fables.

BY PASTOR C. A. DAVIS, CHESTERFIELD.

THE TWO POKERS.—I was sitting reading one day by my fireside. As it was getting dark, I shut my book and looked at the fire. The black poker and the bright poker were lying side by side in the fender, and by the firelight I could see the bright poker reflecting angry flashes of indignation on his humble brother.

"What are you doing here by the side of me, you smoky, black, indelicate poker? Your proper place is down in the ashes there, with your leg under the fire."

"Last time they poked the fire they put me here, sir," said the poor little black poker.

"You've no right to be up here on the handirons. The idea of your coming so near a bright polished poker like me!"

"Sir, if I am black it shows I am not idle and useless."

"But you smell so disagreeably of fire and smoke, I can't bear you near me."

The poor little poker mustered up courage to say, "Sir, if I smell of fire and smoke it is because, being a poker, I do a poker's work; but you, sir, are clean and bright, because you lie here all day long doing nothing. You, sir, are not a poker, but a dummy."

Bravo! little poker, said I, and as the fire wanted stirring I took him up and did it, and then stood him upright in one corner of the fireplace, with his head far above the fine dummy.

Before honour is humility.

THE RAIN SPOUT.—The rain spout got very proud one day as it noticed how green the grass was just below. "Dear me," it said, "how useful I am! What would the grass do without me?"

God heard it speak, and commanded the clouds that they should rain no rain

upon it; and so day after day the rain spout was dry, till the grass below drooped and withered.

"Alas!" said the humbled rain spout, "what is a spout without rain!"

THE ONE CATERPILLAR.—While I was walking in the garden one bright morning, a breeze came through and set all the flowers and leaves a-fluttering. Now, that is the way flowers talk, so I pricked up my ears and listened.

Presently an old elder tree said, "Flowers, shake off your caterpillars."

"Why?" said a dozen altogether, for they were like some children who always say "why" when they are told to do anything. Bad children those.

The elder said, "If you don't they'll gobble you up."

So the flowers set themselves a-shaking, till the caterpillars were shaken off.

In one of the middle beds there was a beautiful rose, who shook off all but one, and she said to herself, "Oh, that's a beauty, I'll keep that one." The elder overheard her, and called out, "One caterpillar is enough to spoil you."

"But," said the rose, "look at his brown and crimson fur, and his beautiful black eyes, and scores of little feet. I want to keep *him*. Surely one won't hurt me."

A few mornings after I passed the rose again. There was not a whole leaf on her; her beauty was gone, she was all but killed, and had only life enough left to weep over her folly, while the tears stood like dew-drops on her tattered leaves.. "Alas! I didn't think one caterpillar would ruin me!"

One sin indulged has ruined many.

THE FIRE AND THE WATER.—The fire and the water have always been considered irreconcilable foes, and I fear it must be so still. But they had heard so much of late of the Evangelical Alliance, that they thought it would be very decorous and proper for them to make up the old feud, and enter into more fraternal relations with each other. They talked it over one day together, till the water getting very warm and loving, actually boiled over in the fervour of her heart, and said to the fire, "There, we have been foes long enough, now let us shake hands and be friends for ever."

"With all my heart," warmly responded the fire.

But at the moment of coming together there was such a spluttering that the maid came running with great haste into the room, and angrily jerked the saucepan on to the hob. "Alas!" said both fire and water, "how can two walk together except they be agreed?"

THE ROCKET AND THE STAR.—Two rockets stood side by side in a garden. One of them said to the other, "I have been standing here for the last five minutes looking at the stars. I wonder what men see to admire in them! There is that insignificant little speck yonder. I'm sure I could give a thousand times the light of his paltry glimmer."

Just then the man came round and touched the rocket with his torch. Up it went with a whiz and blaze till it came to its utmost elevation, and then it burst itself; there was a pop and a glare, and down came the rocket-stick and all was over; and the little star looked demurely down as much as to say, "Ah, Mr. Rocket! and where are you now?"

There are many firework Christians.

THE DEW-DROP.—I went out one morning early to see the dew-drops: there was one on every blade in the grass-plot. I have seen jewels sparkling in the ring on the lady's finger, and glittering in the jeweller's shop, but I have never seen a gem so pure and bright as the jewels worn by the grass blades. I stooped down and looked at them, and the grass said, "Are you come out to see me?"

"No; to see the dew-drops."

A little sparkling drop shook himself up, "What;" said he, "What was that?"

"Come out to see you beautiful dew-drops," I said.

"What for?"

"I love to see the calm blue heaven reflected in your bosom."

"That is because I am pure," said the dew-drop, "heaven is always reflected in a pure bosom. You cannot see heaven in the bosom of muddy water, nor in the heart of a wicked child. Tell the children who love Jesus to be pure, even as he is pure."

I picked the blade of grass to look closer at him. Just then the sun began to rise, the dew-drop changed from blue heaven colour to glowing sunlight. It shone like a little sun as I held it, and looked lovelier than ever.

"Beautiful!" I said.

The little drop smiled. "The day is breaking and the good sun is changing me into the likeness of himself. Tell your little Christians, when Jesus shall appear they shall be like him. But the day is breaking—the sun is drawing me—I'm going, going—"

"Don't go yet," I said, "stay and talk to me."

"He is sending down his long sunbeam fingers. I feel them drawing me. I'm going."

"Stay, little dew-drop," I said, "stay and talk with me all day long."

"Only in the night I live on earth, and when the day breaks I flee away to heaven on the beams of light. Christians are the dew-drops of Jesus. They, too, stay on earth while the night lasts, and when heaven's day breaks, and the shadows flee away, Jesus will draw up his dew-drops to himself. But I cannot stay—the sunbeams are drawing me. I feel their loving kisses. I'm going up to the calm heaven—up to the glorious sun. I'm going."

It grew brighter, and heavenlier, and smaller. I looked and looked, till I looked in vain: there was only the blade of grass, the dew-drop was gone.

New Fables.

FIRST CHAPTER. PRINCIPALLY CONCERNING CLOCKS.

FABLE I.—One night my collection of clocks were discussing the subject of "striking." The little bantam-like Frenchman maintained it was "outrageously absurd to make such a dreadful row as did father long-case (the old eight-day); he really terrified people with his noise." Father long-case growled out something to the effect that "If clocks couldn't speak out, they had better not speak at all." The baboon-faced spring clock held that a medium sound was best. The American guessed that a sharp, quick gong-twang beat all bells, big or little. The clock that strikes but one every hour thought it was advisable to strike emphatically but briefly. Each clock had something to say for itself, and something to say against all the rest. But since that day I have managed to sell them all, and find my customers are evidently satisfied. The long-cased eight-day ticks away on an old farmhouse staircase, the servants declare it is a complete boon, for at the top of the house, where they sleep, they can hear it distinctly, and know when to get up. The little Frenchman stands on an elegant bracket in the parlour of a nervous old lady, who says she likes a striking clock, but were its sound much louder she couldn't bear it. The large-faced spring dial hangs in a solicitor's office, and strikes sufficiently loud for the clerks in the adjacent offices to know the time, but not so loud as to disturb the honest lawyer in his benevolent studies. The clock which struck one every hour adorns the end of the gallery of a chapel, where its hourly note of admiration admonishes the preacher, and revives the fainting hearts of the hungry or weary hearers. My congregation of clocks, viewed in the light of their subsequent history, reminds me of college days. One student, it was predicted, would never succeed, he was too much of a Boanerges; another was "rather mild" and timid; another was mediocrity itself; and a

fourth was too argumentative and forensic. Well, they are all settled now, and I can hardly tell you which is most highly esteemed in his respective church.

FABLE II.—Some of the cathedral clocks have of late been striking in a very remarkable manner. The clockmaker, it appears, had chosen one of the best clocks in his warehouse, albeit of a somewhat new and improved pattern, for one of the most venerable of our cathedrals; where for many years was a very fine and imposing piece of mechanism, which however was never known to strike the right hour more than once a year. When the intention of the clock manufacturer was announced, several of the said cathedral clocks gave warning in a most terrible manner, that they would never countenance so horrible a procedure, "for," said they, "ten years ago, this clock you propose to place in the cathedral tower, went altogether wrong, and struck out a most ungodly chime." They went so far as to say it was badly constructed and never could keep the right time. But the clockmaker persevered, and lo! the townspeople and many others greeted the elevation of this honest-faced clock with applause. The enemies of the new clock, it appears, had been accused of saying that as it could not keep time itself, other clocks must not be regulated by it; but marvel of marvel, the moment it was seen to be simply settled in the old tower, they gave, as their decided opinion, "Although the new cathedral clock of E—— never has, and in all probability never will, be correct in its time-keeping, yet it will be quite safe for all the parish clocks in the diocese to be regulated by it."

If you, dear reader, doubt that clocks could be so foolish, I can hardly expect that you will believe it of men, unless you turn to the "Standard," of December 30, 1869; there you will read a letter from one Bishop Trower, in it are these words, "I think that his consecration is perhaps the greatest humiliation which the church of God in this country has had to undergo. . . . But I need hardly say, no mistake could be greater than to question the validity of (Holy) orders conferred by the present Lord Bishop of Exeter."

FABLE III.—On another occasion an eight-day American (which, by-the-by, had got out of order, so that it always went incorrectly towards the end of the week) was expressing its contempt for his countryman the thirty-hour. He said, "It is derogatory to the dignity of a clock to have so many starts—but, there! all the clocks of the manufactory from whence you came, never do go long without winding-up." The much-abused thirty-hour simply replied, "I fancy it is better to be wound-up often, and go properly always, than be wound-up seldom, and go properly only half your time." Really, I felt inclined to present this sapient time-keeper to some old ministers I know, who are always sneering at some younger ones for having so many fresh starts in the ministry. "See," say they, "we have been over the same people eight, eighteen, or even twenty-eight years." I fancy if my thirty-hour American could be transformed into a parson, he would say, "Honoured eight-day brethren, I am of opinion if you started afresh a little oftener, you would be more useful, and show you know the time o' day a little better than to sneer at any college or any pastors who are doing, perhaps, a world more good than yourselves."

FABLE IV.—"Alas!" cried a large Swiss clock, "What a burden is life to me! These weights wear me out; I am never free from them a single hour; I should tick and strike, and do everything much more cheerfully if it were not for them." I couldn't bear to hear the faithful old creature groaning, so I took the weights off, when, of course, it was still as the grave directly. I never heard any of the clocks groaning about their weights after that. So I feel it would be with some of us if we were without troubles. They are burdensome, but depend on it most necessary.

FABLE V.—All the clocks in my house had periodical fits of admiration for their *imposing* brother of the parish church. "What a history it has!" said one. "What musical chimings it sends forth!" said another. "What an

exalted position!" said a third. "What a boon to the town!" said all in chorus. But just then some of the townspeople said, "Certainly, it is time the old thing was taken down, and a new one put in its place, for to our certain knowledge it has never been right a day together for the last five years!" At this, the ivy began to rustle and flutter all around the tower, the old rooks, and even the sparrows, cried "Shame," the church mice even crept in weakness from their holes, and joined the chorus. But notwithstanding this, they dis-established the clock and placed a bran new one in its place—Church, Body, and Co., makers! N.B. It bids fair to go better than the last, only owing to its having several of the old wheels inserted in it, grave doubts are entertained as to how long it may work satisfactorily. This fable is respectfully dedicated to *dissenting surplice lovers*, beadles, parish clerks, Tory newspapers, and the singers generally of the well-known song, "Our Dear Old Church of Ireland."

FABLE VI.—I once had in my shop an old chapel clock which boasted an enormous face—strangely out of proportion to its works. The other clocks were at a loss to account for this extraordinary freak of the manufacturer; they ventured a thousand wild speculations. Until the old clock wheezed out, "You know, my friends, we should never talk out of school, but may be, the law don't apply to chapel. Well! in the chapel where I came from, they believe in having things all of a piece. The preacher, the deacons, the members were all clocks with big faces and little works. The Reverend Saynothing Muchnoise was the minister. The deacons were Messrs. Popinjay, Buckram, Soaper, and Jaunty. We used (for the size of the place) to have good *respectable* Sunday morning congregation, but hardly anybody at night. We had some very rich people, but very small collections. A great organ and few singers. Large sacred concerts and small prayer-meetings. Even the minister had long introductions to his sermons and very brief words. And so completely did they carry out their uniformity that the clerk always gave out the first line of a hymn in a voice of thunder and the rest in a voice like a zephyr. I couldn't help regarding myself as of great importance as a sort of emblem of the whole. My vanity was indeed pardonable, for the minister always fixed his eye on me all the service time, and the people generally cast an admiring glance at me every three minutes. I should have remained there until this day, but one Sunday Mr. Muchnoise denounced in such a terrible manner the sins of the inhabitants of Timbuctoo in Central Asia that I so violently trembled, as to cause my face to drop off, hands and all, on to the ridge of the pew right before Mr. Great Decorum, who thereupon let fall *his* face and something else; the people, of course, called him "Decorum" no more. I was summarily expelled, but since then I hear the place is shut up altogether, for somehow or other their works got smaller and smaller until they could support such huge faces no longer."

N.B. This fable is dedicated to all whom it may concern.

R. ANDREW GRIFFIN, WEYMOUTH.

Sin.

ONE danger of secret sin is that a man cannot commit it without being by-and-by betrayed into a public sin. If a man commit one sin, it is like the melting of the lower glacier upon the Alps, the others must follow in time. As certainly as you heap one stone upon the cairn to-day, the next day you will cast another, until the heap reared stone by stone shall become a very pyramid. See the coral insect at work, you cannot decree where it shall stay its pile. It will not build its rock as high as you please; it will not stay until an island shall be created. Sin cannot be held in with bit and bridle, it must be mortified.—From "*Feathers for Arrows*," preparing for publication.

Madagascar conquered for Christ.

IN his delightful work entitled, "The Martyr Church,"* Mr. Ellis details the triumphs of the cross in Madagascar, and sums up in the following sentences: "We have reached the fiftieth year since Christianity first entered the capital of Madagascar, and the results of its progress during the intervening years demand our unfeigned thankfulness to God. Multitudes of the people have renounced their household idols. The national idols have been removed from the palace, the priests no longer form part of the court, and the astrologers and the diviners are no longer recognised; some of these have since found a place in the missionaries' Bible class, at the Christians' prayer meeting, or among the numbers who have, by baptism, publicly renounced heathenism and avowed their faith in Christ. A royal sanctuary for the worship of the living God is in course of erection, within that palace which was deemed so sacred to idolatry that the head of every one who crossed it was uncovered, and obeisance rendered to the tombs of the deified dead which it contained. Christianity, in the person of the queen, now sits enthroned in the palace, which resounds with the preaching of the everlasting gospel, and with Christian prayer and praise.

"Every Christian household in the city has its family altar, and ten or twelve thousand of the citizens publicly worship their God and Saviour every Sabbath day. The towns and villages in the province share these privileges, which are extending to remote regions of the country, and the Christians are expected by the close of 1869 to number 60,000. Other results have followed. The standard of morals is surely though gradually rising. The laws are becoming less sanguinary, and greater care is taken in the appointment of those who administer them; a large portion of the judges at the present time being Christians." As the crowning news of all, the postscript contains a letter from the Malagase Prime Minister, which we cannot resist the temptation to set before our readers, believing that it will excite their interest in the newly-evangelised island, and lead them to earnest prayers for its present and future welfare:—

"ANTANANARIVO, Sept. 8th, 1869.

"TO THE REV. WILLIAM ELLIS,

"DEAR FRIEND.—I have received the letter which you wrote on the 14th of April last, telling me of your joy and praise to God when you heard how the queen loved the word of God, and proposed to walk in his ways; also to trust in the great Saviour, our Lord Jesus Christ. Yes, there was true reason for your rejoicing, for things greatly to gladden the heart indeed are these. We may indeed praise God, for it is as his word, which says, 'The sovereign's heart is in the hand of the Lord; he turneth it whithersoever he will.' God has guided the heart of the queen to that which pleases him, and caused her to understand that in which he delights; and now the queen has been baptised, and has partaken of the feast of the Lord. We are also building a beautiful stone house within the court of the palace, to be a house for the worship of God. The good friend, Mr. William Pool, made the *marky* (drawing or plan) of that good house. Joyous are the men in this good work; energetic are the Christians, because they see the worship of the sovereign; for those who believe in Jesus Christ have no anxiety and no fear. Truly rejoicing is it to behold the deportment of the people at Antananarivo on the Sabbath day. Scarcely is any one to be seen in the streets until the close of the public worship, because the great majority of the people assemble in the houses of prayer. No public *work* is done on that joyful day. And this, my friend, is another fresh cause of rejoicing here. On the same day that I write this letter to you, the queen sent for the officers and the heads (of the people) to come within the court of the palace, and when they were assembled, the queen said, 'I shall not lean upon nor trust again in the idols, for they are blocks of wood; but upon

* John Snow. Paternoster Row.

God and Jesus Christ do I now lean or trust. And as for the idols (namely, the national idols), I shall burn them, or cause them to be burned, for they do no good whatever; they are all deceit and falsehood.' And when the people heard this they expressed their pleasure, and asked the queen if she would summon a kabary, or general assembly, to cause all the idols of the people to be burned. The queen answered, and said, 'That would please me. I have no desire that there should be idols any more in my kingdom. Nevertheless, I do not force, or compel you, my people.' Then agreed, or consented the people, there before the queen, to the burning of all the national idols in Madagascar; and the queen, consenting, rejoiced. And on the same day the queen sent officers to burn all the idols of the queen, which are called Rakelimalaza, Rafautaka, Ramanjakatsiroa, Ramahavaly, etc., etc. And they were all burned, and some of the people also burned theirs. And astonished to the utmost were the keepers of the idols when they saw the idols in the flames; for they had said that the idols were too sacred and powerful to be affected by the burning. That was a new thing here, therefore we sincerely thank God, for he has manifested his power here in Madagascar. And (we thank God also) because he has given to the queen a true heart to put away the root of belief in things that are nothing (have no existences). I rejoiced when I heard that you (the Christians in England) prayed unto God for me. For that I thank you, indeed, greatly. May the blessing of God be with you. I visit you, and your family, and my desire for you is that God may bless you.

Saith your true friend,

RAINILALARIVONY, *Prime Minister.*"

Reviews.

The Student's Handbook of Christian Theology. By the Rev. BENJAMIN FIELD.
Hodder and Stoughton.

WHEREIN this is a handbook of Wesleyan divinity, we need hardly say that we differ widely from its teachings, and as Wesleyanism flavours the whole work, we can only recommend it in the matter of theology to those of our readers who are of the Methodist persuasion. This, however, being premised, we rate the work very highly, as being scholarly, well-arranged, and carefully executed. Upon those truths, which are common to all Christians, its testimony is full and sound. That part of the truth which it specially defends is vigorously contended for, but in attacks upon the Calvinistic side of truth, statements are made which it would be hard to prove;—for instance, we think that no one who knows much of his fellow Christians, would assert that Calvinism has a manifest tendency to destroy holiness, and tends to destroy our zeal for good works. Those who hold our views upon the points in debate have been, and are, quite as sedulous to glorify God by personal holiness as their opponents. To assert the contrary, is to deny plain facts, and to exhibit the Pharisaic spirit, which cries, "Stand by, for I am holier than thou." Upon the doctrine of the eternity of future punishment, our author gives no uncertain sound, and as this is just now becoming a bone of contention, we shall quote him in full, after again remarking that brethren of Arminian views will find this book a most admirable compendium of their opinions:—

"It is argued that immortality was not one of the original attributes of human nature, but is secured for us through the atonement of Christ. All, therefore, who fail to accept the blessings of that atonement finally perish in annihilation. And to support this view, the Scripture terms 'to perish,' 'to be destroyed,' 'to die,' when applied to the future state of the wicked, are interpreted as meaning the total extinction of being. It may suffice to reply, that if there are some texts in which certain words are used, which, *taken by themselves*, are capable of such a meaning, there are others, many others, in which both the future existence and the eternal punishment of the wicked are most plainly declared. And while the death, loss, destruction, and perishing of the soul are quite susceptible of a meaning in harmony with

eternal existence in torment, the latter cannot possibly be made to bear a meaning in harmony with the future annihilation of being." . . .

"THE TERMS EMPLOYED TO DESCRIBE FUTURE PUNISHMENT, WHEN HONESTLY INTERPRETED, CAN SIGNIFY NOTHING SHORT OF PROPER ETERNITY.

"First, we have the word *αἰώνιος*, (*aiōnios*), which strictly and properly signifies eternal, ever-existent, and, throughout the New Testament, is applied indiscriminately to the duration of future woe as well as of future blessedness. Thus we have 'everlasting fire' (Matt. xviii. 8, xxv. 41); 'everlasting punishment' (Matt. xxv. 46); 'everlasting destruction' (2 Thess. i. 9); 'eternal damnation' (Mark iii. 29); 'eternal fire' (Jude 7); 'everlasting life' (Matt. xix. 29; John iii. 16); 'eternal life' (Luko x. 25; John iii. 15); 'everlasting habitations' (Luko xvi. 9); 'eternal in the heavens' (2 Cor. v. 1); and many other instances. Now, surely, it is natural and fair to understand the term, in each occurrence of it, as having the same extent of meaning; and far from fair to take it as meaning strict and proper eternity when applied to heaven, and as meaning only an indefinite period of time when applied to hell. Besides, in one passage (Matt. xxv. 46), there is an evident and pointed antithesis between life and punishment, and of both it is affirmed that they are everlasting, the same Greek word being used in both cases, though improperly varied by our translators. Ought not this one passage to be enough to decide the point? Who that heard the 'Faithful Witness' use one word on both sides of the alternative could hesitate about his meaning by it the same thing?

"Secondly, we have the words *εἰς τὸν αἰῶνα*, 'for ever,' applied to future punishment; 'the mist of darkness is reserved for ever' (2 Pet. ii. 17); 'the blackness of darkness for ever' (Jude 13.) And that this signifies nothing less than eternal duration is evident from the use of the same term in other places: 'Christ abideth for ever' (John xii. 34); 'God blessed for ever' (Rom. ix. 5); 'his righteousness remaineth for ever' (2 Cor. ix. 9); 'shall live for ever.' (John vi. 58.)

"Thirdly, we have the phrase, *εἰς τοὺς αἰῶνας τῶν αἰώνων*, which is generally translated 'for ever and ever,' and might perhaps, be rendered, 'through the durations of durations.' This form of speech is very intelligible, and may be properly called *the superlative*. What is 'the holy of holies' but the most holy? 'or the heaven of heavens,' but the highest heaven? And what are 'the durations of durations' but that duration which is the greatest of all—that is, proper eternity? 'The smoke of their torment ascendeth up for ever and ever' (Rev. xiv. 11, xix. 3); 'tormented day and night for ever and ever' (Rev. xx. 10.) No thing can be more evident than that this is used to indicate an unlimited duration; for it is employed: (1.) To point out the eternity of the Most High. (Rev. iv. 9, 10, v. 14, x. 6, xv. 7.) (2.) To indicate the everlasting praise which shall be rendered to him. (Rev. v. 13, vii. 12.) (3.) To mark the endless duration of his government. (Rom. xi. 15.) (4.) To describe the endless duration of the blessedness of the righteous. (Rev. xxii. 5.) And it is for Socinians to show where the apostles have used this phrase in a sense manifestly limited."

The Shepherd of Israel; or, Illustrations of the Inner Life. By Rev. DUNCAN MACGREGOR, M.A., Minister of St. Peter's, Dundee. Nisbet and Co.

THE first title does not indicate the nature of the work, but the second is accurate. We have here a series of soul-winning sermons worthy of McCheyne. The illustrations and anecdotes are abundant; the scriptural expositions are clear, and the spirit of every discourse earnest and affectionate. The book is saturated with the gospel, and cannot, with God's blessing, fail of its purpose of saving sinners, a purpose which is apparent on almost every page. Happy is Dundee to have such a preacher. *O si sic omnes.*

Shiloh. By Rev. DANZY SHEEN. London: G. Lamb, Sutton Street, Commercial Road.

MR. SHEEN, a Primitive Methodist Minister of great repute and usefulness,

was one of the *alumni* of our college, and we take great delight in his prosperity and growing talent. He has in this instance produced a very tasteful little work, which may be had in neat cloth for one shilling and sixpence, or in very elegant binding for two shillings. The matter is spiritual and edifying, the style pleasing and flowing. An abundance of well chosen poetical extracts adorns the volume, and we entertain great confidence that its circulation will be extensive, and will do much good.

Until the Shadows Flee away; a True Tale of the Last Century. Oliphant and Co., Edinburgh.

A STRANGE tale, if true, affording clear evidence that in the last century the world had foolish heads and mad spirits in it. We like the description of some of the personages, and the style is fresh and vigorous.

Scenes in the East. By the Rev. H. B. TRISTRAM, M.A., LL.D., F.R.S. Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, 7, Great Queen Street, Lincoln's Inn Fields.

TWELVE coloured photographic views of places mentioned in the Bible, with descriptive letter-press, making, with its gorgeous binding and bold type, a splendid book for a present, fit for a palace. The scenes are admirable, and the descriptions not less so. It is in every way a first-class work.

The Joy of Suffering. A Sermon. By HENRY SIMON. H. K. Lewis, 136, Gower Street.

WE have suffered, and can testify that there is a point where suffering and pain are the vestibule of bliss. When they bring men as near to Jesus as they have carried us, they are not angels in disguise, but seraphs all unveiled. This sermon will help a little way to the understanding of what we mean; but after all, the furnace is the only place for learning this lesson.

A Book for Grandchildren. By GRANDFATHER (Felix Friendly). Nisbet & Co., Berners Street.

A VERY good little book for the youngsters, with much of interest; and no foolish stories such as some juvenile books are filled with. We are glad to welcome it for its fresh and earnest spirit.

The Literary World, weekly, one penny. James Clarke & Co.

HERE we have masses of what Dr. Hamilton was wont to call *Bibline*, or the essence of books. Readers with large means will find this journal a judicious guide to purchases, and readers with small means will find it an admirable substitute for a library. It is little less than literary prodigality to issue such a serial for one penny: it is not selling brains, but giving them away. We only regret that every now and then we think we see traces of a latitudinarian spirit with which we have no sympathy.

Pastoral Addresses. By JOHN HORSBURGH. John Bayne, Lever Street, Edinburgh.

THE highly esteemed author of these

addresses was pastor of the original Baptist church in Edinburgh. We have perused the addresses and the accompanying memoir with much pleasure. We are glad to have so profitable a memorial of one who as an apostle wrought with his hand and preached the Word. Those who knew Mr. Horsburgh best, valued him most. Skilful in his profession and faithful in his preaching, he will be greatly missed in each circle.

Alone in London. By the Author of "Jessie's First Prayer." Religious Tract Society.

A VERY useful and charming little book, quite worthy of the established reputation of the authoress. The drift of the tale is to commend hospitals for children, a scheme to which we wish abundant success. The story is charming for its pathos and truth, and the moral of it is beyond all praise. We would gladly welcome more such *Vijou* books from the same pen.

Harrison's Original Sacred Melodies, Hymns, Chants, Anthems. Frederic Warne & Co., Bedford Street, Covent Garden.

VERY fair music, and such as have taste in that direction will be glad to hear of any addition to our sacred psalmody. We question if any of these compositions will be immortal or widely popular, but they will be of service and are quite worth the notice of our musical readers.

Four years in a Cave. A Tale of the French Revolution. Wm. Oliphant and Co., Edinburgh.

A VERY interesting, though improbable, story of the times of terror in France, during the Revolution. The little book is well-written and neatly bound, so as to make a suitable present for little maidens, who will, we hope, imitate all that is good in the conduct of the heroines of the tale, and be thankful that we are living in better days.

Bible Wonders. By the Rev. RICHARD NEWTON, D.D. S. W. Partridge & Co., 9, Paternoster Row.

A VERY capital, interesting, and instructive book for the youngsters. Plenty of little pictures, anecdotes, and illustrations. Suitable for a Sunday-school library.

*Commentary on the Holy Scriptures;
Critical, Doctrinal, and Homiletical.*

By JOHN PETER LANGE, D.D. Translated by PHILIP SCHAFF, D.D. Vol. V. T. & T. Clarke, Edinburgh.

WE have never seen a critical commentary more to our mind than this one on the Epistle to the Romans. It is certainly worthy of a place in the library of every Bible-student. It will be especially useful to scholars acquainted not only with the ancient, but the modern languages; especially with the German, in which many of the best and most forcible terms are expressed. Ministers and students will find no little assistance in the doctrinal and homiletical portion. The latter, generally good, has rather startled us more than once by a daring departure from the scriptural thought and teaching of the text; for instance, on the first verse of the first chapter where the apostle speaks of being "called to be an apostle, separated unto the gospel of God," we are to sermonise thus—"The necessity of a divine call for the ministry. I. The *inner* call by the Holy Ghost. II. The *outward* call by the authority and ordination of the church. The regularly called minister contrasted with the self-constituted minister and fanatic, SET APART UNTO THE GOSPEL. The Preaching of the Gospel. I. The chief duty of the minister, to which all others must be subordinated. II. The highest work in which Christ himself and all the apostles engaged. III. The inconsistency of connecting any secular calling with the holy ministry." As we read this we could not help remembering the apostle's declaration, which he made to the church at Galatia, that he received not the gospel from man, that he conferred not with flesh and blood, that he went not up to Jerusalem to them that were apostles before him, that he only saw two apostles when years after he tarried with Peter fifteen days, and that he was unknown by face unto the churches of Judæa. All of this was mentioned with the evident intention to disclaim the human element in his ministry and assert the divine. We want no other call than God's Spirit to the work; and as to human ordination, it is a relic of the Popish dogma of apostolic succession; and these are not the times to treasure

up rags of priestcraft as if they were robes of office in Christ's church. Of course, for special work of any sort, the church's voice is supreme as to its own order and work, but our authority is from above; our opportunity of exercising it is regulated by the church in her own borders, but outside we owe no allegiance to any but our Lord; and shall, as God helps us, "do good unto all men," for the world is our parish if we be true ministers of Jesus Christ. If this is to be a "self-constituted minister" and "a fanatic," to God be all praise; while we rejoice in the dignity of being thus like unto Paul.

Nor were we less surprised to mark the third division of the second homily, "The inconsistency of connecting any secular calling with the holy ministry." We had always regarded the apostle as being a tent-weaver, ministering with his own hands to his necessities and the necessities of those that were with him. We had dwelling in our minds remembrances of apostles fishing and of our Lord's helping them by his all-wise directions, and in our ignorance we had discovered no "inconsistency" with the public ministry of him who washed disciples' feet and "came not to be ministered unto but to minister." Away once and for ever from our midst with the notion that ministers should be a clique of non-workers, whose priestly dignity would suffer if they endured a day's toil. Thank God we have some men who to serve him work hard all the week and preach on the Lord's-day, and they are as consistent ministers as those of us who can, by the liberality and gifts of our churches, give all our time to the direct ministry of the word. The ordination of a D.D. we have no doubt needs the help of man, as we have not found it yet in the Bible; and we can conceive that anything so undignified as gathering up sticks for a fire, or casting out the lading of a ship, would be "inconsistent" with such eminence.

The Borderer's Leap, and other Poems.

By JOHN GEORGE SPEED. Elliot Stock, Paternoster Row.

A MIXTURE of Byron and rubbish: bad theology, and worse poetry.

The Prophecies of our Lord and his Apostles. By W. HOFFMAN, D.D. Berlin. Translated by MAURICE J. EVANS, B.A. London: Hodder and Stoughton, Paternoster-row.

A most painstaking, devout, and scholarly examination of the future of the world and the church, as indicated by the Lord himself, or his apostles. The German style of thought, though well rendered into our language, will make the reading a little heavy to some, but for such as wish to have a careful treatise on the times to come, we can heartily commend this book for its solid worth, and earnest seeking after the mind of the Spirit. Without endorsing every conclusion of the preacher, whose discourses are here translated, we agree with so much that we sincerely wish the book "God speed."

Christ and his Work; an Exposition of Psalm XL. By JAMES FRAME. Snow and Co., Ivy Lane.

We are glad to meet with Mr. Frame again as a writer on a chosen Psalm.

His remarks are always thoughtful and edifying. He adopts a theory and works the text into it; sometimes, as we think, with rather too severe a turn of the screw, but even then we are interested by his ingenuity. Mr. Frame serves his generation well by addicting himself to such expositions. We are personally obliged to him for this volume and for his comment on Psalm xvi., from which we have quoted in our Treasury of David.

Heavenly Love and Earthly Echoes.

By a Glasgow Merchant. Edmostou and Douglas, Edinburgh.

A FAMILIARLY written and interesting little book, with no pretensions to depth of thought, but very readable from its many practical illustrations and anecdotes. Earthly relationships in our families supply the main course of thought, and lead up our minds to the higher fellowships of heaven. We commend the spirit of the book most highly, and think it will do good. Would that all our merchants had found "the pearl of price unknown," as has the author of this work.

Memoranda.

OUR readers may have observed a letter written by us to an American paper explaining the reason why we cannot attend the meeting of the Evangelical Alliance at New York. We had to make the same explanation to the Dutch brethren when the Alliance met at Rotterdam, but as we have no wish to disturb the peace of the Alliance we have not agitated the question. It may, however, be as well to state that about the time when Mr. Noel's letter appeared objecting to certain expressions used by us in our notorious baptismal regeneration sermon, we received a letter from Mr. James Davis, the secretary of the Alliance, setting forth very strongly that our only alternative was to retract our harsh language, or to withdraw from the Alliance. Knowing Mr. Noel's gentle spirit, we should not have taken much notice of his letter had we not been led to suppose, from the epistle of the secretary, that the committee of the Alliance were of the same mind, and then, not being able to retract a syllable of our utterances, and being unwilling to embroil the Alliance in our conflict, we withdrew from it. We have since learned that the letter was unauthorised, and several members of the Alliance committee have

expressed regret that we acted upon it. We are in this state of the case absolutely passive; we do not wish to revive any personal question, or cause altercation; only it is clear to everyone that, under the circumstances, neither manliness nor Christian truthfulness will allow us to attend Alliance gatherings while we are practically under its ban. It is time that a wider basis were laid, or that there should be an Alliance for those whom the present one excludes.

We are much pained to observe in the *Christian World*, articles advocating a curious system of future punishment ending in annihilation, and are not a little surprised that the editor forbids the hope of letters on the opposite side being inserted, making only one exception—namely, in our favour. We wrote the editor, telling him that such conduct did not to us appear to be quite as frank as could be wished. Why should we, burdened with innumerable labours, be selected as the only tolerated advocate? We told him that we declined to help the agitation of the question, that our Lord's declaration that "these shall go away into everlasting punishment," settled the point with us, that Mr. White's remarks, which are

supposed to be reasons, had only strengthened our faith in the orthodox doctrines, and that we regarded the publication of such views and the views themselves as dangerous. Our letter is not inserted at this date (Feb. 18), but we suppose postal delay is the cause. Meanwhile, we shall teach our own views at our own time, and not at the discretion of other people. Other leadings guide us than those which spring out of newspapers. The scholarship of the articles which we allude to is pretty loudly boasted of, but when gentlemen are quoted as authorities who commit themselves so palpably, that the veriest tyro can see through their assertions, we feel we can afford to leave them to the general good sense and intelligence of the Christian public. One instance may stand for all, and may help those who are troubled upon the question to see how this farrago of fanciful heresies borrows any sort of aid with noteworthy inattention to accuracy. One learned doctor is quoted as saying "that *apoliumi* whenever and wherever it occurs in a Greek author, has but one meaning, the destruction of the object to which it is the active verb." Mr. White himself qualifies the opinion by a note which renders the authority of little value, for he admits that it means *lose*, when used in relation to other objects than the life of man. Yet the evident drift of the whole argument is to prove that this word and kindred ones must mean annihilation, and on turning to Luke xv. we should on that supposition be bound to read "What man of you having a hundred sheep, if one of them be annihilated, does not leave the ninety and nine in the wilderness, and go after that which was annihilated till he find it?" A pretty considerable chase certainly. A marvel indeed that the Shepherd should be able to say, "Rejoice with me, for I have found my sheep which was annihilated." The same extinction or annihilation happened to the woman's piece of money, but after diligent sweeping the annihilated silver came back again into existence. And, lastly, and this concerns human life, the compassionate father rejoiced over his son, of whom he said twice, "He was dead (query, extinct?) and is alive again, was annihilated and is found"!! We are persuaded that on examination, all the words which are used to describe the punishment of the wicked will be found to create similar confusion, if rendered as the short-punishment theorists would have them. From this one instance learn all.

On the 14th January a social Tea-meeting was held by the members and friends of the Baptist church meeting in the Victoria

Hall, Belfast, to congratulate and welcome the pastor, Mr. William Gilkes and his bride on their return from the wedding trip, when much kind feeling and hearty good wishes were expressed, and a purse of gold was presented.

Cullompton, Devon, Dec. 13th. Services were held in connection with the settlement of Mr. Forth, late of Pontypool, and formerly of the Pastors' College. In the afternoon Mr. E. G. Gange, of Bristol, preached a powerful sermon from the words, "Enoch walked with God." Pastors E. Webb, of Tiverton, and C. Baker, of Bradninch, assisting in the service. After tea a public meeting was held, the Pastor, Mr. J. Field, of Exeter, presiding. Congratulatory addresses were delivered by Pastors Spilsbury, of Uffculme; Binney, of Saint Hill; J. Cruickshank, of Uffculme; H. Hill, of Ottery; E. G. Gange, and E. Webb, who as Secretary of the County Association, gave the pastor a cordial "welcome to our beautiful Devon," and touchingly referred to the long and affectionate intimacy existing between himself and the late pastor, Mr. U. Foot, who has retired after a pastorate of twenty-seven years duration.

Lochee, Dundee. The church here having given a cordial invitation to Mr. T. D. Cameron, Metropolitan Tabernacle, to become their pastor, services, setting him apart for the work, were held January 18th. May God's blessing rest on the church and its new pastor.

We have received the following letter:—

"James iv. 17.—*An Appeal to Tradesmen to become Agents for Christ.*

"I propose that a leaflet, or suitable verse of Scripture, setting forth salvation through Jesus Christ, be put in each parcel, or package made up. In this way every man and woman throughout the land, would in a few months time, receive an invitation to enter the kingdom of God.

"If the above idea is worth insertion, please to advocate it; and may the Holy Spirit direct your thoughts while you write, is the prayer of a

"Sinner saved by Grace."

Our readers will we trust continue to remember the continuous necessities of our many works. In the Orphanage we have now one hundred and thirty-two boys, and the College work proceeds at its usual rate. The two works together require about £10,000 a year; and we have no paid collector or subscription list. Everything is left, after prayer to God, to the spontaneous offerings of his people. Up to this hour we have known no lack, nor have we seen room for anxiety, but we feel it to be the proper

means to use in the matter, to tell our friends that their most liberal efforts are as much needed as ever, and in some respects more so. The pastorate of a church of four thousand members, the direction of all its agencies, the care of many churches, arising from our College work; the selection, education, and guidance in their settlements of the students, the oversight of the Orphanage, the editing of a magazine, the production of numerous volumes, the publication of a weekly sermon, an immense correspondence, a fair share in public and denominational action, and many other labours, besides the incessant preaching of the word, give us a right to ask of our friends, that

we be not allowed to have one anxious thought about the funds needful for our enterprises.

The Annual Conference of ministers educated at the Pastors' College, commences on Monday, March 28th.

The Special Services carried on at Tabernacle, and in many other churches in London, whose pastors are connected with the College, have been remarkably blessed of the Holy Spirit. We have held none equal to them before.

Baptisms at Metropolitan Tabernacle, by Mr. J. A. Spurgeon:—January 20th, twenty-three; 31st, fifteen; February 3rd, twelve.

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 January 20th, 1870, to February 18th, 1870.

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Mr. and the Misses Dransfield ...	6	6	0	Mr. J. Hall ...	10	0	0
Mr. Charlotte Ware ...	0	7	6	Mr. Willcox ...	10	6	0
Legacy of the late Mr. Pope ...	19	19	0	Mrs. Bainbridge... ..	1	0	0
Mr. Foster ...	0	10	6	Miss Anna Pearce ...	0	18	0
Mr. Speight ...	0	10	0	Mr. Kemp... ..	1	0	0
O. H. ...	2	10	0	E. T. B. ...	1	1	0
Mr. J. Hoie ...	0	10	0	Miss Wallis ...	1	0	0
Mr. W. H. Bilbrough ...	1	0	0	Mrs. W. Rea... ..	1	3	0
Deliver us from Evil ...	0	3	0	Miss Ancombe ...	0	15	0
Friends at Wooton-under-Edge and				Miss Bray... ..	1	0	0
Kingswood, by Mrs. Griffiths ...	12	0	0	Miss Toogood ...	1	8	6
Mr. J. Griffiths ...	3	0	0	Mrs. C. J. Turner ...	2	3	6
Miss Miller ...	0	10	0	Mr. G. Hall ...	1	0	0
Legacy of the late Mr. Olney ...	200	0	0	S. D. ...	0	6	0
New Year's Presentation Fund:—				Mr. Bantick ...	1	0	0
Mr. T. A. Hubert ...	1	0	0	Mr. A. Boxall ...	1	0	0
Miss Ivatts ...	1	1	0	Mr. Taylor ...	1	1	0
Mr. H. Hobson ...	1	6	0	Mr. W. Bowker ...	0	15	0
Mr. E. Carlton ...	0	16	0	Miss Simpson ...	0	11	0
Mr. C. Verdan ...	1	2	6	Mr. J. White ...	1	2	2
The Misses Rains ...	1	1	0	Mr. J. Allum ...	1	1	6
Mrs. Mary Moss... ..	1	0	0	Mr. B. C. White ...	0	1	0
Miss J. N. Dixon ...	0	16	0	Mr. W. Sayers ...	0	12	0
Mrs. Parry ...	0	5	0	Mrs. H. White ...	1	1	0
Miss Bonser ...	1	5	6	Miss Parkins ...	1	0	0
Mr. Eley ...	0	16	0	Mr. J. Young ...	1	1	0
Miss Janet Ward ...	0	13	0	Mr. J. Price ...	0	6	0
Mr. J. W. Fidge... ..	1	0	0	Mr. B. Corrick ...	1	1	6
Mr. Fryer... ..	1	12	6	Mr. W. J. Smith... ..	1	0	0
Mr. Izard... ..	2	0	0	Mr. G. Turner ...	1	0	0
Mrs. Nugent ...	0	10	0	Mr. Hawkins ...	2	2	0
Mr. Gobby ...	2	0	0	Mr. Buckmaster... ..	1	2	0
Mr. Ball ...	1	0	0	Miss Whiteman... ..	0	12	0
Mr. Swinstead ...	0	11	0	Mr. Lott ...	0	7	6
Miss Bellamy ...	1	2	6	Mr. J. E. Todd ...	2	3	6
Mr. Vince... ..	1	1	0	Teachers of Moreton Street			
Miss Boot... ..	1	0	0	Sunday School ...	0	5	0
Mr. J. Berry ...	0	5	0	Mr. J. Oxley ...	1	2	0
Mr. Croker ...	1	0	0	Mr. J. Garland ...	1	1	6
Mrs. Goodchild ...	0	6	0	Miss E. Garland... ..	0	4	4
Miss Emily Cockrell ...	1	0	0	Master Ernest Garland ...	0	4	4
Mr. H. White ...	1	1	0	Mr. G. Knight ...	0	15	0
Mr. W. S. Ashby ...	1	0	0	Mr. J. Mowl ...	1	0	0
Mr. Rea ...	1	0	0	Mr. Green ..	0	10	0

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Mrs. S. Johnson ...	1	1	0	Mrs. Hughes ...	1	1	0
Miss Hubbard ...	0	6	0	Mr. C. Hall ...	1	8	6
Miss Kate White ...	0	16	6	Master Foster ...	0	10	3
Mr. Culverhouse ...	1	0	6	Mrs. Knight ...	0	7	1
Mr. Lott ...	1	3	6	Mr. W. H. Roberts ...	2	2	0
Mr. Simmonds ...	1	0	0	Mr. C. L. Gordon ...	1	0	0
Mr. Brock ...	0	14	0	Miss Wallis ...	0	6	9
Mr. G. Lloyd ...	0	4	0	Mr. J. Kiloh ...	2	10	0
A Friend ...	1	1	0	Collection at Paisley, per Rev. J. Crouch	3	10	0
Mr. Weeks ...	0	6	0	Collection at Wandsworth, per Rev. J.			
Mr. M. Fulks ...	1	1	0	W. Genders ...	5	6	0
Mrs. M. Bell ...	2	10	0	Weekly Offerings at Tabernacle, Jan.	23	28	0
Mr. M. Tutton ...	5	0	0	" " " Feb.	30	12	3
Profit of Tea, Mr. Bowker's Class	1	16	0	" " " "	6	46	3
M., an Orphan ...	0	1	0	" " " "	13	27	8
Maryport ...	1	0	0				
C. R., Norwich ...	0	2	6				
A. Widow, Edinburgh	0	5	0				
K. M. ...	0	2	6				
					£166	4	1

Stockwell Orphanage.

Statement of Receipts from January 20th, 1870, to February 18th, 1870.

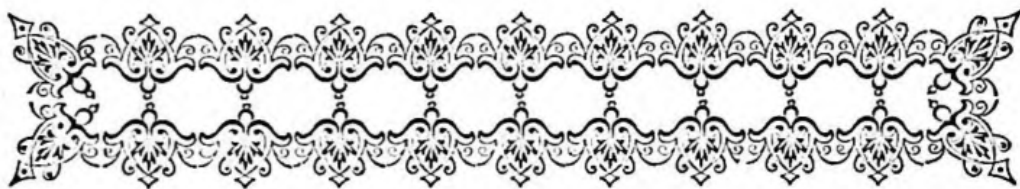
	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Mr. J. Donaldson ...	10	0	0	Mr. C. L. Gordon ...	0	10	0
M. A. R. ...	0	2	0	Mr. T. Hoddy ...	0	10	0
Mr. G. Eagle ...	0	3	0	Mr. J. Anthony ...	1	10	0
E. A. W. ...	0	10	0	Miss Johnson ...	5	0	0
Mr. Shoobridge ...	50	0	0	Rev. G. H. Rouse ...	1	0	0
W. B. and A. B. ...	0	5	0	Mr. William Mayo ...	0	7	6
Mr. J. Fuller ...	0	5	0	Mr. John Hughes ...	1	0	0
Mr. J. Hosie ...	0	5	0	Mrs. Jane Hughes ...	0	10	0
Mr. W. H. Bilbrough ...	1	0	0	Mr. Samuel Hughes ...	0	10	0
A Gift from a Happy Dying Child	1	0	0	Mrs. McPherson ...	0	10	0
Friends at Wotton-under-Edge				Mr. T. Benham ...	0	10	0
Kingswood, per Mrs. Griffiths...	11	0	0	A Friend, per Mr. Sledge ...	1	1	0
Mr. J. Griffiths ...	3	0	0	Mr. J. Kiloh ...	2	10	0
Collected by Mrs. R. Vyano ...	0	10	0	Miss Thompson ...	1	2	0
J. B., Abernethy ...	0	5	0	Miss Medhurst ...	0	17	0
Mrs. Millar ...	1	0	0	Miss Hastings ...	0	10	0
Sunday School at Darvel ...	0	5	0	Mr. Becliff ...	0	14	0
A Mother ...	1	0	0	Mrs. Mayne ...	0	7	4
Found in J. R's. purse after death	0	0	7	Mrs. Knight ...	0	15	0
A Thankoffering ...	1	0	0	Collected by C. B. ...	1	7	0
Mr. G. Oshorn ...	10	0	0	Zion Chapel, Courland Grove, per Rev.			
Mrs. M. Bell ...	2	10	0	S. Ponsford ...	10	0	0
M., an Orphan ...	0	2	0	Mr. J. Watson ...	5	5	0
Tee Hay ...	2	0	0	Mrs. Wheeler ...	1	0	0
Sunday School at Halbeath ...	0	3	6	Mrs. James Stewart, Annual Subscription	0	5	0
A Friend, per Rev. E. Blewitt ...	1	0	0	Miss M. Cheape ...	0	5	0
Stamford Hill ...	0	5	0	Mrs. Knight ...	0	5	0
R. E. ...	10	0	0	Rev. S. Ponsford ...	1	1	0
A Thankoffering from Tetbury A.	0	5	0				
Mr. A. H. Hubbard ...	0	7	7				
Ebenezer ...	0	10	0				
					£147	15	6

Presents to the Orphanage:—100 pairs of Knitted Socks, Miss Sanderson; 100 Shirts, Miss Dransfield; 12 pairs Braces, Mrs. Weatherhead; 100 Articles for Bazaar, per "C. H.," Oxford; 11 Ditto, per Rev. C. H. Spurgeon; 14 Ditto, "S. C. C.," Brighton; 4 pairs Trousers, 3 Vests, 2 Jackets, 6 Caps, and 6 Neckties, "Lillah"; Five shillings' worth of Oranges, Rev. J. T. Wigner; 100 Eggs, Anon.

Colportage Association.

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
<i>Subscriptions</i> —				A. J. ...	3	0	6
Mr. W. H. Roberts...	1	1	0	F. A. J. ...	0	12	6
North Wilts District, per W. B. Wearing,				B. S. ...	0	15	0
Esq. ...	7	0	0	R. E. ...	5	0	0
Mr. Rowton ...	0	10	0	Mr. W. H. Bilbrough	0	10	0
Mr. G. J. Best ...	0	5	0	Mr. W. Davison ...	0	4	3
Rev. G. H. Rouse ...	1	0	0				
<i>Donations</i> —							
G. Martin, Esq. ...	20	0	0				
Miss A. Jones ...	0	10	0				
					£37	10	3

£10 acknowledged last month as a Quarterly Subscription from Miss Bishop, should have been Miss Bishop, Sheerness, £5; Mr. McKinley, Chatham, £5.



THE
SWORD AND THE TROWEL.

APRIL 1, 1870.

Concerning the College.

BY C. H. SPURGEON.



THE Pastors' College has now entered on its fourteenth year, and during this long period has unceasingly been remembered of the God of heaven, to whom all engaged in it offer reverent thanksgiving. When it was commenced I had not even a remote idea of whereunto it would grow. There were springing up around me, as my own spiritual children, many earnest young men who felt an irresistible impulse to preach the gospel, and yet with half an eye it could be seen that their want of education would be a sad hindrance to them. It was not in my heart to bid them cease their preaching; respect for the liberty of prophecy prevented that, neither would my advice to be silent, if I had felt it right to tender such an admonition, have availed with my zealous young brethren; they would respectfully but conscientiously have ignored my recommendation. As it seemed that preach they would, though their attainments were very slender, there appeared to be no other course open, but to give them an opportunity to educate themselves for the work.

The Holy Spirit very evidently had set his seal upon the work of one of them by certain conversions wrought under his open-air addresses, it seemed therefore to be a plain matter of duty to instruct this youthful Apollos still further, that he might be fitted for wider usefulness. No college at that time appeared to me to be suitable for the class of men that the providence and grace of God drew around me. They were mostly poor, and most of the colleges involved necessarily a considerable outlay to the student, for even where the education was

free, books, clothes, and other incidental expenses required a considerable sum per annum. Want of money therefore was a barrier in that direction. Men with every other qualification would be deprived of an education for want of money. Moreover, it must be frankly admitted that my views of the gospel and of the mode of training preachers were and are somewhat different from those which I believed to sway the then existing Dissenting colleges. I may have been uncharitable in my judgment, but I thought the Calvinism of the theology then taught to be very doubtful, and the fervour of the generality of students to be far behind their literary attainments. I pronounce no such verdict at this present, it is not mine to judge; but at that time it seemed to me that preachers of the grand old truths of the gospel, ministers suitable for the masses, were more likely to be found in an institution where preaching and divinity would be the main objects, and not degrees, and other insignia of human learning. Mine was a peculiar work, and I felt that without interfering with the laudable objects of other colleges, I could do good in my own way. By these and other considerations I felt led to take a few tried young men, and to put them under some able minister that he might train them in the Scriptures, and in all other knowledge helpful to the understanding and proclamation of the truth. This step appeared plain, but how the work was to be conducted and supported was the question—a question, be it added, solved almost before it occurred.

Two friends, Mr. Winsor and Mr. W. Olney, both deacons of the church, promised aid, which with what I could give myself, enabled me to take one student, and I set about to find a tutor. My dear departed brother, Jonathan George, told me that I should find in Mr. George Rogers, then the pastor of the Independent Church, Albany Road, Camberwell, the very man I wanted. I saw him, and in the providence of God it had been so appointed that the work suggested was precisely what he had been preparing for for years, and was anxiously hoping would be assigned to him. This gentleman, who has remained during all this period our principal tutor, is a man of Puritanic stamp, deeply learned, orthodox in doctrine, judicious, witty, devout, earnest, liberal in spirit, and withal juvenile in heart to an extent most remarkable in one of his years. My connection with him has been one of uninterrupted comfort and delight. The most sincere affection exists between us, we are of one mind and one heart, and what is equally important, he has in every case secured not merely the respect but the filial love of every student. His capacity for work is all but boundless, for his love to his laborious occupation is intense. Into this beloved minister's house the first students were introduced, and for a considerable period they were domiciled as members of his family.

Encouraged by the readiness with which the young men found spheres of labour, and by their singular success in soul-winning, I enlarged the number, but the whole means of sustaining them came from my own purse. The large sale of my sermons in America, together with my dear wife's economy, enabled me to spend from £600 to £800 in a year in my own favourite work, but on a sudden, owing to my denunciations of the then existing slavery in the States, my entire resources from that "brook Cherith" were dried up. I paid as large

sums as I could from my own income, and resolved to spend all I had, and then take the cessation of my means as a voice from the Lord to stay the effort, as I am firmly persuaded that we ought on no pretence to go into debt. On one occasion I proposed the sale of my horse and carriage, although these were almost absolute necessities to me on account of my continual journeys in preaching the Word. This my friend Mr. Rogers would not hear of, and actually offered to be the loser rather than this should be done. Then it was that I told my difficulties to my people, and *the weekly offering* commenced, but the incomings from that source were so meagre as to be hardly worth calculating upon. I was brought to the last pound, when a letter came from a banker in the City, informing me that a lady whose name I have never been able to discover, had deposited a sum of £200, which I was to use for the education of young men for the ministry. How did my heart leap for joy! I threw myself then and henceforth upon the bounteous care of the Lord, whom I desired with my whole heart to glorify, by helping his labourers whom he should send out into his harvest. Some weeks after, another £100 came in from the same bank, as I was informed, from another hand. Soon after, a beloved brother, Mr. Phillips, of Newman's Court, Cornhill, a deacon of the church at the Tabernacle, began to give an annual supper to the friends of the College, at which considerable sums have from year to year been given. A dinner was also given by my liberal publishers, Messrs. Passmore and Alabaster, to celebrate the publishing of my five hundredth weekly sermon, at which £500 were raised and presented to the College, which grew every month, and rapidly advanced from its commencement with one up to forty students. Friends known and unknown, from far and near, were moved to give little or much to my work, and so the funds increased as the need enlarged. Then another earnest deacon of the church, Mr. Murrell, espoused as his special work the weekly offering, and by the unanimous voice of the church under my care the College was adopted as its own child. Since that hour the weekly offering has been a steady source of income, till in the year 1869 the amount reached exactly £1869.

There have been during this period times of great trial of my faith, but after a period of straitness, never amounting to absolute want, the Lord has always interposed and sent me large sums (on one occasion £1,000), from unknown donors. When the Orphanage was thrust upon me, it did appear likely that this second work would drain the resources of the first, and it is very apparent that it does attract to itself some of the visible sources of supply, but my faith is firm that the Lord can as readily keep both works in action as one, though the eye of reason fails to enable me to discover how. Moreover, my own present inability to do so much by way of preaching abroad, occasions naturally the failure of another great means of income; and as my increasing labours at home will in all probability diminish that stream in perpetuity, there is another trial for faith. Yet if the Lord wills the work to be continued, he will send his servant a due portion of the gold and silver, which are all his own; and therefore as I wait upon him in prayer, the all-sufficient Provider will show me that he can supply all my needs. About £5,000 is annually required for the College, and the same sum

will be needed for the Orphanage when it is filled with boys, but God will move his people to liberality, and we shall yet see greater things than these.

While speaking of pecuniary matters, it may be well to add that as many of the young men trained in the College have raised new congregations, and gathered fresh churches, another need has arisen, namely, money for building chapels. It is ever so in Christ's work, one link draws on another, one effort makes another needed. For chapel-building, the College funds could do but little, though they have freely been used to support men while they were collecting congregations; but the Lord found for me one of his stewards, who on the condition that his name remains unknown, has hitherto as the Lord has prospered him, supplied very princely amounts for the erection of places of worship, of which up to this present hour, through help thus rendered, more than forty have been built, or so greatly renovated and enlarged, as to be virtually new structures. Truly may it be said, "What hath God wrought?"

Pecuniary needs however have made up but a small part of our cares. Many have been my personal exercises in selecting the men. Candidates have always been plentiful, and the choice has been wide, but it is a serious responsibility to reject any, and yet more to accept them for training. When mistakes have been made, a second burden has been laid upon me in the dismissal of those who appeared to be unfit, for my aim has been to send away none who might ultimately become qualified, and yet to retain none who would be a burden rather than a service to the churches. Even with the most careful management, and all the assistance of tutors and friends, no human foresight can secure that in every case a man shall be what we believed and hoped. A brother may have been exceedingly useful as an occasional preacher, he may distinguish himself as a diligent student, he may succeed at first in the ministry, and yet when trials of temper and character occur in the pastorate, he may be found wanting. We have had comparatively few causes for regret of this sort, but there have been some such, and though we know it must be so in the nature of things, yet these pierce us with many sorrows. I devoutly bless God that he has sent to the College some of the holiest, soundest, and most self-denying preachers I know, and I pray that he may continue to do so; but it would be more than a miracle if all should excel. Weakness in talent is sometimes so counterbalanced by deep earnestness, that one hesitates in forming an unfavourable judgment, especially when it is remembered that remarkable abilities often prove a snare, and in due time in frequent instances are attended by slender grace, the sure concomitant of the self-exaltation which great gifts so often create. While thus speaking of trials connected with the men themselves, it is most due to our gracious God to bear testimony that these have been comparatively light, and are not worthy to be compared with the great joy which we experience in seeing no less than two hundred and four brethren still serving the Lord according to their measure of gift, and all it is believed earnestly contending for the faith once delivered unto the saints; nor is the joy less in remembering that eleven have sweetly fallen asleep after having fought a good fight. At this hour some of the most flourishing Baptist churches in England

and Scotland are presided over by pastors trained at the Tabernacle, and as years shall add ripeness of experience and stability of character, others will be found to stand in the front rank of the Lord's host.

The young brethren are boarded generally in twos and threes, in the houses of our friends around the Tabernacle, for which the College pays a moderate weekly amount. The class-rooms are under the Tabernacle, and during the winter are so dark that I am very anxious to build more suitable apartments, and am only waiting for the Lord to send the means. Two thousand pounds at least would be required. The plan of separate lodging we believe to be far preferable to having all under one roof, for by the latter mode men are isolated from general family habits, and are too apt to fall into superabundant levity. The circumstances of the families who entertain our young friends are generally such that they are not elevated above the social position which in all probability they will have to occupy in future years, but are kept in connection with the struggles and conditions of everyday life.

Devotional habits are cultivated to the utmost, and the students are urged to do as much evangelistic work as they can. The severe pressure put upon them to make the short term as useful as possible leaves small leisure for such efforts, but this is in most instances faithfully economised. Although our usual period is two years, whenever it is thought right the term of study is lengthened to three or four years; indeed, there is no fixed rule, all arrangements being ordered by the circumstances and attainments of each individual.

As before hinted, our numbers have greatly grown, and now range from eighty to one hundred. Very promising men, who are suddenly thrown in our way are received at any time, and others who are selected from the main body of applicants come in at the commencement of terms. The church at the Tabernacle continues to furnish a large quota of men, and as these have usually been educated for two or more years in the evening classes of the College, they are more advanced and able to profit better by our two years of study. We have still no difficulty in finding spheres for men who are ready and fitted for them, though in one or two instances those who have left their former charges are now seeking fresh fields of service. There is no reason to believe that the supply of trained ministers is in advance of the demand. Even on the lowest ground of consideration, there is yet very much ground to be possessed; and when men break up fresh soil as ours are encouraged to do, the field is the world, and the prayer for more labourers is daily more urgent. If the Lord would but send us funds commensurate, there are hundreds of neighbourhoods needing the pure gospel, which we could by his grace change from deserts into gardens. How far this is a call upon the reader let him judge as in the sight of God. Shall there be the gifts and the graces of the Spirit given to the church, and shall there not also be sufficient bestowed of the earthly treasure? How much owest thou unto my Lord?

The College was for some little time aided by the zealous services of Mr. W. Cubitt, of Thrapstone, who died among us enjoying our highest esteem. Mr. Gracey, the classical tutor, a most able brother, is one of ourselves, and was in former years a student, though from possessing a solid education, he needed little instruction from us except in theology.

In him we have one of the most efficient tutors living, a man fitted for any post requiring thorough scholarship, and aptness in communicating knowledge. Mr. Fergusson in the English elementary classes, does the first work upon the rough stones of the quarry, and we have heard from the men whom he has taught in the evening classes, speeches and addresses which would have adorned any assembly, proving to a demonstration his ability to cope with the difficulties of uncultured and ignorant minds. Mr. Johnson who zealously aids in the evening, is also a brother precisely suited to the post which he occupies. These evening classes afford an opportunity to Christian men engaged during the day to obtain an education for nothing during their leisure time, and very many avail themselves of the opportunity. Nor must I forget to mention Mr. Selway, who takes the department of physical science, and by his interesting experiments and lucid descriptions, gives to his listeners an introduction to those departments of knowledge which most abound with illustrations.

Last, but far from least, I adore the goodness of God which sent me so dear and efficient a fellow helper as my brother in the flesh and in the Lord, J. A. Spurgeon. His work has greatly relieved me of anxiety, and his superior educational qualifications have much elevated the tone of the instruction given. All things considered, gratitude and hope are supreme in connection with the Pastors' College, and with praise to God and thanks to a thousand friends, the president and all his allies gird up the loins of their mind for yet more abundant labours in the future. To every land we hope yet to send forth the gospel in its fulness and purity. We pray the Lord to raise up missionaries among our students and pastors, and to make every one at least a home missionary. Brethren, remember this work in your prayers, and in your allotment of the Lord's portion of your substance.

"Stout Hugh Latimer."

(SECOND PAPER.)

THE experiment of converting a reformer into a bishop is at any time hazardous, not so much to the state as to the person so manipulated. Colourless mediocrity may be subjected to any experiment, and the issue may be so readily forecasted as to give no one any grave concern. But you cannot thus deal with great natures, capable of noble purposes, without a fear, lest in the process of consecrating the bishop a portion of the graces which belonged to the man may depart from him. Latimer, we have already said, was a Conservative by nature; and not unnaturally these tendencies would be exhibited after his election to the see of Worcester; for a bishop to be other than Conservative would be an unpardonable offence, requiring for its punishment episcopal ostracism. The suppression of those nests of unclean birds, the smaller monasteries, was not opposed by Latimer, but he very strongly disapproved of their secularisation. He had vigorously

condemned the vices of the monks, and the abuses which prevailed so extensively in their haunts of idleness; but he was not prepared to approve of the appropriation of the revenues of the abbeys to purposes so mean as those which King Henry ordained. His protest, however, was of no effect; the abbeys were used as stables for his majesty's horses, and their revenues devoted to the improvement of his treasury.

One is glad to find that Hugh Latimer's *religious* radicalism was not snuffed out, or his manliness extinguished, by his ecclesiastical elevation. Soon after entering upon the duties of his episcopate, circumstances enabled him to exhibit anew the intrepidity of his character. Invited to preach before Convocation, he selected the parable of the Unjust Steward, and launched into a flood of invective against the clergy. The faithlessness of those who should have preached the gospel of Christ, but who had left the masses untaught and in darkness, was commented on with freedom and power in the presence of the guilty parties. Then he twitted Convocation upon its wonderful doings, upon its infinite capacity for talk and utter incapacity for work, which shows that in his days, this meaningless assembly was, even as it is in ours, of no use either to God or man. "What have ye brought forth?" asked he. "What one thing that the people of England hath been the better of a hair; or you yourselves either more accepted of God, or better discharged towards the people committed unto your care?" Two notable things he admitted they had done. They had burned a dead man, and they went about to burn a live man: the first was Tracy, and the latter the speaker himself. Apart from these two "noble acts" what had they done whereby Christ had been glorified? And then he regaled them with a long list of abuses in the church which they might have removed, and to the removal of which he urged them with characteristic fervour. A finer outburst of indignation could not be conceived; a more deserved castigation was never administered; a more appropriate sermon was never preached, and everyone said a bolder preacher never lived. Of course, Convocation reformed nothing that pressed for reformation; it confined its attentions to "holy water, holy bread, hallowed candles," and unhallowed nonsense, not forgetting to make a few passing comments upon Continental Anabaptists, which were neither needed nor asked for.

Latimer did not possess the higher qualities of a theologian. His mind was more qualified to grasp practical details than nice points of divinity, and his iconoclastic zeal was exercised more for the downthrow of religious abuses than the removal of theological error. Not that he was insensible to the latter, no one spoke so boldly as he on the simple points of evangelical faith, but he was bewildered by theological subtleties, and was, as he confessed, troubled in deciding between diverse opinions. "For verily," wrote he, "for my part I had lever (rather) be poor parson of poor Kington again, than to continue thus bishop of Worcester; not for anything that I have had to do therein, or can do, but yet forsooth, it is a troublous thing to agree upon a doctrine in things of such controversy, with judgments of such diversity, every man, I trust, meaning well, and yet not all meaning one way." The simplicity of this confession is indeed charming; it was thoroughly

characteristic of the man. This indifference to theological controversies accounts for his continuing so long to believe in some of the more glaring errors of the church of Rome, for in proportion as he studied these dogmas and compared them with the teaching of Scripture, he grew enlightened and *pronounced* in his Protestantism. While a bishop he believed in transubstantiation, but when he began seriously to seek for proofs of its scripturalness he rejected it altogether.

As a bishop, Latimer was exceedingly diligent. He set about the task of reforming his diocese with unflagging zeal; and his exertions not unnaturally roused the ire of his clergy. Many of the curates he found had no Bibles, and he urged them at once to procure a New Testament, and to read and study at least one chapter each day. Processions had taken the place of sermons, and he urged that the preaching ought not to be set aside for such ceremonies; furthermore, he insisted that they should cease to discourage lay persons reading pious books, either in Latin or English. On one occasion, as he tells us in a sermon, he was to have preached at a town, but found the church locked, and the parish "gone abroad to gather for Robin Hood." "It is no laughing matter, my friends, it is weeping matter, a heavy matter, under the pretence of gathering for Robin Hood, a traitor and a thief, to put out a preacher, to have his office less esteemed, to prefer Robin Hood before the ministration of God's word; and all this hath come of unpreaching prelates." Latimer was held in high esteem by the favourers of the Reformation not only for his zeal in reforming his diocese, but also for the character of his preaching. Mr. Demaus says:—"The student who prosecutes his researches into the history of the period among the manuscripts of the British Museum, or the State Paper Office, meets everywhere proofs of the wide extent to which Latimer influenced public opinion. His name was in everyone's mouth; and his doctrines were everywhere the theme of discussion." Instances of this "occur in the most unexpected places, and prove that his teaching had sunk deep into the heart of the nation." Latimer joined in a vigorous crusade against the idols of the Popish church, and like another Elijah, delighted to ridicule the priests of Baal. He delighted to destroy their graven images. These puppets were regarded as local deities, and were believed to possess the power of healing diseases, hence their shrines were exceedingly profitable to the priests. By secret machinery these idols were made to bow their heads and move their eyes like the wax-works in Madame Tussaud's, and the poor people accepted this as a miracle. One of the rhymesters of the age thus described the "Rood of Bexley":—

"He was made to juggle,
His eyes would goggle,
He would bend his brows and frown;
With his head he would nod,
Like a proper young god,
His shafts would go up and down."

The images were seized, and before the eyes of those who had been duped, their mechanism was exposed. Then they were broken into small pieces, and the people ridiculed the former objects of their foolish

faith. Bishop Latimer, writes an eye-witness, "in the western part of St. Paul's, carried a small image in his hand, which he threw out of the church, though the inhabitants of the country whence it came constantly affirmed that eight oxen would be unable to remove it from its place." Latimer's incessant efforts to expose these follies, and to prohibit them, rendered it necessary that he should receive the assistance of a suffragan. Accordingly one was appointed, and he the more zealously prosecuted his iconoclastic work. The exposure of one of the most famous miraculous statues did much to convince the people of the folly of these impostures. It was a supposed statue of the Virgin in Worcester cathedral, which was visited by crowds of worshippers. When stripped of its trappings, it turned out to be "no image of the Virgin at all, nor of any other female, but the statue of some long-deceased bishop of the diocese." This wooden bishop was afterwards sent to Chelsea to be burnt. Another relic was known as the "Blood of Hailes"—which was shown to pilgrims as the blood of Christ, the sight of which conveyed assurance of eternal salvation. In one of Latimer's letters, he says:—"Sir, we have been bolting and sifting the 'Blood of Hailes' all this forenoon. It is wondrously closely and craftily inclosed and stopped up for taking of care. And it cleaveth fast to the bottom of the little glass it is in. And, verily, it seemeth to be an unctuous gum and compound of many things. It hath a certain unctuous moistness, and though it seem somewhat like blood when it is in the glass, yet when any parcel of the same is taken out, it turneth to a yellowness, and is cleaving like glue." It was afterwards publicly proclaimed from Paul's Cross, that this so-called blood of Christ was melted honey, covered with saffron. We need not be surprised that the people, on hearing this, should have laughed the imposters to scorn.

The story of Latimer's resignation of his bishopric has been variously related; and much more credit is usually given him than the facts will warrant. King Henry's attachment to Reformation principles was never strong, and it is no surprise to us that he should have insisted upon certain Popish articles of belief. The "Six Articles" known as "The Bloody Statute;" or, "The Whip with Six Cords," passed by Parliament, made it imperative that men should believe in transubstantiation, celibacy, vows of chastity, private masses, and auricular confession. These Articles, which were opposed in the House of Lords by Latimer, were enforced by a bill of penalties of a very sanguinary character. There is no doubt that Latimer felt deeply grieved that such enactments should have been passed; and probably he wished to resign his bishopric at once. Indeed, we think that he would ultimately have taken this step, for he could never have consented to preside over trials of heretics with whom he greatly sympathised, which he must have done had he retained his office. His failing health, no doubt, would lead him to wish for retirement from active service at this period. But neither considerations of conscience, nor health, became the actual cause of his resignation, which was less heroic than has been generally supposed. From one of the State Papers recently published, it appears that (probably in consequence of his refusing to approve of the King's policy), he was requested to resign

by Cromwell, who stated, though wrongly, that it was the King's wish. Latimer accordingly did so, much to his own comfort and joy. The martyrologist, Foxe, tells us, that as he put off his episcopal robes, he gave a skip on the floor for joy, "feeling his shoulders so light, and being discharged of such a heavy burden." His conduct as a bishop, during the four years in which he held that office, won high approval. Mr. Demaus says:—"He had laboured assiduously to provide for the spiritual enlightenment of the many souls of which he had the chief cure; he had been unremitting in promoting every reform of abuses and superstitions. He had accumulated no fortune; he had indulged in no ostentation; he had spent the large revenues of the State in aiding the cause of pure religion, and in dispensing simple hospitality amongst the poor. Few bishops, in his own day, or in any other, have been better able to give a good account of their stewardship. Even in his short episcopate, too, he had seen many changes in religion, all of them, except the last, for the better; he had seen images cast out of churches, making of pilgrimages derided, monkery entirely abolished, the English Bible freely circulated, and all men encouraged to read it; and if, as his public labours concluded, a dark cloud seemed to have settled upon the prosperity of the church, there was yet much reason for gratitude for the past, and no cause to despair of the future." It was found after Latimer had taken this step, that the King had not commanded Cromwell to bid him resign, nevertheless; Henry was evidently wroth with Latimer, and was determined to show him his displeasure; he ordered him to be kept in ward in the Bishop of Chichester's house, which being prettily situated on the east side of Chancery Lane, overlooking open fields, was not altogether unpleasant. Here his friends visited him, and urged him to submit to the King, that he might be restored to favour and position; but Latimer felt no inclination to retrace his steps, and preferred to remain in custody for a season. Meanwhile a large number of reformers, unable to accept the teachings of the "Bloody Statute," emigrated to various Protestant towns in Europe, where they were brought into contact with, and were greatly influenced by, the more advanced leaders of the reformation on the Continent. Happily, however, the policy of the Romanising Bishops was not fully carried out, and the obnoxious statutes were never enforced with severity. For a time persecution was completely suspended, but the fickle Henry soon returned to it with greater vehemence. Barnes, Jerome, and Garret, were burnt to death, and Latimer was sent to the Tower, but was released in time to show his sympathy with his old friend, Barnes. He was, however, condemned to silence, and for six years we hear nothing further of him. He lived in obscurity, visiting the houses of his friends, probably studying those theological questions on which his judgment was imperfect, and seeking that light which we know was vouchsafed him. The six years of leisure were not useless or misspent; and much of his subsequent usefulness and ripeness of judgment were due to this enforced season of rest. We hear of him again in London, in 1546, when he was summoned with others to appear before Gardiner and Tunstal, at Greenwich, and was committed to the Tower, from which he was released upon the accession of Edward. He was then solicited to

return to his see, but he preferred to preach to the willing crowds who so highly esteemed him. His decision was applauded by the reformers, who considered him better fitted for the pulpit than the episcopacy. Wherever he preached—whether before the court or the populace, crowds hung upon his lips, and were powerfully impressed by his oratory. Latimer was just such a preacher as John Bull loves to hear. Vigorous, homely, quaint, animated, practical, quick-witted, able to denounce with sternness the fashionable and prevalent vices of the age, and to lay bare the superstitions that are an insult to common-sense, Latimer was everywhere appreciated—dreaded by his foes even as he was beloved by his friends. After being silent as a preacher for eight years, he once more commenced his much-loved work, and his famous sermon on the plough, was delivered in the month of January, 1548, at St. Paul's Cross. The reader may be pleased with the following extracts, which will give some idea of the quaintness and force of his style. Here are his comments on *the office of the preacher* :—

"He hath a busy work to bring his flock to a right faith, and then to confirm them in the same, now casting them down with the law, and with threatenings of God for sin; now ridging them up again with the gospel, and with the promises of God's favour; now weeding them, by telling them their faults, and making them forsake sin; now clotting them by breaking their stony hearts, and by making them supple-hearted, and making them to have hearts of flesh, that is, soft hearts, and apt for doctrine to enter in; now teaching to know God rightly, and to know their duty to God and their neighbours; now exhorting them, when they know their duty, that they do it, and be diligent in it; so that they have a continual work to do. Great is their business, and therefore great should be their hire. . . . The preaching of the Word of God unto the people is called meat. Scripture calleth it meat, not strawberries that come but once a year, and tarry not long, but are soon gone; but it is meat, it is no dainties. The people must have meat that must be familiar, and continual, and daily given unto them to feed upon. Many make a strawberry of it, ministering it but once a year, but such do not the office of good prelates."

Here is a vigorous and quaint denunciation of a practice prevalent in his days—*Bribery* to prevent justice :—

"'Thy princes are rebellious' said Isaiah to the Jews, 'they are companions of thieves; every one loveth gifts and followeth after rewards; they judge not the fatherless, neither doth the cause of the widow come before them.' . . . Bribery is a princely kind of thieving. They will be waged by the rich, either to give sentence against the poor, or to put off the poor man's causes. This is the noble theft of princes and of magistrates. They are bribe takers. Now-a-days, they call them gentle rewards; let them have their colouring, and call them by their Christian name, bribes. . . . A good fellow on a time bade another of his friends to a breakfast, and said, 'If you will come you shall be welcome; but I tell you aforehand, you shall have but slender fare—one dish and that is all.' 'What is that?' said he. 'A pudding and nothing else.' 'Marry,' saith he, 'You cannot please me better; of all meats, that is for mine own tooth; you may draw me round about the town with a pudding.' These bribing magistrates and judges follow gifts faster than the fellow would follow the pudding."

Earnestly did he exhort his hearers to *obey God* and receive his Word :—

"Germany was visited twenty years with God's word, but they did not earnestly embrace it, and in life follow it, but made a mangle and a hotchpotch

of it—I cannot tell what, partly Popery, partly true religion mingled together. They say in my country, when they call their hogs to the swine-trough, 'Come to thy mingle-mangle, come pur, come pur;' even so they made mingle-mangle of it. They could clatter and prate of the gospel; but when all cometh to all, they joined Popery to it, with that they marred all together; they scratched and scraped all the livings of the church, and under a colour of religion turned it to their own proper gain and lucre. God, seeing that they would not come unto his word, now he visiteth them in the second time of his visitation with his wrath; for the taking away of God's word is a manifest token of his wrath."

Latimer thus discourses on *Faith*:—

"This Faith is a great state, a lady, a duchess, a great woman; and she hath even a great company, and train about her, as a noble state ought to have. First, she hath a gentleman usher that goeth before her, and where he is not there is not lady Faith. This gentleman-usher is called 'Knowledge of Sin'; when we enter into our heart, and acknowledge our faults, and stand not about to defend them. Now, as the gentleman-usher goeth before her, so she hath a train that cometh behind her; and yet though they come behind, they be all of Faith's company, they are all with her. All these wait upon Faith; she hath a great train after her besides her gentleman-usher, her whole household; and these be the works of our vocation, when every man considereth what vocation he is in, what calling he is in, and doeth the works of the same; as to be good to his neighbour, to obey God, etc. This is the train that followeth lady Faith, as for example:—a faithful judge hath first an heavy reckoning of his fault, repenting himself of his wickedness, and then forsaketh his iniquity, his impiety, feareth no man, walks upright; and he that doth not thus, hath not lady Faith, but rather a boldness of sin and abusing of Christ's passion."

The best of Latimer's sermons was, however, his famous discourse on the plough, which has been lauded by all critics, and has never been too highly praised. His sermons were as useful and influential as they were vigorous and bold; Bradford, who subsequently witnessed so good a confession for Christ, was converted by one of them. His views on certain dogmas were in later life more matured and scriptural, and he ceased to believe in transubstantiation.

His health began to decline and his life was despaired of; he was again offered a bishopric, but declined it. Then came the death of King Edward, and the reign of Mary, and with her of Popery in its most loathsome form. Latimer and other well-known reformers were imprisoned, and the good old man had to endure what was worse to him than martyrdom, a public disputation. Age and confinement in the Tower had impaired his memory, and he therefore found it needful not to trust to oral debate. Consequently, he made a written declaration in answer to the charges that were laid against him, although his opponents inveigled him into a controversy in the hope that they might achieve a victory. His complaint of the treatment he received was thus made: "I have spoken in my time before two kings more than once, two or three hours together without interruption; but now that I may speak the truth (by your leave), I could not be suffered to declare my mind before you, no, not by the space of a quarter of an hour, without snatchings, revilings, checks, rebukes, taunts, such as I have not felt the like in such an audience all my life long. Surely it cannot but be a heinous offence that I have given. But what was it? Forsooth, I

had spoken of the four marrow-bones of the mass; the which kind of speaking I never read to be a sin against the Holy Ghost. I could not be allowed to show what I meant by my metaphor; but sir, now, by your favour, I will tell your mastership what I meant. The first is, 'the Popish Consecration,' which hath been called a God's-body-making; the second is 'Transubstantiation'; the third is the 'Missal oblation'; the fourth 'Adoration'; these chief and principal portions, parts, and points, belonging or incident to the mass, and most esteemed and had in price in the same, I call 'the marrow-bones of the mass.'" And for these he declared that he could find no warrant in Scripture, although he had long searched for evidence.

Of course, Latimer was condemned for heresy, and was burned to death. This event occurred in Oxford. Many times have we seen the stone which is currently believed to be the very stone on which Latimer and Ridley stood when they were burnt. It is immediately facing (in the middle of the road) the front of Balliol College, a new structure which has only recently taken the place of the picturesque old College building represented on so many engravings of the scene of the Martyrdom. The story of the martyrdom of these two confessors of the faith is well known; for Foxe's minute narrative has indelibly impressed the circumstances upon the memories of the thousands who have read it again and again. Latimer's words of comfort to his fellow sufferer will never be forgotten while there is a history of England or of the Reformation to be read: "Be of good comfort, Master Ridley, and play the man. *We shall this day light such a candle, by God's grace, in England, as I trust shall never be put out.*" Latimer, says Foxe, "received the flame as it were embracing of it. After that he had stroked his face with his hands, and as it were bathed them a little in the fire, he soon died (as it appeared) with very little pain, or none." Ridley, however, lingered for a time in great agony, but at last his lifeless body fell over the chain at Latimer's feet.

Of such men "the world was not worthy," as might be said of many who through floods and flames followed their Lord at all hazards. A more honourable man never lived; and it is a good sign of the times that Latimer's fame should be on the increase, and should call forth one of the best biographies we have read for some time (Hugh Latimer: a biography, by Mr. Demaus, published by the Religious Tract Society). It is a life which ensures admiration in proportion as it is studied.

Suggestions for a Sermon.

"My soul shall be satisfied as with marrow and fatness, and my mouth shall praise thee with joyful lips."—Psalm lxxiii. 5.

HERE is a grand festival. I. *Sanctified knowledge* spies out the fullness of Christ, and calls it marrow and fatness. II. *Faith* sees her right to the provisions, and cries, "My soul shall be satisfied." III. *Prayer* asks to be fed thereon. IV. *Experience* enjoys it; and V. *Thankfulness* praises God for it with joyful lips.

“The Buried Alive.”

IF anything were needed to deepen our horror of Popery, it would be the story just told in an American religious newspaper, by a Protestant minister, of what is to us, and to most of our readers, a new order of nuns known in Rome as “The Buried Alive.” We have only recently had, in a civil court, a full *exposé* of the nature of conventual life which was more likely to heighten an Englishman’s distaste for nunneries than all the “revelations” of scandals which can be bought for a penny each of catchpenny publishers. There can be no doubt that the tendency of convent life is the immolation of all natural instincts; the nun must sacrifice all earthly love, and renounce all earthly companionships, for the sake of the love of the “Blessed Virgin,” who never asked for such self-denial, and never demanded such waste of affection. The indignities to which the poor girls are subjected by the superiors are cruel. Society would not tolerate the murder of a nun by a superior, but the power to go thus far has never been taken from her by enactment. Recent cases on the Continent, in which the police interfered, prove that death by the slow torture of imprisonment in foul cellars is still resorted to by the superiors, who have almost absolute power over the bodies of those under their charge. From a book of decrees relative to the government of monasteries, in the library of the Vatican, it appears that a superior can flog a nun even to drawing blood; she can keep her without clothing, or the commonest necessities of life, can compel her to swallow nauseous substances, can put “reptiles and vermin in her room,” force her to wear hair garments of rough and prickly texture, or brand her with hot irons, and compel her to “make the sign of the cross on a filthy floor with her tongue till it is traced in blood.” The whole purpose of these cruelties is to tame the poor creature into complete submission, and to coerce her ardent temperament. “I have seen them,” writes an eye-witness, “fall asleep in the confessional from absolute prostration.”

The order of “The Buried Alive” is little known, and since its iniquities have been exposed in America, we propose to give circulation to the facts in this country through the medium of our magazine, that Protestants may learn still further the nature of the accursed system out of which such evils spring. We may say that the narrative is soberly written, and the scene we are about to describe has been witnessed by Dr. Keatinge, who, we believe, until recently was a Roman Catholic himself.

It was in 1867 that Dr. Keatinge was present at the reception of a young lady as one of the sisters of this order. The building occupied by these nuns is called a strict enclosure—*i.e.*, the inmates are not permitted to go out into the world, though they are not denied all intercourse with it. The eye-witness of the ceremony did not, of course, see the interior of the house; but the confessor informed him that it had a small garden for the growth of vegetables, and that a well supplied their only drink. The first compartment of the convent is allotted to the *dying*, or those who are learning, by means of penances,

of an austere kind, to die in the Lord; and the second to those who are already *dead*. Once within this latter compartment, over the door of which is inscribed, "We are buried with Christ," there is "no past or future for the nun this side the grave but that which lies within the walls. Her habit is black, the light of day is excluded, and, if true to her vocation, she hastens to die by penances that abridge life as surely as poisons. She ceases to belong to the world as much as if her requiem had been already said, and not in semblance." As for her friends, she never sees them again, nor is her death reported to them; her confessor does not see her, and she receives the Eucharist through a small hole large enough for a mouth. "The bishop who was my informant told me that the nuns generally die without extreme unction, as no priest could administer it. They never speak to each other except through the superior." They scourge themselves, fast frequently, habitually eating but one meal daily of vegetables without salt, and with dry bread and water; they never disrobe, but lie on ashes during the night. This is the only way by which communication is made with those outside:—"A circular wheel is fixed in the convent wall, divided into two halves. It works on a pivot. A person outside the wall wishing to convey a parcel or message to the inside rings a bell, and placing it in the half of the wheel outside, waits for his answer." On hearing the bell, a lay sister, the only medium of communication afforded to the nun, turns the wheel—for it cannot move without her, and the outside comes inside. "The answer is then placed in it, and the wheel turned again, so that without seeing or hearing anyone, communication may take place. The sisters never see this lay sister, who lives outside their enclosure, in a cell near the wheel, to which, like Ixion, she seems chained." It is believed that none of the inmates live longer than ten years, but as a special dispensation from the Pope is required to penetrate inside the wall to the superior, no one knows exactly; but when death does come, the dying sister is taken to the chapel and laid upon her bier, and the office for the dead is chanted.

Dr. Keatinge was, on the occasion to which we have referred, one of a large number of priests who had gathered together to witness the ceremony of the profession of the niece of a cardinal and the daughter of a prince. He describes the altar as having been dressed in white flowers, with a black frontal, and the chapel as rendered sufficiently gloomy for a funeral. While the choir was chanting, he observed, as all the spectators did, the nun-elect. "She stood beside her mother for the last time, and a lovely married sister, whose son, a fine boy, looked on in wonder. The father—pale, collected, and stern—stood on her right. She was dressed in costly bridal white: gems glistened on her black hair, but her face was pale, and her eyes red. The father looked unconcerned." The officiating priest was the Cardinal Vicar of Rome, who was clothed in gorgeous array; and a Franciscan friar preached the sermon, in which he painted (*a la* Father Ignatius, *alias* Mr. Lyne) in glowing but unreal colours the joy of the bride of Christ. The young victim was afterwards presented to the cardinal. "She was *very* young—about seventeen, apparently—and certainly could not understand the dread import of such an undertaking. The oath of obedience upon the crucifix and the relics was taken, the complete surrender of

self. Then prostrate on her face upon the altar steps, Palestini's magnificent *Miserere* was chanted. The girl was lifted up and carried to a small screen enclosure, during which the *Te Deum* was chanted. She re-appeared divested of her bridal attire and clad in black serge, her hair hanging dishevelled, and her feet bare. A priest presented to the cardinal a pair of gold scissors, the beautiful head bent before him, and in an instant the long curls lay scattered on the altar steps." And then, after another series of solemn mockeries, she turned to embrace her mother and sister for the last time. "Her little nephew whispered 'You'll come to see us soon?' Her father laid his hand on her head in silence, and then placed her hand in that of the cardinal. By this act the parental tie was for ever gone, and he had no more authority over her." And to complete the solemn, the iniquitous farce, the anthem was sung, "The kingdom of heaven is like unto ten virgins that took their lamps and went forth to meet the Bridegroom," words basely prostituted to an evil purpose.

Then the cardinal led the nun to the convent door, and knocking three times with his pastoral staff, exclaimed, "Sister Catarina waits in the name of the Lord." The superior replied, "*Deo Gratias*," and opening the door, the nun entered. The Cardinal Vicar turned the key, and facing the congregation, exclaimed, "Our sister in Christ is dead!" and the priest replied, as though she were physically dead, "May she rest in peace." No one has seen the unfortunate victim of superstition since, and it is unlikely that she may ever be seen again by any of those who must have crushed all their natural instincts to enable them to go through such a ceremony.

We much fear that the tendency of the present day is to think too favourably of popery. Robert Hall noticed this in his time, and warned his countrymen against "the spectacle of religion lying in state, surrounded with the silent pomp of death;" expressing his solemn conviction that if ever this country were to be delivered over to the hands of this Antichrist, it would be largely due to the torpor and indifference of Protestants, combined with the incredible zeal and activity of Papists. It is possible in our desire to be just to Catholics as fellow citizens, to forget that we cannot tolerate their detestable system, and are bound, by all the laws of nature and the commands of God, not to be indifferent to the enormities and impostures which are part and parcel of that system.

A Word of Comfort.

NOTHING stirs in the world but shall carry on God's designs; as the cross wheels in a watch carry on the motion of it, and serve to make the alarm strike. That which the wicked intend for the destruction, shall turn to the deliverance of the church. As Luther wrote to the Elector of Saxony, "Let your Highness know that the affairs of the church are far otherwise ordered in heaven, than by the Emperor and States at Nuremberg." While the adversaries go about to ruin the church, they shall only repair it.—*From a Sermon by Thomas Watson, published by Marlborough and Co., price 2d.*

A Great Missionary.*

A REVIEW BY G. H. PIKE.

WE have read this book with mingled feelings of surprise and shame. As a revelation of William Burns's character, and a well told story of his life-work, the volume will surprise those who suppose that the zeal and single-eyed devotedness of apostolic times cannot still be exemplified. Then as regards the shame, most of us must feel like tapers in the sunlight while perusing this gladsome record of what one man contributed to the Christian cause. Scotland is truly happy in producing such sons. The comparative poorness of her soil would seem to be compensated for by a rich stratum of moral worth.

Were the question under discussion, some interesting differences of opinion might be quoted about the relative value of a town or country rearing for one destined to become distinguished in life. On the side of the town there is a formidable array of advantages: the town has libraries, literary clubs, and a choice of society. But if the country has fewer of such things it boasts of purer air, and smaller dangers, and being less artificial, a country life will encourage in young persons a more honest bearing. If the country has no great libraries, it has its bookshelves. If it lacks excitement, it abounds in instruction; and supplies many a quiet and valuable lesson not to be picked up in the thicker life of cities.

A Scottish rural training, differing in many respects from that of other nations, in an Englishman's imagination is commonly associated with oatmeal porridge and barren hills. It is, however, only fair to remember, that the scene in the Cotter's Saturday Night, is not merely a poetical ideal, but a charmingly true picture of life in many a peasant home of old Scotland. But what about life at the manse, where the sombre hue of the parlour and study is sure to impress a southerner with awe and reverence? Within the precincts of the pastor's home, snuff and whisky are tolerated rather than encouraged—tolerated because many an honest orthodox heart, after traversing moor and mountain to seek religious counsel, or to settle some question of conscience, would retain cold notions of pastoral hospitality unless regaled with a drink and a pinch. The books have that best of all appearances, the appearance of being well used. Puritan quartos and folios, in their dusky dignity, seem to regard visitors with conscious pride, compatible with their belonging to a household where the very housewives who dust their covers are familiar with the quaint richness of Ambrose and the sententious wisdom of Charnock.

In such a genuine old-fashioned manse as above described was William Burns born and reared, the day of his nativity falling in 1815. His father, belonging to that "simple, grave sincere" type which Cowper has delineated, naturally desired that one or more of his sons should succeed him in the high calling of the ministry. So far

* Memoir of the Rev. William C. Burns, M.A., Missionary to China, from the English Presbyterian Church. By Islay Burns, D.D., Free Church College, Glasgow. Crown 8vo. London, 1870.

as William was concerned the good man could only express his wishes without indulging hopes of their realisation. The youth showed no predilections for the sacred profession. He prized a gun above a book, and delighted in law more than theology. He resolved on making his university training redound to his worldly advancement. As a young man he was robust and fond of out-door exercise. Nevertheless, his nature was tender and loving, while his heart remained untouched by the gospel. Sufficiently susceptible to feel compunction for having wounded a pigeon, he had so little love for religion that, he commonly made his exit from the manse parlour whenever the afternoons were improved, as they frequently were, by the reading aloud of Puritan literature.

Having finished the first stage of his studies at Aberdeen, his parents arranged to bind William to his uncle, an Edinburgh lawyer, and while the preliminaries were in course of settlement he lodged in the capital. But in the meantime young Burns is converted, and that event disarranges all the plans which had been formed for him, and diverts him into a totally different channel from the one he had himself marked out.

The manner of the conversion of those who rise to eminence in their profession possesses peculiar interest. The truth found in W. Burns, if not an impetuous spirit, at least a nature prepared to work at whatever it found to do with a rarely inherited constitutional energy. It happened one Sunday afternoon, in December, 1831, that "I sat down," says he, "to read Pike's *Early Piety* . . . and in one moment, while gazing on a solemn passage . . . my inmost soul was pierced as with a dart. God had apprehended me." Repenting of having chosen the law for a profession, he now proceeds to give an extraordinary expression to that repentance. Although six and thirty miles from home he forthwith turns his face thitherward, and walking the whole distance, abruptly enters the manse parlour and exclaims, "What if I should be a minister after all?" To his own satisfaction and the joy of his parents, other prospects are now relinquished for the study of divinity at Aberdeen.

Burns not only decided on devoting his life to the ministry of God's Word, he resolved on entering the field of missions; accordingly, soon after his return to Aberdeen, he offered himself to the Foreign Committee; and he would probably have gone to India had not events conspired to detain him in Scotland. The most important of these was McCheyne's visit to Palestine in the spring of 1839; for Burns was engaged to occupy the pulpit at St. Peter's, during the temporary absence of the gifted pastor. After labouring for a few weeks in Dundee, a sphere which his friends had seen him enter with misgivings, he found himself, as he expresses it, in the midst of a great spiritual awakening. The manifest blessings which attended his ministrations prompted his continuing to preach with great power, and even with enthusiasm. The impression produced on oft assembling crowds was no effect springing from high-flown oratory, nor from exciting harangues; but was rather the germinating of the good seed so faithfully and assiduously sown. If, at this time, those sagacious judges who know so well what preaching is and what it should be, had attended

one of Burns's services, they would have pronounced him to be wanting in some essential qualities. Possessing a magnificent voice, he yet lacked imaginative power, and the enviable readiness of clothing thought in elegant words. Nevertheless, whatever he lacked, that mysterious power attended him which points out the man raised up by heaven.

Burns's stay at Dundee during M'Cheyne's absence may be regarded as the opening of his ministry. His humble bearing under sudden and extraordinary success witnessed to the large measure of grace he enjoyed. Of a highly sensitive nature, popular applause sent him trembling to his closet to pray against invading pride. "I have not seen the King's face these many days," he remarked, in allusion to a season when pride had the mastery. He most firmly relied on divine assistance when best prepared for his duty; and at this early date he adopted the Scottish custom of committing to memory the main current of his discourses, some of which on particular occasions would be two hours long. The religious awakening was not confined to Dundee. The communion gatherings at Kilsyth, in July and September, 1839, resembled the most successful of Whitfield's services. No church having the capacity to accommodate the crowds attracted, Burns, in true Pentecostal fashion, addressed ten thousand persons in a tent, whence he retired with a small company to spend the night in prayer in a neighbouring church. His early enthusiasm swept away all opposition; and availed itself of the slightest opportunity of effecting good. The passengers on a stage coach would suddenly find themselves within the circle of his influence. If need required it, he would pray for a minute or two with a friend on the highway; and even to such little children as he overtook in his walks he rejoiced to explain the love of Christ. In those days street preaching was not in favour with Scotch divines; but, being a slave to no custom, Burns hesitated not to avail himself of that road to the popular heart, and some great victories over sin were won in the public thoroughfares.

Such a man was a phenomenon in the Christian world. He voluntarily chose the roughest and hardest labour in his Master's vineyard. While admitting the importance of the pastoral institution, he refused to settle in any appointed station. He accepted what Christians freely offered, lived frugally, and dispensed the surplus in charity. Though fired by earnestness, his sermons were free from rant, and commonplace. If peculiar, his peculiarity consisted in resembling the apostles; for no man could be more alive to the connection between success and personal holiness. The praises of men he regarded as sparks thrown upon an inflammable substance. His reliance on divine aid was constant and childlike. After an indifferent sermon, he has been known to confess his emptiness, and hope for better things in the future. Having chosen a lot of self-denial, he never shrank from hard fighting; but there was no hurrying, no bluster, nor were opponents answered with hasty words. When, in 1840, his preaching at Aberdeen had stirred up the populace into a spirit of enquiry, and excited the bitter opposition of the press and divers enemies, Burns, calm and prayerful, appeared to great advantage, as he did also before the Presbyterial investigation which ensued.

The passion for saving souls became in Burns a second nature.

Unthought hardships and a voluntary self-denial would seem to have been forgotten in an overwhelming desire to rescue sinners. Amid all vicissitudes, and at all times, he showed the same benign bravery, and manifested a fine skill in that sublimest of all arts, the art of making small events redound to the furtherance of good. Well might his face appear as "Struck with the light of heaven." Well might even the enraged Dublin populace concede this testimony: "He is a good man, we cannot make him angry." He was poor, but so far was he from lamenting his poverty that, apparently he breathed a freer air and reaped additional pleasure from having to trust in God's provision. On visiting Ireland he landed with only a small carpet bag, and the lightest of pockets. Pressed by the police to escape from an excited mob by stepping into a boat, he necessarily accepted a half-penny to pay the fare; but calling to the crowd, he likened his free passage to that of pardoned sinners to heaven. So when, in 1844, he sailed for Canada, he was only hampered with cash to the amount of two shillings.

Though careless about possessing money, Burns esteemed no outlay of labour too heavy if it but yielded what he so intensely longed for—the weal of men. Like Carey, he evinced a remarkable aptness for acquiring languages; and he never shrank from the drudgery of learning a new dialect, if thereby he could benefit an unevangelised district. Thus, when itinerating among the French in Lower Canada, he perfected himself in their language for the purpose of preaching to the settlers.

There is a nameless charm in listening to the instructions of one thoroughly in earnest. When Burns travelled in Canada, this trait in his character was so conspicuous that, some were drawn to his services who were unable to understand English. One woman attended for the sake of being included in "That good man's prayers," which to her were unintelligible. "He seemed to dwell on one word in such sweet tones," she said, "it sent a glow to my heart—the word *Salvation*, what does that mean?" Many who were privileged to hear his brief, pithy sayings, must still be carrying them in memory. Among these none is more palatable to our taste than one addressed to a crowd of listeners: "If you cannot come in by the saint's door, come in by the sinner's."

If his trip to Canada entailed some hard service, Burns carried thence many pleasant reminiscences, and enjoyed some fine opportunities of setting a high example. In Canadian wilds it is not unusual for people to get weather bound; and if excuses for not keeping a preaching appointment, or for not filling up one's pew, can ever be pleaded conscientiously, it is when the primitive roads, enveloped in snow-drifts, only allow the preacher or hearer to be dragged to chapel, during a lull in the storm, by a team of twenty horses at the rate of a mile an hour. Once, and under such circumstances, a traveller cried out, "This is awful." "No," answered Burns, "Nothing is awful but the wrath of God." This tour in Canada lasted about two years, and on his return to Scotland in the autumn of 1846, his friends could not but notice that the excessive strain to which he subjected it, was fast wearing out his constitution. His countenance had a careworn look, sad and unusual at thirty-one.

In the closing days of 1846, Burns was again in Scotland without any stated employment. He now had to choose a field of labour from

the many which opened before him. His fame as an evangelist was established. Many desired that he should proceed to the Continent; but the preacher himself looked longingly towards India, and he would probably have proceeded thither had not the Free Church stations in that empire been already filled. Just at this conjuncture, James Hamilton begged his services for China, and a short time after, Burns sailed for that stronghold of heathenism as the first missionary of the English Presbyterians.

Great missionaries are even rarer than great preachers; and to find the qualities of both united in a single mind is rarest of all. But such was Burns. To the industrious self-denial and devotedness of Carey he added the sweeping eloquence of Whitfield, and he seems to have surpassed both Whitfield and Carey in learning. His Scotch genius readily adapted itself to circumstances in a manner at once striking and worthy of the best of causes. He had an advantage which the Indian missionaries of eighty years ago knew not; for having been preceded by Morison and Milne, he found the Scriptures in circulation, native converts to congratulate, and a band of fellow workers with whom to sympathise. Relinquishing all notions of personal ease he left his European lodgings, thinking it better to live entirely among the people, with whom, two months after his arrival, he could imperfectly converse in their native tongue. Another trait in his character here appears: he knew nothing of yearning for his fatherland. The presence of God, to him, made all places alike—made the whole world home.

Settling at Hong Kong, Burns mastered the main difficulties of Chinese in fourteen months. The written or literary language of China is current the whole empire over; but the dialects widely differ. When, in due time, he completely understood the written characters, the dialects were conquered as occasion required. Early in 1849 he began his visitation of the villages around Hong Kong; and accustomed as he had been to crowds in Britain, he now found himself suddenly popular on another account than that of forcibly preaching the gospel. Because hitherto the country had been closed to foreigners, a European was the rarest phenomenon on which a Chinaman could feast his eyes. In all public places the missionary was beset by gaping crowds, whose attention favourably contrasted with the rudeness of the nominal Christian mob of Dublin. Not that dangers and annoyances were lacking; for to this score were to be put down the petty interferences of Mandarins, the perils of robbers, ill lodging, few opportunities of retirement, and no Sabbath. In the strength of God Burns rose above all these things. How successfully he could appeal to the hearts of men his home experience had shown. He was still attended by the same charm of thorough earnestness; and the tender treatment awarded him by the heathen populace is not the least surprising part of his singular history. This not only appeared in the hospitality bestowed, it was seen in the interest which his addresses excited, and in the sacredness with which his person was held. When the Amoy district was in a state of civil war, the combatants of contending armies agreed in respecting the Man of the Book.

In the summer of 1851, the chief station of the Mission was fixed at Amoy; and such as desire new arguments for the divine origin of

Christianity, would have found them had they travelled with Burns over this district during the months that succeeded. Nothing less than omnipotent power can cause even a few drops of a shower to refresh a thirsty plain. The same Hand alone can cause the field of heathenism to yield its firstfruits. In the present instance the tokens of success were few, but such tokens existed. Here and there a shop was closed on the Sabbath. Some lifelong idolater would throw his gods into the fire; and, anon, the dark heathen mind would show symptoms of yielding to the light of faith. What the tokens of plentiful rain are to the denizens of a sun-scorched island, were these signs of Christ's kingdom to the eyes of the apostolic Burns.

About the middle of 1854, circumstances occasioned his temporary return to Scotland. His friend Dr. Young, bereaved and shattered in health, necessarily retired from the field, and Burns accompanied him on his homeward voyage. On arriving home he sought to awaken a sympathy for China in districts associated with the blessings attending his opening ministry. The change in his personal appearance must have been deeply affecting to friends and countrymen. A sallow face, a wrinkled brow, and grey hairs at thirty-nine, tell a sad story :

"Time and experience had wrought in him a gracious sweetness, and human kindness of temper, which in the young Boanerges were less conspicuous. He was more genial, more loving, more freely communicative and companionable, less restrained and austere than in former days. There was less fire perhaps, but even more fervour; less of the Baptist, more of the Christ."

A letter from the church he had planted at Pechuia followed him to Scotland, and we doubt if mail ever carried a more precious, cheering, or extraordinary scroll. It appears that, over such epistles the Chinese converts were accustomed to pray: "They would write a sentence and then pray; and then write another sentence, and then pray again," *e.g.*,

"Teacher! we in this place, with united heart pray, and bitterly (*i.e.* earnestly) beg of God to give you a level plain (*i.e.* prosperous journey) to go home, and beg of God again to give you a level plain (good journey) quickly to come. Teacher! you know our faith is thin (*i.e.* weak) and in danger. Many thanks to our Lord and God who defends us as the apple of the eye. Teacher! from the time that we parted with you in the seventh month, we have been meditating on our Lord Jesus' love to sinners. Teacher! you know that we are like sheep that have lost their shepherd. . . . The brethren with united heart prayed and shedding tears *bitterly* begged of God. . . . a number of pastors. . . . to teach the gospel."

The year 1855 saw Burns again in China. The great civil war being then at its height, he felt strongly desirous of reaching the revolutionary camp at Nanking for evangelistic purposes. On this heroic errand he started from Shanghae in a very dexterous but honourable manner to pass several Imperial guard boats. At length the rowers, overcome by terror, refused to proceed through fear of losing their lives. Burns returned disappointed, but not without making the adventure redound to the furtherance of the mission. Books and pamphlets were liberally distributed amongst the multitudes which, anxious to see the foreigner, crowded the river banks. The missionary publications excited unwonted curiosity, and consequently were eagerly sought after. Some

were not afraid to swim to the boat; and one man, having thus become the fortunate possessor of a tract, preserved it dry by fastening it to his forehead, the pigtail in such an emergency serving for a band.

During the years he spent in China, Burns's aim was to prepare the way for succeeding missionaries, a fact to be borne in mind if we would rightly understand his procedure. On this account he left Shanghai in 1856, to itinerate in and around Swatow; a district wherein the effects of heathenism were sufficiently appalling. Opium smoking was in the ascendancy. In hot weather the people worked their fields in a state of nature in common with beasts. It was scarcely surprising, when in such society, a rare table delicacy was found to be the boiled heart of an enemy.

A serious social inconvenience of China is the number of robbers which infest her territory, to whom no outrage is too audacious nor any pilfering too contemptible. The missionaries in general being sufferers from this cause, Burns was not exempted from a share of attention. One example by way of illustration may be given. In July, 1856, he and some companions went out on an excursion from Swatow, when, to avoid being interfered with by Mandarins they lived in their boat. A party of thieves carried off whatever was portable, one of the more curious among them receiving from Burns an explanation of the use of a hone. After this, the party fell into the hands of the notorious Yeh, who doubted, or professed to doubt Burns's foreign extraction, so completely had the missionary become acclimatised. While the poor native assistants were cruelly used, their master was sent prisoner to Canton. How serenely calm he lived under all skies was shown in these trying moments; for he confesses that, he should have benefited by the journey had not a fever marred his enjoyment. Fearing to punish an Englishman, the authorities surrendered Burns unharmed, the amiable Yeh meanwhile remarking, "I cannot but look upon it as exceedingly improper that William Burns (admitting him to be an Englishman) should change his own dress, shave his head, and assuming the costume of the Chinese, penetrate into the interior in so irregular a manner." Even this dangerous experience yielded satisfaction to the man, who in so literal a manner could be instant in season and out of season. He had been cheered by meeting with divers converts of the American Baptist Mission. The native population had welcomed him, and some had contributed to replace what the thieves had taken. He had also enjoyed an opportunity of protesting against heathenism in open court; for on being required to kneel before the judge who examined him, he refused so to humble himself to any save the King of kings.

The darkness of personal trouble and natural calamity occasions the beauties of Christianity to shine the brighter, besides inviting the thoughtless to seek safety in quiet resting-places. It is far otherwise where Christ is unknown. Idolatry never appears more terrible than when the populace is visited by such a calamity, as, for example, an outbreak of cholera. Burns was itinerating in the Swatow district, when a tide of this disease devastated the country. The means resorted to by the infatuated people to stay the plague were fantastic and hideous. The semi-insane ravings of certain youths were supposed to represent the commands of the gods. Thinking that evil spirits haunted their

streets, the citizens mustered in force, to chase away with lights and gongs the demons that thinned their households.

Such things at least point to the extreme value which a knowledge of medicine must prove to missionary students. It is a short and ready road to the hearts of the people. After being benefited by our medical skill, a man will the more readily receive spiritual instruction. The dispensary at Swatow, under the joint superintendence of Burns and Dr. De la Porte, won the grateful affection of the people, until the doctor's departure for England and the removal of his colleague to Amoy, in 1858. It was in and around Amoy that the mission, in cheering abundance, bore its firstfruits. Converts could now be numbered by hundreds; and an event testifying to the reality of the impression produced, was the appointment of two evangelists whose support was undertaken by native Christians.

In Pagan lands of many religions it attracts but little notice when a man relinquishes one kind of idolatry for another. To cast away the whole thing, however—to embrace Christianity—is something totally different. Because Christianity denounces all idol-worship as iniquity, the struggle between it and opposing systems becomes a struggle of life and death. Pagans soon realise the fact that, the gospel is an aggressive power which in principle is bound to seek the overturning of their cherished institutions. Hence the hatred with which the invading light is resisted in all climes. In India a convert on breaking caste is loathed and shunned. In China he is exposed to petty annoyance and severe hardships. If young and under authority, he is beaten; if settled in life, he is chastised by his neighbours in ways both spiteful and ingenious. A farmer has been known to have his cattle driven away, his fields injured, and to find it impossible to hire labourers to garner his crops. With the aid of the English consul, Burns obtained official protection for some thus persecuted, on which occasion, by a Christian adroitness, he made himself the friend of all parties. While benefiting the injured he shielded the offenders from the Mandarin's fury; for when they act at all, those worthies are liable to give way to a spirit of sanguinary vengeance.

Leaving the Amoy district, in 1863, Burns proceeded to Peking, partly for the object of communicating with Sir Frederick Bruce on the business of the mission. He ardently desired not only to have toleration, but a liberal protection for native converts; and in this respect he did not labour in vain. Prolonging his stay in the capital till the latter part of 1867, his life in the meantime was quietly laborious. A friend who knew him in those days likens him to one of the Hebrew prophets. With the thermometer at 15° in winter and at 90° in summer, he and his assistant plodded on at translation, their home being two small apartments, warmed during the intense cold by a little earthen stove; while in the scorching heat of summer their courtyard was protected by a mat in tropical fashion. From this retreat of the "poor foreigner," as the missionary was once called, went forth several valuable books: "The Psalms," "The Peep of Day," and "The Pilgrim's Progress."

The city of Peking might almost claim the distinction of being the eighth wonder of the world. A walled town having streets a hundred feet wide, large open spaces, broad sheets of water, immense blocks of

public buildings, thousands of temples, and a population, as some say, double that of London, were surely a place desirable to behold. The houses of the upper classes are curiously and expensively built, and like those of the common people, are subject to official regulation. The homes of the poor are so mean and narrow, that in hot weather the police beneficently oblige the people to sleep in the open air. The imperial palace ranks among the marvels of the world's architecture, being about two-thirds of a mile in length, and about half a mile in depth. Sickening emblems of gross paganism co-exist with abundant evidences of lively ingenuity. To assert that the people are cruel, is but to say that they are heathen, for what can so readily turn fair plains into moral deserts, and warp the best human intelligence as idolatry? While not more cruel than the Hindoos, the Chinese are in some respects their superiors in civilisation. The absence of caste is a great advantage, and the hospitality so often awarded the missionaries is a hopeful sign. In many arts which are the pride of modern nations, these people took the van. They practised printing, manufactured gunpowder, and used the magnetic needle, before the science of agriculture was perfectly understood in England.

As already shown, Burns chose the hard lot of a pioneer. Loving to be in the front himself, he declared that skulkers earned no blessing. This disposition led to his forsaking Peking to settle at Nieu-chwang, where we arrive at the close of his career. Here as elsewhere, during the last months of his life, he showed the same earnestness in teaching, the same penuriousness of time, the same forgetfulness of self which had characterised his ministry in former years. In a poor apartment, sparingly furnished, with his faithful assistant weeping at his bed-side, Burns lies in his last illness. No cares distract him. His way has been toilsome; but he is now at the threshold of long-expected repose. If he has a wish for earth, it is for the success of the mission. Even this does not trouble him, for, says he, "God will carry on the good work." Anon, his attendant hears him speak: "Ah, did you hear," he exclaims, "I was saying over the 121st Psalm. I was speaking with God, not with you." He likens himself to a knife worn out by cutting rather than by rusting; and "You," he says to his servant, "must be one of God's knives." Thus did William Burns end his zealous and holy course on Saturday, April the 4th, 1868, having just entered on the fifty-fifth year of his age. His brother's memorial of him is chastely and becomingly written; but because the book is chiefly popular in Scotland, it is with great pleasure that we make these pages the medium of introducing so beautiful a life to a wide circle of English readers.

A Hint to Deacons.

YOUR minister's small salary does not allow him to purchase many books, and to expect him to keep up the interests of the people without reading, is to demand bricks and give no straw. Take our advice, and make the good man a present of a book now and then. Begin with "the Treasury of David," by C. H. Spurgeon. Give him Vol. I. at once, and other volumes as they appear.

Expositions of the Psalms.

BY C. H. SPURGEON.

PSALM XLVI.

TITLE.—To the Chief Musician.—*He who could sing other Psalms so well was fitly entrusted with this noble ode. Trifles may be left to commoner songsters, but the most skilful musician in Israel must be charged with the due performance of this song, with the most harmonious voices and choicest music. For the Sons of Korah. One alone cannot fulfil the praise, there must be picked choristers under him, whose joyful privilege it shall be to celebrate the service of song in the house of the Lord. As to why the Sons of Korah were selected, see our remarks at the head of Psalm XLII. It may be well to add that they were a division of the Levites who took their turn in serving at the temple. All the works of holy service ought not to be monopolised by one order of talent, each company of believers should in due course enjoy the privilege. None ought to be without a share in the service of God.*

A Song upon Alamoth. Which may denote that the music was to be pitched high for the treble or soprano voices of the Hebrew virgins. They went forth in their dances to sing the praises of David when he smote the Philistine, it was meet that they should make merry and be glad when the victories of Jehorah became their theme. We need to praise God upon virgin hearts, with souls chaste towards his fear, with lively and exalted expressions, and gladsome strains. Or the word Alamoth may refer to shrill-sounding instruments, as in 1 Chron. xv. 20, where we read that Zechariah, and Eliab, and Benaiah were to praise the Lord "with psalteries on Alamoth." We are not always, in a slovenly manner, to fall into one key, but with intelligence are to modulate our praises and make them fittingly expressive of the occasion and the joy it creates in our souls. These old musical terms cannot be interpreted with certainty, but they are still useful because they show that care and skill should be used in our sacred music.

SUBJECT.—Happen what may, the Lord's people are happy and secure, this is the doctrine of the Psalm, and it might, to help our memories, be called THE SONG OF HOLY CONFIDENCE, were it not that from the great reformer's love to this soul-stirring hymn it will probably be best remembered as LUTHER'S PSALM.

DIVISION.—It is divided by inspired authority into three parts, each of which ends with *Selah*.

EXPOSITION.

GOD is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble.

2 Therefore will not we fear, though the earth be removed, and though the mountains be carried into the midst of the sea ;

3 *Though* the waters thereof roar *and* be troubled, *though* the mountains shake with the swelling thereof. *Selah*.

1. "*God is our refuge and strength.*" Not our armies, or our fortresses, Israel's boast is in Jehorah, the only living and true God. Others vaunt their impregnable castles, placed on inaccessible rocks and secured with gates of iron, but God is a far better refuge from distress than all these : and when the time comes to carry the war into the enemy's territories, the Lord stands his people in better stead than all the valour of legions or the boasted strength of chariot and horse. Soldiers of the cross, remember this, and count yourselves safe, and make yourselves strong in God. Forget not the personal possessive word "*our*;" make sure each one of your portion in God, that you may say, "*He is my refuge and strength.*" Neither forget the fact that God is our refuge just now, in the immediate present, as truly as when David penned the word. God alone is our all in all. All other refuges are refuges of lies, all other strength is weakness, for power belongeth unto God : but as God is all-sufficient, our defence and

might are equal to all emergencies. "*A very present help in trouble,*" or *in distresses he has so been found*, he has been tried and proved by his people. He never withdraws himself from his afflicted. He is their help, truly, effectually, constantly; he is present or near them, close at their side and ready for their succour, and this is emphasised by the word "*very*" in our version, he is more present than friend or relative can be, yea, more nearly present than even the trouble itself. To all this comfortable truth is added the consideration that his assistance comes at the needed time. He is not as the swallows that leave us in the winter; he is a friend in need and a friend indeed. When it is very dark with us, let brave spirits say, "Come, let us sing the forty-sixth Psalm."

"A fortress firm, and steadfast rock,
Is God in time of danger;
A shield and sword in every shock,
From foe well-known or stranger."

2. "*Therefore.*" How fond the psalmist is of therefore! his poetry is no poetic rapture without reason, it is as logical as a mathematical demonstration. The next words are a necessary inference from these. "*Will not we fear.*" With God on our side, how irrational would fear be! Where he is all power is, and all love, why therefore should we quail? "*Though the earth be removed,*" though the basis of all visible things should be so convulsed as to be entirely changed. "*And though the mountains be carried into the midst of the sea;*" though the firmest of created objects should fall to headlong ruin, and be submerged in utter destruction. The two phrases set forth the most terrible commotions within the range of imagination, and include the overthrow of dynasties, the destruction of nations, the ruin of families, the persecutions of the church, the reign of heresy, and whatever else may at any time try the faith of believers. Let the worst come to the worst, the child of God should never give way to mistrust; since God remaineth faithful there can be no danger to his cause or people. When the elements shall melt with fervent heat, and the heavens and the earth shall pass away in the last general conflagration, we shall serenely behold "the wreck of matter, and the crash of worlds," for even then our refuge shall preserve us from all evil, our strength shall prepare us for all good.

3. "*Though the waters thereof roar and be troubled.*" When all things are excited to fury, and reveal their utmost power to disturb, faith smiles serenely. She is not afraid of noise, nor even of real force, she knows that the Lord stilleth the raging of the sea, and holdeth the waves in the hollow of his hand. "*Though the mountains shake with the swelling thereof.*" Alps and Andes may tremble, but faith rests on a firmer basis, and is not to be moved by swelling seas. Evil may ferment, wrath may boil, and pride may foam, but the brave heart of holy confidence trembles not. Great men who are like mountains may quake for fear in times of great calamity, but the man whose trust is in God needs never be dismayed.

"*Selah.*" In the midst of such a hurly-burly the music may well come to a pause, both to give the singers breath, and ourselves time for meditation. We are in no hurry, but can sit us down and wait while earth dissolves, and mountains rock, and oceans roar. Ours is not the headlong rashness which passes for courage, we can calmly confront the danger, and meditate upon terror, dwelling on its separate items and united forces. The pause is not an exclamation of dismay, but merely a rest in music: we do not suspend our song in alarm, but retune our harps with deliberation amidst the tumult of the storm. It were well if all of us could say, "*Selah,*" under tempestuous trials, but alas! too often we speak in our haste, lay our trembling hands bewildered among the strings, strike the lyre with a rude crash, and mar the melody of our life-song.

4 *There is* a river, the streams whereof shall make glad the city of God, the holy *placc* of the tabernacles of the Most High.

5 God *is* in the midst of her; she shall not be moved: God shall help her, *and that* right early.

6 The heathen raged, the kingdoms were moved: he uttered his voice, the earth melted.

7 The LORD of hosts is with us; the God of Jacob *is* our refuge. Selah.

4. "*There is a river.*" Divine grace like a smoothly flowing, fertilising, full, and never-failing river, yields refreshment and consolation to believers. This is the river of the water of life, of which the church above as well as the church below partakes evermore. It is no boisterous ocean, but a placid stream, it is not stayed in its course by earthquakes or crumbling mountains, it follows its serene course without disturbance. Happy are they who know from their own experience that there is such a river of God. "*The streams whereof*" in their various influences, for they are many, "*shall make glad the city of God,*" by assuring the citizens that Zion's Lord will unfailingly supply all their needs. The streams are not transient like Cherith, nor muddy like the Nile, nor furious like Kishon, nor treacherous like Job's deceitful brooks, neither are their waters "naught" like those of Jericho, they are clear, cool, fresh, abundant, and gladdening. The great fear of an Eastern city in time of war was lest the water supply should be cut off during a siege; if that were secured the city could hold out against attacks for an indefinite period. In this verse, Jerusalem, which represents the church of God, is described as well supplied with water, to set forth the fact, that in seasons of trial all-sufficient grace will be given to enable us to endure unto the end. The church is like a well-ordered city, surrounded with mighty walls of truth and justice, garrisoned by omnipotence, fairly built and adorned by infinite wisdom: its burgesses the saints enjoy high privileges; they trade with far-off lands, they live in the smile of the King; and as a great river is the very making and mainstay of a town, so is the broad river of everlasting love and grace their joy and bliss. The church is peculiarly the "*City of God,*" of his designing, building, election, purchasing and indwelling. It is dedicated to his praise, and glorified by his presence. "*The holy place of the tabernacles of the Most High.*" This was the peculiar glory of Jerusalem, that the Lord within her walls had a place where he peculiarly revealed himself, and this is the choice privilege of the saints, concerning which we may cry with wonder, "Lord, how is it that thou wilt manifest thyself unto us, and not unto the world?" To be a temple for the Holy Ghost is the delightful portion of each saint, to be the living temple for the Lord our God is also the high honour of the church in her corporate capacity. Our God is here called by a worthy title, indicating his power, majesty, sublimity, and excellency; and it is worthy of note that under this character he dwells in the church. We have not a great God in nature, and a little God in grace; no, the church contains as clear and convincing a revelation of God as the works of nature, and even more amazing is the excellent glory which shines between the cherubim overshadowing that mercy-seat which is the centre and gathering place of the people of the living God. To have the Most High dwelling within her members, is to make the church on earth like the church in heaven.

5. "*God is in the midst of her.*" His help is therefore sure and near. Is she besieged, then he is himself besieged within her, and we may be certain that he will break forth upon his adversaries. How near is the Lord to the distresses of his saints, since he sojourns in their midst! Let us take heed that we do not grieve him; let us have such respect to him as Moses had when he felt the sand of Horeb's desert to be holy, and put off his shoes from off his feet when the Lord spake from the burning bush. "*She shall not be moved.*" How can she be moved unless her enemies move her Lord also? His presence renders all hope of capturing and demolishing

the city utterly ridiculous. The Lord is in the vessel, and she cannot, therefore, be wrecked. "*God shall help her.*" Within her he will furnish rich supplies, and outside her walls he will lay her foes in heaps like the armies of Sennacherib, when the angel went forth and smote them. "*And that right early.*" As soon as the first ray of light proclaims the coming day, at the turning of the morning God's right arm shall be outstretched for his people. The Lord is up betimes. We are slow to meet him, but he is never tardy in helping us. Impatience complains of divine delays, but in very deed the Lord is not slack concerning his promise. Man's haste is often folly, but God's apparent delays are ever wise; and, when rightly viewed, are no delays at all. To-day the bands of evil may environ the church of God, and threaten her with destruction; but ere long they shall pass away like the foam on the waters, and the noise of their tumult shall be silent in the grave. The darkest hour of the night is just before the turning of the morning; and then, even then, shall the Lord appear as the great ally of his church.

6. "*The heathen raged.*" The nations were in a furious uproar, they gathered against the city of the Lord like wolves ravenous for their prey; they foamed, and roared, and swelled like a tempestuous sea. "*The kingdoms were moved.*" A general confusion seized upon society; the fierce invaders convulsed their own dominions by draining the population to urge on the war, and they desolated other territories by their devastating march to Jerusalem. Crowns fell from royal heads, ancient thrones rocked like trees driven of the tempest, powerful empires fell like pines uprooted by the blast: everything was in disorder, and dismay seized on all who knew not the Lord. "*He uttered his voice, the earth melted.*" With no other instrumentality than a word the Lord ruled the storm. He gave forth a voice and stout hearts were dissolved, proud armies were annihilated, conquering powers were enfeebled. At first the confusion appeared to be worse confounded, when the element of divine power came into view; the very earth seemed turned to wax, the most solid and substantial of human things melted like the fat of rams upon the altar; but anon peace followed, the rage of man subsided, hearts capable of repentance relented, and the implacable were silenced. How mighty is a word from God! How mighty the Incarnate Word. O that such a word would come from the excellent glory even now to melt all hearts in love to Jesus, and to end for ever all the persecutions, wars, and rebellions of men!

7. "*The Lord of hosts is with us.*" This is the reason for all Zion's security, and for the overthrow of her foes. The Lord rules the angels, the stars, the elements, and all the hosts of heaven; and the heaven of heavens are under his sway. The armies of men though they know it not are made to subserve his will. This Generalissimo of the forces of the land, and the Lord High Admiral of the seas, is on our side—our august ally; woe unto those who fight against him, for they shall fly like smoke before the wind when he gives the word to scatter them. "*The God of Jacob is our refuge.*" Immanuel is Jehovah of Hosts, and Jacob's God is our high place of defence. When this glad verse is sung to music worthy of such a jubilate, well may the singers pause and the players wait awhile to retune their instruments; here, therefore, fitly stands that solemn, stately, peaceful note of rest, SELAH.

8 Come, behold the works of the LORD, what desolations he hath made in the earth.

9 He maketh wars to cease unto the end of the earth; he breaketh the bow, and cutteth the spear in sunder; he burneth the chariot in the fire.

10 Be still, and know that I *am* God: I will be exalted among the heathen, I will be exalted in the earth.

11 The LORD of hosts *is* with us; the God of Jacob *is* our refuge. Selah.

8. "*Come, behold the works of the Lord.*" The joyful citizens of Jerusalem are invited to go forth and view the remains of their enemies, that they may mark the prowess of Jehovah and the spoil which his right hand hath won for his people. It were well if we also carefully noted the providential dealings of our covenant God, and were quick to perceive his hand in the battles of his church. Whenever we read history it should be with this verse sounding in our ears. We should read the newspaper in the same spirit, to see how the Head of the Church rules the nations for his people's good, as Joseph governed Egypt for the sake of Israel. "*What desolations he hath made in the earth.*" The destroyers he destroys, the desolators he desolates. How forcible is the verse at this date! The ruined cities of Assyria, Babylon, Petra, Bashan, Canaan, are our instructors, and in tables of stone record the doings of the Lord. In every place where his cause and crown have been disregarded ruin has surely followed; sin has been a blight on nations, and left their palaces to lie in heaps. In the days of the writer of this Psalm, there had probably occurred some memorable interposition of God against his Israel's foes; and as he saw their overthrow, he called on his fellow citizens to come forth and attentively consider the terrible things in righteousness which had been wrought on their behalf. Dismantled castles and ruined abbeys in our own land stand as memorials of the Lord's victories over oppression and superstition. May there soon be more of such desolations.

"Ye gloomy piles, ye tombs of living men,
Ye sepulchres of womanhood, or worse;
Ye refuges of lies, soon may ye fall,
And 'mid your ruins may the owl, and bat,
And dragon find congenial resting place."

9. "*He maketh wars to cease unto the end of the earth.*" His voice quiets the tumult of war, and calls for the silence of peace. However remote and barbarous the tribe, he awes the people into rest. He crushes the great powers till they cannot provoke strife again; he gives his people profound repose. "*He breaketh the bow,*" the sender of swift-winged death he renders useless. "*And cutteth the spear in sunder*"—the lance of the mighty man he shivers. "*He burneth the chariot in the fire*"—the proud war-chariot with its death-dealing scythes he commits to the flames. All sorts of weapons he piles heaps on heaps, and utterly destroys them. So was it in Judea in the days of yore, so shall it be in all lands in eras yet to come. Blessed deed of the Prince of Peace! when shall it be literally performed? Already the spiritual foes of his people are despoiled of their power to destroy; but when shall the universal victory of peace be celebrated, and instruments of wholesale murder be consigned to ignominious destruction? How glorious will the ultimate victory of Jesus be in the day of his appearing, when every enemy shall lick the dust!

10. "*Be still, and know that I am God.*" Hold off your hands, ye enemies! Sit down and wait in patience, ye believers! Acknowledge that Jehovah is God, ye who feel the terrors of his wrath! Adore him, and him only, ye who partake in the protections of his grace. Since none can worthily proclaim his nature, let "expressive silence muse his praise." The boasts of the ungodly and the timorous forebodings of the saints should certainly be hushed by a sight of what the Lord has done in past ages. "*I will be exalted among the heathen.*" They forget God, they worship idols, but Jehovah will yet be honoured by them. Reader, the prospects of missions are bright, bright as the promises of God. Let no man's heart fail him; the solemn declarations of this verse must be fulfilled. "*I will be exalted in the earth,*" among all people, whatever may have been their wickedness or their degradation. Either by terror or love God will subdue all hearts to himself. The whole round earth shall yet reflect the light of his majesty. All the more because of the sin, and obstinacy, and pride of man shall God be glorified when grace reigns unto eternal life in all corners of the world.

11. "*The Lord of hosts is with us; the God of Jacob is our refuge.*" It was

meet to sing this twice over. It is a truth of which no believer wearies, it is a fact too often forgotten, it is a precious privilege which cannot be too often considered. Reader, is the Lord on thy side? Is Emmanuel, God with us, thy Redeemer? Is there a covenant between thee and God as between God and Jacob? If so, thrice happy art thou. Show thy joy in holy song, and in times of trouble play the man by still making music for thy God.

SELAH. Here as before, lift up the heart. Rest in contemplation after praise. Still keep the soul in tune. It is easier to sing a hymn of praise than to continue in the spirit of praise, but let it be our aim to maintain the uprising devotion of our grateful hearts, and so end our song is if we intended it to be continued.

SELAH bids the music rest,
Pause in silence soft and blest;
SELAH bids uplift the strain,
Harps and voices tune again;
SELAH ends the vocal praise,
Still your hearts to God upraise.

Future Punishment.

BY THE REV. G. ROGERS.

A LECTURE DELIVERED TO THE STUDENTS OF THE METROPOLITAN TABERNACLE COLLEGE, IN REPLY TO A SERIES OF LETTERS IN "THE CHRISTIAN WORLD," FROM THE REV. EDWARD WHITE.

[A series of letters in opposition to the generally received opinion upon the subject of Future Punishment, having recently appeared in "The Christian World," the author of the following lecture requested permission to insert letters in reply, provided no one else had been accepted for that purpose. Communications with this particular view having been declined, they were embodied in the present form, and delivered to the students of the Metropolitan Tabernacle College; and are now published with some hope that they may serve to guard others against one of the prevailing errors of the present times. The name of Mr. White has been unavoidably introduced; but it has been solely as the representative of a particular theory, and as its principal advocate. While some have the courage to oppose, others should not be wanting in courage to "contend for the faith which was once delivered unto the saints."]

MY object here is not so much to advocate the eternity of future punishment as to oppose the theory which Mr. White endeavours to substitute in its place. The subject is one which is not to be regarded with indifference. Truth in all things should be our first aim, and especially in the things of God. Mr. White evidently considers it to be important to have clear and correct views upon this subject, and is without doubt conscientious in his efforts to rectify the prevailing opinions respecting it. He owns that "the endless misery of unregenerate men would be a paramount truth of revelation." Such it has generally been considered to be, and that conviction has had its influence upon nearly all other doctrines of revelation. It has had its effect upon our views of the character of the Divine Being, upon the first principles of his moral government, upon the fall of man, and upon all the distinguishing peculiarities of redemption by Christ. We look for harmony in the scheme of redemption as well as in all the other works of God. We expect its parts to be well balanced and adjusted, that no one doctrine should be out of proportion with the rest, and that there should be no violation of the love of order and symmetry implanted in the human mind. Our views, therefore, of any paramount truth of revelation must affect our views of the whole. According, for instance, to our estimate of the person of Christ, will be our estimate of the character of his mission. The two main subjects of revelation are ruin and recovery; which must be supposed to

be in proportion to each other. The recovery must be measured by the ruin, and the ruin by the recovery. Whether the measurement be taken from the top of a mountain to its base, or from the base to its summit, the distance will be the same. Diminish the depth and you diminish the height. In this way our views of future punishment must influence our estimate of the grace of God in redemption, and of the dimensions of the whole work. The same measuring rod must be applied to the whole temple of truth. If the desert of sin be endless misery, the pardon and the whole means of pardon must be measured by the same rule; if it be temporary only, the shorter rule must be applied on both sides. Reduce the scale for a part, and it must be reduced for the whole. On this account it is of immense importance that we should have correct ideas of the extent of future punishment, and give to it our most serious and careful consideration.

The eternity of the future condition of the wicked has been the fixed and all but universal belief of the New Testament Christian church from the first day until now. Attempts have occasionally been made to disturb that belief; but far less than upon most other paramount truths of revelation, and their force has soon been spent and their influence forgotten. There are few errors for which some authority might not be found in some one or other of the ancient fathers; which however has no weight so long as there is a whole cloud of witnesses on the other side. If the question is to be decided by the testimony of Biblical critics and learned divines, we have no fear for the result. There have been men, such as Turretin, Owen, Jonathan Edwards, and a host of others, whose acquirements, to say the least, have been as great as those by whom their convictions on this subject have been assailed. Nor have we any greater advantages for investigating this subject than our forefathers; since no new discoveries have been made upon the nature of man or the principles of divine government. None of that sensational recoil from the possibility of endless misery which has been avowed by some in our day interfered with their plain and honest interpretation of the Scriptures; nor did they feel that such a doctrine was out of proportion with the fundamental principles of the gospel, but in perfect harmony with them.

The prevalent opinion has included the one idea of eternal punishment. To this all descriptions of the future condition of the wicked have been referred, such as *perishing*, being *destroyed*, *tormented*, *cast into a lake of fire*, and *the second death*; much as the future condition of the righteous, though spoken of as a *rest*, an *inheritance*, a *kingdom*, a *city*, and *eternal life*, is included in the one idea of endless bliss. The latter remains unassailed. The dispute is solely concerning the former. What have we in its place? With some, immediate annihilation at death; with others, temporary suffering succeeded by eternal happiness; with others, temporary suffering followed by annihilation. This last is the theory adopted by Mr. White, and which he undertakes to substantiate and defend. Punishment and annihilation are the two ideas for which he contends; the punishment varying both in degree and duration according to guilt, and the annihilation of necessity the same in all. These two things are one only when viewed in opposition to what the reward of a holy life would have been. They are not one thing positively to be included in one term, whether that term be *perishing*, or *destroyed*, or any other; except the two things had first been separately affirmed, and then designedly expressed by one term. Suppose Mr. White to have proved that some of the words for future punishment signify temporary suffering and some annihilation, he has not even attempted to prove that any one word contains fully his two ideas. We should have had the terms, which he has claimed as exponents of his particular views, assigned to their several parts, and his theory shown to be the result of the whole. Instead of this, we are left without the clear testimony of Scripture upon his own compound idea; and can safely affirm that it is not more clearly contained in the words he has criticised than the one idea of our own.

I. Mr. White maintains that the soul of man is not necessarily immortal!

He admits it to be capable of immortality, because he holds this to be the fruit of the mediation of Christ on its behalf. If made, therefore, for all it is capable of, the soul of man was made for immortality. It was doubtless made so at first, and what it lost by sin in this respect, it is supposed by Mr. White to have regained in Christ. Immortality he maintains is a gift to the soul depending upon its own conduct; and is not therefore essential to man, but an accidental property. Its immortality in fact is not within itself, but *ab extra*, and the soul is always in itself mortal. If a principle of immortality could afterwards be given, it might be given at its creation. It is not impossible for God to create souls so far like himself as to be necessarily immortal. "What he makes he can unmake," is no hindrance to his making what in its very nature or by his own decree he cannot unmake. The new life in the believer is a principle of this kind.

"So far as the argument from Immaterialism is concerned," we are told, "it is equally good for coral insects as for mankind." If it be intended by this to suggest that the one is naturally in itself as mortal as the other, we demur to the statement: since the one is capable of development and desires for immortality which could not be predicated of the other. "The intellectual and moral arguments," it is added, "for a survival of men's souls in death are somewhat stronger, but they are full of uncertainty in the face of physical facts." They are stronger than the arguments from physical facts, and yet they are rendered uncertain by them, as though the stronger were subject to the weaker: and no evidence whatever has been adduced to show that the soul cannot in itself be immortal. Intellectually the soul is capable of continuing for ever. There are no signs of a termination of its natural growth. The more it knows the more it is capable of knowing, and the more it desires to know. As a moral agent the stamp of immortality is still more indelibly impressed upon man. The law under which he is placed demands a perfect and unending obedience. These demands are not lessened by transgression. The law still retains its hold. Sufferings are no equivalent for obedience when involuntarily endured; and annihilation is no punishment to the tormented, but a reward. If the wicked acquiesce in their sufferings, they can scarcely be said to suffer in spirit; and if they continue to rebel and blaspheme the God of heaven, the reason for the continuance of their torments would continually increase. If an eternity of misery be supposed to be contrary to both the justice and the mercy of God, much more may this be affirmed of temporary punishment and subsequent annihilation. Admit the immortality of the human race to have been essential, either by necessity or decree, at its first origin, that eternity was a foregone conclusion before man had done good or evil, and that the consequences on either side must be eternal, and the eternity of punishment becomes inevitable. *Admit that immortality was a gift which God could recall, then he holds creatures in existence solely to torment them.* In the one case, the immortality was given for bliss which they have perverted to suffering; in the other, God continues them in being that he may take vengeance upon them before he annihilates them.

II. The rule of interpretation which Mr. White has laid down for his guidance in endeavouring to ascertain the teaching of Scripture upon this subject is—that "the meaning which comes out from the literal sense of the main current of expressions employed in the document shall always be taken as the ruling sense." It might be supposed from this that the compound idea of suffering and annihilation was the one ruling sense of the main current of expressions employed in Scripture upon this subject, and upon that the whole controversy would turn; and yet no single expression is shown necessarily to contain this compound idea. Death for instance may be without suffering; and perishing or being destroyed denotes gradual, rather than instant, annihilation at the termination of great suffering. The rule of interpretation itself as here stated is ambiguous. If it means the literal sense of the current of expressions as they are found in the Scriptures, there can be no objection to the rule; but if it means the literal sense of the current of expressions, as they are found elsewhere, a very different law is laid down. In the one case words are to be interpreted

according to the ancient classics, and in the other according to Scripture use. To understand the meaning in which an author uses any word we look for the meaning he has given it elsewhere. The meaning of Scripture words is best ascertained in the same way. The literal sense of a Greek word may not be its ruling sense in the Scriptures. Who would presume to make the literal sense of the Greek words for *faith* and *regeneration* and *sanctification* and *church*, and *heaven*, the ruling sense in Scripture, and confine our ideas to it? And yet the same rule would apply here, and in all other instances as much as to words denoting future punishment. Mr. White knows well enough that the Greek of the New Testament is not derived from the classics, but from its colloquial use by men of very different notions and pursuits. It has been adopted in the New Testament for a use wholly foreign to its original formation. The literal sense in the one, therefore, is not to be the ruling sense in the other. The Scripture sense may generally be gathered from the literal; but it is not to be ruled and much less limited by it. All Scripture must be interpreted according to the analogy of faith, and not according to the analogy of Greek usage. It is here that Mr. White runs off the line. He makes the literal sense of Greek words the ruling sense of Scripture, to which occasional passages that will not yield of themselves must be subjugated by force. His rule of interpretation has evidently been framed to suit his own purpose, and shows the precise point at which modern theology is deemed by many to have gone far astray.

III. Let us examine the words of Scripture which are said to "require us to believe that the wicked will die, perish, be destroyed, in the literal sense of those words." The first of these is *death*. The literal sense of this word is manifest to all, and its literal meaning must ever have been the same. Its consequences may be differently viewed, but the fact to all men is the same. It means separation of the two principal parts of men's being; but it does not necessarily mean either suffering or annihilation. Whatever opinions may be formed of the state of man immediately after death, are apart from the literal meaning, since the word for death, in nearly all languages, has reference to its present aspect only. It teaches nothing of the future. We must learn its meaning in Scripture from Scripture. It was threatened to man in Paradise as the punishment of disobedience. "This curse," says Mr. White, "we take in its most obvious sense of extinction of life." He says "it is the only sense which could have occurred to Adam as he might have seen insects, birds, and other animals die." We can hardly suppose Adam to have witnessed the death of animals before he had received a law for his guidance, or if he had, that he would suppose death to him would have been precisely the same thing as to them. So far as the extinction of natural life was concerned it might be the same; and yet hardly so, if the human body is to be raised again. If, moreover, death signifies the extinction of the life of the body, it does not prove that it signifies the same thing when applied to the soul, unless it can be shown that their natures are the same. Besides, even upon Mr. White's theory the parallel between the death of animals and of men is not sustained. Death to the one is the immediate extinction of life; death to the other is prolonged misery prior to the extinction of being. If the death threatened to Adam meant extinction of life, his existence would have terminated on the day of his transgression, according to the instructions he had received, "In the day that thou eatest thereof thou shalt surely die." This has usually been interpreted according to its actual fulfilment, to mean the loss of the Divine favour, and the sentence of natural death upon himself and his whole posterity. The former is known throughout the Scriptures as the death of the soul. "You hath he quickened who were dead in trespasses and sins." "Thou hast a name that thou livest, and art dead." It is this spiritual life that was lost in Adam and is restored by Christ. It is life in Christ; he is our life; it is a life which we live by faith in him; and because he lives we shall live also. Instead of this we are now required to look upon death and life in this connection as non-existence and immortality, as physical results chiefly if not entirely. But what are existence and non-existence abstractedly considered?

Immortality in itself is neither good nor evil. Left to itself it would be an evil. Life in God, not *from* God, is the real life of man. It is a life of immortality dependent for the whole benefits and blessing of that immortality upon God; the loss of whose favour is its punishment, and the enjoyment of which is its reward. An immortality of holiness and bliss we take to be the immortality forfeited by Adam and regained by Christ. The subject of which these two things are predicated is the character of the immortality and not the immortality itself; and the contrast is between an immortality of misery and an immortality of bliss. To say that immortality was lost in Adam is to say that he lost what he never had. The title to it might be lost, and that title be restored by Christ; but the title and the immortality are not the same thing. Nor could Christ be *our* immortality. Our spiritual life may come from union with him, but *our* immortality must be entirely within ourselves. There is no escape from this and a thousand other difficulties, but in the admission of the natural and original immortality of the soul. Even those to whom immortality is said to be given in Christ are said to have died as well as others, as "the dead in Christ," and "Abraham is dead and the prophets," and even Christ himself died. Does death here mean extinction of life, as in animals? Much has been made of the *second death* as a proof of annihilation; which is in itself contradictory and absurd. If the first death be extinction of life, there *can* be no second; and if the second be extinction of life, it can be no death in comparison with the first. The second death is that which follows a second resurrection, and is the lake which burneth with fire and brimstone. "Death and hell were cast into the lake of fire. This is the second death." What can be more evident from these words than that the lake of fire is both death and hell! It is not said hell first and then death, but death and hell; and much less that there would be such a change of scene, as would be involved in extinction of being. Nor is this obvious signification affected by the next verse, "And whosoever was not found written in the book of life was cast into the lake of fire," since the life here is obviously opposed to death in the previous verse, and the lake of fire is the same. Again, "shall have their part in the lake which burneth with fire and brimstone: which is the second death." Would we know what the second death really is? It is the lake that burneth with fire and brimstone. No language could be more clear. "Unless born twice, men will die twice," Mr. White informs us; that is, if death be to men the extinction of life, they will be twice born out of nothingness, and twice return to nothingness again. "There will be a mighty difference," he says, "in the doom of those who knew not, and of those who knew their Lord's will." Yet if there be not this mighty difference in the death of animals, death to men and animals cannot be the same. There is not, therefore, according to his own showing, the same law in this respect to animal and to rational beings. "The ignorant good men among the heathen," it is added, "regenerate by the Spirit, but little instructed in truth, will be saved with all the good men who were born of the same Spirit under the full light of revelation." This is surely more than Mr. White knows, unless he has received a special revelation upon the subject. He who confidently affirms that men may be saved without faith in Christ and regenerated without the knowledge of inspired truth, is not much to be trusted as a faithful and judicious expositor of the written word.

A second word upon which the new theory rests is the Greek word *olethros*, translated in our version destruction, and which is used by Plato to signify *extinction*. We are not told that it is always used by Plato in this signification, or that it is ever used by him in the particular sense to which Mr. White endeavours to apply it. If it be intended to insinuate that Plato taught the annihilation of the wicked, it can serve only to mislead; since he speaks far more clearly of their everlasting punishment. This, however, is of little or no moment. We are not of Plato, but of Paul. In the second of Thessalonians i. 9, Paul says, "Who shall be punished with everlasting destruction from the presence of the Lord, and from the glory of his power." In this word "destruction" Mr. White maintains annihilation to be contained. "Destruction," he

says, "means destruction, and nothing else." Very true! but does it mean his idea of destruction, or our own? If destruction means annihilation, why should it be styled everlasting? Annihilation of necessity is final; as the same thing, once annihilated, can never exist again. Of that which has ceased to be, nothing can be predicated; nor of the nothingness that followed any more than of the nothingness that preceded the term of its existence. We ask again, then, whether *everlasting annihilation* be not unmeaning, contradictory, and absurd? It must either be affirmed of an existing or non-existing being. If of an existing being, he must ever exist, or something everlasting may be predicated of that which is temporary only. If of a non-existing being, something is predicated of nothing. To say that the effect of annihilation is everlasting or eternal is absurd, as it is a negation of all effect of which the affirmation is made. This may seem to be mere sophistry, but we maintain that in everlasting destruction and in everlasting punishment there must be some reality of which the everlasting is affirmed; that annihilation (which to the wicked is not *lasting* destruction or punishment), without the addition of the term everlasting, would alone have conveyed its whole meaning; and that the only proper interpretation that can be given to the phraseology employed is everlastingly being punished and destroyed. We observe further of the *everlasting destruction* in the passage under consideration, that there would have been no need to add "from the presence of the Lord and from the glory of his power" if it had been temporary only. *That* in relation to which it is everlasting destruction is everlasting; and a conscious banishment from it to everlasting is implied.

Let us look now at the term itself that is here used for destruction, and see whether annihilation is necessarily its Scripture meaning. In 1 Thess. v. 3, it is thus used by the same apostle to the same people: "When they shall say, Peace and safety; then sudden destruction cometh upon them, as travail upon a woman with child; and they shall not escape." Destruction is here opposed to peace and safety, and it is that from which there is no escape, annihilation would be a way of escape, and mark the emendation in the reading, "Sudden *annihilation* cometh upon them, as travail upon a woman with child." For, 1 Cor. v. 5, we read, "To deliver such a one unto Satan for the destruction of the flesh." Whatever the destruction of the flesh may mean here, it cannot be annihilation, unless we suppose that to be in the power of Satan. In 1 Tim. vi. 9 we read, "They that will be rich fall into temptation and a snare, and into many foolish and hurtful lusts, which drown men in destruction and perdition." This would mean drowned first in annihilation, and then in perdition. The apostle explains his own meaning to be, "pierced themselves through with many sorrows." These are all the instances in which the word *olethros* occurs in the Greek Testament. Is it not marvellous, then, that one who professes to give the ruling sense of Scripture words, and to place no reliance upon their exceptional use, should not find even an exceptional use for his own interpretation of one of his favourite terms?

Upon the Greek word *apollumi* still greater confidence is placed in support of the annihilation theory. Great authorities are quoted to show that when applied to the living it always signifies to destroy life; that is, of course, annihilation, for it is in defence of this alone that it is adduced. In relation to other objects we are told it has the sense of lose; when applied to men, of annihilation. An instance is given in a literal translation of 1 Cor. xv. 17, 18, "But if Christ has not been raised from the dead your faith is vain, ye are yet in your sins, and as a consequence, those who fell asleep in Christ were annihilated (*apolonto*)."

Let us see how the same apostle uses the same word elsewhere in the same epistle, according to our rule of adopting the sense of words in Scripture writings themselves in preference to their classic usage. In 1 Cor. i. 18 we read "The preaching of the cross is to them that perish foolishness; but unto us which are saved it is the power of God." This in both instances is a reference to men in this life. The one were then saved and the other were then perishing, but not being annihilated. We have the same word in 2 Cor. iv. 3, "But if our gospel be

hid, it is hid to them that are *annihilated*." 1 Cor. viii. 11, "Through thy knowledges shall thy weak brother perish (*be annihilated*), for whom Christ died?" 1 Cor. x. 9, 10, "Neither let us tempt Christ, as some of them also tempted, and were destroyed (*annihilated*) of serpents (*apolonto*). Neither murmur ye, as some of them also murmured, and were destroyed of the destroyer," annihilated, *apolonto*, by the annihilator. This last word is a derivative of the term previously considered. In Matt. iv. 38, we have the disciples waking their Master in the ship by saying, according to the *invariable rendering when applied to the life of man*, "Master, carest thou not that we are *annihilated*?" Matt. x. 6, "Go rather to the lost (*the annihilated*) sheep of the house of Israel." In Luke xv. 24, the Father, by the new translation is made to say of his restored prodigal, "This my son was dead, and is alive again, was *annihilated*, and is found." In all these instances we have strictly adhered to the rule of the object of the verb being living men. Whether therefore, in every such instance it has but one meaning, and that meaning is annihilation, judge ye. Supposing even it could be shown to have but the one meaning of annihilation, it says nothing of its being preceded by a long period of suffering, and, therefore, only half answers Mr. White's design. In proof of the immortality of the soul being the result of union to Christ, the well known words in 2 Tim. i. 10 are quoted, "Who hath abolished death, and hath brought life and immortality to light by the gospel." It is in reference to those who are saved by him that he hath abolished death, not death as an extinction of the present life and similar to that of animals, but death beyond this life whatever that may be; and hath brought life, the real life of man, that for which he was originally created, and immortality to light by the gospel. To bring to light immortality implies its prior existence, and to make manifest that which before was obscurely known.

We are next referred to the figures employed as illustrative of future punishment as chaff burned up with unquenchable fire, tares bound up in bundles to be burned, a stone grinding to powder, a tree cut down and cast into the fire. It is admitted that in these cases chaff as chaff is annihilated, and so of the tares and trees; but what evidence is there that this was the point of comparison intended? There was no design surely to teach that men were chaff, and tares, and trees, and that their end would be the same! The end of those substances answers neither to Mr. White's idea of the future condition of the wicked nor our own. These figures are obviously intended to show how easily God can avenge himself of his adversaries.

Upon John xii. 25, "He that loveth his life shall lose it; and he that hateth his life in this world shall keep it unto life eternal," we have this comment, that "The life which a man shall lose hereafter, if he save it on earth by avoiding martyrdom, is that natural life which he sought so to preserve. The life which he shall keep for life eternal is the life which he lost for Christ's sake here. That is his life as a *human being*." The Greek word here used for life does not necessarily mean natural life. It is used by our Lord, when almost immediately afterwards he says, "How is my *soul* troubled," and in Acts ii. 27, for "Thou wilt not leave my *soul* in hell." It is natural life which a man loses by martyrdom, but is it the same life that he gains by that loss? If he lose this life as a human being, how could he keep it unto life eternal? In the corresponding passage in Mark viii. 35, the antithesis is more complete, "Whosoever will save his life shall lose it; but whosoever shall lose his life for my sake and the gospel's, the same shall save it." The Greek word for *lost* here is that which we have been told always means, when its object is a living man, annihilation. The reading therefore should be, "whosoever shall *annihilate* his life for my sake and the gospel's, the same shall save it." To suppose life in this instance to be existence merely, is destructive of all gospel meaning and absurd. "He that loveth his *existence* shall lose it; and he that hateth his *existence* shall keep it unto existence eternal," is cold, dry, and barren theology. Besides, is it existence that man ought not to love, and existence he ought to hate for Christ's sake? Quite the reverse! The life here is obviously a life of ease and

pleasure ; which if made the chief end here, will be lost hereafter ; and which if abandoned here for the gospel's sake, will be gained hereafter.

These are the principal texts upon which Mr. White founds his theory of annihilation preceded by a season of protracted suffering ; how far they answer that purpose let others judge. They do not in our opinion affirm even the general principle, and much less define and substantiate his own particular scheme.

IV. Let us see now how those texts are dealt with that are considered to be most opposed to this theory.

Here we are again reminded of the many expressions of which we are informed the literal and obvious sense is "that wicked men shall all miserably *lose their lives in hell*." This phraseology is ambiguous, as it might mean lose their present lives in hell, or the life for which they were created and might have regained in Christ ; or lose their lives in hell as the woman lost her piece of silver and found it ; or lose their lives in hell by being utterly annihilated in both body and soul. This last we presume to be the meaning here, but it is evident here, and throughout his whole reasoning, that Mr. White has great difficulty in finding words and phrases both in and out of the Scriptures to convey his own particular ideas. He says indeed, "The expressions employed are precisely those which would be chosen if the doctrine here maintained were intended to be taught. There are no other words in which it could be taught." Now we ask whether if in so many words we had been told in Scripture that the punishment of the wicked was not eternal, that a period would come in which those sufferings would cease, that they would be followed by annihilation or utter unconsciousness of pleasure or pain ; such sentiments would not have been more clearly taught ? We ask for one plain declaration to be produced from the whole Scriptures of annihilation succeeding a long period of suffering to the wicked hereafter ; and we ask in vain. What becomes of the assertion then, that "there are no other words in which it could be taught" ? Yet the question is concluded to be so plainly and incontrovertibly settled by the expressions that are employed, that all other passages that do not accord with their meaning are to be regarded as exceptional, "not correctly reported by the writers or copyists, but are examples of *verbal imperfections*." It is a matter for some congratulation that there is no necessity for suggesting such an alternative on the other side.

In dealing with texts in favour of the new theory, and with texts in opposition to it, we find different rules employed by Mr. White. The rule for the interpretation of the former texts was "the literal sense of the main current of expressions," and here repeated as "the plain grammatical sense of the general current of Scripture language." Now that we have come to texts in opposition, the rule is "that each writer in the Bible is best explained by a careful consideration of *his own phraseology*." This is the rule by which we proceeded in examining the former passages, and which Mr. White proposes to apply specially to the three great texts for everlasting torments. The fallacy or sophistry concealed under this arrangement is, that having, as he supposes, shown from the literal meaning of words and their classic usage, that one class of texts teach annihilation ; the other class of texts that could not be dealt with so well upon this rule are to be interpreted on the principle that one part of Scripture is to be explained by another. The opposition texts, in fact, are to be interpreted by those which are deemed favourable, and not the favourable by those which are in opposition. The opposition texts are said to be much fewer, but they will be found, we think, to be far clearer and more decisive. Their testimony is not inferential but direct. It is admitted by Mr. White that, "considered apart from all other Scriptures, they are well fitted to bear the meaning put upon them by those who approach the Bible with a belief in man's natural immortality. Neither do I profess that here or elsewhere the Bible, in its many books, is all that I should have expected it to be." It is evident, therefore, that the Bible is not as a whole so entirely of Mr. White's sentiments as he could wish it to be. There is one remark we wish to make before proceeding to the

examination of the texts which are acknowledged powerfully to suggest everlasting torments, and that is that supposing such an idea to be derogatory to the justice and goodness of the Creator, why should there have been the least intimation of it in the Scriptures? and why should we not have been cautioned against ever entertaining such a thought? It is not to be supposed that Mr. White is more jealous of God's honour than God himself is. It would, without doubt, have been clearly enough so stated in Scripture if eternal punishment were not true, and certainly we should not have had such declarations upon the subject as we have now to consider.

The first of these is in Matt. xxv. 46: "These shall go away into everlasting punishment: but the righteous into life eternal." The same word is here used in the original, both for everlasting and eternal. The same eternity is affirmed of the punishment of the wicked as of the life of the righteous. They are the words of Christ, and if it were not so, he would have told us. There is no qualification in the one case, as there should have been if the eternities were not the same. If the word for eternal means temporary duration in the one proposition, it does so in the other; if real eternity in the one, it means real eternity in the other. It is in vain to say, "that which is eternal is not always everlasting," and so endeavour to discriminate between everlasting judging and the eternal effect of a judgment, since it would equally apply to the righteous and the wicked. It is in vain to speak of annihilation as part of eternal punishment, since it is no punishment to the tormented, and to speak of punishment extending beyond existence is absurd; and annihilation might just as much be eternal happiness to the righteous as eternal punishment to the wicked. It is in vain, too, to go back to other expressions in Matthew's writings which are supposed to be in opposition to this one. They are chiefly figurative, and amount not altogether to a single proposition like the one before us; and should, therefore, be interpreted by it, and, in fact, are in harmony with it.

The second text is in Mark ix. 44, 46, 48, where the same words occur thrice. "Where their worm dieth not, and the fire is not quenched." Here is something that dieth not, and something that is not quenched, and both spoken of in reference to the punishment of the wicked. Upon the supposition of annihilation after suffering, the "worm," whatever it might be, of the wicked must die, and the fire of their torment be quenched. We do not want to know what meaning such words might have in the writings of Isaiah, but what is the interpretation which Christ put upon them, and the impression they were calculated to produce in the minds of those to whom he addressed them? They are not certainly such words as he would have used if he had not intended to produce in them the fear of everlasting torments. "For every one shall be salted with fire," which immediately follows this declaration, Mr. White says, "perhaps signifies that the dead bodies of the wicked, *like that of Lot's wife*, will be preserved as an abiding memorial of their awful punishment in hell, but not necessarily for an absolute eternity." This is a comment upon Isaiah, "And they shall go forth and look upon the carcases of the transgressors." What next? It has the credit at least of keeping to the literal sense.

The remaining of the three principal texts in opposition is in Rev. xiv. 11, "The smoke of their torment ascendeth up for ever and ever." "The terms here used," it is acknowledged, "are those which are often used to signify endless duration." It is also affirmed that they are often used to signify "*long but limited duration*," and for this we are referred chiefly to the Old Testament. They evidently refer in every instance to the full duration of that to which they are applied. When applied to that which is necessarily limited, as to the Mosaic economy, they could have no other meaning. They signify always duration as far as possible, and as there is no impossibility in the eternal punishment of the wicked, they can have no other signification. The chief question, however, is—how is the same phrase used elsewhere in the same book? We adopt here Mr. White's own rule, "Each writer in the Bible is best explained by a careful consideration of his own phraseology." The same phrase occurs thirteen times in the

Book of the Revelation. In the first chapter, "I hath made us kings and priests unto God and his Father; to him be glory and dominion *for ever and ever*." And again, "I am he that liveth and was dead; and behold I am alive *for evermore*," the same phrase precisely in the Greek. Chap. iv.—"Give glory, and honour, and thanks to him that sat on the throne, who liveth *for ever and ever*;" and again, "Worship him that liveth *for ever and ever*." Chap. v.—"Blessing and honour, and glory, and power, be unto him that sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb for ever and ever;" and again, "Fell down and worshipped him that liveth *for ever and ever*." Chap. vii.—"Blessing, and glory, and wisdom, and thanksgiving, and honour, and power, and might, be unto our God *for ever and ever*." Chap. xi.—"He shall reign *for ever and ever*." Chap. xv.—"Golden vials full of the wrath of God, who liveth *for ever and ever*." Chap. xxii.—"The Lord God giveth them light: and they shall reign *for ever and ever*." Here this phrase is applied nine times to God or the Lamb, and once to the redeemed in heaven. In three other instances it occurs, and these are in reference to the punishment of the wicked. Chap. xiv.—"The smoke of their torment ascendeth up *for ever and ever*." Chap. xix.—"Her smoke rose up *for ever and ever*." Chap. xx.—"Shall be tormented day and night *for ever and ever*." There is not one instance in this book in which this phrase signifies a *long and limited* duration. There is not the slightest reason for concluding that it does not mean the same thing when applied to the wicked as to God and the redeemed. Surely we may say, "The expressions employed are precisely those which would be chosen if the doctrine here maintained were intended to be taught. There are no other words in which it could be taught." We challenge our opponents to give us anything like such plain Scripture testimony on the other side. Nay, we challenge them to show us how the eternity of future punishment could have been more clearly expressed in the Greek language than it has been in the New Testament.

An attempt, however, is made to gainsay it, upon the same principle of interpretation but differently applied. "The Apocalypse," it is said, "like all other books is best interpreted by itself;" and then, instead of explaining the terms in dispute by their use in other parts of the same book, recourse is had to other references in the book to the same subject, as "being excluded from the tree of life" "losing the crown of life," "being blotted out from the book of life," and "the second death;" all of which may be expounded in harmony with the "for ever and ever," as much, and as we think more, than in opposition to it. The second death, we have before shown, precludes the idea of annihilation; even upon the rule here laid down, "that there cannot be a second of anything unless it be at least of the same kind and genus as the first." There cannot be two annihilations of the same thing; and if the second only be annihilation, it cannot be of the same kind and genus as the first. Suffering and annihilation cannot be different species under the same genus; since nothing in common can be predicated of them. "Death and hell being cast into the lake of fire," implies their continued existence and not their extinction. "There shall be no more death," which Mr. White applies to the wicked, is applied in Scripture to the righteous only. It does not follow that because judgments against the enemies of the church are begun on earth that they end here. "The smoke of their torment ascending for ever and ever," is designed to show that it does not end here, and is in fact without end. All allusions to the "for ever and ever" out of this book cannot be admitted as witnesses against those which are contained in it.

It is not needful to review the supposed advantages that would result from the general adoption of Mr. White's opinions. We can judge of them better when we see them. *Intellectually* we have no fear of the old truths being eclipsed by the new. Much has been said about "men thinking for themselves," as though those who think differently from others thought more than those who think in harmony with them. Notoriety may be more easily acquired by thinking differently from others; but it is seldom solid and abiding.

Experimentally we should anticipate no improvement from the proposed doctrinal changes. We question much whether they would ever produce a more stalwart, noble, manly race of Christians than the old doctrines have done. We should prefer those experimental views of both the law and the gospel that acknowledge the justice of eternal punishment, and the grace of deliverance from it, to those which refuse to acknowledge such justice and such grace. As creatures already guilty and condemned, we are not impartial judges upon our own case, and have rather to learn what is the judgment of God than of our own reason upon it. It is impossible, we think, for one truly enlightened to see any limits to the justice or the grace. *Practically*, too, we look with suspicion upon the benefits that are confidently anticipated from the prevalence of the new views. The evils that have risen from the received doctrines, and the beauties and glories that will be revealed both in the church and the world, the instant these mists have been removed and scattered to the winds, are glowingly described; but at present, to say the least, they are imaginary only. Thousands and millions have been saved, and the saved have found no hindrance to their faith, and hope, and love, and joy, in the preaching of the old doctrines, and it has yet to be seen what better can be done by the new. If there be a complete revolution of the church for the better near at hand, which we earnestly hope there may be, it will not come, we feel assured, from the wisdom of men, but by the power of God.

I. O. U.

OUR readers are aware that initials are commonly used to express honorary degrees, such as D.D. for Doctor of Divinity, M.A. for Master of Arts, etc., etc., and in commercial and monetary transactions I. O. U. is put for *I owe you*, as a brief kind of promissory note, acknowledging an obligation to pay the sum specified to the holder, and as it is proverbial that creditors have better memories than debtors, who are too apt to forget their I. O. U.'s, it may not be amiss to stir up the memories of Christians to their peculiar obligations.

To begin with the great creditor; who can say how much *we owe to God*? Sin is a debt, hence our Lord puts this petition in our mouths, "Forgive us our debts, as we forgive our debtors;" what figures, then, can represent the amount involved in this I. O. U.? sins of thought and word and deed. Well, if we cannot pay this debt, we must not repudiate it, but confess it, as the psalmist did, saying, "Mine iniquities are gone over mine head; as an heavy burden they are too heavy for me." "Mine iniquities have taken hold upon me, they are more than the hairs of mine head, therefore my heart faileth me." "I acknowledge my transgression, and my sin is even before me." And whether our I. O. U. acknowledges fifty or five hundred pence, we "*have nothing to pay.*" But here is the blessed consolation for the poor debtor. A surety is provided, Jesus has given to his Father an I. O. U. for the sinner's debt, and has not only thus become answerable, but has actually paid the debt, fully discharged the I. O. U., and set the penitent believing debtor free; who, although a ruined penniless bankrupt, who could only sue *in formâ pauperis*, yet leaves the court as free as the birds of the air, for "the blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin!" and the Judge himself, addressing the poor debtor, says, "I have blotted out as a thick cloud thy transgressions, and as a cloud thy sins, for I have redeemed thee."

Not only with regard to our *sins*, but to our *mercies*, does it become us to acknowledge our obligations with an I. O. U., and how immense this debt of love! Well may we exclaim with the psalmist, "My mouth shall shew forth thy righteousness, and thy salvation all the day, for I know not the numbers thereof;" or, as in another place, "How precious are thy thoughts unto me,

O God! how great is the sum of them." Say, gentle reader, did you not give him an I. O. U. when he sweetly whispered, "I am thy salvation"? You remember how you leaped as a hart, for joy, when you left your burden at the cross, and there vowed to give yourself, your all, to him who gave himself for you!

And have you not put another and another I. O. U. on the file for every subsequent blessing? every comfort under bereavement and trouble—every succour in the hour of temptation—every answer to prayer—and every whisper of the love which is stronger than death?

Further, brother in the Lord, your very profession presupposes that you have not only given an I. O. U. to Christ, but to *the brethren*. Think how much you owe to them, as "members one of another." You owe them sympathy, —practical sympathy, for as in the natural body, if one member suffer, all suffer with it, so in the mystical body of Christ. Is a brother sick? you owe him a visit. Is he poor? you owe him of your substance. Is he in sorrow or distress? you owe him the soothing accents of sympathising love and Christian counsel. And oh! the blessedness of being honest to this I. O. U. by discharging this obligation: "It is better to go to the house of mourning, than to the house of feasting." Covetous, selfish professors (alas! how many) lose all this luxury of doing good while here, and will incur the "wrath of the Lamb" in that great day when he will say, "I was sick, and ye visited me not," etc. The I. O. U. unpaid will consign all such to their well-merited doom. Another obligation involved in these significant initials, is *the duty of forgiveness towards an offending brother*. To an unforgiving Christian, if such there be, how sharp the rebuke of our Lord in the parable, "O thou wicked servant, I forgave thee all thy debt, shouldest thou not also have had compassion on thy fellow servant, even as I had pity on thee?" True, this seems often a hard saying, for "A brother offended is harder to be won than a strong city; and their contentions are like the bars of a castle."

The writer of this article has in the course of his lengthened ministry, been appointed at various times with other arbitrators to endeavour to heal both church and individual quarrels, but his experience is sadly discouraging to all such attempts; we have too often not only utterly failed, but in some cases left the breach wider from attempts to heal it, reminding us of the painful truth in the lines written after such an unavailing attempt—

"How vain that toil a prosperous issue finds
Which seeks to reconcile divided minds!
A thousand scruples rise at passion's touch;
This yields too little, and that asks too much;
Each wishes each, with others eyes to see,
And many sinners can't make two agree;
What mediation then, the Saviour show'd,
Who singly reconciled us all to God!"

Yet there remains another I. O. U.—our obligation to "*a world lying in wickedness*." Saved ourselves by sovereign grace, can we see others "perishing for lack of knowledge?" Good men in every age have felt this obligation. Thus David: "Rivers of waters run down mine eyes, because men keep not thy law."

Thus Paul: "I could wish myself accursed from Christ for my brethren, my kinsmen, according to the flesh," and with a wider and more ample charity, we hear him acknowledging, "I am a debtor both to the Greeks and the Barbarians, both to the wise and the unwise. So much as in me, I am ready to preach the gospel to you that are at Rome also." But above all, how Christ himself wept over sinners! "O Jerusalem, Jerusalem, thou that killest the prophets, and stonest them which are sent unto thee, how often would I have gathered thy children together, even as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings, and ye would not!" O Christian brethren, you see that prophets and apostles felt how much they confessed they owed to the ungodly around them; and how

Jesus wept over the city of his murderers! yea, more, how he died to save them, and shall our tears be dry, our hearts cold, and our purses closed against the claims of the myriads that are gone astray, and are wandering to perdition?

In conclusion, brethren, having been reminded of your obligations to God, to the church and the world, say not, "who is sufficient for these things?" your sufficiency is of God. May we have grace, therefore, henceforth to say—

"All that I am, and all I have
Shall be for ever thine;
Whate'er my duty bids me give,
My cheerful hands resign.
Yet, if I might make some reserve,
And duty did not call,
I love my God with zeal so great,
That I should give him all."

CORNELIUS ELVEN, Bury St. Edmunds.

Reviews.

The Cottage Farmer, showing how he crops his land and keeps his cows and pigs. By SAMUEL VALLIS, C.M.; with a preface by Professor THOROLD ROGERS. One Shilling. W. Kent and Co.

THIS little useful handbook is the production of a National School-master, who has worked out into actual practice the theory that to an industrious peasantry very small farms would become eminently productive. Five acres of land, if in every case they could be worked as Mr. Vallis treated his own plot, would maintain an agricultural labourer and family in comfort, and the effect of such holding would be to avert the deepening degradation which the present system is inflicting upon the rural population. We are bound however, to express our fear that only men as sensible and industrious as Mr. Vallis could manage as he did: and till our labourers are better educated, no projects of small farms or any other philanthropic proposal will greatly benefit them.

The Psalms: their Teachings, History, and Use. By WILLIAM BINNIE, D.D. Nelson & Sons, Paternoster Row.

A most useful introduction to the study of the Psalms. Our glimpse at this volume has sufficed to show us that it possesses great value, but when we have given it a more thorough reading we shall hope to write more at length.

Resting-Places; a Manual of Christian doctrine, duty, and devotion, for private and family use. By JAMES S. POLLACK, M.A. Masters, New Bond Street.

The Daily Prayer-Book, for the use of families. By various contributors, edited by JOHN STOUTGTON, D.D. Hodder and Stoughton, 27, Paternoster Row.

Two prayer-books, the first tractarian, the second congregational: we recommend neither. It has been said in reference to family prayer that it is better to go on crutches than not at all, but our own belief is that the crutches create the lameness which they are supposed to remedy. We have no sympathy with forms of prayer in households any more than in congregations. If timid believers strongly felt it to be their duty to pray in their families, they would ere long gird themselves to do so, and the Lord would graciously assist them; but as it is, these prayer-books come in as an arm of flesh upon which they lean instead of crying to the strong for strength. "We know not," says Paul, "what we should pray for as we ought," that is to say, the apostles knew not what to pray for unless as taught of the Holy Spirit from time to time, but nowadays it seems that our ministers not only know what to pray for on their own account, but also what others should pray for, during the next seven weeks.

The Bible Atlas. Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge.

By far the best Bible Atlas that we have seen as yet. The price is too high, and we think could be reduced one third with advantage, as it must have but a very limited sale at its present high charge. It is, however, an invaluable book, and with its very complete index of all the geographical names mentioned in the Bible, it will be most useful to every student of the Scriptures. We wonder that no one has yet marked the old Roman roads along which the traffic of the world passed, and of which the apostles availed themselves in their preaching excursions. This would greatly help to account for their visits to certain places, and throw light on many points. We would suggest that plans of other cities besides Jerusalem would add interest to a work of this sort, without greatly increasing the cost. A good map of the apostle Paul's travels is contained in this excellent atlas, and the whole work is characterised by the best taste and most perfect scholarship. The printing and binding are specimens of first class order, and we wish the book a wide circulation.

A Spiritual and most Precious Pearl, teaching all men to love and embrace the cross as a most sweet and necessary thing unto the soul. By OTTO WERMULLERUS, translated into English by MILES COVERDALE. William Tegg.

We have long known and valued this most precious pearl, and are glad to see it sent forth to the world in a worthy setting. Here is deep experience such as those who have done business on the great waters of tribulation will prize. We were never so in love with the cross as we are now, our heart rejoices in the blessings of our late affliction, and we are the better able to set to our seal that the witness of this ancient reformer is true; the cross is a most sweet and necessary thing to the soul when embraced with submission and love.

Ancient Maxims for Modern Times. By the Rev. HUGH STOWELL BROWN. Elliot Stock, 62, Paternoster Row.

ANNOX on the Proverbs of Solomon will always be a standard book, and this work containing nine addresses of one of our

ablest modern preachers, will rank with it. No words of ours are needed to commend it. "Because the preacher was wise, he still taught the people knowledge" is our opinion of the book, and our friend its author. It is a comfort to read such excellent matter, printed in so clear a type, on toned paper, with the best modern taste displayed in the finish of the volume.

The Beauty of the Great King. By W. POOLE BALFERN. James Clarke, 13, Fleet Street.

Our friend Balfern always sweetens every subject with a godly spirit, and we can, in consequence, enjoy all these poems, so different in subject and style, so varied in thought and power. As a volume of poems it is above the average. Some of them rise to the first rank, while others we like rather for the author's sake than their own. As a whole we strongly commend this book to the attention of our readers. No child of God can read it without pleasure and profit. It has been written in the furnace, and will comfort such as are in it. The author has seen some of "The Beauty of the Great King," and has well uttered the joy of that great sight. We hope that many will have equal delight with ourselves as they read this book.

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. In 2 vols. London: Hodder & Stoughton.

As in the museum we have cases of specimens, so in these two noble volumes we have a cabinet collection, illustrative of the various styles of preachers. Splendid sermons are generally miserably devoid of practical result, and pulpit masterpieces are usually pulpit sins, but the discourses here embalmed were many of them, in their day potent for good, and it is well that the rising race of ministers should be acquainted with them. The selection appears to have been judiciously made, and the historical introductions, though meagre, are sufficient.

Holiday with the Fishermen of the North Sea. By M. W. DUNN. S. W. Partridge and Co.

SOME months ago we inserted in the "Sword and the Trowel" a brief account of this visit of two of our Tabernacle friends to the North Sea Fishery Fleet. A very gracious work was then carried on among the brave fishers, and this pretty little book is a fit memorial of it. Our worthy brother, Mr. Dunn, has adorned his pages with many gems from the poets, and other apt quotations, and considering the slender materials afforded by a fortnight's sail, he has succeeded to admiration in producing a very readable and spirit-stirring narrative. It is our joy and crown that our church members are ready for every good word and work. Feeble in health as our friend is, the rough tossing of the German Ocean did not keep him back when he saw the finger of duty beckoning him to spend his holiday among the waves.

"Daybreak in Italy." By EMMA LESLIE. Partridge and Co.

A RELIGIOUS story, the fabric of which consists of the woof of history and the warp of biography. The history embraces the period of the Reformation in Italy in the sixteenth century, and the biographical sketches are of those heroic men who were bold enough to defy the power of the Pope in contending for the "Faith once delivered to the Saints." The weaving is very well executed, and the book is sufficiently interesting to attract readers who would be weary of a volume of ecclesiastical history.

The Function of the Four Gospels viewed in connection with recent criticism. A Lecture delivered in the Theological College, of the Presbyterian Church in England. By PETER LORIMER, D.D. Nisbet and Co.

A LEARNED pamphlet, which besides its own intrinsic value is heart-cheering, because it shows that all the learning of the age has not gone over to the infidel camp. Glorving as the modern school does in their intellect, it does them good to be shown every now and then that wisdom will not die with them.

The Works and the Word of God. Illustrations of the Nineteenth Psalm. By Rev. J. WILBERFORCE RICHARDSON. John Snow and Co., Ivy Lane.

WE are greatly interested in everything relating to the Psalms, and are glad to see so many divines turning their attention to separate portions of that matchless collection of sacred poetry. The discourses of this volume are full of gospel truth, and are fairly entitled to be called illustrations of the Psalms. The work is not an exposition or verbal commentary, but it is an excellent practical use of the text, and we place it in our library, considering it to be a valuable contribution to homiletical literature. We hope the author will try his hand at another of the sacred odes, and especially another of the less commonly expounded of them.

The Three Cæsars. Sketches by TIMON. Norton, Temple, & Co., 381, City Road, N.

RUBBISH in rhyme, without any reason.

Memoranda.

OWING to the unavoidable length of the article upon the punishment of the wicked, we are obliged to omit many other papers and most of the notices sent us.

We have not spoken upon the Education Bill, because we see no course proposed of which we approve, and have none of our own to suggest. The matter can only appear easy to those who have not carefully considered it.

We trust that Mr. Rogers' reply to Mr. Edward White will be pondered by all our readers, and largely circulated by them

in the separate form in which we have published it for one penny. Mr. White, in his very generous dedication of his letters, hints that we were over zealous in condemning his views, when only one of his papers had appeared, but he might have reflected that we knew his views well enough long ago, and had no need to read his latest edition in order to form a judgment. He is not a man given to change: he has so long made up his mind, that what he may write in a letter upon his favourite subject may be predicted with tolerable certainty.

We are sorry to feel that Mr. White is not so candid as he should be, when he charges us with saying that *destruction signifies living for ever in misery*, for we never either thought or said so. He knows, or ought to know, that according to the generally received view, "destruction" relates only to the *misery*, not to the *immortality*. It is such destruction as an undying soul is capable of. If the word destruction had in itself any allusion to time or eternity, there would have been no need for adjectives of duration to be added to it; hence the need for the phrase, "*everlasting destruction*." We never dreamed that destruction meant life; and Dr. Weymouth's letter in huge capitals is a refutation of what we never held for a moment. The Mill Hill mind seems great at fighting men of straw. We do not look upon the mere endless existence of souls either as a punishment or a reward; it pleased the Lord to make them immortal, and they are now such of necessity; their reward is not eternal existence, neither is their punishment eternal existence; unending existence is theirs as souls, be they bad or good. The reward of life in Christ Jesus never to our mind could be confounded with existence; it has a far higher, more spiritual and divine meaning; it is sacrilegious to pull it down to so grovelling a sense. The punishment of "*everlasting destruction*" is also to our apprehension a very different thing from utter annihilation; it is such a destruction as an everlasting thing is capable of. The continued existence of the wicked is not their punishment, their punishment lies in the wrath of God which has fallen upon them, as the natural effect of sin. To make men immortal at the first was a glorious act of creating power and goodness, and if men choose to make that immortality, rendered inevitable by their constitution, a curse to themselves, who shall bear the blame? On Mr. White's theory, God holds men, who have no proper immortality, in existence to make them miserable, upon ours he righteously permits sin to work out its own natural consequences upon creatures, whose immortality he originally gave to them to be their highest blessing if sin had not defiled them.

We have cheering news from Mr. Pegg, of Turk's Island, of whose trials and labours we hope to give some outline next month.

Mr. F. Pearce, of Darlington, has celebrated a most joyful anniversary. Our friend is abundantly prospering. Twenty have been added to the church, and £250 paid from the debt. Darlington needs and deserves the help of our northern friends.

They will find no better investment than helping this cause.

The friends worshipping at Upper Burgess Street Chapel, Great Grimsby, have opened a temporary Sunday-school and preaching station in Albert Terrace, Cleo. Pastor E. Lauderdale delivered a sermon, founded upon Psalm xc. 16. The following Sunday one hundred and five scholars were placed upon the register, making upwards of four hundred in regular attendance. A day-school was opened on Monday, March 14th. Who will help?

For some months past Mr. White, of the Metropolitan Tabernacle College, has been preaching in Shoreham, with a view of establishing a Baptist church in that town. On the 11th, Mr. J. Wilkins, of Brighton, delivered an admirable address on the nature of a gospel church; at the conclusion of which eighteen baptised believers united themselves in Christian fellowship, and partook of the Lord's Supper.

Mr. Frank Smith was on March 1st, publicly recognised as pastor of the church in Barnsbury Hall. Brethren Francis Tucker, George Rogers, C. Bailhache, C. Brake, C. Starling, and others, kindly aiding in the service.

The special services lately held by our brethren in London have been eminently fruitful. We hope to have a report of them, and also of the College conference, in our May number.

For the present we have no more vacancies for Orphans; our numbers being complete until the new infirmary can be erected. We hope to hold a Bazaar on June 19th, and as we much need funds for the infirmary, we ask our friends everywhere to help us.

A church was formed at Whitstable March 14th, under the care of Mr. J. L. Keys.

Burnham, Somersetshire. The recognition services in connection with the settlement of our friend Mr. William Wiggins, as pastor of the Baptist church, Burnham, were held March 6th and 7th. Our beloved principal, Mr. George Rogers, as usual on such occasions being the presiding genius. Pastors Robert Lewis, of Weston; J. Wilshire, of Taunton; T. Davis, of Cheddar; and other brethren, showed their fraternal spirit by joining in the proceedings.

We find ourselves unable from want of space to insert an article upon the Colportage Society. This is one of the most useful of our works, but it is the worst supported. At this moment assistance would be very seasonable, for it is greatly needed.

Baptisms at Metropolitan Tabernacle by Mr. J. A. Spurgeon:—February 28th, sixteen; March 17th, twenty-two.

Dr.

For the Year 1869.

Cr.

The foregoing Account has been examined by us with the Vouchers, and found correct, leaving a Balance in hand of Eighteen Pounds One Shilling.

ROBERT ROWTON, }
WILLIAM PAYNE. } *Auditors.*

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

Statement of Receipts from February 19th, 1870, to March 19th, 1870.

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Mrs. Sedcole, Collecting Box	0	9	1	John Ploughman, Willingham	0	5	0
H. A.	0	5	0	Banbridge	0	5	0
A Mite from J.	0	2	6	Bequest of the late William Wray ...	3	0	0
A Wellwisher	2	0	0	Mrs. Watt	0	2	6
Miss Helen Best	1	0	0	Mr. Infry	0	1	0
Mr. J. Campbell	1	5	0	V. W., Sunderland	1	0	0
A Friend, per Mr. J. Campbell	0	7	6	Miss Meeking, Collecting Box	0	7	1
" " " " " " " " " " " "	0	5	0	A Friend, Castlehold Chapel	2	0	0
Mr. Feltham	1	0	0	W. T., Worcester	0	5	0
An Invalid	1	0	0	A Thankoffering, J. L.	1	0	0
N. and Wife	0	10	0	A Friend, per Rev. W. C. Bunning ...	0	10	0
Mr. Seiwright	0	10	0	A. A. Pirie	1	0	0
Mrs. Gwillim	0	10	0	Mr. J. Balls	3	0	0
Thornhill	0	2	7	A Friend	2	0	0
Mr. H. Fuller	1	0	0	Honor	0	10	0
Mrs. Goddard	2	0	0	Captain and Mrs. B.	5	0	0
A Friend	0	13	0	K. S. M.	0	5	0
Mattie and Lottie	0	2	0	Mr. E. Hunt	2	2	0
Mrs. Holroyd, per Rev. E. Blewitt ...	1	0	0	Mr. J. Grant	5	5	0
Mrs. Brookie	0	10	0	Mrs. Stevenson	1	0	0
Mr. G. Goldston	1	1	0	Collecting Box	0	5	7
A Wellwisher	1	13	4	A Thankoffering from the Misses			
The Misses Dransfield	2	2	0	Dransfield	5	5	0
Collected by Miss Jeph's	1	5	6	A Thankoffering from Miss Annie			
John xvii. 20, 21	7	0	0	Dransfield	1	1	0
Mr. Bickle	2	0	0	Proceeds of Annual Tea Meeting ...	145	5	6
Mr. W. Casson	1	0	0	Collection at Chelsea, per Rev. F. White	5	0	3
Mrs. Evans	0	10	0	Weekly Offerings at Tabernacle, Feb. 20	33	5	8
Mr. T. Webster	1	0	0	" " " " Mar. 6	33	5	8
A Friend	1	0	0	" " " " " 13	31	8	5
S. B.	1	0	0				
Mr. Fuller, Collecting Box	0	11	7				
Miss Walker	0	15	0				
Mr. H. Thompson	10	0	0				
Mrs. Bartlett's Class	50	0	0				
					£415	12	3

Statement of Receipts from February 19th, 1870, to March 19th, 1870.

[illegible]

		£	s.	d.			£	s.	d.
<i>Subscriptions—</i>									
North Wilts District, per W. B. Wearing,					Mr. Goddard	1 0 0
Esq.	5	0	0	C. J.	0 6 0
Mrs. Glanville	0	5	0	Mr. Davison	0 2 0
S. P.	0	10	6	A Friend	5 0 0
<i>Donations—</i>					Wellwisher	1 13 4
Mr. G. Payne	0	2	6	A Friend	1 0 0
Mr. G. Oldham	0	1	0					
Miss Dietrall	0	2	6					
S. B.	1	0	0					
					£16 2 10				

Mrs. W. J. Orsman's Mission to the Costermongers and Ragged School, Golden Lane, F.C.—O. H., £2 10s.; Capt. Mrs. L., £1; Harry, 12s.; Mrs. Bell, £5; The Misses Johnson, £1; H. Sniale, 5s.; C. Layton, £1; Mr. Goddard, £1; M. S. Glass and Friends, £1 10s.; E. Booth, £1; E. J. Emery, 5s.; H. J. Smith, £1; E. Sully, Esq., £3; M. Tutton, £1; Rev. G. H. Rouse, £1; Parcels from Mrs. Doggett, Mrs. Gostling, Miss Marsh, and T. B. Smithies, Esq.

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.

Clapham
Mar. 1/70

Dear Friend,

The growing needs of the "Stockwell Orphanage", & especially the necessity for an Infirmary lead me to ask the help of all my friends. As we have no paid collector, & have no regular subscribers we have, after laying the case before God in prayer, felt it right to send out some few letters, in the hope of meeting with a kind response from God's people. Our system saves the poor widows all the expense of canvassing for votes, & secures the election of the most distressing cases;

but of course it deprives
us of those amounts which
in other cases are paid into
Orphanages to purchase votes
This we think gives us all
the more claim upon those
who wish to see their charitable
gifts well expended We
should be glad if friends
would often think of the
Institution both in their
prayers, & in their gifts

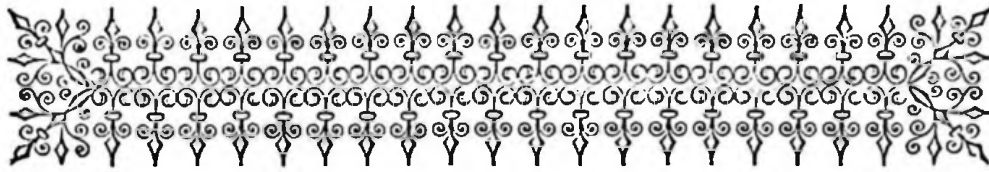
I write to you just now
because we purpose to hold
a bazaar during the week
commencing the 19th of June
& I am most anxious to
enlist your active exertions
on its behalf We have

laboured to avoid the evils
too generally connected with
bazaars, and, as we believe,
have succeeded. They appear
to me, when rightly conducted,
to give opportunities to many
to contribute who otherwise
could not do so. If you
feel you can aid me I
shall be very glad to
have a note to that effect.
Much or little will be very
gratefully received, & all
will be devoted to those
who are peculiarly cast upon
"the Fatherhood of God".

Yours very truly

C. H. Spurgeon
Tower

Articles of provision are
always welcome, as also
firing, domestic utensils,
& all other articles usually
wanted in large families.
Traders wholesale & retail
might often serve the
cause of the Orphan if
they would send presents
in kind to the Institution.



THE
SWORD AND THE TROWEL.

MAY 1, 1870.

Concerning Colportage.

A PAPER READ BEFORE THE COLLEGE CONFERENCE, APRIL, 1870, BY
PASTOR W. H. J. PAGE, OF CALNE.

THE paper which I have the honour of submitting to you, is necessarily of a simple and practical character. Its aim is twofold, namely, to commend the agency of which it treats, and then to urge its adoption. The information upon which it is founded has been gathered from the printed reports of the Association, which has its home at the Tabernacle; from correspondence with the esteemed secretary, and from personal intercourse with the two agents employed in Wiltshire. From these sources, I think it may be shown, that the revival of an agency which has been used with great success at various periods ever since the days of Wickliffe, has many claims upon our attention at the present time.

I. *The primary aim of Colportage work is the diffusion of Christian literature.* This it accomplishes by the sale of books and periodicals, and by the free distribution of tracts. By these it is sought to spread the knowledge of divine truth, and to make "wise unto salvation" the spiritually ignorant. It is also sought to supplant the innumerable publications of an injurious character, now so widely circulated; substituting for them those which will tend to the real edification of the people. How necessary this is, will be obvious to all who are acquainted with the immense issues of works whose direct tendency is to pervert the mind, and to debase the heart. All forms of error are propagated by the press, and no small measure of activity is shown by those who thus seek to obscure or to destroy the truths of revelation. Infidel literature.

abounds, proclaiming to the world the thoughts of the heart that in its folly has said, 'No God.' Every vagary of those who depart from the faith can in these days of latitudinarianism find ventilation in the columns of a professedly Christian press. Every phase of Puseyite and Roman Catholic teaching has its exponent, not only in goodly volumes for the rich, but in papers for the busy, pamphlets for the poor, and tracts for everybody. As to productions of an immoral nature, their name is legion, varying from the weekly newspaper, which in many cottages furnishes the only reading for the family, with its records of crime, down to the popular class of fiction, with its descriptions of the vilest corruptions of society. On all sides are found pens of ready writers pandering to the worst passions of depraved hearts. The results are such as may be expected. One testimony will suffice. It is that of the Newgate chaplain, who in his last report, traces one-third of the crime under his notice to the perusal of modern, low, sensational literature. It is said, that when Protestantism in Bohemia was destroyed by the sword, "Every Bohemian book was condemned as presumptively heretical. Such works as were saved from the flames, were shut up in monasteries, in secure rooms guarded by iron grates, doors, locks, bolts, and chains, and often inscribed with the warning title '*Hell*.'" Not in the spirit of ignorant bigotry, but in simple fidelity we must declare, that such productions as we have described are among the chief instruments of Satan, and factors of death.

Of late years much has been done to provide a purer class of general literature, as well as distinctively religious works. There is now no deficiency of useful and readable books, at prices which bring them within the reach of all. But multitudes are still without them. In the recent debate on Education in the House of Commons, it was stated by Mr. Mundella, that he had questioned hundreds of women who had never read a book, and knew nothing of the "Pilgrim's Progress," or of "Robinson Crusoe." Many in our country districts have few opportunities for purchasing books; *they* are seldom exposed to a temptation which has often been too strong for students and ministers. Such books as are procurable are generally of a questionable kind, and where increased education has excited a thirst for reading, it is not surprising that it should satisfy itself with whatever comes in its way. It has been said that "the church has taught the people to read, and left the devil to find the books." However far this has been true, it should be so no longer. Now that the state is entering more fully upon the work of teaching, the church must prepare to meet the growing demand for books, and make it possible for all to possess them. The Colporteur is indispensable for this.

What may be accomplished in this work will appear from the statistics of the Tabernacle Association. During 1869, the sales effected by the ten agents employed, amounted in number to 77,714, and in value to £1,211 10s. 6d. Of these, Bibles, Testaments, Portions of Scripture, and Bible Parts numbered 4,884; Hymn Books, 1,530; Mr. Spurgeon's Sermons and Works, 12,144; Temperance Magazines, 7,551; Children's Magazines, 17,222; while the remainder consisted of Educational, Sunday School, and Miscellaneous Literature. The fact that so many

copies of the Holy Scriptures have been sold, where in many cases none were before possessed, is itself a sufficient plea for the work. The small editions and portions that could be carried about and read during the day have been greatly valued. And we who know what hearty welcome the sermons of the Metropolitan Tabernacle Pulpit receive in the homes of the people, cannot but rejoice that so many are scattered abroad. I have met with numerous cases, during the past year, in which these sermons have been read and re-read, and neighbours called in to hear them read yet again. Nor can we estimate their value in villages, where the ordinary sermons are of the sort recently reported to me, as teaching that every one ought to hear the ordained clergy, even though men of wicked lives, because Christ himself went to the temple to learn from the Jewish doctors. Many interesting cases of conversion, through the books that have been sold, have appeared in the published reports, and there can be no doubt that moral and elevating influences are set in motion even where a work of grace is not begun. As to the awakening of intelligence there can be no question, for it is remarkable that the supply of good books has in all the districts created a demand for them. In those districts which have been most thoroughly worked, a thoughtful and reading spirit is awakened, and the sales steadily increase. There is no fear of the work ceasing in any district through its becoming overstocked. A fact parallel to the one of which we are often uncomfortably conscious as we survey our own library shelves.

II. *But Colportage work, as carried on by this Association, includes much more than mere bookselling; and some of its strongest claims arise from its character as a direct and most efficient evangelistic agency.* The secretary says, "The Colporteur, in addition to the above work, has constant opportunity of earnest witness for Christ, by word of mouth, and though no statistics can be given, yet we find that by the wayside, at the cottage door, in evening meetings, by the bed-side, on the market, and in fact, in all sorts of places, and to all sorts of people, the word of God has been spoken and blessed. It is this meeting of the people in their everyday life by one of themselves, that constitutes the chief charm and power for good of Colportage effort." All that I have seen and heard confirms this statement. The sale of books is regarded not as a mere business transaction, but as an introduction to the people of one who seeks to converse with them on gospel themes. When tracts are offered, as is often the case, to those who cannot read, permission is asked to read them, and then to pray that they may be blessed. It frequently happens that where at first the Colporteur was rudely repulsed, succeeding visits effect an entire change, and he is received as a friend free to enter into conversation of the most personal kind. By some of the agents, preaching services are held, five, six, and even eight times a week, either in cottages or in the open air. The truth in its printed form exerts a gradual influence, and its results if slow, are nevertheless sure, while the messages of salvation as spoken to individuals, or proclaimed in the congregation, have been followed with speedy success. It is certain that many families have been blessed, and the membership of Christian churches increased through this form of Christian labour.

III. *Colportage work demands earnest attention on account of the*

sphere of its operations. It is adapted both to town and country, but is especially useful in the latter. The large districts with a scanty population, residing in villages and hamlets widely separated, present the chief difficulty in all our schemes of usefulness. This is conspicuous at the present time in educational matters, with regard to the establishment of village schools. It is also seen in church matters, in reference to the formation of village churches, and the sustentation of village pastors. And yet nowhere is Christian labour more needed. The moral darkness and corruption are, in many parts, almost as great as though the religious movement of the present century had had no existence. In others, sacerdotal and sacramentarian teachings have full and almost unchallenged sway. Our villages are in danger of remaining Pagan, or of becoming Popish. The various home missions have done a good work, but much more needs to be done, and much of it can only be accomplished by the agency of Colportage. The Colporteur can go where the evangelist, the Scripture reader, and the open-air preacher cannot go. It has come to my own knowledge that such visits are paid to villages where no Dissenter is allowed to live, and which are closed to every ordinary form of evangelistic effort. This agency is everywhere available, and baffles both the oppressing squire and the bigoted priest. Its unobtrusive nature prevents suspicion, and it may be carried on without encountering opposition. Of course, I refer to Colportage proper, *i.e.*, book hawking simply. The pack of books may be taken from house to house as freely as the pedlar's box of pins and laces. The additional labours of which I have spoken may provoke displeasure; for example: one of the men recently held cottage meetings in a village that has been notorious for wickedness, the clergyman at once denounced them, and declared that God would send some judgment upon those who attended them, but his prediction was of small avail, and the work was carried on despite his indignation.

What missionaries and Bible women are in the city Colporteurs are in the country. They are the advanced guard of the gospel army; the pioneers of the church; or they may be likened to the sappers and miners pursuing their work quietly and without observation, yet undermining the strongholds of ignorance and sin, and preparing the way for future victory. On the Continent where Christian churches are few and far between, Colporteurs are among the most necessary and useful of labourers, and that for reasons precisely similar to those which render their work so valuable in our country districts. In fulfilling our great commission we must adapt our agencies to all. We would win the masses for Christ, but we must labour even for individuals. Happy is he whose net encloses a multitude of fishes; but is he less happy who finds the one lost sheep in the wilderness? I am sure that He, so much of whose ministry was devoted to the villages of Galilee, will approve the endeavour to carry his gospel to the villages of England.

IV. It only remains that I should show *the practicability of this agency.* With regard to cost, it will compare favourably with all others, being in part self-supporting, and altogether involving a comparatively small outlay. The Association undertakes to send an agent to a district where friends on the spot guarantee an annual

payment of £30 towards the cost. That is to say, a large tract of country including perhaps fifty villages will be traversed every month, and hundreds of calls made from house to house, with all the various modes of usefulness to which I have before adverted, zealously carried on, and all this will cost the churches whose solemn duty it is to care for those around them the small sum I have mentioned. In most districts three or four churches would be found willing to contribute, and Christian friends in the villages would do their part, so that the amount required from each would be very small. I am aware that too often it is with considerable difficulty that funds are obtained equal to the demand for existing agencies, and brethren may hesitate to add to their number. But I think the difficulty is smaller in this case than in most. In many ways it will be found advantageous to secure the occasional presence of a Colporteur at week-evening services, and to afford him an opportunity to address the people. All contact with vigorous Christian life is profitable, and the faith, zeal, and self-denial of those engaged in this work may rebuke the slothful and stimulate all. And as thus the churches become acquainted with the men and their work, a personal interest will be excited which will elicit practical sympathy and aid. Assistance may also be obtained from Christians of all denominations who will more readily co-operate in this matter than in some others. For our Bible Translation Society, or for our Baptist Tract Society we cannot appeal to them, nor perhaps in some cases can we hope for aid, for that, in their eyes, alarming and revolutionary institution the Pastors' College; but for this we can freely plead, and we shall seldom do so in vain. Often, too, the County Association, as in Wilts, will be willing to make a grant from its funds towards this object. I know of no evangelistic work that can be supported at so small a cost, and of none for which that cost can be so easily obtained, if only the proper means be employed.

It may be well to add, that where it would not be possible to support a Colporteur, agents may be appointed for the sale of books, etc., which the Association will supply at a liberal discount. Many small tradesmen and others would doubtless be found ready to undertake this, and a useful work might be accomplished without any expense to the churches. A few words of explanation and commendation from ministers and others, would be all that is necessary to make such efforts known and successful.

It is with surprise and regret, that I find the Association has not met with that measure of support which it deserves; and that the present number of men employed by it is only ten. Surely the work cannot be well known, or it would be far more extensively adopted. Wherever it has been carried on, it is highly valued, and earnest desires are expressed for its extension. One district superintendent, an early and warm friend of the enterprise, writing to me, says, "I believe the Colportage agency is one of the very best ever set on foot, and I wish a thousand more agents could be started at once." Our beloved President, Mr. Spurgeon, says that "the effort is one of the most deserving in the whole range of Christian philanthropy, and blossoms with greater hopes of usefulness than any agency yet employed in the villages of our country." It is a pioneer work which ought to become national in its

extent, and even universal in its operations." Similar testimony might be quoted in abundance. But enough has been said to show the desirability of urging the matter upon the members of this Conference; and I trust you and others will so take up the work, that ere long there shall be no hamlet in our land excluded from its operations, and that a new and over-growing power will be exerted in the diffusion of gospel light, and in the defence of gospel truth.

Wonders of Grace in Madagascar.*

BY JOSEPH MULLENS, D.D.

NO sphere of missionary labour has been more strangely transformed by the gospel than the island of Madagascar. The course which that labour took, and the marvellous results which have followed it, far surpass anything of a similar kind, even in apostolic days. And if the story could be fully and worthily told, it would be found more thrilling in its incidents than the pages of a romance. In many respects Madagascar is a fitting scene for such a history. One of the noblest islands in the world, nine hundred miles in length and three hundred broad, its level coasts are enriched with the abundance of tropical life, while its central table-lands enjoy the milder climate, and are clothed with the varied products of the temperate zone. Beautiful to the eye are its vast forests, its chains of lofty hills, its smiling pastures and well-watered fields. Ages ago Arab and Persian merchants brought their long pattamars with their huge eyes into its harbours to traffic in slaves; and their sailors carried back, like Sinbad, marvellous legends about its wonderful plants, and its gigantic birds, with their huge talons and enormous eggs. Dimly known in Europe through the reports of Marco Paolo, stray vessels from the fleets of Vasco di Gama and of Albuquerque must have looked with interest on its lofty mountains and fertile valleys; and often in their visits to Johanna, must its riches have been heard of by the vessels of that English Trading Company which had already begun to grasp the crown of India.

Peopled chiefly by tribes of Malay and Polynesian origin, who probably reached the island at different epochs; and partly colonised by immigrants from the African coasts and by the mercantile classes of Arabia and Persia; traditional jealousies for ages kept its races separate, and often involved the land in war. Even throughout the last century the island was full of petty kingdoms, and the towering hills of Ankova, like the droogs of the Mysore, were crowned with fortresses, the capitals of independent kingdoms, whose mutual struggles hindered all progress, and kept the tribes in poverty and wretchedness. It was only fifty years ago that the genius of Radama, aided by a disciplined army, brought the whole island for the first time under the rule of the

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Hovas. In recent years the conquest was completed by that humane and kindly government of his son, which won all hearts.

Since their introduction to other nations, the Malagasy have shown themselves an intelligent, enterprising people, ingenious in their manufactures, careful in money matters, with a warm love of liberty, and ambitious of an honourable place in the world's history. Their morals are very defective, and their civilisation comparatively poor. Even in the present day no roads exist throughout the island; except the tracks worn by the feet of labourers, by the great herds of cattle, or by gangs of slaves.

The mission was founded in 1818, and from the first received the warm sympathy and support of the enlightened king who had invited its members to his capital. Before Radama died in 1828 it had supplied the people with excellent schools, the use of the printing press, and considerable knowledge of improved mechanical arts; and it had laid a broad and deep foundation for the enlightenment of the nation at large. During his reign also were sown those seeds of spiritual life and Christian principle which produced a strong native church, and were destined to secure a solid religious reformation of the entire country. At the time of Radama's death there were four thousand young people in the schools, many of whom belonged to noble families; Bible classes were established among them; and several individuals had been baptised.

Radama was succeeded by one of his queens, Ranavalona, who, to secure her power, waded through scenes of slaughter and cruelty of the most appalling kind. Unlike her husband, she had a most bigoted attachment to the ancient idolatries of the country; and as soon as she found herself firm upon the throne, she set her face against all change. For awhile she sanctioned the schools, believing them to be useful; and encouraged those improvements in the arts which stimulated industry; and, strangely enough, it was under her sanction that the missionaries printed the greater portion of those Malagasy Scriptures, which during dark days were to sustain the faith which the queen in bitter hatred was seeking to destroy.

Ere long the fact became apparent that the words of the English teaching were leading some of her people to doubt and to forsake the religion of their fathers. They were anxious to keep a day holy which the government did not recognise as such; to meet for worship as others did not; and to pray to the God of the missionaries, not to the old kings and gods of the country, whom all their companions revered. She proceeded cautiously in her resistance to these innovations, in which she was upheld by the priests and a strong party in the government. Before the end of 1831, the observance of baptism and of the Lord's-supper was forbidden, first to the soldiers, and then to the people at large. Before two years had passed, one and another of the missionaries was commanded to quit the country, till only two remained. In 1835 the increase in the number of Christian believers, and the deep dislike of the idolatrous party to all change, brought matters to a crisis. On the first of March a proclamation was issued forbidding the profession of Christianity, and commanding all Christians to confess their crime, or suffer death.

The first terror and agitation passed, the course to be adopted was promptly chosen. Multitudes of those who had attended worship and possessed Christian books, confessed their fault and submitted to the Queen; amongst them four hundred officers were deprived of their honours, and two thousand others were fined. From the first a large number of converts refused to submit, and resolved to die rather than deny the Saviour. By degrees they became known to each other; and, like the Covenanters and other persecuted saints, they met in forests, on the tops of mountains, or in lonely houses at the dead of night, to read the Scriptures and pray together, and to strengthen each other's faith. Their earliest gatherings gave them peculiar comfort, and were long remembered when many who had attended them were in exile or in chains. They found that they possessed seventy Bibles; a considerable number of copies of the New Testament and Psalms; and various Christian books. They had also eight copies of the "Pilgrim's Progress" in manuscript.

Great efforts were made by their persecutors to discover the leading Christians. It was hoped that with the departure of the last of the English missionaries the new faith would die out; and it was a great disappointment when the converts were found to be meeting still. In 1837 ten were apprehended and condemned to slavery. As under the Roman Empire, so now, the evidence of their crime was furnished by slaves, by idolatrous relatives, or by debtors who were anxious to escape their obligations. On the 14th of August the first martyr, Rasalama, a noble Christian woman, was speared. A year after, Rafaralahy, who had attended her to the last, and was a true helper of the scattered converts, followed her. Eighteen in all were speared on the spot where these martyrs suffered; and the calm courage they displayed, their perfect steadfastness, their joy in death, excited the amazement of the heathen crowds who saw them die. Of the character and sufferings of a most courageous woman, Rafaravavy, we cannot now speak. She was loaded with chains, and on two occasions narrowly escaped being put to death; she was sold into slavery, but made her escape, and eventually reached the Mauritius and came to England. Simeon and David, leaders among the Christians, also fled. Having money of their master's "their first concern was to draw up an accurate account of all sales and receipts, and to leave this paper with what remained of his property. The oppressor was astonished, and exclaimed: 'These would have made excellent servants, if they would but leave off their religion.'" Others fled with them, and the hairbreadth escapes which, during six months, were experienced by the little band of fugitives, were truly marvellous. During the first eight years of trial, seventeen were put to death; two hundred at least became fugitives; hundreds more were in chains or slavery. The wonderful fidelity of these young converts to their Master and to each other; their patience under great privation; their noble endurance, when submission would in a moment have brought comfort; called forth the gratitude and the admiration of Christians throughout the world. On only one point did they acknowledge that they were "much afflicted." Their Bibles were quite worn out!

In 1845 the persecutors were bitterly reminded that there was One

stronger than they. "He that sitteth in the heavens shall laugh; the Lord shall have them in derision." Under the influence of an eloquent preacher, Rainaka, the Christians in the capital, on three occasions, boldly assembled for worship; and in a short time a hundred converts were added to their number. Among them were Rakoto, the Queen's only son; also the favourite nephew of her co-persecutor, the Commander-in-Chief; and Ramonja, the prince's cousin, a son of the Queen's sister. Respecting the prince the Christians wrote: "He comes regularly with us into the woods on Sunday to pray and sing and read the Bible; he often takes some of us home with him to explain to him the word of truth: and he keeps his mother from doing us any harm." The prince was a very humane man, who objected strongly to the cruelties of the persecution; and for sixteen years on many occasions he stood between the converts and the penalties with which they were threatened. A very earnest spirit was poured out upon the Christians at this time. A hundred and fifty of them were teachers of small Bible classes of selected scholars; and great numbers visited the Christians who were in prison, to hear from them the word of God.

The persecutors were greatly enraged when they saw the failure of their efforts, and felt how close the new religion had come to themselves. A new effort, therefore, was resolved on. In February, 1849, nine Christians were consigned to prison, and a public assembly was called to hear the Queen's views: "I have deprived officers of their honour, have put some to death, reduced others to slavery, and you still persevere in practising this new religion. What is the reason why you will not renounce it?" With a marvellous boldness, two Christians stood up and replied, "We are restrained by reverence for God and his law." With all their earnestness, their deep spiritual enjoyment, and their strength of principle, there was no unhealthy enthusiasm, no ill-regulated zeal, which gave them an undue desire for a martyr's crown, or led them to fling away life by accusing themselves. They were bold and fearless when accused; but they were eminently calm and truthful in their testimony; and the solidity of their faith and joy in God not only amazed the multitude, but drew many to their side. "Do you pray to the sun, or the moon, or the earth?" asked the officer. "I do not pray to these," was the answer, "for the hand of God made them." "Do you pray to the twelve sacred mountains?" "I do not pray to them, for they are mountains." "Do you pray to the idols that render sacred the kings?" "I do not pray to them, for the hand of man made them." "Do you pray to the ancestors of the sovereigns?" "Kings and rulers are given by God, that we should serve and obey them, and render them homage. Nevertheless, they are only men like ourselves. When we pray, we pray to God alone."

The official enquiries made at this time, and the edicts pronounced, show emphatically that the Christian converts were a holy people; not a crime is even hinted at except the observance of the foreign religion. Their practices are constantly described in language like the following:—

"These are the things which shall not be done, saith the Queen. The saying to others, to believe and obey the gospel; the practice of baptism; the keeping of the Sabbath as a day of rest; the refusing to swear by one's father

or mother, or sister or brother; and the refusing to be sworn, with a stubbornness like that of bullocks, or stone, or wood; the taking of a little bread and the juice of the grape, and asking a blessing to rest on the crown of your heads; and kneeling down upon the ground and praying, and rising from prayer with drops of water falling from your noses, and with tears rolling down from your eyes."

Under this revival of the persecuting spirit, in a few days nineteen Christians, conspicuous for their character and zeal, were apprehended, and it was resolved to make a severe example. All were condemned to die; the four nobles (one of them a lady) were ordered to be burned alive; fifteen others were to be thrown over a precipice. At one o'clock the night before their execution, a large gathering of their companions secretly took place, not to break prison or attempt a rescue, but to commend the sufferers specially to God in prayer. "At one at night, we met together and prayed." With the early dawn the whole city was astir; it had been whispered that the Christians were to die, and an immense multitude gathered to witness the sight.

On the west side of Antananarivo, is a steep precipice of granite, a hundred-and-fifty feet high; the terrace above which, has long been used as a place of execution. Above the terrace the ground rises rapidly to the crest of the ridge, on which the city is built, and on which the palace enclosure, with its lofty dwellings, stands conspicuous. Beneath the precipice the ground is a mass of jagged rocks and boulders, upon which the unhappy criminal would fall headlong, when rolled or thrown over the ledge. The refined cruelty which invented this terrible punishment has, in the modern world, been repeated in but one country and among one people, the half-savage population of Mexico. Through the thousands that had crowded every point of the sloping hill, the condemned brethren were carried, wrapped in mats and slung on poles. But they prayed and sang as they passed along the roadway; "and some who beheld them, said that their faces were like the faces of angels." One by one they were thrown over the precipice, the rest looking on. "Will you cease to pray?" was the only question. "No," was the firm answer in every case. And in a moment the faithful martyr lay bleeding, and mangled, and dead, among the rocks below.

The terrors of the day were not yet over. At the north end of the city, on the crest of the ridge, preparations were made for burning the four condemned nobles; and stakes, fagots, and iron chains were duly provided. But the same fidelity, the same true courage of heart, which an undoubting faith had given to their brethren already slain, animated these martyrs also. With calm front they walked together, through an excited crowd, singing hymns of gladness. On one side, at a short distance, stood a group of Christians waving their last adieu. At another point stood soldiers and heathen, who asked, "Where is Jehovah now? Why does he not come and take you away?" When fastened to the stake they sang the well-known hymn:—

"There is a blessed land,
Making most happy;
Never thence shall rest depart,
Nor cause of sorrow come."

As they sang, a rainbow arched the heavens, one foot of which seemed . .

to rest on the spot where they suffered. Prayer followed praise, "O Lord, receive our spirits, and lay not this sin to their charge." "Thus they prayed as long as they had any life. Then they died, but softly, gently; indeed, gently was the going forth of their life. And astonished were all the people around, that beheld the burning of them there."

Long and bitter was the renewed trial of which these terrible scenes were the beginning. The sufferings of 1849 the Christians themselves call "the great persecution." Before it moderated more than a hundred were flogged and condemned to work in chains; many were heavily fined; nobles were reduced to the position of labourers and slaves, and were condemned to the heaviest tasks, in felling trees, in dragging timber, or quarrying and carrying stone. Altogether, nineteen hundred and three received a definite punishment because they believed in Jesus, or sympathised with those who did so. Even the Queen's nephew was heavily fined, and stripped of all his "honours." But he bore the disgrace with meek submission; and continued still to help the Christians, who felt for him the highest regard.

For a time the churches "had rest, and were edified; and walking in the fear of the Lord, and in the comfort of the Holy Ghost, were multiplied." Their earnest cry was still for the Scriptures, their copies of which were gradually being worn out, or were ruined by the weather, or were discovered and destroyed. Most touching tales are told of their attachment to the few leaves that a family possessed; of the long passages, and books, which individuals committed to memory; one earnest worker, it is said, became blind by incessantly copying the Divine Word for his brethren's use. In 1852, the Prime Minister, who, next to the Queen, was the chief persecutor, died. His son was a Christian; the Queen was compelled to lean on her own son's advice more than before; and it was even hoped that she would abdicate in his favour.

But these hopes were frustrated. Nine years of sorrow had still to be borne. Another great effort was yet to be made to destroy the young and vigorous church, the "burning bush" which had not been "consumed;" and so "the dragon came forth, having great wrath, knowing that he had but a short time." In July, 1857, the hate and anger of the Queen blazed out as fiercely as ever. "There were Christians still among her people; she had discovered that there were thousands in the capital; every one knew how she hated the sect; she would punish the guilty with death." Search was made everywhere; some Christians were tortured to make them name their companions; nevertheless few were discovered and proved guilty, out of thousands who were within reach. The rage of the Queen knew no bounds. "She would search the rivers, and lakes, and the bowels of the earth, that not one Christian might escape." Within fifteen days, fourteen converts were stoned to death, on a new spot, a mile from the city. And iron rings and heavy manacles were prepared, in which gangs of seven were chained together, suffering intense weariness and pain. Sixty individuals, men and women, were so fastened, and were paraded in the public markets, that their pain might strike terror into others. To their everlasting honour be it recorded, that not one apostatised. Several died in their chains, others bore the terrible burden for four years, and were freed only when

the new reign brought to the oppressed nation that peace and liberty which for an entire generation neither heathen nor Christian had known. The last effort of rage spent itself. "The wind ceased, and there was a great calm." In 1861 the persecuting Queen, bitter to the last, was stricken with death, and after lingering in weakness for several months, quietly passed away. All classes of the people were jubilant with delight, and the persecuted returned home.

The persecution of the native church in Madagascar is the most conspicuous example of that form of trial which has occurred in the whole range of modern missions. The hate, the bigotry, the cruelty directed against the Christians and their religion were as persistent and unrelenting as those displayed by any single individual, or by any government, in any age. The converts were left alone. Their English pastors and counsellors had been driven away. They knew little or nothing of the precedents of church history. No one had told them to brave stripes, imprisonment, and death. Yet they did it. They did it naturally. They found it in the book which they prized as their dearest possession. There they read, "Fear not them that kill the body;" "We ought to obey God rather than men." They believed that Book sincerely; they loved the Saviour supremely, and "they remembered his words." Therefore they laid down their lives rather than disobey him. Surely this is to be true converts; this is to be living martyrs, martyrs unto death; "witnesses" that God's grace is all sufficient; that God's love is worth all worlds. Surely here we have evidence, distinct, continued, triumphant, that the old gospel has not lost its power; that the living Spirit still accompanies the preacher; and that our modern missionary church has gathered trophies of principle, precisely similar to those which the apostles and the early Christians won. If, then (as Mr. Lecky says), "noble lives, crowned by heroic deaths, were the best arguments of the infant church," and if "their enemies, themselves, not unfrequently acknowledged it," we claim from our opponents the same confession now. And we do so the more, that fidelity under persecution, and patient submission under reproach, have not been confined to Madagascar; but in varied forms, and in varied degrees, have been displayed by old and young, in every country in which the gospel has been preached, and in which its adherents have been subjected to similar penalties.

The genuineness of the piety thus produced in Madagascar, and the faithfulness of God in hearing the prayers of his people, are further illustrated by the church's recent history. It were long to tell all the strange incidents and vital changes that have been crowded into the story of seven years. Regaining its lost liberty, the church stood forth at once before the nation "an exceeding great army." In the autumn of 1861, it contained on its roll more than two thousand members, and the regular congregations soon numbered five thousand persons. Rich in faith, strong in principle, this native church only needed a wider range of Scripture knowledge, and some guidance in its public affairs. It was a constituted body, having its pastors and teachers, and it was singularly free from foreign elements. The teachers had drawn their views directly from the New Testament, and they were very earnest in spreading the gospel around them.

Under the wise guidance of the Rev. W. Ellis, than whom no Englishman was regarded as a truer and dearer personal friend, and with the aid of a staff of able missionaries new congregations were organised. Schools were established, books were compiled and printed, a new edition of the Testament was put in circulation, and all the usual means of grace and instruction were provided.

The additions to the church were steady, but not too rapid. It was evident, however, that Christian knowledge was general, that conviction was widely spread. It was evident that a profound impression of the real excellence of Christian men and of the Christian religion had been stamped upon the whole nation. But for awhile the people were timid, the nobles and the government were cautious; they were afraid of foreigners, and doubted how far Christianity could be made a really national thing. It was well that it should be so, and that time should be allowed for convictions to ripen, that no false step might be taken by any concerned.

Two years ago a true revival of religious feeling was experienced, both by the Christian converts and by the people at large. Every mission in the island shared in it, whether in the interior or on the coast. Like all such revivals, it showed itself at first in increased congregations, containing new hearers, worshipping devoutly, listening intently, and diligently "seeking after" God. Prayer meetings were frequent and well attended. The Sabbath was well observed. In 1868 twenty thousand persons professed Christianity. During last year the increase must have been even greater. In the island generally the converts are now more than sixty thousand in number, including ten thousand communicants. The chief churches are in the capital, which is rapidly becoming a Christian city, and in the province of Imerina around it. The Betsileo province also is full of enquirers, for whom a band of missionaries is being provided; and the tribes of Betsimasarakas on the coast, amongst whom the Church Missionary Society labours, are crying out for teachers. Education is spreading widely, and is placed under wise and earnest supervision. The printing office has been remodelled and enlarged, and efforts of many kinds are being made to promote the general enlightenment of the people. A touching memorial of the dark days, which has given great satisfaction to the Christians, has been secured in the erection of a handsome stone church at each of the five localities where the martyrs suffered. The ground at each place was given specially for that purpose by the late King.

The government of Madagascar, which remains entirely in native hands, has dealt with this progress of Christian conviction in a very satisfactory manner, and has itself undergone important changes. When, eighteen months ago, the new Queen came to the throne, all hesitation seemed to be flung aside. The idols and diviners were quickly put away from the palace; public works were stopped on the Sabbath-day, and Sunday markets were changed to another convenient day. On the occasion of her coronation, the Bible was placed on a table in front of the sovereign: around the canopy over her head were inscribed the words, "Glory to God in the highest; peace on earth; goodwill to men; may God be with us." And the noblest sentiments were embodied in the royal speech, including this: "This is my word to you, O ye under

under heaven, in regard to the praying: it is not enforced, it is not forbidden, for God made you." All this was done by the Queen and her ministers of their own accord, not at the instigation of foreigners, of diplomatists or missionaries, whether French or English. On no point have the nobles and the court been so careful and so jealous as on the introduction of a foreign influence into their national affairs. The English missionaries at the capital—whom they regard as their best friends, because missionaries of that London Missionary Society which first brought them the gospel, and did all it could to befriend them in their days of trial—have not been invited to preach in the palace, except as visitors. No attempts have been made to guide or to control the proceedings of the churches, and the native ministers are treated with great respect. When the second memorial church was opened, the Queen and all her officers were present. On Christmas day she received an address from her Christian subjects; and in April last, after meekly submitting to the same instruction and the same catechising as her people, the Queen was herself baptised as a Christian. The Prime Minister, also, and several leading officers, with numerous members of noble families, women as well as men, have made a public profession of their faith, and at their own request have been received into the fellowship of the church. In order to bring the loose family arrangements, prevalent in the island in the days of heathenism, under the control of gospel morality, the Queen and Prime Minister were duly married in the presence of their people. This service, like their baptism, was conducted by one of the native ministers. The first stone of a chapel royal has been laid within the palace enclosure, and the Queen and her Court maintain Christian worship in the capital of Madagascar as the ordinary habit of their lives. Now, to crown the whole, we hear that, in September last, it was resolved in national assembly to burn the public idols, and thus to rid the land of the superstitions, in defence of which so much sorrow had been inflicted. The transformation of the people, so strangely intensified in its earlier movements by the persecution which was undertaken to prevent it, is proceeding with marvellous rapidity and power; and soon, largely as the result of the preaching of native ministers, Madagascar, like Hawaii, will become a Christian state, sanctified in all her public, social, and national concerns, by the spirit of the gospel of Christ.

How will the critics and opposers of missions explain these things? Neither bribery, nor force, political influence, nor mere respect for superior knowledge, has effected this change. Persecution and force are directed against the gospel for a whole generation; yet they leave the converts more earnest, more determined, more numerous than when the penalties began. The whole people have been profoundly impressed by the purity, the fidelity, the faith of the men and women who have laid down their lives rather than deny their Saviour. The word which they believed and followed is sought after by all. When freedom comes, and penalties are withdrawn, thousands without delay enquire and believe. In due time, tens of thousands follow them, and listen and believe also. The nobles, who when young heard these truths from relatives in peril; the Queen, on whom, when a young girl, Christ's truth was pressed by one of the martyrs; have felt that truth in their

hearts, and by it rule their lives. All this has happened in other kingdoms, in other ages, as well as in recent days. But nowhere, since the Holy Spirit descended at Pentecost, has the work of the gospel been more thorough, the victories of the gospel more rapid and more complete, than in Madagascar. Nowhere have the evidences of its spiritual power been manifested more clearly, or have the arguments drawn from them proved so truly unanswerable. Therefore, Christians of all churches look in wonder upon the picture, and give God thanks. Everywhere they lift up their voices with one accord, and acknowledge, "This is the Lord's doing, and it is marvellous in our eyes."

Landlord and Tenant.

BY C. H. SPURGEON.

"Set thine house in order: for thou shalt die, and not live."—Isaiah xxxviii. 1.

NOTWITHSTANDING that a thousand voices proclaim our mortality, we are all too apt to put aside the contemplation of it. Since we cannot escape from death, we endeavour to shut our eyes to it, although there is no subject whose consideration would be more beneficial to us. Altering one word of the poet's line, I may say—

"'Tis greatly wise to talk with our last hours."

To be familiar with the grave is prudence. To prepare for death it is well to commune with death. A thoughtful walk in the cemetery is good for our soul's health. As Jeremy Taylor well observes: "Since a man stands perpetually at the door of eternity, and, as did John the Almoner, every day is building of his sepulchre, and every night one day of our life is gone and passed into the possession of death, it will concern us to take care that the door leading to hell do not open upon us, that we be not crushed to ruin by the stones of our grave, and that our death become not a consignment of us to a sad eternity." The most of men prefer to cultivate less fruitful fields, and turn their thoughts and meditations to subjects trivial for the present, and useless for the future. "O that men were wise, that they understood this, that they would consider their latter end."

Knowing this general aversion to my theme, I shall not treat it in a gloomy and heavy manner, but shall try to allure you to it by the use of similitudes pleasant and interesting. The subject shall supply the solemnity, and I hope the metaphor shall secure your interest. Forgive me, ye spiritual, if I seem too flippant, my words are not for you, but for a class whose souls I trust you love, who cannot as yet bear the more serious thoughts of wisdom, unless they be clothed in parable and picture.

OUR BODY, OUR PROPERTY, OUR FAMILY, THIS PRESENT LIFE, AND ALL ITS SURROUNDINGS, ARE IN THE TEXT DESCRIBED AS A HOUSE. This simile is not at all unusual either in the Old or the New Testament. Moses was faithful in all his *house*, namely, his lifelong charge and duty. Our Lord said of the Pharisees that they devoured widows' *houses*, meaning their estates; and Paul said, "We know that if our earthly *house* of this tabernacle were dissolved, we have a building of God, an house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens," here

referring to his body. We will see what instruction we can find in this most simple but comprehensive comparison.

I. This mortal life and its surroundings are likened to a house, and the first point of the similitude will be seen if we enquire, WHO IS THE LANDLORD?

The first answer is, that certainly *we* are not. To all men it may be truthfully said, "Ye are not your own." We are tenants, but not freeholders. We are mere tenants at will without a lease. The earthly house of this tabernacle belongs to him who built it; he who sustains it keeps the title-deeds in his own possession. *Our house belongs to God.* Dear friend, do you ever think of this? Do you remember as a matter of fact that *you and yours are God's property*? He created you, and created you for his own glory. Your soul was spoken into existence by him. Your bodily powers were all bestowed by his hand. You are the creature of the Almighty. In every vein, and sinew, and nerve of your body there are traces of the Divine Embroiderer's skill. You are God's in all the most secret goings and issues of your life, for to him you every day owe the continued possession of existence. Your breath is in your nostrils; but HE keeps it there. He has but to will it and the atoms composing your body which HE now keeps apart from their fellows would return to the bosom of earth. You are but a walking heap of dust, and the cohesion of the various particles is maintained by the hand of Omnipotence. Let the sustaining power of God be withdrawn, and your bodily house would fall in the ruin of death and the utter dissolution of corruption. All that you have around you is in the same predicament, for food, and raiment, house and goods, are God's gifts to you. The strength of hand or the nimbleness of brain that has enabled you to accumulate wealth or to live in comfort has all come from him. Day by day you are a commoner at the table of Divine bounty, a pensioner hour by hour upon the infinite mercy of God. You have nothing, and are nothing but as God pleases. You owe all you have and all you are to him.

It is most useful for each of us to know what are the rights of God towards us. Even if we do not acknowledge them, yet candour demands that at least we hear them defined. Sad is the reflection, however, that when we learn these rights, if we resist them we become wilful robbers, and so increase our guilt. If we will not have God to reign over us, if in our spirits we say, like Pharaoh, "Who is the Lord that we should obey his voice?" it will go harder with us at the last than if we had never heard the claims of God proclaimed. Men and women, how is it that God has made you, and yet so many of you never think of him? Shall I bring against you the accusation which the prophet of old brought against his people? "Hear, O heavens, and give ear, O earth: for the Lord hath spoken, I have nourished and brought up children, and they have rebelled against me. The ox knoweth his owner, and the ass his master's crib: but Israel doth not know, my people doth not consider." Who among you would retain in your house a tool or a piece of furniture which was of no use or value to you? Who among you would keep so much as an ox or an ass if it rendered you no service? How much less would you nurture it if, instead thereof, it did you harm, if it had a spite against you, and lifted up its heel against you? And yet, are

there not some here who have been forgetful of their obligations to their Maker, who have never been of any service to him, have never praised him, have never desired to advance his glory, but who, on the contrary, have even spoken high and haughty things against him, and it may be words of profanity and blasphemy. O God! how art thou illtreated in the very world which is full of thy goodness? How do the creatures of thy hand render unto thee evil for good? Thy house which thou hadst let out to man is made into a castle for thy foes, a temple for idols, a den of thieves, a nest of unclean birds. Thou art ill requited at the hands of thy unworthy tenants! Thou best of Beings, thou Fountain of love and mercy, what dost thou receive from thy creatures but either forgetfulness or disdain?

Bear this in mind henceforth, that the house in which we dwell in this life, has God for the landlord, and that we are only tenants.

II. The simile runs farther. WHAT IS MAN'S LEASE?

One would imagine from the way in which some men talk that we were freeholders, or at least had a lease for nine hundred and ninety-nine years. The truth is, we *are but tenants at will*. We may possess the tenement in which our soul now finds a house for itself, together with its appurtenances and outhouses, for the term of seventy years; and the tenure may even be prolonged to fourscore years, or even to a longer term in rare cases, but at no one time is the tenure altered, we always occupy from moment to moment. Our lease is not for three, seven, fourteen, or twenty-one years, nor it is even from day to day, or from hour to hour; but from second to second we hold precarious possession. We are tenants at the absolute will of God. The commencement of a day never secures the ending of it to us alive, and the striking of the clock at the commencement of the hour is no guarantee that we shall hear it strike again. Every second we hold our lives, and goods, and chattels upon the sole tenure of the divine will. God has but to say, "Return, ye children of men," and we return to the dust. Flowers are not more frail, moths more fragile, bubbles more unsubstantial, or meteors more fleeting than man's life. What transient things we are. *We are!* I mistake myself—we are not. We but begin to be, and ere we are, we are not. It is God alone who can say, "I AM." None of human race should dare to pronounce that word. Yet how many live as if their tenant right of this mortal life, and all its goods were a fixed tenure, and entail upon themselves, irrespective of assigns, or heirs, or superior lord of the manor or freeholder of the soil. "Their inward thought is, that their houses shall continue for ever, and their dwelling-places to all generations; they call their lands after their own names." To these the words of the apostle James are very applicable, "Go to now, ye that say, To-day or to morrow we will go into such a city, and continue there a year, and buy and sell, and get gain: whereas ye know not what shall be on the morrow. For what is your life? It is even a vapour, that appeareth for a little time, and then vanisheth away." Yet how often we fall into the same error. Have you not, my friends, been laying out your plans for months and even years to come? You have considered where you will spend the summer, and where you shall live when you retire from your business. Ah! boast not yourselves of to-morrow, much less of summer or of

autumn, for you know not what a day, or even an hour, may bring forth. O man of dying woman born, ask of God to give thee day by day thy daily bread, and let thy living and thy planning be after the fashion of day by day, for when thou beginnest to reckon for far-off time, it looks as if thou hadst never prayed, "So teach me to number my days, that I may apply my heart unto wisdom." O ye young ones, say not, "We will give the first and best of our days to the flesh, and offer to God the rest." You may have no remaining years to offer; you may be consumed in the morning of your lives. Say not, ye men who are in the midst of the world's business, "We will retire anon, and in the cool of our age we will think upon the things of God." You may have no evening of old age, mayhap your sun will go down at noon. You may be called hence from the counting house while yet the ink upon the pages of the ledger is undried, and the Bible as yet unstudied. Set your house in order, for your great Landlord may serve an ejectionment upon you, and there will be no hope of resisting it, though the wisest of physicians should seek to bar the door. Here is the writ, and these are the express words, "Thou shalt die, and not live." Even the most aged presume that they shall live yet longer still, and the traditions of Jenkyns and of Old Parr, I doubt not, have tempted hundreds to imagine, even when they have been verging upon eighty or ninety, that they may still live a few years longer in quiet possession of their tottering tenement whose pillars are shaken, whose windows are darkened, and whose very foundations are decaying. We cling with dreadful tenacity to this poor life, and the little which we foolishly call our all. It were well if we could cling with such fast hold to the life that is to come, for that alone is worth clinging to, since it is for ever, whereas this is to be but for a little time even at the longest. What a reflection it is that within a hundred years every one in our most crowded audiences (unless the Lord shall come) will be soundly sleeping amid the clods of the valley, and not one of all the present armies of men that populate our cities will be in possession of his house and lands, or will know aught of anything that is done under the sun. We shall have gone over to "the great majority;" we shall be perhaps remembered, perhaps forgotten, but at any rate, we ourselves shall mingle no more with our fellows in the mart, the street, the places of worship, or the haunts of pleasure. We shall depart from sea and land, from city and village, from earth and all that is thereon. Where will our immortal natures be? Where will our spirits be? Shall we be communing among the blessed harpers whose every note is bliss, or shall we be for ever gnashing our teeth in remorse among the castaways who would not receive the mercy of God? We hold our house, then, on no firmer tenure than from minute to minute. Remember ye this, ye dwellers in these houses of clay!

There is this clause in the lease, which I am afraid some have never observed, namely, that *the landlord has at all times the right of ingress and egress over his own property*. I thank God that some of us have yielded to the Lord this right, and now our prayer often is that he would come into our house, and search us, and try us, and know our ways, and see if there be any evil way in us, and lead us in the way everlasting. Time was when the last thing we wished for was the presence of God,

when we said to him, "Depart from us, for we desire not the knowledge of thy ways," but now being renewed by his Spirit, we say to him, "Abide with us." Beloved friend, are you always ready to open the doors of your heart to God's inspection? Do you delight in heavenly communion? Do you constantly invite the Lord Jesus to come in and sup with you and you with him? If not, you are forgetting one great clause in your lease, and let me also say, you are forgetting the greatest privilege that men can enjoy beneath the stars.

It is well for me to recall to your memories that according to our tenure, *our great landlord permits us to call upon him to execute all repairs*. Our circumstances are apt to grow straitened, and he it is who giveth us power to get wealth, he daily loadeth us with benefits. When our bodily tabernacle is shaken, he it is who healeth all our diseases. When sorrows and wants multiply he it is who satisfieth our mouth with good things, so that our youth is renewed like the eagle's. It is well, no doubt, when we are sick to seek direction from the physician, but it is a Christian action to resort first to Jehovah-Rophi, the Lord that healeth us. "Is any sick among you?" What saith the apostle? Does he say, "Let him use no medicine," as some "Peculiar People" believe? Nay. Does he say, "Use medicine and nothing else," as the most of professors do? No such thing. Does he say, "Let him lie in bed and expect his minister to come and see him," as though ministers, and elders, and deacons were omniscient? No such thing. "Is any sick? Let him send"—that is his duty—"let him send for the elders of the church," and then, as the form of medicine then in vogue was that of anointing the body with oil, let them pray over him, and let them use the ordinary means, "anointing him with oil in the name of the Lord." Have your medicine by all means, your homœopathy or your allopathy, or whichever may seem best, but besides that, make prayer your main confidence, for it is the Lord that healeth us. Jesus is the beloved Physician. If we had more faith in God, and resorted more often to him by prayer and faith, the prescriptions of the medical man might be more often wise and his medicines more frequently useful. The Lord who made our house best knows how to repair the tenement, and he permits us to resort to him. When you are sick, my friend, remember this and practise it.

III. Thus, then, have we spoken of the lease. Now thirdly, we come to THE RENT THAT IS TO BE PAID.

We occupy a house, which is evidently not our own, and therefore there must be some rent to pay. What is it? The rent that God asks of his tenants is *that they should praise him as long as they live*. "Oh!" say you, "that is but little." I grant you that it is; it is but a peppercorn, a mere acknowledgement, but yet there are millions who never pay even that. They offer the Lord no thanks, no love, no service. For the benefits they receive they make no return, or rather they make an evil recompense. The breath that he gives them is never turned to song; the food they eat is not sanctified with gratitude; the goods that he bestows are not tithed, nor are the first fruits of their increase offered to the Lord. Their hearts do not love him; their faith does not trust in his dear Son; their lips do not speak of him and magnify his glorious name. This is most unrighteous and ungenerous. For us to praise God is not a costly or painful business. The heart that praises

God finds a sweet return in the exercise itself. In heaven it is the heaven of perfect spirits to praise the Lord, and on earth we are nearest heaven when we are fullest of the praises of Jehovah. But how ungrateful are those who are tenants in God's house, and yet refuse the little tribute which he asks of them!

The question is raised, *how often ought the rent to be paid?* You know, in law, the time when the rent of a house is due bears always a relation to the tenure upon which it is held. If a man takes a house by the year, he pays his rent by the year; if he takes it by the quarter, he pays by the quarter; and if we hold our house by the moment, we are bound to pay by the moment. So, then, it was but simple justice when David said, "I will bless the Lord at all times, his praise shall continually be in my mouth." To live in the perpetual exercise of praise to God is at once the Christian's duty and delight. "Nay," saith one, "but we cannot do that; we have other things to think of." But remember, when the praises of God are not on our lips they should be in our hearts. The incense was in the censer even when it was not smoking; our praise should abide with us till opportunity permits the holy fire to be applied. Besides, I believe that our God is best praised in common things. He who mends a shoe with a right motive is praising God as much as the seraph who pours forth his celestial sonnet. You in your workshops, you in your families, you on your sick beds, you anywhere according to your avocations, if you offer through Jesus the Mediator the love of your hearts, are paying the rent of praise unto God Most High. Oh, to be continually doing this!

But, brethren, *I am afraid that we are in arrears.* Those of us who have paid the most rent are still far behindhand. Yes, you were grumbling this morning: *that* was not rendering a worthy recompense for benefits received. Shall a living man complain? There are some who do little else but complain. They complain of the times, of the weather, of the government, of their families, of their trade; if for once they would complain of themselves, they might have a more deserving subject for fault-finding. The Lord is good, and doeth good, and let his name be blessed. Let us avow it as his people, that though he slay us yet will we trust in him; and if he make us groan under his heavy hand we will even weep out his praises, and our expiring sigh shall be but a note of our life's psalm, which we hope to exchange full soon for the song of the celestial host above. Praising and blessing God in life, practically by obedience, and heartily with gratitude—this is the rent which is due for the house in which we dwell.

Are there not some of you who have not even recognised that you belong to God at all, and who up till now have been paying rent and service to another master? I am often in my soul amazed at what men will do for that black master, the devil. Why, sirs, the devil will sometimes summon men to one of his conventicles at the street corner, where the gas is flaming, and they will cheerfully obey the summons. They will meet in such places with companions, rude, boisterous, selfish, vulgar, and everything else that is undesirable, and call them jolly good fellows. If the devil would pick out some fine brave spirits for them to meet, men of wit and genius, and information, one would not wonder so much at the readiness with which the dupes assemble; but the

congregations of Satan are usually made up of men and women of the lowest and most degraded kind, and these people know it; but when they are beckoned off to the assembly of the scorers, they go with the greatest readiness. And what is done at this gathering of the foolish? Well, they commune together in stupidities at which it must be hard to laugh, and meanwhile they pass round the cup of liquid fire, out of which they cheerfully drink, and drink and drink again, though each successive goblet is filled with deeper damnation. These willing slaves drink at their master's bidding, though the cup makes their brain reel, sets their heart on flame, and makes them unable to keep their feet. Yes, and when he still cries, "Drink, yea, drink abundantly," these faithful servants swallow down the poison till they lie down like logs, or roar like demons. They will keep the death-cup to their lips, till delirium tremens comes upon them and possesses them as with hell itself. Thousands obediently render homage unto Satan by drinking away their lives, and ruining their souls. How much further they go in serving their master than we do in following ours! Into hell itself they follow their accursed leader. They pay him his revenues without arrears, and yet his taxes are heavy, and his exactions are most oppressive. Why, we have seen great lords hand all their estates over to Beelzebub, and when he has set up before them an image in the shape of a horse with a blue ribbon, they have bowed down and worshipped and offered their all at his shrine! I wish we could meet with some who would do as much for Christ as these have done for the devil. Any kind of fashion which may rule the hour draws a mad crowd after it; no matter how absurd or ridiculous the mania, the worshippers of fashion cry, "These be thy gods, O Israel." Yes, Satan is marvellously well obeyed by his servants. His rent is regularly paid, and yet he is not the rightful owner and has no title to the house of manhood. Yea, men will even run after him to offer their homage. They will throw down their lives before his Juggernaut car of profligacy, and cast themselves beneath its wheels; while the golden chariot of Christ, paved with love for men, traverses their streets, and they have not a word of acclamation or of praise for that Prince of Peace. O come, ye servants of Jesus, and be ashamed of this! Come and render to your Lord your full service. Throw your hearts' enthusiasm into your religion. Be at least as earnest for God as others are for the devil. Be at least as self-denying and self-sacrificing as they are who run the mad career of sin. Pay your rent to the great Landlord, and let the arrears be made up.

IV. But, I must not linger. The next thought is—MAN'S DUTY WITH REGARD TO THIS HOUSE OF WHICH HE IS THE TENANT.

The text says, "Set thine house in order." That shows that *we are not to destroy it nor even to injure it*. It should be the temple of the Holy Ghost. Nothing should be done by us that may injure our body, for in the case of the believer it is a precious thing, ordained to rise again at the last day, since Christ Jesus has bought it, as well as the soul which it contains, with his own blood. Nor are we to waste our substance, for this is the accusation which of old was brought against the unjust steward, that he had wasted his master's goods.

We are to set our house in order, that is, *our own house*. Some persons are very busy setting other people's houses in order, and oh!

how their tongues will go when they are sweeping out their neighbour's kitchen, or dusting out his cupboard. Set *your own* house in order, sirs, before you attempt to arrange the affairs of other people.

Again, the *tenant himself must do it*. "Set thine house in order." You must not leave it to a priest; you must not ask your fellow man to become responsible. You must make personal application to him who can set all in order for you, even to him who came into the world and died for this very purpose. If you need oil for your lamps, you must go to them that sell, and buy for yourselves, for your fellow virgins can give you none of their oil. Set thou thine own house in order. This is the chief business of every living man as a tenant under God.

What kind of order is my house to be set in? My conscience will help to tell me that. An enlightened conscience tells us in what kind of order our heart, our family, and our business should be; by its teachings we may learn how all the departments of the house should be ordered. It cannot be right that the body should be master over the soul; conscience tells us that. It cannot be right that the memory should retain only that which is evil. It cannot be right that the affections should grovel in the mire. It cannot be right that the judgment should put bitter for sweet and sweet for bitter. Conscience says that the heart is never right till the whole man is in Christ, till by a living faith we have embraced Jesus as our full salvation, and have received the Holy Spirit as our sanctifier. We are never right till we are right with conscience, and conscience tells us that we are never right till we are right with God. "Set thine house in order;" obey the inward monitor, listen to the still small voice, and prepare to meet thy God.

"What is God's order?" You can see what his thought of order was when he wrote the ten commands by reading the twentieth of Exodus. You can learn what his order is under the gospel, for we read that a new commandment has Christ given us, that we love one another; and yet again "this is the commandment, that ye believe in Jesus Christ whom he hath sent." Dear friend, is your house right with God? If at this moment you had to surrender possession, is everything ordered as you would wish? If the arrow of death should now fly through this sanctuary, and find a target in your heart at this moment, is it all right, is it all right, is it all right, as you would wish to have it when God's eye shall look upon you in the day of judgment? What if in a single moment we should see the heavens on a blaze, and the earth should rock beneath our feet, and the dead should rise from their sepulchres; what if instead of this tabernacle and its gathered crowd we should now suddenly see the King himself upon the great white throne, and hear the archangel's trumpet ringing out the notes, "Awake, ye dead, and come, ye quick, to judgment," is everything with us as we should like to have it for the blaze of that tremendous day and the inspection of that awful Judge? Happy is that man who can say, "I have committed all to Christ; my body, soul, and spirit, all my powers and all my affections; I have committed all to him by faith and prayer; yes, come, Lord Jesus, come quickly, for it is all right even now." "Set thine house in order," then, conscience and God's word will be your guide as to what is needed.

But I am afraid that in you, my friend, very many things need careful

attention and re-arrangement. O that every day each of us lived a Christly life, for then we should not need to be told to set our house in order! I, as pastor of this church, though I trust I am not an idler, have never been able to look upon my own work with any sort of satisfaction. I am obliged to stand where the publican stood, with "God be merciful to me a sinner" upon my lip, for my work is too vast, and I am too feeble! Is there any man here who can say that he fills his sphere to the full without an omission or transgression? If you can say so, my brother, I envy you, for it is not long before you will be in heaven. If that be not a self-righteous estimate, or a vainglorious opinion of yourself, inasmuch as you are so meet for heaven, you shall soon be there—depend upon that. But, whatever there may be about us now, dear friends, which is not what we feel it ought to be, let the call come to us to-night—"Set thine house in order." The vain regrets in which we sometimes indulge we often mistake for true repentance, but, let us recollect that

"Repentance is to leave,
The sins we loved before,
And show that we in earnest grieve
By doing so no more."

As believers in Jesus Christ, if there be anything deficient in us, if there be anything excessive in us, if there be aught that is contrary to the Lord's mind and will, may the Holy Spirit come and correct it all, so that our house may be set in order.

Thus have I shown you in what manner our houses should be kept; but I am afraid that many of your houses want a great deal of setting in order. Some of your houses want sweeping. The dust and filth of sin are lying all over the floors. You want the precious blood to be sprinkled, or else if the Lord begins to sweep with the besom of the law it will happen, as Bunyan tells us, that the dust will be enough to choke your prayers or to blind the eyes of your faith. May the gospel come and sprinkle the water of grace, and then may Christ come in and sweep your house; but you want more than sweeping—your house wants washing. Every floor needs cleansing, and there is no one who can do this but the Lord Jesus Christ. Nothing can make you clean but his blood. In many of the houses the windows are very filthy, and the light of the glorious gospel cannot enter, so as to bring with it an intelligent conception of the things of God. O that this may be set right! The very drainage in some men's houses is neglected. Many a foul thing stagnates, ferments, and pollutes their souls. Ah! what is there that is in order in the unregenerate man? To all in that state the text calls loudly, "Set thine house in order." But, sirs, unless Christ comes to help you it is a hopeless task; unless Christ and his Holy Spirit come to the rescue your houses will remain out of order still, everything filthy and everything disarranged; and when the great King shall come and find it so, woe unto you, woe unto you, in the day of his appearing!

V. We shall close with the last thought, which is this—WE ARE BIDDEN TO SET OUR HOUSE IN ORDER, BECAUSE WE ARE SERVED WITH A NOTICE TO QUIT. "Set thine house in order; *for thou shalt die, and not live.*"

This is not a reason for setting a house in order which bad tenants would care to consider; they wish to leave the house in as a dilapidated state as possible. But a just tenant desires to restore to his landlord his property unhurt. So is it with the man who is right with God. He wishes that when he dies he may leave here on earth no trace of injury done to God, but many memorials of service rendered. He does not wish to leave the house as Satan left the poor possessed demoniac, rending and tearing him because he was coming out of him, having great wrath because his time was short. No, the honest man who loves his God, desires to leave everything behind him that shall honour God, and nothing that shall dishonour him. Whitfield used to tell a story of a young man who could not live in the house where his old father had dwelt, because he said "every chair in it smelt of piety." He was a wicked, godless, rebellious, Christless man, and he could not stay where his father's holiness would force itself upon his memory, and rebuke him. Oh! I would like to make every chair in my house like that, so that when my boy comes into possession of it, he will think, "Why, there my father sat to study God's Word, and there he used to kneel in prayer, and now I have his house I must imitate his ways. A dear man of God, who has now gone to heaven, took me into his study one day, and said, "You see that spot?" "Yes." "Well, that is the place where my dear wife used to kneel to pray, and that is where one morning when I came to look for her, as she did not come down to breakfast, I found her dead." "Oh!" said he, "that is holy ground;" and so it was, for she was a very gracious woman. O that we may so live that everything we leave behind us may be like Abel's blood that cried from the ground. May our habits and manners be such that after our death everything associated with us may be perfumed with holy memories. God make it so! God make it so! Are you sure it will be so? Some of you Christian people I must appeal to, are you not too negligent? Are there not with you, even with you, sins against the Lord our God? Might there not be much amiss with you if you were now called away? I beseech you set your house in order.

Beloved friend in Christ, do try that everything may be in order for your dying, and everything now prepared for your departure, if it should happen to-night. *Do it for the Church's sake.* So live that when the church misses you there shall be left behind you your memory and your holy example to inspire those who shall mourn your departure. So live that *the world* may miss your zealous efforts for its good. May all be so ordered in your life that you may never lead others astray by your example, but bequeath it as a legacy of encouragement to your successors. Order all things well for your *children's sake.* They will be pretty much what their parents were. Sovereign grace may interpose, but ordinarily the mother shapes the child's life. May your life be such that it shall be a fair mould for your child's future existence.

Set your house in order, my dear brother, even though you are leaving it, *because you are going to a better one if you are a believer in Christ.* The old clay shed will be taken down, and you shall dwell in marble halls; you shall leave the hovel for the mansion; the traveller's tent shall be rolled up and put away in the tomb to be

exchanged for a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens. O let it not be said that you were so bad a tenant in the first house that you could not be trusted with a second, but may grace cause you so to set this house in order that you may quit it without reluctance, and enter into the next with alacrity; leaving your first house behind you without shame, in sure and certain hope of a blessed resurrection. May you cheerfully leave the first house, and joyfully surrender the key to the Great Landlord, because you know that, go where he will in all its rooms, he will see the remembrances of his own grace, the marks of his own workmanship, the beauties and adornments of his own Holy Spirit. Then convoyed by ministering spirits to a better country, you shall become possessors of a heritage undefiled, which fadeth not away.

I desire, in closing, that all of us may offer the key of our house to the great Landlord, and own that we live on sufferance as his tenants. A dear brother told us the other day, when he was speaking of his being over seventy years of age, that his lease had run out, and that he was now living by the day. Let us each, in all things, carry out his remark, and live by the day. Let us remember that "Now is our salvation nearer than when we believed." Let us not act as if we expected to remain long in these lowlands. It is a dreadful thing to see men who profess to be Christians unwilling to die. Should it be so, that when we feel ourselves ill, and likely to die, we should have a host of matters to arrange, and many regrets to express. Dear brethren, begin your regrets earlier, while there is time to retrieve the past. Regret now, and ask for grace now to do all that is in you for him who loved you and bought you with his blood.

As for you who have no redeeming blood upon you, I do not marvel that you live to yourselves. O you who despise Christ, I do not wonder if you despise yourselves so much as to be the slaves of pleasure. But you who are the elect of God, who are bought by the blood of Jesus, who are called by his Spirit, who profess to be his people, you have nobler things to live for. I pray you make us not to be ashamed of you by living as if you were mere worldlings, who have their portion in this life. Live for eternity. Live for Christ's glory. Live to win souls. Behave as occupiers under a royal owner should behave. With such a Landlord, the best in the whole universe, be also the best of tenants, and evermore be mindful of the time of your removal to another land. Let my last words remain with you, and that they may, I will quote them from a book in which wisdom is set forth in goodly sentences.

"Gird up thy mind to contemplation, trembling inhabitant of the earth;
Tenant of a hovel for a day, thou art heir of the universe for ever!
For, neither congealing of the grave, nor gulphing waters of the firmament,
Nor expansive airs of heaven, nor dissipative fires of Gehenna,
Nor rust of rest, nor wear, nor waste, nor loss, nor chance, nor change,
Shall avail to quench or overwhelm the spark of soul within thee!"

Look to thy soul, O man, for none can be surety for his brother:
Behold, for heaven—or for hell—thou canst not escape from Immortality!"

The Church, a Hive of Busy Workers.

A DISCUSSION at one of the meetings of the London Baptist Association, on "The unused energies of the church," caused some little anxiety in the minds of brethren with whom we are personally acquainted. It was stated by Dr. Burns that only fifteen per cent. of the members of our Christian churches were actively engaged in serving Jesus Christ. The statement electrified many, and some concluded that the estimate was despondingly low. A minister present resolved to test it in connection with his own church. We do not care to mention the name of this community, nor of its pastor; it is sufficient to say that the church is both large and energetic, and has a name that many may envy for evangelistic labour. Active as the church appeared to be, it was found upon enquiry that the workers among the church members were *less* than fifteen per cent. There were different departments of Christian enterprise, and much work was done in all of them, but it was done by the same people. The Sunday-school teachers were also tract distributors or workers in the Dorcas society, or evangelists in the neighbourhood. Our experience of several London churches is precisely the same. Those who work in one branch, work in several; while there are many whose qualifications are exhibited lavishly in their secular callings, who have not entertained the thought of using their gifts in the Master's vineyard. Much of this is due to a mistaken idea of the Christian life, and a total forgetfulness of the necessity of human agency in soul-winning. Inactivity seems not only to be the normal but also the desired condition of the Christian life of many church members. The consequence is—indifference and selfishness. Respectfully, would we ask of what use are such persons in the Christian churches? To swell the numbers? No hive is improved by mere numbers; the busy bees alone make the hive profitable to the master. A man has muscles and limbs, but these are to be exercised, and do not constitute the mere ornamentation of the body; and yet it is to be feared that some Christians entertain the sentimental notion that they, as Church-members without effort or exertion, are already "a thing of beauty and a joy for ever." Stupified by the chloroform of self-satisfaction, they conclude that they are predestinated to ride to heaven in first-class carriages. They talk of the heavenly warfare, and then give us *this* practical illustration of its meaning. It is high time that our ministers routed out this heresy. If there has not been supineness in the pulpit, there has been too little preaching about Christian work, too much reticence upon the duty of every Christian's becoming a messenger of peace and goodwill to men. If there has been preaching in a general way on this important subject, there has been a want of what we may familiarly call "following it up" by personal and individual appeal. In how many cases might the services of young men be enlisted in Christian work, were ministers publicly to announce that they would be glad to receive the names of those who were disposed in any way to assist them in the Lord's service? Of course, there will always be a few singers of the Satanic lullaby, that God can carry on his work without human intervention. Of course, he can, but that is no

reason why he should, or why he will. The sluggard's cry will be heard from some indolent ones, "A little more sleep, a little more slumber, a little more folding of the arms." A graceful attitude certainly, when sinners are perishing, and Satan is gloating over the havoc he is making among mankind! The old excuse of incapacity, which an assumed modesty puts on so readily, will be heard from those who, while professing themselves fit to eat of the good things of the gospel feast, urge that they are quite unfitted for holy service. Time indeed it is that these idlers should know that no number of plausible excuses can atone for the neglect of duty. Called to be witness-bearers for Jesus Christ, it is at the hazard of offending their Lord, and of receiving his chastisement, that they disobey the call. It is easy to assume a fictitious humility, and to decry our abilities, but God can see through the imposture; it is easy to urge our lack of gifts, our incapacity, our slowness of speech, but not so easy to escape responsibility. Our ministerial brethren would do well to copy the example of an honoured pastor who, prior to receiving a young man into membership, informed him that he would be expected to do something in connection with the church. The influence of that reminder, especially if it be coupled with earnest entreaty, may abide with new converts all their lives. A minister may thus mould a young man's life, and be the means of pointing him to a higher pathway than he might otherwise have chosen. In such a vast city as London, where every kind of agency is required, where tract distributors and Christian visitors are more needed even than pastors, every encouragement should be given to all who can work for Christ. We have heard of two men occupying sittings in a chapel over which one of Mr. Spurgeon's most successful students is pastor, paying for two pews that they might accommodate strangers, and prior to every evening service going out into the streets and urging the idlers to occupy the seats which they had kept vacant for them. That personal and unpretentious effort increased the congregations the first Sabbath by twenty-four persons. Many chapels might be better filled were such efforts used. We need not fear the results when once the people are brought into our places of worship. Many have traced their first acquaintance with divine truths to their introduction in this way to the house of God. A Christian worker in this path of service was wont joyfully to say, "Sir, I have three in heaven." John Angell James tells us of a layman who by personal appeal impressed one hundred young men, most of whom became followers of Christ. Two modern missionary martyrs commenced their spiritual life in the same way. Williams, the martyr of Erromanga, loitering at the corner of Old-street, in the City, when a youth, was induced by a lady to enter Moorfields Tabernacle, and was brought to Christ that night. Smith, the martyr of Demerara, was similarly prevailed upon to enter Tonbridge Chapel, Euston-road, one evening, and it was thus that he began to love and serve Jesus. Every pastor's notebook might reveal cases of startling interest to show how greatly God blesses individual effort in the conversion of souls.

Great lamentations are made as to the want of sympathy felt by working men for public worship. They are being continually lectured on the subject: indeed, they have had too much lecturing, and if they do

not resent some of it, it is high time they did. Working men are neither worse nor better than other classes; the same conspicuous faults that mark them, mark also the conduct of other classes of society. It is a pity that in God's house, where ministers should know nothing of the distinctions which the world finds it convenient to make between man and man, this particular class should be either flattered or censured. Men should meet there on one level; all should be esteemed alike; one should be cared for as much as another; the truth being spoken to all, and flattering words used to none. Here at least let "the rich and the poor meet together, the Lord being the Maker of them all." And yet, we would venture to suggest whether a special appeal for individual effort might not fitly be addressed to those Christian men who are engaged in the great business of life? There is no doubt that the workshop is a great teacher. Next to the education of the family and of the school, its influence is greatest. A German philosopher has observed, "Give me the teaching of the young for a century, and I will change the face of the world," but that education must not exclude the supplementary instruction of the workshop. It is while our youths are serving as apprentices that their characters are developed and matured; and the restraints imposed upon them there are not unlikely to be extremely beneficial in after life. To a proud, high-spirited and unreflecting youth subjection of any kind is irksome; but to one who is desirous of attaining success in life judicious restraint is profitable. Such restraint is not alone the duty of the master, it is also the privilege of the older men, who have very largely the power of moulding the habits and characters of the apprentices who work with them. Here, then, is a wide field for the manifestation of the power of Christian example. It is possible, and cases in proof might be quoted, for a Christian workman so to conduct himself in his place of business as to be, even there, a winner of souls.

There is among the working classes a considerable amount of ignorance as to the nature of true religion. Three years ago, we attended a conference of working men and Christian ministers, at which the artisans frankly stated their objections to entering places of worship. Nothing throughout the prolonged meeting struck us more forcibly than the utter want of knowledge which the objectors unblushingly displayed as to what were the requirements of the Christian faith. If they had imagined that they were conferring favour on Jesus Christ by extending their patronage to his religion, they could not have talked more foolishly. The idea that they were sinners before God never entered into their calculations. Inadequacy of knowledge respecting sin, its offensiveness to God, and its destructiveness of man's nobler being, was so manifest, that one of their own class—the principal organiser of their own trades' unions, and a member of a Christian church—ventured to rebuke them, and to remind them that they were the sinful subjects of the Divine government. The ignorance they displayed was not due to the divisions of Christendom; for it was on points of faith on which all evangelical communities are perfectly agreed. Earnestly would we submit to our readers whether we are not too apt to conclude that because *we* know these alphabetical facts and hear them expounded every Sabbath, every one else must know them

too. Affectionately would we ask those of our readers who belong to the artisan class, whether they cannot seek quietly and wisely to enlighten the minds of their fellow workmen on these all-important subjects! Look what special opportunities you have which ministers cannot have! You are brought into immediate contact with your fellow men, you become acquainted with their mode of life, you can tell without any enquiry whether they are Christians or regular attendants at public worship; you speak to them as belonging to their own order, familiarly, and on easy terms, and as a consequence you are listened to with a certain measure of respect which is refused to ministers. Some object that they are not gifted with controversial powers—that they cannot reason as others can, and cannot meet the specious objections and the pretentious philosophic nonsense so common among the admirers of false science and speculative infidelity. Controversy is not needed. When a man is spoken to about the importance of his soul's salvation, if he enters upon controversy, it is invariably with the motive of shelving the real question at issue. He must be shut up to the one all-important subject before a personal appeal is likely to be successful with him. Hints and instructions to assist persons in this enterprise for God are not required. Tact is the best servant to employ. An insinuating, active, versatile little friend is Tact: both nimble-fingered and swift-footed. Love to the souls of men makes us earnest, and earnestness under the blessing of God's Spirit soon makes us wise. In humble dependence upon the Spirit of God, no fear need be entertained of the ultimate results if common sense shall take counsel with zeal. By using tact, inappropriate times for conversation about the Saviour of sinners will not be chosen; work will not be neglected that controversy may be engaged in; repelling frowns will not usurp the place of the kindly smile and the brotherly word.

There is more true heroism in fulfilling the obscurer labours of a truly missionary life than in performing more public deeds. Aspirants for something great and showy disdain the advice of those who counsel faithfulness in that which is least. We forget that life may be ennobled by little things done as unto Jesus. It is much easier for a minister to persuade young men to preach in the open air or in mission rooms, for which so many of them are but ill-fitted, than to enlist their services for less conspicuous positions of usefulness. But it is something for which to thank God—

“If a pilgrim has been shadowed
By a tree that I have nursed;
If a can of clear, cold water
I have raised to lips athirst;
If I've planted one sweet flower
By an else too barren way;
If I've whispered in the midnight
One sweet word to tell of day;
If in one poor bleeding bosom
I a woe-swept chord have stilled;
If a dark and restless spirit
I with hope of heaven have filled;
If I've made for life's hard battle
One faint heart grow brave and strong.”

If there be a considerable amount of ignorance on subjects of religious truth in our English workshops, there is also much ignorance as to the effect of those truths on the lives of those who have received them. Flippant detractors there are who never cease sneering at our religion, and who are never so happy as when ignoring every good quality in religious people. Very aptly have they been designated human owls, for they are vigilant in darkness and blind to light. Every Christian artisan has been troubled with these impudent tongues. Hear them talk of their companions in the workshop. "William has turned religious." "Ah," is the reply of the human owl, "no doubt he is, on Sundays." "William has been baptised, and joined the church." "Yes" is the foul insinuation, "he hopes to get something by it." "William has become a teetotaller." "Yes, I daresay he has his drops on the sly." As for Christian ministers, of course, they are base hirelings and hypocrites, living like gentlemen in idleness and feeding luxuriously every day; indeed, virtue itself is vice with them. Religion with them is hypocrisy, and religious men are the last to do a good deed without profit. And this is how Christianity is received in many a workshop in England! Oh, blind infatuation! to see evil in good and good in evil. What can be done with such men? They are not content with mere vilifying; they are incessantly laying traps for the consistent man. If by any means he can be robbed of his integrity, filched of his consistency, plundered of his character, and reduced to the level of his detractors, the envious spirit rejoices greatly.

These are some of the difficulties which the godly workmen of our churches have to fight. Our well-to-do members know nothing whatever of these struggles, they hardly suspect the existence of such saturnalias as are common in English workshops. "The day" will declare what moral victories have been won in these unexpected ways. Meanwhile, let us speak generous, kindly words to those engaged in this warfare. It is of no use for ministers to scold their hearers for not engaging in more active service; they will be best won by generous appeal and loving entreaty. Working men especially need judicious handling. They may be made the most active force in our Christian churches. Their aid is indispensable. Not always can they give silver and gold, although in this they are by no means backward; but they can and they do give of the wealth of their generous sympathies, earnest prayers, and willing services.

How to make the best use of our church members is a subject worthy of consideration. We are still suffering from the inertia of past days when the whole duty of man was considered to have been fulfilled if the church rules were subscribed to, and a seat was taken and constant attendance was kept up. We have done with such idle ideas. Our ministers must teach the members that the church ought to be a hive of busy workers, that Christ should be honoured in the family and in the workshop, and that when a Christian ceases to be aggressively useful, his spiritual life becomes matter of question.

A Work among the Poorest of the Poor.

IN April, 1863, Bishop Tait inaugurated a scheme designed to evangelise the poorer districts of London. The sum of £1,000,000 was to be raised in ten years "to provide additional curates, parsonages, endowments for poor livings, and churches." The *Times* of that day very sensibly wrote, "Such a mode of breaking ground in the spiritual attack upon large masses of heathenism is not according to Scripture precedent. When we look to the simple narratives of the Bible, we cannot help becoming immediately conscious of a vast and unaccountable difference between the methods of the apostolic age and of this wherein we live. Then the man spoke to the man, at any time and place, in season and out of season, making himself 'all things to all men,' preaching in a Jewish synagogue till turned out, or in the room of a philosophical lecturer, or in a private house, or at a river side, or in a lodging, at dawn or at night. There can be no doubt of the immense difficulties which everywhere, and from the beginning to the end of the sacred story, beset the path of the preacher. Bigotry, science, cupidity, ruffianism, sensuality, and sloth, all combined their power to resist the great aggression made on their domains.

"But the preachers, isolated, wandering, of humble condition and sometimes personally objectionable, persevered, talked, preached, governed, and founded the polity with which, after the lapse of near two thousand years, all claim a special identity. Such a mode of proceeding is perfectly simple, natural, convenient, and practical. It does not require an immense edifice built for the purpose, or a large assemblage, or an imposing solemnity. It is, we hold, perfectly natural, and therefore quite right, that when a religious society is founded, and a congregation gathered, it should have a suitable place of worship; but to put that need foremost to evangelise the masses, does really seem in common phrase, to be putting the cart before the horse. It is like providing a handsome, full-sized uniform for the soldier that has yet to be born. *The spiritual conquest of the population is not to be made by advancing a succession of ecclesiastical fortresses.*"

The failure predicted by the *Times* is only too apparent, notwithstanding the increased energies of other Christian organisations, to wit, the City Mission, the Bible Woman's Mission, the special services in theatres and other public buildings, and services conducted by "converted" burglars, dustmen, soldiers, and policemen. Is it not a lamentable fact that London is not yet morally turned upside down? The ever-increasing music halls, and theatres, with their shameful exhibitions, nightly crowded with the youth of both sexes, the penny-galls, dancing saloons, and worse hells, all testify to the sad fact.

And is not the cause of failure traceable? Is it not, that, with all our planning and organisation there is so little of voluntary evangelistic effort? The educated men and women of our churches have been supinely indifferent to the command of Christ, "Preach the gospel to every creature." *Ineffective* paid agency has been too often the substitute for the self-denying voluntary consecration of the believer in Christ Jesus.

We thank God that on our return from Turkey, fourteen years ago, we were led to hear Mr. Spurgeon, and through his ministry brought to a saving knowledge of the truth, and by his advice, instead of studying to become a missionary to the heathen abroad, we were bid to look after the heathen in the slums of London.

In the March Number of "London Society," a popular writer calls Golden Lane, where we now labour, "*that most awful of London thoroughfares.*"

Where is Golden Lane? It is within a stone's throw of the tombs of Bunyan, Milton, Isaac Watts, and Wesley. It may be described by a square piece of paper, across which, two black lines, equi-distant, have been drawn. Let the four outer edges represent Barbican, Goswell Street, Old Street, and

Bunhill Row, and the black lines Golden Lane and White Cross Street intersecting it. Take a spider, dip its legs in ink, and let it crawl all over the paper, and you will, by the black irregular marks get an idea of the courts and alleys which, like a cobweb, environ Golden Lane. It is in the parishes of St. Giles (Cripplegate) and St. Luke's; the latter parish dreadfully pauperised, and containing a population of fifty-seven thousand. It is the only district in London where rank infidelity can make a respectable stand, and where Bradlaugh and his satellites can get fifteen hundred twopences out of the pockets of youths and girls to listen to his blasphemous ravings every Sunday night.

But in Golden Lane we have the culmination of sin and misery. A few years ago it was almost impossible for a respectable person to pass safely through it, and even now, the residents of the adjacent streets shun it as men would a plague-stricken house. In the small area described, above twenty thousand men, women, and children are huddled together, in unhealthy dwellings. All the poorest and criminal classes are represented here; mixed with them are a few decent people, who seem like flowers in the desert, but the majority are foul-mouthed, drunken, haters of God, devilish and filthy, the like of which cannot be equalled in any Continental city.

Many artists have tried to picture the ragged child's wretched hovel-home, with its broken chair and table, its bed of loose shavings in the corner, its broken window, stuffed with rags, excluding alike the light and air; but no limner can portray either the fœtid atmosphere or the spiritual darkness which, like a blight, enshrouds the souls of those who dwell there.

"Full many a gem, of purest ray serene,
The dark, unlighted caves of ocean bear,"

sang the good poet; and just as some of our most beautiful diatoms for the microscope—hard as flint and pretty as snowflakes—are obtained from the mud at the bottom of our ponds, so the history of our mission to the costermongers proves that from the "miry clay" in this "horrible pit," many jewels can be obtained which shall shine in the Redeemer's crown for ever.

Eight years ago the mission was commenced in a little room. At first, the hope of pecuniary gain attracted the people, but when we told them, "Silver and gold have I none, but such as I have give I unto thee," they

"Rolled up their tents like the Arabs,
And silently stole away."

Then we preached in the open air, not in the broad thoroughfares to catch the religious people going to and from their places of worship (a reprehensible practice so common nowadays), but in the narrow courts and alleys thronged with noisy children, and idle, dissipated, half-drunken men and women. To gain their ear, we took out the harmonium, and, placing it in their midst, played and sang a few tunes, and then mounting on the top of it preached Jesus unto them. From these trying beginnings, a mission has grown in which above forty meetings are carried on weekly; a regular congregation of more than four hundred people has been formed—forty-one were baptised last year. Nearly one hundred converts have become active workers for Christ; some are in Canada, America, and India, and others are helping other brethren in the work of evangelising London. Seven brethren who made their first attempts at preaching the Gospel in our mission, are now successful pastors of churches, and eight of our youths have obtained appointments in Her Majesty's Civil Service.

Our operations are divided into four branches, Religious, Educational, Social, and Benevolent.

RELIGIOUS.

The preaching of the Gospel is the primary object and end of our work. Our Congregation is a medley of costermongers, sweeps, labourers, street-characters, factory lads, and girls, etc. Few can read, and for them large

type Bibles and Hymn Books are in demand. The seats are all free, and there are no collections. The voluntary pence offerings average five shillings weekly. A well-known writer thus describes a service :—

"One of the most encouraging features of the mission is the evident attempt of all to appear as clean and decent as possible. There is no one to keep order, unless it be the coster who acts as doorkeeper, yet there is no unseemly noise—no interruption. Although the costers may saunter in or out at their supreme pleasure, they are as quiet and orderly as a Westminster Abbey congregation—perhaps more so. There is nothing of affectation about the place. The services, singing, and prayer are rendered in a very simple and homely style, Mr. Orsman generally being preacher, clerk, and organist, all in one. To hear these men and women—these people, whom no police law or regulation, however stringent, could bend into passive obedience—singing with touching pathos the beautiful anthem, "I will arise, and go unto my Father," is enough to melt the coldest heart. That which the iron force of the law could not, with all its power, accomplish, has been done by the gentle and loving influence of a humble preacher of religion. And to see these people so happy—to find them flocking to the house of prayer because to them it is more pleasant, more comfortable, more inspiring than their own wretched homes, is a circumstance from which we certainly ought to learn something. For once the house of God has proved a successful rival to the gin-shop, and has awakened within the hearts of numbers of the poorest a yearning to be something better."

It would fill a volume to tell out their conversions, which are often romantic and startling. The Enquirers' Meeting, every Sunday Evening, is well attended and quite an institution. Their perplexities are freely told, but they sometimes sadly perplex us, and prayer becomes our best resource.

Six prayer-meetings are held weekly; last Sunday we had 150 at seven o'clock in the morning. Open-air services are regularly held in fine weather.

Two special services for children, in addition to the Sunday School, are attractive because they are conducted in nearly the "same way as those for their fathers and mothers." Seven hundred families are visited by sixteen of our converts, who are led on by our female missionary—a Wesleyan, and a brave-hearted, self-denying sister in the Lord.

The six Tramps' Kitchens, or to speak plainly, the Thieves' Kitchens, are regularly visited by permission of the deputies or owners, and among this wretched class the gospel is preached. The other day a tall powerful Irishman, with short cropped hair, interrupted the preacher, and was about to strike him, when the mistress of the house came suddenly behind the intruder and carried him bodily out, and pitched him into the street. In these houses are found men and women who have percolated through many grades of society, and have lost friends, home, and character. The Hot-water Houses are very numerous, and are frequented by the *lowest class*. One penny per day ensures a warm fire and means of cooking stolen food; another penny wins a turn-down on the floor at night. We have seen from twenty to thirty of both sexes in a room twelve feet square. These hot-water houses are not under any police or sanitary inspection.

In three Bible Classes are sixty young men and women. The Lord's Day Rest Society comprises two hundred juveniles and adults.

EDUCATIONAL.

There is a daily free Ragged School, totally insufficient to meet the many demands for admission, conducted by an excellent teacher, a member of Dr. Parker's church. Average attendance of City Arabs, 185.

There are free Evening Classes for those who work during the day; Choral Classes; Lending Library; Loan Magazine and Pure Literature Society. There is no bookseller's or newspaper shop in Golden Lane, because the people cannot read. Those who go through the formality of a marriage ceremony generally sign with a x. Mr. Spurgeon's Sermons and the Sword and Trowel are among our most useful loan magazines. Our Tuesday lectures are a great success: by means of our dissolving-view apparatus we can give capital lectures for the small charge of one penny to adults, and a halfpenny each child. Our

scientific lectures draw a large number of working men, and five of the students in our science classes have obtained certificates, and three have won money prizes this year. The printing press of the Mission is an invaluable help.

SOCIAL.

First and foremost, because our most useful auxiliary, is the Temperance Society, which took 283 pledges last year; and our Band of Hope numbering nearly 600 members, who sustain a well-conducted boys' Drum and Fife Band. Our arguments for temperance we find in the neighbourhood around us, here is a specimen; last week the widow of one of our hearers, who a short time ago suffocated himself in a state of intoxication in the bed clothes, came home drunk with her baby. She fell asleep, and the baby rolled out of her arms off the bed and fell into the watercress tub full of water which stood close by, and was drowned.

There is a Sewing Class for poor women, and two for children. To encourage thrift, we have a Penny Savings Bank; last year there were nearly 2,400 transactions, amounting to £198.

The Costermongers, by a committee of twelve, with a little of our help, manage their own Barrow and Donkey club.

The Canadian Emigration Club comprises above 100 members; several are now on their way to Canada.

The Provident Sick Club keeps our members from any excuse for attending the public house, even for provident purposes.

BENEVOLENT.

For the poor married women there is a Maternity Fund, also a Sick Visiting Society, a Clothing Club, and a Shoe Club for Children; there are occasionally free teas for costers, and soup suppers for tramps; temporary board and lodging provided for penitent castaways; excursions for adults and children; Christmas dinners for the deserving destitute, and weekly dinners during the winter for destitute children. Nearly 25,000 dinners were given during the last three years. "I was hungry, and ye fed me."

A medical mission is sadly needed, owing to the fact that the parish doctor, badly paid and hardly worked, is rarely on the spot when most needed.

None of these agencies are unnecessary; they have grown out of the regular work, and by means of them a host of people have been reached who were hitherto inaccessible to the Christian teacher. Our mission, which is a very humble one, attempts to preach the gospel to the poor, and the secret of our success, under God's blessing, is mainly attributable to the *voluntary* character of the mission. Are there not many readers of this magazine, who, having more wealth, time, and talents at their command than we possess, are yet doing very little to hasten that time when "the knowledge of the Lord shall cover the earth"?

The mission has received a sad blow. The mortgagees, wishing to sell the property for warehouses, have given us notice to quit in June next.

A site presents itself in Golden Lane on which a cheap and suitable building can be erected; but as our congregation is unable to raise a thousand pence, much less a £1,000, we look to the Lord's people to send quickly the funds so urgently required.* Unless help comes at once, we must leave Golden Lane to the tender mercies of infidels and Romanists. Aid may be sent to—

W. J. ORSMAN, 153, Downham Road, London, N.

* No better investment for money ever came before generous hearts. Our esteemed friend is truly one of "the great unpaid," and ought not to be left to fight the fight alone. He ought to have the money for a building at once. We shall be glad to be the channel of help for him.—C. H. S.

Money: Some Spring-tide Thoughts and Illustrations.

COMMUNICATED BY G. H. PIKE.

THE time is evening, and the place my cottage garden, situated in the pretty suburb of Ashdale. The season being the middle of April, the landscape is arrayed in the comely and fragrant appendages of spring. The few clouds which intervene between earth and the azure sky are driven slowly onward by a soft south-westerly wind, while the broad prospect of meadow, wooded and arable land is enlivened by a melodious discord, the notes of birds and the distant chimes of the evening bells.

The work of the day being over, my constitutional pensiveness aids imagination in peopling the gravel paths with forms which I have good reason to hope will be met with in a purer state hereafter. There are times in life when the past and the present seem drawn closely together; when kind actions, faithful reproofs, and friendly counsels; or, on the other hand, things humiliating, the base deed, and the mean speech, long, long since performed or spoken, live again; when the involuntary tears which bedew their remembrance soften the heart; when the very settling dew of evening resembles in our eyes nature's tears on account of moral evil; when, in fine, we become keenly sensible of our loneliness and of the vanity of time, or realise with a sweetness not common to every day, that they are not friendless whose friends are in heaven.

After my meditations had led me whither they would for nearly an hour, a wicket on the west side of my garden, a sort of postern opening into the meadows, opened with a click which suddenly ended my reverie. The welcome intruder I discovered to be my friend Herodion, whose wise counsel and genuine sympathy are constantly doing service to the perplexed and the distressed. The open countenance of my friend very readily tells an observer when anything uncommon is passing within, so that on this occasion I saw at a glance there was something which yielded him mournful satisfaction. "I have just come," he cried at length, "from one of the happiest sights this world can afford—the death-bed of one who passed from time completely triumphant, with every enemy at bay."

"So then our friend Adelpia has really departed," I answered. "I sympathise with your admiration of her triumph; for she has been enabled in a most blessed, I may say in a truly surprising manner, to resign what was really an enviable inheritance for what faith assured her is better. She had youth, genius, wealth, and devoted friends; but better relinquish these at eighteen than come to oneself at seventy, rich in possessions, though lacking in things which gold will not purchase."

"And yet the rich try to persuade themselves that they are the happiest of people."

"Because people like to believe themselves to be really what they should be," I continued. "If extra privileges and opportunities of conferring good yield happiness, there is no reason why rich Christians should not be happier than poor ones. The same spiritual blessings are enjoyed in common, while the rich have vouchsafed to them the additional benefit of possessing means for gladdening others. Many can pride themselves in their possessions who lack the disposition to use money wisely. They best appreciate the value of gold who realise the superior worth of moral qualities. When Solon, the Athenian lawmaker, visited Cræsus, King of the Lydians, the latter on account of his wealth, supposing he had reached the pinnacle of human felicity, asked the philosopher who was the happiest of men. Scorning to compliment his host's accumulations, the Greek boldly answered, 'Tellus, the Athenian;' the reason being, that in addition to other advantages, Tellus died vanquishing his

enemies. Hence, to draw a lesson which the Greek know not, and of more worth than the wisdom of the ancients: if temporal success be not coupled with spiritual victory, it will one day be acknowledged a misnomer. The man who is satisfied with it allows the gold canker to eat into his better nature, and resembles those beguiled animals whose enjoyment of a bait is at the expense of freedom, or even of life itself."

"Do you think," enquired Herodion, "that those persons may justly be accounted insane who evince an extraordinary infatuation in gathering and hoarding money, apparently for the money's sake?"

"I think not," said I, "or not in any other sense than that which supposes all besetting sin to be a species of insanity. The main difference between miserly and liberal habits is that, in the one case money controls the man, while in the other the man controls the money. All sins are of the same nature so far that, if not conquered they become conquerors. Once admit greedy desires into the heart, and you cannot tell whither you will be drifted by the stream of passion. You may command the current for a time; but eventually it will gain the mastery and bear you away. One may gloat over guineas as he may brood over an idea; until beauty is supposed to be confined to wealth, or until all things appear to be trifling in comparison with a contracted whim. Because naturally wicked, the heart when once engaged in a bad cause becomes very energetic. Many whose parsimony hinders them from using their money, hoard it for others to squander; and I have heard of an old Jacobite who probably would have grudged five shillings to an hospital or an orphanage, but who gladly gave twenty pounds for two old shoes because they had been worn out by the Young Pretender."

"The foolish actions of wise men are legitimate sport for fools," observed Herodion. "And as the bent of your thoughts this evening tends towards a wise use of this world, I will give you a true illustration of the abuse of money. Early in the last century, there lived in Paris a person of the name of Vandille, who amassed property to the extent of £800,000. Penurious habits became the occasion of his lodging in a garret, which he preferred should be of lofty situation, in order to avoid both noise and visitors. For a daily attendant he hired an ancient dame on a weekly salary of sevenpence. His diet consisted chiefly of bread and milk, some light wine being added on Sundays, when he gave a farthing to the poor for the sake of his soul; of which beneficence he kept an exact account. When, in early life, he enjoyed the office of magistrate at Boulogne, he appropriated to himself the office of milk-taster-general, and thereby contrived to satisfy the most pressing of his temporal wants. When out on long journeys he preferred walking, and, disguised as a begging friar, he was not ashamed to impose on the charitable. But contemptible as was his procedure during life, the events of his last days were even more humiliating. After bargaining one day with a woodman for a supply of fuel, he took a cold and from that a fever, through endeavouring to enrich himself by despoiling the peasant of his logs. While lying in his last illness, he dismissed two surgeons successively on finding their charges to be exorbitant; and so after being bled by a barber for the sake of cheapness, Vandille died, when his worshipped money-bags were transferred to the state."

"That is a shocking story," said I, when my friend had finished; "but it carries with it a lesson which to you and to me is not likely to be profitless. Of all preservatives against disaster, money in itself is the least satisfactory; for if trials and temptations come not otherwise they will come with what mammon calls good fortune. Wise men have their oddities; but the foolish worship crotchets. In these days of light and in this Christian country, we build no groves for stone and metal images; yet how constantly do we find humanity enthroning in its heart some idol, some besetting sin, and sacrificing before it every attribute of manliness. Your story should warn persons who have reason to suspect that their hearts harbour the first flickerings of avarice, to renounce their passion, and not to touch the unclean thing. The growth of sin is fearfully

rapid. Apparently harmless in the child, the germ of delusion expands till the man, by one costly sacrifice, will throw on the accursed altar of his idol all which would make him noble in time and happy in eternity. In proportion as we yield to besetting sins we forego our moral influences, and nourish pride or native folly. Those who embrace what is evil and those who abuse what is good, will likely, sooner than they expect, find themselves fellow travellers on the broad road to destruction."

"Although I quite agree with your sentiments," said my friend, "I rejoice in the belief that, to one case of extraordinary parsimony could be opposed several instances of princely beneficence. Benevolence springs from Christianity. The natural consequences of good or evil deeds may be regarded as the interest those deeds will bear in accordance with divine arrangement. The Christian scheme rewards amply, while it engenders a becoming sense of human nothingness by yielding a penny in common to him who contributes of his abundance, and to the widow who subscribes her two mites. What is lent to God will bear eternal interest. They also who forward the cause of evil put out their deeds to usury. Would some benign angel persuade all penurious people that their hoards will certainly bear the interest of remorse and degradation, how enviable in comparison would a condition of poverty appear! On every unjust steward or devotee of folly, wisdom will surely inflict the penalty of a convicting conscience."

"It is not easy to decide which to condemn most," I replied, "the man who annihilates his means of usefulness by prodigality, or one who does the same by a wicked parsimony. The last dams up the stream of his benevolence, and will neither allow of its irrigating his own garden nor the fields of others; but the spendthrift, by recklessly opening the lock-gates of the river, diverts into channels of waste what Providence intended should be a source of fruitfulness. And now I think of it, I will relate an instance of the abuse of money quite as strange and instructive as your story of Vandille. In the time of my grandfather, there died in the Fleet Prison a singular character whose surname for charity's sake need not be divulged. Benjamin had formerly been a tanner in Southwark, and his neighbours had commonly esteemed him as a trader worth his tens of thousands. Becoming discontented with tanning, he turned his attention to genuine money dealing, and by lending on mortgage, and doing similar business, rapidly grew richer. On account of some misdemeanour while thus engaged he became subject to a penalty of ten thousand pounds, the known character of the man, it was supposed, having helped the jury to arrive at so severe a conclusion. Resolving not to pay what the law demanded the usurer embarked for France, carrying thither his wealth and family. He soon found that though by flight he could escape payment of a fine, he must sacrifice his revenue, not being able, away from his connections, to trade with former advantage. Though sufficiently rich he returned to England alone and with but little money. He was taken and lodged in the Fleet, where he lay about twelve years. While a debt prisoner he opened his heart to the spirit of penury and observed many singular habits. It transpired that freedom could be obtained by paying a tenth of the original penalty, but he would acknowledge no obligation. When his customary glass of water was superseded by table beer he always saw that the measure was full. In diet he was correspondingly sparing, never purchasing a joint, but dining on a fourpenny plate of meat from a neighbouring larder. Nevertheless, as though the remains of something better occasionally struggled for mastery, poor Benjamin would have his fits of benevolence, when he not only gave fragments to the poor, but sometimes a stone of meat. As is invariably the case, this infatuation was dearly paid for, since the captive by his self-imposed imprisonment was defrauded of more money than would have paid his debt. Leaving that unsatisfied he died rich, and achieved what delusion doubtless assured him was a moral victory, which in truth was no victory, though it was to others a solemn warning. May we all beware of mock victories in life that are as common as the rising and the

setting sun; the winners of which stop their ears to the voice of truth, which otherwise would assure them, that every conquest is a real disaster when not gained in a good cause."

"That was a singular case of obstinacy combined with even worse passions," exclaimed Herodion, after a few minutes' pause in our conversation; "When worldly wisdom would rival Christian steadfastness, the result is sure to be a caricature. Braving the laws is like braving evil reports, tolerable only so long as we have right on our side. When clearly in the wrong, or when truth sides with our detractors, amendment, rather than a defiant bearing, is dignified and noble. The instance just related would appear completely to show that, men with blunted moral faculties are not competent to make a just estimate of the value of money: and I hold that a man is imperfect in proportion to his non-subjection to Christianity. Such people rate money too high or too low. Indeed, their mistakes are legion. The dim eye of a seared conscience, or of worldly-mindedness, will pass over characters as meaningless signs, which, to a quicker, because sanctified, perception, spell out the very wisdom of heaven. The new Testament is the only safe standard by which all temporal good can be tested. He who lives only for this world, tastes life by a very indifferent sample. They really possess little worth the living for, whose money is more to them than existence; and that such may become a man's condition when a love of gold gains ascendancy is proved by the illustrations given. Death has even been known to become a vindicator of right. About a century ago there died an old man, who, by trading in flints, amassed a fortune of twelve thousand pounds. Though possessing a spacious house, he chose to live alone. After accidentally hurting his hand while opening an oyster, the member mortified, the doctor meanwhile having been dispensed with for fear the calamity should be turned to undue profit. The money, in this case, descended to a needy relative, who hitherto had been denied both countenance and assistance. As an additional illustration, I may mention that a man has been known to possess fifteen thousand pounds, and yet compel his son to work as a day labourer, until death by cutting down the sire, has diverted his hoards into legitimate channels of usefulness."

"It plainly appears then, my dear Herodion," I now again remarked, "that none should desire wealth before being tolerably sure of inheriting a disposition to use it wisely. People in much short sightedness are apt to envy the rich, no thought in the meantime, entering their mind of the dangers to which the rich are exposed. As before admitted, they have abounding privileges and extra means of enjoyment; but their perils are numerous. It is not always safe to be higher than our fellows. During the war of the Spanish succession, a private in one of Marlborough's regiments being a head taller than his comrades, was probably on that account the envy of the army, until a round shot struck him dead after missing shorter people. Christianity prescribes a noble use of wealth, and the more I see of the world the firmer grows my conviction, that the less religion has to do in controlling our money, the less enjoyment will it yield. Let me give you an example. A certain lady being in circumstances of easy affluence, was commonly regarded by her neighbours as a pet child of fortune. One day a visitor, on expressing sentiments of congratulatory admiration, received for an answer, 'Ay, if were not for dying, it would be all very pretty. Now Christian faith would have brought a different lesson. It would in fact have taught the lady that her heritage *was* very pretty; and that death opened the passage to one still prettier. Such examples of the intrusion of misery into stations wherein an abundance of good might be enjoyed and conferred, do not whet the mental appetite for desiring further knowledge of what passes in the breasts of our fellows. Stand only for a minute in front of our Royal Exchange, and survey well that area crowded as it is with so many evidences of intellectual activity and material wealth, and you will realise that an ignorance exists which really is bliss. How great would be our woe were the capacity, once imagined by an old writer, involuntarily forced upon our acceptance—the power to pry

into people's hearts as we see bees in glass hives. In short, how effectually would the beholding of others' discontent promote our own discomfort."

"But have you no examples of persons who made a noble use of money," interrupted Herodion, as though he desired to hear something on the other side of the subject.

"Many might be mentioned," I answered. "John Howard is an encouraging example, not only of the purest standard of human self-denial, but of a man who devoted his fortune to the highest purposes. Yet, while regarding his life-work, we are not to become engrossed with the man individually to the losing sight of his advantages. Though in such a case as that of Howard, a great deal depended on money, we are apt to give no more credit to the fortune which aided him than we do to the workman's tools that fashioned any handsome piece of furniture we choose to admire. Yet Providence proved to us that money was as great a necessity to the philanthropist as convenient instruments are to a skilful artisan. What lasting blessing money may indirectly become the means of conferring on the world, the lives of such benefactors to their race are spent to show. The zealous devotion animating Howard seemed to remove the main obstacles to success in the work on which his affections were centred, and, to the wonder and surprise of contemporaries, apparently superseded the need of genius and learning. On taking possession of a man, Christianity supplies a host of deficiencies. He begins to act on borrowed wisdom. With him money is not the end for which people should live; yet it is a means for attaining valuable ends. Among the wise man's appliances for effecting certain things gold is indispensable. The fact of its proving to some unhappy people a snare and a hindrance will prove nothing. Place a knife and a block in the hands of one, and he will return you a figure chastely carved: give the same materials to another, and he will spoil the knife besides marring the wood. Then the life of such a man as William Carey is an example still more extraordinary, of the high ends money may aid in achieving. *He* inherited no fortune, was always poor, and yet astonishing to state, probably contributed no less than thirty thousand pounds to the object dearest to him—the object of Indian missions. Such men are the very salt of the church. The generous use they make of what is entrusted to them redounds in blessing such as abundantly outweighs any passing gratification that selfishness may attract; making it hard to decide which is more precious, the good they directly confer, or the example they leave behind. Every man more or less lives for posterity. May the remembrance of this make us resolve that whatever good we set our hand to, shall be done well and worthy of our faith; after the example of a certain painter, who, on being chid for working long at his pictures, replied, "I am a long time in painting because I paint for a long time."

"I will confess," said Herodion, "that when people have wealth to dispense I love to see them act as their own almoners. Of this class the examples of Howard and Carey are two of the most admirable on record. Our meeting has, I am sure, afforded each of us satisfaction, and I hope we are both completely convinced, that as a means of effecting good, money is a blessing, and that only by sinning can it be transformed into a curse. The instances given of gold idolatry should serve as beacons to warn us from the breakers of penury; while the opposite gladsome examples encourage us to follow the path appointed by Christ, however self-denying the effort may prove. I will not presume to disparage the benevolent motives of those, who in their wills leave wealth to charities; but nevertheless, I think it far nobler to set the builders to work during one's own lifetime, and instead of consigning our estate to the tender mercies of lawyers, leave for a memorial stone a STOCKWELL ORPHANAGE or a GUY'S HOSPITAL.

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Once more I was alone. The sun, which had set about an hour, was superseded by the ascending Easter moon. The prospect lost none of its

charms by having thrown around it the sombre mantle of night; for whether one regarded the perfect silence of the sky, or looked down on the mist-covered valley, the idea emanating from the pervading stillness was embodied in the monosyllable *REST*.

Sweet Spring-time! It is now that earth, as though celebrating her release from the thralldom of winter, puts on her rejoicing robes of buds and blossoms; and these, though fair and delicate, are after all, only the precursors of something better, the fruits of autumn. How noticeable is it, that at such a season, the poorest of land, or the most stunted hedgerow, will not be behindhand in contributing its quota of green and bloom to complete the triumph of life and beauty over the lately ascendant forces of Boreas:—

“O Spring, lovely season! what form can compare
With thine, so resplendent, so glowing, so fair?
What sunbeam so bright as thine own smiling eye,
At whose glance the dark spirits of winter do fly?
A garland of roses is twined round thy brow,
Thy cheek like the pale blush of evening doth glow;
A mantle of green o’er thy soft form is spread,
And the zephyr’s light wing gently plays round thy head.”

Cannot we, at so sweet a season, yield some acknowledgement to God? If we anticipate giving him the refuse of our days—days when reduced in strength by age, or impaired in intellectual vigour by disease, we can no longer chase the phantoms of gain and pleasure—we shall reap bitter disappointment. A fruitful age only follows a blossoming youth. While strength remains, cannot we do something to diminish the sum of human suffering? Money is our subject; let us devote a fair share of our gains to some high purpose, and thus enjoy with true Christian zest what is left for ourselves. There are orphans’ homes, hospitals, and divers missions of mercy to the wretched and the fallen. Reader, remember these, and may it be spring-time in your bosom.

But some sad eye may scan these pages, which, having seen happier days, is now constrained to live in the cold shade of poverty. You are subjected to a hard discipline, and while in your present condition you cannot estimate its value; but though you cannot fathom mysterious depths, do not doubt that wisdom and mercy are imposing what is good for you to bear. Whoever questioned the salutary effect of winter on vegetation; but whoever realised the truth in its highest sense when benighted amid snowdrifts on a frozen road? In the Christian mind, adversity encourages the nurture of many graces, which when the pain has passed will bud and blossom, just as dark skies and sweeping storms pass away to leave the landscape strewn with fruits and flowers. Be wise, and read the lessons brought home to you by affliction. “In the school of adversity,” said one, “I have learned more philosophy than in the academy, and more divinity than in the pulpit.” Sooner or later, the dew of heaven will bring spring-time to waiting hearts.

New Fables.

CHAPTER THE SECOND. ABOUT BELLS, CLOCKS, ETC.

FABLE VII.—An old bell-wether of my acquaintance had grown extraordinarily fat and extraordinarily lazy. Whenever he moved it was at the slowest possible pace. He much preferred quietly ruminating. One thing, however, greatly troubled him—he was convinced that his bell was completely out of order, it seldom delighted his ears with its tinkling, and ceased to ensure the obedience of the flock. The shepherd, a man not over-stocked with brains, tired of his lamentations, at length removed the offending bell and provided him with a new one, but alas! without producing any better result. The old sheep suggested it might effect the desired result if suspended by a longer chain or if

tied to his tail. Both suggestions were carried out. Still the flock were indifferent, and the bell-wether moaned on. By-and-by Diogenes, the old sheep-dog, wagged his tail furiously, for a happy thought had occurred to him. "Look here!" he barked, "get up and run half a mile without stopping." After a furious and protracted repetition of the injunction, the bell-wether began to run, and, to his great joy, the bell tinkled merrily, the whole valley re-echoed the sound, the whole flock pricked up their ears, and speedily ran in joyous ecstasy after him.

N.B.—It is possible, *in years to come*, there may be some such unhappy bell-wethers in the churches. They may have capital bells—a first-rate style of oratory—a good stock of learning, and yet fail to ensure the cordial co-operation of their flock. Let deacons carefully preserve this number of *The Sword and Trowel* in their vestries; so that, if such bell-wethers should ever moan in their hearing, they may discover to them the way to restore their happiness.

FABLE VIII.—The muffin bell was tinkling along the street—the church-going bell of the *chapel-of-ease* was clanging at regular intervals. The belfry of a neighbouring parish church could hear them both, and saw with holy horror their relative effects. The muffin bell brought mistresses and maids from parlour and kitchen with eager, expectant faces. But the church bell clanged on unnoticed, except by one or two almshouse women. "Alas! for the state of society!" cried the parish church bells; and with one consent resolved to toll funereally for the space of an hour. But hardly had they begun before, to their surprise, the muffin man came up to the belfry, and said, "If they want people to run at the sound of their bells as they do at mine, my advice is, let 'em have some muffins in the church to run for."

N.B.—The author will not insult the reader with "the moral," as he thinks even Mr. Dull Eyes may see his meaning.

FABLE IX.—A very hard-headed clapper in an old church tower professed the intensest distress because its bell was hopelessly cracked. Many people thought it a pitiable position, and wished the sad-hearted clapper a better bell. But just then the ghost of ancient Diogenes floated in through the window, and whistled most angrily, "Master Clapper, cease your noise, and remember, in the first place, *you* cracked the bell; and, secondly, nobody would have known it had you not told them." I have observed often those who bemoan divisions in a church are they who make them; I have also observed sometimes they who make them are most ready to publish the fact.

(To be Continued.)

Reviews.

Ecclesia: Church Problems considered in a series of essays. Edited by H. R. ROBERTS, D.D. Hodder and Stoughton.

WE have ventured to borrow a paper on Madagascar from one of these important essays, with the desire that so dainty a dish may induce our readers, whose purses permit, to procure admission to the entire feast, by purchasing this goodly volume. The authors are all able men. As Congregationalists they speak from their own standpoint, and it is important for members of other churches to know what such represen-

tative men have to say. We ourselves should not be prepared to endorse all that they have written, but the value of such utterances we know how to appreciate. Much of the matter is truth powerfully stated. The volume ranks with standard works of permanent value, and we are glad to hear that it has already been largely circulated. When a scholar, or a practical man wants to know what Independents have to declare on important ecclesiastical questions, he will find here all he requires. The essay from which we have made so lengthy a quotation is one of the most valuable we

have met with, and every lover of Missions should read and re-read it. It is the production of a man of actual experience, who writes what he knows and testifies what he has seen.

Ancient Meeting-houses, or Memorial Pictures of Nonconformity in Old London. By GODFREY HOLDEN PIKE. S. W. Partridge and Co., 9, Paternoster Row.

MR. PIKE is already well known to our readers by his many interesting contributions to our pages. He is a book-worm of the species which feeds on ancient records, state papers, and church books. He already writes so much better than when he began, that we warn the Academy of Literati to reserve a prominent chair for him in the department of Nonconformist History. This present volume should be in the hands of all Baptists, and it is especially the duty of all the members of our denomination resident in London to be conversant with its pages. The author's industry ought to be rewarded by a speedy sale of the entire edition; it will be a scandal to the Nonconformist body if it is not so. Mr. Pike has tracked the footprints of the Baptists in London with an honest, observant eye; he has not attempted to write up or write down the party whose men and manners he is studying, but gives as we believe a fair statement of facts, so far as they are separable from the statements for and against the pioneers of our faith. We expect from him yet greater things, and meanwhile we highly commend the present valuable instalment of the products of his research.

Feathers for Arrows. By C. H. SPURGEON. Passmore and Alabaster.

THIS marvellously cheap and tasteful book is now ready. The cost is only half-a-crown, and it is crowded with telling anecdotes and metaphors. Every Sunday School Teacher should procure a copy at once.

Won at Last: or Memoirs of Captain George and Mrs. Hannah Smith, of Bridlington Quay, and York. By their eldest son, the Rev. THORNLEY SMITH. Elliot Stock.

THIS story will have special interest to

Methodists. The hero of it was a captive in France during our wars with Napoleon, achieved his escape, ran imminent risks of impressment, made many voyages, married the heroine of the story, became an earnest Wesleyan, and died in a good old age after having seen his children walking in the truth. The remarks on baptism made by the author seem to us to be very weak, otherwise as a son's tribute to the eminent worth of his departed parents, the book is one which our admiration of filial affection forbids us to criticise severely.

"Only a servant," or a brief Memorial of Mary H.— By an Elder of the Church; with introductory notice by Dr. W. H. GOULD. Fourth Thousand. Andrew Elliot, Edinburgh. Hamilton and Co., London.

MARY H— appears to have been a servant of a very superior order. Despite her educational defects, she had not only a pious but a cultured mind, she kept a diary of her religious experience, wrote occasional essays, and even learned a little French: but her example to other servants is most of all valuable because of her delight in God, her zeal for Christ's kingdom, and the consistency of her life. Mistresses, give your hand-maidens this little memoir, and servants, be sure that you follow the steps of Mary H—.

Fidelia Fisk. By the Rev. WM. GUEST. Morgan and Chase, 38, Ludgate Hill.

A BOOK after our own heart, a veritable history of a consecrated life. Here is truth stranger and more thrilling than fiction, the incidents of a missionary career which are to the glory of God and of his truth. It is a book worthy of a place beside the life of a Brainerd, or a Martin, a Burns, or a Carey. Buy it and read it, pray over it and imitate it, is our advice to all, and especially to our sisters in the Lord, who will do well to be followers of her in her faith and patience, her consecration and self-sacrificing love.

The Roman Painter and His Model. By MARIE SIBREE. Hodder and Stoughton, 27, Paternoster Row.

A VERY striking story, well told, and conveying an excellent moral.

Handbook to the Grammar of the Greek Testament. By the Rev. SAM. G. GREEN. Religious Tract Society.

BY far the best book for young beginners that we have ever seen. We most heartily commend it to all who wish to study the New Testament in the original Greek. Every help that learning and experience can suggest or supply appears to be found in its pages. The vocabulary, index, and list of synonyms are most complete. To our students of all classes the book will be a perfect treasure, and we thank the Society and the author alike for the benefit they are conferring upon the church by thus facilitating the study of the letter of the "Word of God."

Frank Oldfield and Tim's Troubles. W. Tweedie, 337, Strand.

Two prize essays of the United Kingdom Band of Hope Union. The former the production of a clergyman and the latter of a young lady. They are both illustrated tales of some interest and power, the cream of eighty-four which the adjudicators had to peruse in order to make the selection. We record the fact to the honour of the judges, for we can hardly conceive of a severer test of patience than to be obliged to read eighty-two more tales each one of less worth than these. We hope against hope as we wish these books may achieve the end for the which they are now sent forth.

An Apology for the True Christian Divinity. By ROBERT BARCLAY. W. Jewin, 24, Deansgate, Manchester.

BARCLAY'S Apology needs no commendation from us; it is the standard work of our friends the Quakers, and will well repay a perusal. The thirteenth edition is before us, and we, while of course demurring to some things, have enjoyed the renewal of our acquaintance with the book.

The Pictorial Explanatory New Testament. Elliot Stock, 62, Paternoster Row.

WE can at least commend heartily the matter of the volume, it is the same word of truth that we love above all books, but as to the eighty-two engravings we never thought much of

them when they were new, and now that they are worn threadbare we are weary of them. For juvenile people it will be a nice picture book, and may perhaps spare the family Bible and its more expensive plates from the fingers of the youngsters. The notes are good, and will be of use in the Bible-class or family reading.

The History of the Newcastle-on-Tyne Sunday School Union. Edited by Rev. W. WALTERS. Sunday School Union, 56, Old Bailey.

ALTHOUGH this book professes to be only a history of the past fifty years' work of Sunday Schools in and about Newcastle, it is really of wider reach and more general interest. Any one who is about to lecture on Sunday Schools, or who may wish for information on the practical working of them, will do well to read this interesting volume. We laid it down after perusal with an expression of thanks to God that his servants had been helped to so large an extent in one of the most important parts of Christian labour. Lovers of Sunday-School work will value this book, and to them we cordially commend it.

Lectures on the First and Second Epistles of Peter. By the Rev. JOHN LILLIE, D.D. Hodder and Stoughton, 27, Paternoster Row.

A TRULY scholarly exposition by a late eminent American divine. Dr. Schaff has prefixed an introductory to this posthumous work which adds further to its value. We have rejoiced to hear the old ring of sound doctrine throughout this volume. The writer was originally from Scotland, and retained the love of Calvinism which still reigns amongst our brethren there. These epistles abound in difficult passages, but the expositor has at least tried to meet them fairly, and not to shirk them. With all its research the exposition is still enlivened and warmed with a genial spirit, and pervaded by an unction which, though far below the incomparable Leighton is still of a very high order. We shall be glad to hail from the other side of the Atlantic a host of volumes like this one before us. May God bless all the churches there with such learned gospel-loving pastors.

Grey and Gold. By EMMA JANE WORBOISE. James Clark & Co., 13, Fleet Street.

ANYTHING that this talented authoress may write is sure to find a host of readers; we on principle object to all religious novels, though we believe that those penned by the writer of this book are intended to be beneficial to their readers, and they are certainly as little objectionable as any we meet with. We think this one, though interesting, not to be equal in power of thought and freshness of illustration to some others we have been called upon to review.

Light from the Cross. By A. THOLUCK. D.D., translated by the Rev. R. C. L. BROWN, M.A. T. & T. Clark, Edinburgh.

THESE sermons on the Passion of our Lord are worthy of a place in every library, and we gladly welcome a third edition. There are some would-be extra refined spirits who find a myth in the cross, and hide the death of Christ behind a veil, wishing us to believe that all which speaks of mortal agony is sensuous, and must be banished by sensible minds. We cannot away with this supercilious refinement, which is only a cloak for hatred of the doctrine of the atonement of our Lord. It is well to notice that the highest order of minds can dwell with a plaintive pleasure and a chastened joy upon the dying words and deeds of him who was made a vicarious sacrifice for our sin. Never may the day come when books of this description shall be despised. We can make room for many more.

A Homiletic Analysis of the New Testament. By JOSEPH PARKER. Hodder and Stoughton, 27, Paternoster Row.

ONE of a series of volumes to appear annually for the next five years, and we hope that they will have an extensive circulation. We have carefully read the book, and can commend heartily its talent and spirit. It is not so much a commentary as a series of skeletons and homilies like the following: Matt. xv. The case of the woman of Canaan. I. Christ tests faith. II. Earnestness is not deterred by silence or rebuke. III. The crumbs of Christ's table are

better than the luxuries of any other. IV. The kingdom of heaven may still be taken by the violent. V. The exercise of faith is not a question of nations, but of hearts." Not quite so happy, however, is the exposition of Matt. xviii. 11, "For the Son of Man is come to save that which was lost." "What had been *lost*? Evidently the *child-like spirit*! Modesty, self-repression, every graceful attribute of created and dependent life had been *lost*, and the Son of Man came to save it." "Christ's whole ministerial course may be summed up in the great purpose of recovering and honouring the *child-like spirit*." Now we fancy this is hardly the safest way of putting it. Christ came not to save lost *graces* but lost *men*, to honour not a *spirit of childlikeness* but the "*Father of spirits*." We are certainly as wide as the poles asunder on the matter of election as expounded under the vine-dressers, and the penny-a-day. The author says, "Men may turn God's call away, or they may hail it in a spirit of confidence and thankfulness; they are only elected by God because they themselves elect to serve God in all the pleasure of his loving and sovereign will." Again, just before, "There is nothing in the declaration which limits God's love; he calls all men; whom he calls he is willing to choose; the call comes freely as the expression of God's boundless and priceless love, but the choice is determined entirely by the *spirit* in which man accepts the call." Now this is a frittering away of the glorious doctrine of God's sovereignty in election, so as to make him a lackey to serve the will of man. Is the Most High to keep his will in abeyance till man decides, and has the "Inhabitant of eternity" to wait in homage for the ephemera of time? No! For "it is not of him that willeth, nor of him that runneth, but of God that showeth mercy." It will be gathered from these extracts that we are opposed to the school of theology to which the writer belongs, but the book is, despite this, a serviceable one, and contains many striking suggestions which will start trains of thought and thus help many readers to new and fuller views of some truths which are eminently worthy of their regard.

Memoranda.

WE call the attention of all our friends to our letter upon the Stockwell Orphanage. We hope for a liberal response. Contributions should be sent before June 19th, to C. H. Spurgeon, Stockwell Orphanage, London.

The Annual Conference of the College Association was the best we have yet held. Truly the Lord refreshed us all.

At Mr. Phillips' Supper, the amount generously subscribed to the College Funds exceeded £1,300.

This year we have the prospect of greater need and smaller means than usual for carrying on the Lord's work; will friends pray for us that we may have greater faith?

We hope to address the United Presbyterian Synod in Edinboro', on May 11th, to open the M'Cheyne memorial church 12th, to preach in Dundee 13th. Cupar 15th, Dingwall 17th, and Invergordon 18th.

On 20th inst., the Trustees of our Loan Building Fund voted Loans amounting to £1,300 to various applicants. The funds are now quite exhausted. Subscribers will be sorry to learn that the proposed amount of £5,000 which was to have been the capital of this fund has not been reached, but the

amount has stopped short at £4,200. This is to be regretted, as the original design was to have enough money to finish the education of all men in the College, in case of the Pastor's death.

We are compelled to omit many very interesting notices from want of space.

The opening of the new Baptist Chapel at Redbourne. Herts, was celebrated on Friday, the 15th of last month, and the following Sabbath. Mr. Sawday, of Vernon Chapel, London, preached in the afternoon of Friday, and presided at a public meeting in the evening. On the Sabbath, two sermons were preached by Mr. Rogers, from the Tabernacle College. The attendance on all these occasions was greatly encouraging. Mr. Dunnington, from the Tabernacle College, commenced preaching in this town about a year ago, and through the divine blessing has succeeded in forming a flourishing interest, and by the help of Mr. Spurgeon and other friends, in raising a commodious and handsome building, much real good has already been accomplished.

Baptisms at Metropolitan Tabernacle, by Mr. J. A. Spurgeon:—March 21, fourteen; 24th, twenty-two; April 14th, five; 18th, eleven.

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 March 20th, to April 19th, 1870.

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
First fruits of a sailor's life earnings ...	3	0	0	Mr. D. Bourn ...	1	1	0
Preach the gospel ...	1	10	0	Mr. and the Misses Dransfield ...	5	5	0
Legacy of the late Mrs. Biggs, per Messrs.				Miss Anne Dransfield ...	1	1	0
W. Anderson and W. T. Reeve ...	19	19	0	Miss Godwin ...	1	1	0
Mr. S. Taylor ...	0	7	0	Miss A. Godwin ...	1	1	0
Miss Hadland ...	2	2	0	Miss Anderson ...	1	1	0
Mr. Rowton ...	5	0	0	Miss Johnstone ...	1	1	0
Mrs. Ellwood ...	3	3	0	Miss A. Johnstone ...	1	1	0
Mr. G. Ellwood ...	2	2	0	Miss Lamont ...	1	1	0
Miss Ellwood ...	2	2	0	Miss Graham ...	1	1	0
Miss Florence Ellwood ...	1	1	0	Miss J. Ellwood ...	1	1	0
A friendly couple ...	10	0	0	Miss M. E. Hadland ...	1	1	0
Mr. and Mrs. Winney ...	5	0	0	Miss C. Kemp ...	1	1	0
Mr. and Mrs. Carr ...	5	0	0	Mr. T. Greenwood ...	20	0	0
Mr. T. H. Olney ...	10	0	0	J. T. B. ...	0	10	0
Mr. F. Amsden ...	2	2	0	H. R. F. ...	0	10	0
Mr. W. Olney, Junr. ...	1	1	0	Mr. and Mrs. Fisher ...	5	0	0
Mr. G. H. Mason ...	10	0	0	Miss Fisher ...	1	1	0
Mr. R. Waters ...	5	0	0	Mr. Walker ...	2	2	0
Mr. W. C. Parkinson ...	5	0	0	Mr. and Mrs. Walker ...	2	2	0
Mr. R. Smith ...	2	2	0	Mrs. Gould ...	2	0	0
Mr. G. Farmiloe ...	1	1	0	Rev. W. Bentley ...	1	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. R. Taylor ...	3	3	0	Mrs. Bentley ...	0	5	0
Miss Taylor ...	1	1	0	Mr. Drake ...	2	0	0

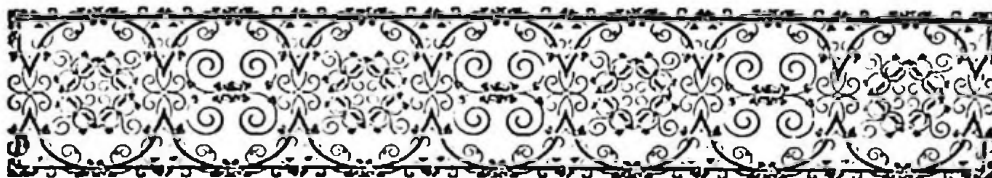
	£	s	d.			£	s	d.
Miss Brocton ...	0	10	6	Mr. W. B. Fisher ...		3	3	0
Mr. and Mrs. Garland	2	2	0	Mr. J. H. Reed ...		1	1	0
H. ...	0	2	6	Mr. and Mrs. Stringer		2	2	0
T. ...	0	10	0	Mr. C. Waters ...		1	10	0
Mr. Whitehead ...	2	2	0	Mr. O. Taylor ...		5	0	0
Mrs. Whitehead ...	1	1	0	Mr. O. G. Saunders...		0	10	0
R. A. ...	1	0	0	Mr. H. J. Burchett ...		0	10	0
Mr. W. J. Mills ...	1	1	0	W. W. ...		0	10	0
Mr. H. Drew, Junr.	0	10	6	H. F. ...		0	10	0
Mr. Abrahams ...	5	5	0	J. N. ...		0	10	0
Mr. and Mrs. Thorne	2	2	0	T. W. H. ...		0	10	6
Mrs. Hobbs ...	0	5	0	G. S. ...		0	10	0
J. B. R. ...	1	0	0	Mr. Oxley ...		1	1	0
J. G. L. ...	0	5	0	Mr. J. P. Bacon ...		5	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Temple	1	11	6	Mr. Whittaker ...		5	0	0
Mr. W. M. Smith ...	5	0	0	Mr. W. W. Shaw ...		1	1	0
Mr. and Mrs. Jenkins	6	0	0	Mr. T. E. Davis ...		1	1	0
T. B. ...	0	10	0	Mr. T. Bousfield ...		10	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. H. Smith	2	2	0	Mr. W. C. Straker ...		10	0	0
Miss Smith ...	1	1	0	Mr. W. R. Selway ...		2	2	0
Miss Marshall ...	2	2	0	Miss Sanderson ...		2	2	0
Mr. Heath ...	2	2	0	Mr. Linnell ...		2	2	0
Mr. Dawson ...	1	0	0	Rev. T. Curme ...		1	0	0
G. A. W. B. ...	0	5	0	Mr. Scott ...		2	2	0
H. L. ...	0	5	0	W. A. S. ...		0	2	6
Fag End ...	2	2	0	T. C. ...		1	0	0
Mr. J. Edwards ...	15	0	0	E. B. H. ...		0	10	0
Mr. H. Morley ...	1	0	0	Mr. and Mrs. W. Payne		2	2	0
Mr. T. P. Fisher ...	3	3	0	Mr. J. Bennett ...		2	0	0
Mr. Shoobridge ...	2	2	0	Mr. S. Baines...		1	0	0
Mr. Potier ...	10	0	0	A Friend ...		1	0	0
J. T. W. ...	0	10	6	W. J. ...		1	0	0
Mr. T. Gradley ...	0	10	6	Mr. J. Wilson ...		2	2	0
Mr. W. Bliffe ...	0	10	0	Mr. E. Roberts ...		1	1	0
M. B. ...	0	10	0	Mr. W. Edwards ...		5	0	0
Mrs. Perrott ...	1	1	0	Mr. A. Spicer ...		3	3	0
Mr. J. Neal ...	2	2	0	J. S. ...		1	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Phillips	1	10	0	Mr. Nisbett ...		3	3	0
Mr. W. Higgs, Junr.	2	2	0	Mr. A. Wilson ...		2	2	0
Miss Higgs ...	2	2	0	Miss Wilson ...		1	1	0
Miss L. A. Higgs	2	0	0	Mr. Padgett ...		5	0	0
Mr. S. Chew ...	5	0	0	Dr. Barrett ...		2	2	0
Mr. and Mrs. Vickery	5	0	0	Mr. A. McArthur ...		10	0	0
Mr. Neville ...	2	2	0	Mr. T. Knight ...		5	5	0
Mr. E. Arundell ...	1	1	0	Mr. G. Fitch ...		1	0	0
Mr. W. Harrison ...	5	5	0	J. D. ...		50	0	0
Mr. G. Creasy ...	2	2	0	A Friend per J. D. ...		50	0	0
Mrs. W. J. Mills ...	2	2	0	Mr. F. Bonham ...		10	0	0
Mr. Knight ...	2	0	0	Mr. J. Langton ...		5	5	0
Lady Burgoyne ...	5	0	0	Mr. T. Rider ...		5	0	0
R. J. D. ...	1	0	0	T. M. ...		5	0	0
Miss Shervier ...	1	1	0	Mr. Tressider...		2	2	0
Mr. E. Cordrey ...	1	11	6	Mr. S. Penston ...		5	5	0
Mr. W. Cordrey ...	2	0	0	Mr. J. J. Rodgers ...		1	1	0
Mrs. W. Cordrey ...	1	0	0	Mr. Kidd ...		1	1	0
Mrs. Barrow ...	1	0	0	Mr. and Mrs. Boot ...		5	0	0
Mr. W. Mills ...	1	1	0	Mr. Alabaster ...		10	0	0
Mr. J. J. Cook ...	1	1	0	Mr. Passmore ...		10	0	0
M. T. H. Cook ...	1	1	0	Mrs. Passmore ...		1	0	0
Mr. H. T. Burgess ...	0	10	6	Mr. Passmore, Junr...		1	0	0
Mr. S. Thompson ...	1	1	0	Miss Passmore ...		1	0	0
Mr. M. W. Matthews	0	10	6	Mr. W. Olney ...		5	0	0
Mr. T. H. Matthews	0	10	6	Mr. J. C. West ...		5	0	0
Mr. E. Matthews ...	1	1	0	Mr. W. Higgs ...		50	0	0
J. T. M. ...	1	1	0	Mr. Harris ...		5	0	0
Miss Richardson ...	0	10	0	Mr. J. Cunliffe ...		50	0	0
Mr. W. H. Postons...	0	10	6	Mr. Millar ...		5	5	0
Mr. R. Pigott ...	5	0	0	M. J. Rains ...		10	10	0
H. H., a friend ...	0	10	0	The Misses Rains ...		5	5	0
Miss Heritage ...	5	5	0	C. A. D. ...		5	0	0
Miss Hadland ...	1	1	0	Mr. Stiff ...		10	0	0
Mr. Rogers ...	1	0	0	Mr. W. Stiff ...		2	2	0
Mr. and Mrs. Russell	1	1	0	A Friend in Scotland		20	0	0
Miss Emslie ...	1	1	0	Mr. W. F. Coles ...		10	0	0
Miss Hector ...	1	1	0	Misses Johnson ...		3	3	0
Mr. and Mrs. Horniman	2	2	0	W. P. ...		0	3	9
Mr. and Mrs. Waugh	1	1	0	Mr. Spicer ...		5	5	0
A Friend ...	2	2	0	Mr. C. P. Carpenter		1	1	0
Mr. Kitchner...	1	1	0	Mr. Matthews ...		1	1	0
Mr. Marsh ...	5	0	0	Mr. and Mrs. Huntley		10	10	0
Mr. Chilvers ...	2	0	0	Mr. Glanville...		3	3	0

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Mrs. Wilson ...	3	3	0	Mr. R. Murrell ...	1	1	0
Mr. Mills ...	5	0	0	Mr. T. Ness ...	10	0	0
Mr. E. Burditt ...	25	0	0	Cantab. ...	3	15	0
Mr. Plumbridge ...	2	2	0	Proceeds of Lecture at Worsted, per Rev.			
Mr. R. Evans ...	10	10	0	O. H. Trapp ...	1	1	0
J. S. ...	100	0	0	A Friend, per Rev. G. Wright ...	0	10	0
Mr. Morris ...	5	0	0	Sunday School Bible Class, Newhaven,			
H. M. ...	5	0	0	per Rev. W. Sargeant ...	0	7	0
P. ...	5	0	0	Mrs. Baker, per Rev. W. Sargeant ...	0	2	8
Mrs. Burroughs' Collecting Box ...	0	11	3	W. S. ...	0	10	6
A Collier ...	0	1	0	Collection at Limsfield, per Rev. F.			
A Friend ...	0	3	0	Cockerton ...	1	0	0
A. S. ...	0	1	0	Collection at Landport, per Rev. T. W.			
M. A. K. ...	0	2	6	Medhurst ...	10	10	0
Mr. Payne, per Mr. H. White ...	1	0	0	Mr. J. Fulks, per Rev. H. Bradford ...	1	0	0
H. A. ...	0	5	0	Mrs. Goodson ...	0	5	0
A Friend, Edinburgh, per Rev. W. C.				Mrs. Mead ...	0	10	0
Bunning ...	0	10	0	Miss E. Mead ...	0	3	0
Mr. J. Harvey ...	50	0	0	Mrs. Grange ...	0	2	6
Mr. J. Johnstone ...	10	0	0	Miss Herbert ...	0	2	0
C. J. ...	0	5	0	A Friend ...	0	2	0
Miss A. Leigh, per Rev. J. A. Spurgeon	0	5	0	Mrs. Fulks ...	0	5	0
Mrs. Houniball ...	0	2	6	Mrs. H. Pope ...	0	1	0
Mr. Croker's Class ...	5	0	0	Mrs. Wheeler ...	0	2	6
Miss Maxwell ...	0	5	0	Mrs. Bradford ...	0	5	0
Mr. G. H. Reeve ...	1	1	0	Collection at Jarrow, per Rev. W. Banks	1	4	6
Mr. J. W. Brown ...	25	0	0	Rev. J. C. Forth ...	0	10	8
Mr. J. W. Brown, Jun. ...	1	0	0	Proceeds of Lecture, per Rev. W. C.			
Mr. J. Balfour ...	10	10	0	Jones ...	0	16	4
Mr. Page ...	1	0	0	Collection at Newcastle, per Rev. J.			
Miss Landale ...	1	1	0	Spanswick ...	4	11	0
Mr. S. Alexander ...	1	1	0	Collection at South Shields, per Rev. W.			
Mr. J. Alexandor ...	2	2	0	Hellier ...	2	0	0
Mr. Pearce ...	2	2	0	Mr. Westropp, Bures, per Rev. W.			
Rev. W. A. Blako ...	2	0	0	Whale ...	2	0	0
E. B. ...	50	0	0	Mr. J. T. Maddox, per Rev. C. Noble ...	0	10	0
Mr. Jennerett ...	1	1	0	Mr. Kimber ...	0	10	0
Mr. J. B. Mead ...	10	0	0	Mr. A. Groves ...	0	2	6
Mr. G. T. Congreve ...	3	3	0	Mr. E. Groves ...	0	2	6
Mrs. Pearce ...	1	1	0	Collection at Leighton Buzzard, per Rev.			
Miss Congreve ...	1	1	0	H. Wilkins ...	5	10	0
Miss Annie Congreve ...	1	1	0	Rev. G. M. Stuppel ...	2	0	0
Miss M. H. ...	0	10	0	Mrs. Attlebury, per Rev. W. E. Lynn ...	1	8	0
Mr. Turner ...	1	0	0	Rev. T. D. Cameron ...	1	0	0
Mr. T. Mills ...	1	1	0	Collection at Vernon Chapel, per Rev. C.			
Mr. A. W. Jennings ...	2	2	0	B. Sawday ...	10	0	0
Mr. Balfour ...	3	3	0	Cornwall Road Brixton Sunday School,			
Mrs. Vertue ...	5	0	0	per Rev. D. Asquith ...	1	4	0
Mr. and Mrs. Spurgeon ...	100	0	0	Collection at Ridgmount, per Rev. W.			
Mr. and Mrs. Downing ...	10	10	0	Julyan ...	2	14	0
Miss Downing ...	1	1	0	Weekly Offerings at Tabernacle Mar. 20	37	1	2
Miss E. Downing ...	1	1	0	" " " " April 3	31	8	5
Mr. A. Downing ...	1	1	0	" " " " " " " "	10	40	0
Mr. and Mrs. Murrell ...	10	10	0	" " " " " " " "	17	36	7
Miss Murrell ...	2	2	0				
Mr. W. Murrell ...	2	2	0				
Mr. C. Murrell ...	1	1	0				
Miss Anne Murrell ...	1	1	0				
					£1,516	5	7

Stockwell Orphanage.

Statement of Receipts from March 20th, to April 19th, 1870.

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Mrs. Whittemore ...	0	6	6	Mrs. Sheldon ...	0	1	0
The Misses Johnson ...	2	2	0	Mr. George ...	0	1	0
Legacy, late Miss Belsey ...	5	5	0	Mr. W. Evans ...	0	2	6
S. H. ...	0	2	6	Mr. C. Price ...	0	2	6
A Sister in Christ ...	0	5	6	P. ...	10	0	0
A Shilling a Week from a Working Man,				D. W. ...	0	3	0
Liverpool ...	1	0	0	Miss Northcott ...	0	5	0
Mrs. Jolliffe ...	0	2	0	A Friend ...	0	3	0
Four Friends ...	0	14	0	Ballingling ...	0	12	2
A Friend ...	0	10	0	A. S. ...	0	1	0
Dr. Saunders ...	0	2	6	Mrs. Lutley, a Thankoffering ...	1	1	0
Mr. Saunders ...	0	2	6	J. O. and M. R. ...	0	12	0
Mr. Baker ...	0	2	6	A Friend ...	0	5	0
Mr. Hewitt ...	0	2	6	Miss Murrell ...	0	10	0



THE
SWORD AND THE TROWEL.

JUNE 1, 1870.

Water.

BY J. A. SPURGEON.

TO write upon water is not likely to have any permanent effect, unless we can secure our readers' very able assistance to transfer it, as the bookbinder does his colouring matter, on to some more permanent material. In certain stages of youthful life we have noticed that it affords much amusement to write upon the sea-sand, in loving proximity, a couple of names which in course of time frequently get merged into one. A nice white snow-bank will answer the same purpose. Our forefathers contented themselves with initials, which were mostly cut into the bark of a tree, frequently an old yew tree outside the church door, or on the village green; nowadays it is only the vulgar and foolish that cut initials into anything so permanent as wood, and judging from the way every old ruin, public seat, wooden bridge, or any available space is cut into, and disfigured by multitudes of names abbreviated or in full vulgarity, there can be no lack of human geese in the present generation. But our readers are far too sensible for that style of writing, or they would not be able to appreciate ours.

It would be a mercy if a good deal of the writing of the present age were upon water literally. It is a terrible plague this hankering after pen and ink, this "rushing into print" which seizes upon so many. We should like to enforce Mrs. Glass's advice, "first catch your hare" upon all writers, and make them catch a thought or two before they begin; the novelty of the thing would give them a good start, but as it is, their readers must often have to say, "we have toiled all the night, and taken nothing." We have frequently wished for some power to hunt out thoughts hidden away in the tangled thicket of words, which some persons call "works," we suppose because of the trouble necessary for reading them. It would be a relief to turn in a thought-

hunter and let the creature work away for some hours, and then watch him point, like a trained dog, at the first evidence of a living thought, so as to show where it was; it would spare us much time, now spent in beating about the bush, only to start here and there a tom-tit, or some such small game as will not pay for powder and shot. We would make all such people write on water, and so get the relief they personally want, without being a nuisance to anyone else. We believe the fishes would get used to it in time, anyhow they could take it in a more cold-blooded and temperate way than we can, and they could not complain that it was "dry" writing, which is the charge that even kindness itself must admit as being true of much of the present rubbish. We have our eye upon a certain basket which receives the effusions of budding geniuses such as editors of magazines have a horror of.* Now, what a waste of paper is there, manifestly a sore evil in these days, when we cannot get rags enough, and are searching every land for something to manufacture into paper to supply our literary wants! Now we hold, that a basin of water and a skewer would have fully answered the requirements of the case, and, judging from some of the writing, a skewer was employed, and the matter of the effusions reminds us at once of the water, suggesting fears that the authors may have a touch of water on the brain. We counsel, therefore, the use of water, as the material for all preliminary scribbings, and, as our ancestors tried witches at the horse pond to see if they could float, and stand the water test, so we would try authors. If they could endure the trial, well! no harm is done, and if not, better still, as we think that for all superfluous young kittens and puppies it is a most merciful kind of death. Peace be to the memory of such, we should say, certainly it would conduce greatly to ours.

But what shall we say about "water"? Certainly nothing about the chemistry of the matter. We have no intention of dilating upon hydrogen and oxygen, and all the rest of it, which said "rest of it," in London water, would be a very important, though disagreeable element. We have no desire to magnify a drop of water, and find in it a myriad of ungainly, horrible creatures, all alive and eating up each other, till one wonders if the result will not be in miniature like the famous Kilkenny cats. Now, some people we know, have always a microscope at work, and it magnifies indefinitely. Give them the purest glass of water, and they will show you before long that every drop of it is full of monsters, till you would hesitate to drink it. We fail to see the pleasure of finding out evil in everything and everybody. We would much rather be blind to these minutiae and go on in happy oblivion of them. What comes of it all? Does it do any good to be perpetually finding fault? Better to give a cup of cold water to a thirsty one, and get the appended reward, than to analyse it and explain its inhabitants, and thus make a few ignoramuses wonder at your superior powers. We detest these microscopic mud-hunters, who have an evil tale about the best of men, and find a defilement, which they mostly make, in the brightest of characters. Despite their charges, we rejoice over every sparkling reputation, and will listen to no suggestions which may seem

* Our brother is right. The articles are mostly poetry. Our poetical bump is either very little developed or else what is sent as poetry is some of it 'poor try;' for we do not find our soul much elevated by its porusal.—Ed.

to reflect upon its purity. If calumniators had no listeners, they would die out, a consummation devoutly to be wished. Meanwhile, let them live under the execration of every good man.

But we must get back to our subject, which is "water," a very good one if we can manage it properly, but there is a chance of getting out of our depth, and then we should see the difficulties of getting through it, or rising up to the height of it. It is always a nuisance to get out of your depth in anything. We remember once nearly getting set fast in a boggy place, and the sensation of sinking only up to your waist is not at all pleasant; to plunge into a snow drift is quite as much as is agreeable, but snow is clean, soft, and leaves no after consequences of any moment, but not so if you get out of your depth in a sermon, and flounder to the wonderment of your audience, through all manner of queer notions, seeking rest, and finding none. Have you never, my acute reader, listened to a man expatiating on the mysteries of the divine nature, the *modes* of divine acting, councils and decrees, and pitied the poor fellow catching at every chance of escape like a drowning man at a straw. "He is out of his depth," you have said. "He had better come back to the rock of revelation, and the wide shores of solid truth." Our advice always is, keep on your feet, by keeping in your depth, where you can understand and rest securely.

What an important part of our whole life, is identified with "water!" we have memories of our juvenile bath, and its splashing, and our notion of sea-side enjoyments was not indissolubly connected with shoes and stockings, and dry feet, but quite the contrary; England's youngsters take to the water kindly if let alone, but not so if that she-monster, the bathing woman, has them in hand; verily that creature is a lineal descendant of the baby-eating ogres of our nursery tales, and gets mixed up with them in childish memories, unjustly we admit, but who can remember with philosophy, the dipping in the cold sea, with your eyes and mouth opened just at the wrong moment, and all filled with the salt water, and before you could recover your breath and enjoy (?) the luxury of a good shriek, under you went once more, the relentless being saying all the while, "Now, my darling, there's a good boy, my pretty dear musn't cry, once more! Be a brave little man," and then gurgle and gurgle, splash, dash, *it is* "once more," with a vengeance, when the poor little mortal is ducked under the water, as if he were made of other flesh and blood than his seniors. We have suffered and can sympathise. Not that it ever did us any harm, but on the contrary, it braced us up, and we only pen our babyish thoughts, seeing they suggest to us that a great many other things which make us cry out, and will make us cry out again, are magnified by our folly, and if we could only patiently wait and submit in silence, we should escape many of our most unpleasant memories. In the review of life, how much we can now see depended upon the way in which we regarded the dealings of One who is ever kind and true! Our hours of overwhelming trouble, when the billows and waves go over our heads, are not the times when we can in calmest spirit, contemplate the divine dealings and rest quiet in the mighty hand of God. Well were it for us if we could always say, "I will trust, and not be afraid."

"Water, water, everywhere" is a fact, to which we thank God we

have not to add, "and never a drop to drink." Our teetotal friends can finish this paragraph for us, and enlarge on the virtues of water as a beverage, and we will accept all they say in its praise, believing that they cannot say too much. And when they have done, we will fill in spirit, some vessels, as at Cana, and ask Jesus to make it into wine, and teach us some lessons about the blessing of enjoying his presence, which transmutes the ordinary matters of life into a new and higher sphere. We thank our bountiful Creator for so much water in this world, though we long for another where there will be "no more sea." We wish, however, that people would use more of the water so bountifully supplied. What a comfort if we could tumble all our able-bodied men, women, and children, out of bed into a bath every morning! Our Lord washed the disciples' feet, and if he were here now, he would tell some we know, to carry it out completely according to Peter's wish, and it would be much to their benefit. The horror some people have of fresh water is only equalled by their dislike of fresh air. It ought to form a part of all teaching to inculcate cleanliness of person, habitation, and habits, upon our poorer classes. This strikes, with painful force, all who have to visit amongst them. Poverty is no disgrace, but dirt is ; the one is a misfortune, the other a crime. Did it ever occur to you to think of our Lord's sufferings as he lived amongst men, steeped in moral defilement, and surrounded with the tainted atmosphere of all-pervading guilt! Lot's righteous soul, vexed in Sodom, could not have equalled it, nor can our feelings of disgust at uncleanness compare to it, seeing that we also are far from having clean hands or hearts before God. Our Master must have endured a daily martyrdom of spirit as he read the thoughts of the imaginations of men's hearts, which are only evil continually. What a Gehenna of refuse, and a very Tophet of death and defilement, this world of ours must seem to the angels, as they minister to us who are the heirs of salvation, living here in this sin-stained universe! What a marvel most, yea, all of us must be, of defilement! We have a fountain opened for sin and for all uncleanness, so that we might always wash and be clean, and yet we live with travel-stained garments and defiled spirits! Would that we were nearer to the white-robed ones, and had a holier, because a more frequently washed state of heart before our God! We cannot throw "firststones" at any, for verily we are of unclean lips and lives. Let us remember the water which mingled with the blood, streaming from our Saviour's side, and, while resting our hopes of pardon on the atoning blood, may we ever use the cleansing stream, and thus keep ourselves unspotted from the world.

But we are once more leaving our subject to sermonise, and we fear that we may tire some of our readers. Shall we then talk of watered silk, which is a good thing, or of watered milk, which is not, and thus secure attention at least from the ladies, perhaps also from the gentlemen, if we dilate upon diamonds of the "purest water," we believe that is the correct term, though not being much in the way of such articles, we cannot be certain.

We know, however, a topic which will touch all who live in London houses. How about the water pipes after a frost? Have you ever heard a slight explosion and phizzing sound, and then marked the

deluge streaming down the walls and through the ceilings, spoiling the new paper and causing mischief untold? That is the effect of pipes getting frozen hard. It is laid down to the thaw generally, but that would have done no mischief. It was the frost which wrought the ill. We have noticed something of the same sort in some churches: a hard frost has set in, locking up all the church members in a deadly embrace, everything was quiet and no apparent mischief at work, but in came a breath of life's spring warmth, and all was commotion. The revival had to bear the blame of the whole evil which had been mainly caused by the previous wintry state of the church. It is not pleasant to be roused out of sleep, even though it be the slumber of death. It will therefore be the lot of all who try to awaken the church, to be opposed, and perhaps reprov'd, by those who only wish to be let alone in their chill indifference and frozen lethargy. Nevertheless, at all costs we must bring in the power of renewed life to expel the frigid ice-demon, which molests at times whole sections of the church of Christ.

We have been debating in our mind which is the worse being of the two, a man who is always getting himself and others into hot water, or one who is perpetually throwing cold water on everything, and we conclude that both are a nuisance, but the latter is the more endurable of the twain. We should like to pack both sets off to a remote region and let them neutralise each other; but alas! we cannot so easily rid ourselves of them. We suppose that every man has his vocation, but what the Lord made some men for is a very secret matter, unless it were to play the part of mosquitoes, gnats, and such small beasts whose chief power is to annoy and sting. Water is a blessing in its place, and so are good men, but water running out of its channels is a source of mischief. Be it ours to imitate a brook meandering through meadows and green lanes, chiefly to be known by the verdure it sustains and spreads, and never let us become as a mountain torrent whose bed is bare of life, and whose course is marked by desolation and mischief. To us may weary ones come to slake their thirst and wash their aching limbs; finding in us no bitterness as of Marah's well, and no defilement, like that sea whose depths hold the cities accursed of God, and whose waters are heavy as with a weight of guilt and woe.

Our subject has truly been running on like the breaking out of waters, and we must put a stop to its course. Time's stream flows faster still, and soon we shall be merged into the flood, like bubbles which have risen and broken on the wave. God grant that when we are gone, we may not be merely like water spilt upon the ground, which cannot be gathered up, but drawn heavenward as by a mightier impulse than sunbeams have ever exerted, may we, joined to the multitude of risen ones, congregate in clouds of witnesses, and glow in heavenly light in visions of golden splendour, reflecting from on high the true rainbow of hope to cheer earth's heaven-looking travellers. Meanwhile in deeds of mercy, which shall abide when we are passed away, let us refresh a thirsty world, as with early and latter rain. May our speech distil gently as the dew to comfort while here, till we join the mighty strain, whose jubilant numbers roll like the sound of many waters, around the throne of him who holds the deeps in the hollow of his hand.

Expositions of the Psalms.

BY C. H. SPURGEON.

PSALM XLVII.

TITLE.—To the Chief Musician.—*Many songs were dedicated to this leader of the chorus, but he was not overloaded thereby. God's service is such delight that it cannot weary us; and that choicest part of it, the singing of his praises, is so pleasurable that we cannot have too much of it. Doubtless, the chief musician, as he was commissioned with so many sacred songs, felt that the more the merrier. A Psalm for the Sons of Korah. We cannot agree with those who think that the sons of Korah were the authors of these Psalms: they have all the indications of David's authorship that one could expect to see. Our ear has grown accustomed to the ring of David's compositions, and we are morally certain that we hear it in this Psalm. Every expert would detect here the autography of the Son of Jesse, or we are greatly mistaken. The Sons of Korah sang these Psalms, but we believe they did not write them. Fit singers were they whose origin reminded them of sin, whose existence was a proof of sovereign grace, and whose name has a close connection with the name of Calvary.*

SUBJECT.—*Whether the immediate subject of this Psalm be the carrying up of the ark from the house of Obededom to Mount Zion, or the celebration of some memorable victory, it would be hard to decide. As even the doctors differ, who shall dogmatise? But it is very clear that both the present sovereignty of Jehovah, and the final victories of our Lord, are here fitly hymned, while his ascension, as the prophecy of them, is sweetly gloried in.*

DIVISION.—*In so short a Psalm, there is no need of any other division than that indicated by the musical pause at the end of verse 4.*

EXPOSITION.

O CLAP your hands, all ye people; shout unto God with the voice of triumph.

1. "*O clap your hands.*" The most natural and most enthusiastic tokens of exultation are to be used in view of the victories of the Lord, and his universal reign. Our joy in God may be demonstrative, and yet he will not censure it. "*All ye people.*" The joy is to extend to all nations; Israel may lead the van, but all the Gentiles are to follow in the march of triumph, for they have an equal share in that kingdom where there is neither Greek nor Jew, but Christ is all and in all. Even now if they did but know it, it is the best hope of all nations that Jehovah ruleth over them. If they cannot all speak the same tongue, the symbolic language of the hands they can all use. All people will be ruled by the Lord in the latter days, and all will exult in that rule; were they wise they would submit to it now, and rejoice to do so; yea, they would clap their hands in rapture at the thought. "*Shout,*" let your voices keep tune with your hands. "*Unto God,*" let him have all the honours of the day, and let them be loud, joyous, universal, and undivided. "*With the voice of triumph,*" with gladsome sounds, consonant with such splendid victories, so great a King, so excellent a rule, and such gladsome subjects. Many are human languages, and yet the nations may triumph as with one voice. Faith's view of God's government is full of transport. The prospect of the universal reign of the Prince of Peace is enough to make the tongue of the dumb sing; what will the reality be? Well might the poet of the seasons bid mountains and valleys raise their joyous hymn—

"For the GREAT SHEPHERD reigns,
And his unsuffering kingdom yet will come."

2 For the LORD most high *is* terrible ; *he is* a great King over all the earth.

2. "*For the Lord,*" or *ГЕПОВАН*, the self-existent and only God ; "*Most high,*" most great in power, lofty in dominion, eminent in wisdom, elevated in glory. "*Is terrible,*" none can resist his power or stand before his vengeance ; yet as these terrors are wielded on the behalf of his subjects, they are fit reasons for rejoicing. Omnipotence, which is terrible to crush, is almighty to protect. At a grand review of the troops of a great prince, all his loyal subjects are filled with triumph, because their liege lord is so able to defend his own, and so much dreaded by his foes. "*He is a great King over all the earth.*" Not over Judea only, but even to the utmost isles his reign extends. Our God is, no local deity, no petty ruler of a tribe ; in infinite majesty he rules the mightiest realms as absolute arbiter of destiny, sole monarch of all lands, King of kings, and Lord of lords. Not a hamlet or an islet is excluded from his dominion. How glorious will that era be when this is seen and known of all ; when in the person of Jesus all flesh shall behold the glory of the Lord !

3 He shall subdue the people under us, and the nations under our feet.

3. "*He,*" with whom is infinite power, "*shall subdue the people under us.*" The battle is not ours but the Lord's. He will take his own time, but he will certainly achieve victory for his church. Truth and righteousness shall through grace climb to the ascendant. We wage no doubtful warfare. Hearts the most rebellious, and wills the most stubborn, shall submit to all-conquering grace. All the Lord's people, whether Jews or Gentiles, may clap their hands at this, for God's victory will be theirs ; but surely apostles, prophets, ministers, and those who suffer and labour most, may take the largest share in the joy. Idolatry, infidelity, superstition, we shall yet tread upon, as men tread down the stones of the street. "*And the nations under our feet.*" The church of God shall be the greatest of monarchies, her victory shall be signal and decisive. Christ shall take to himself his great power and reign, and all the tribes of men shall own at once his glory and the glory of his people in him. How changed will be the position of affairs in coming ages ! The people of God have been under the feet of men in long and cruel persecutions, and in daily contempt ; but God will reverse the position, and the best in character shall be first in honour.

4 He shall choose our inheritance for us, the excellency of Jacob whom he loved. Selah.

While as yet we see not all things put under him, we are glad to put ourselves and our fortunes at his disposal. "*He shall choose our inheritance for us.*" We feel his reign to be so gracious that we even now ask to be in the fullest degree the subjects of it. We submit our will, our choice, our desire, wholly to him. Our heritage here and hereafter we leave to him, let him do with us as seemeth him good. "*The excellency of Jacob whom he loved.*" He gave his ancient people their portion, he will give us ours, and we ask nothing better ; this is the most spiritual and real manner of clapping our hands because of his sovereignty, namely, to leave all our affairs in his hands, for then our hands are empty of all care for self, and free to be used in his honour. He was the boast and glory of Israel, he is and shall be ours. He loved his people and became their greatest glory ; he loves us, and he shall be our exceeding joy. As for the latter days, we ask nothing better than to stand in our appointed lot, for if we have but a portion in our Lord Jesus, it is enough for our largest desires. Our beauty, our boast, our best treasure, lies in having such a God to trust in, such a God to love us.

Selah. Yes, pause, ye faithful songsters. Here is abundant room for holy meditation—

“ Muse awhile, obedient thought,
Lo, the theme’s with rapture fraught ;
See thy King, whose realm extends
E’en to earth’s remotest ends !
Gladly shall the nations own
Him their Lord and God alone ;
Clap their hands with holy mirth,
Hail him MONARCH OF THE EARTH.
Come, my soul, before him bow,
Gladdest of his subjects thou ;
Leave thy portion to his choice,
In his sovereign will rejoice,
This thy purest, deepest bliss,
He is thine and thou art his.”

5 God is gone up with a shout, the LORD with the sound of a trumpet.

5. “ *God is gone up with a shout.*” Faith hears the people already shouting. The command of the first verse is here regarded as a fact. The fight is over, the conqueror ascends to his triumphal chariot, and rides up to the gates of the city which is made resplendent with the joy of his return. The words are fully applicable to the ascension of the Redeemer. We doubt not that angels and glorified spirits welcomed him with acclamations. He came not without song, shall we imagine that he returned in silence? “ *The Lord with the sound of a trumpet.*” Jesus is Jehovah. The joyful strain of the trumpet betokens the splendour of his triumph. It was meet to welcome one returning from the wars with martial music. Fresh from Bozrah, with his garments all red from the winepress, he ascended, leading captivity captive, and well might the clarion ring out the tidings of Immanuel’s victorious return.

6 Sing praises to God, sing praises: sing praises unto our King, sing praises.

“ *Sing praises.*” What jubilation is here, when five times over the whole earth is called upon to sing to God! He is worthy, he is Creator, he is goodness itself. *Sing praises*, keep on with the glad work. Never let the music pause. He never ceases to be good, let us never cease to be grateful. Strange that we should need so much urging to attend to so heavenly an exercise. “ *Sing praises unto our King.*” Let him have all our praise; no one ought to have even a particle of it. Jesus shall have it all. Let his sovereignty be the fount of gladness. It is a sublime attribute, but full of bliss to the faithful. Let our homage be paid not in groans but songs. He asks not slaves to grace his throne; he is no despot; singing is fit homage for a monarch so blessed and gracious. Let all hearts that own his sceptre sing and sing on for ever, for there is everlasting reason for thanksgiving while we dwell under the shadow of such a throne.

7 For God is the King of all the earth: sing ye praises with understanding.

7. “ *For God is the King of all the earth.*” The Jews of our Saviour’s time resented this truth, but had their hearts been right they would have rejoiced in it. They would have kept their God to themselves, and not even have allowed the Gentile dogs to eat the crumbs from under his table. Alas! how selfishness turns honey into wormwood. Jehovah is not the God of the Jews only, all the nations of the earth are, through the Messiah, yet to own him Lord. Meanwhile his providential throne governs all events beneath the sky. “ *Sing ye praises with understanding.*” Sing a didactic Psalm. Sound doctrine praises God. Even under the economy of types and ceremonies, it is clear that the Lord had regard to the spirituality of worship, and would be

praised thoughtfully, intelligently, and with deep appreciation of the reason for song. It is to be feared from the slovenly way in which some make a noise in singing, that they fancy any sound will do. On the other hand, from the great attention paid by some to the mere music, we feel sadly sure that the sense has no effect upon them. Is it not a sin to be tickling men's ears with sounds when we profess to be adoring the Lord? What has a sensuous delight in organs, anthems, etc., to do with devotion? Do not men mistake physical effects for spiritual impulses? Do they not often offer to God strains far more calculated for human amusement than for divine acceptance? An understanding enlightened of the Holy Spirit is then and then only fully capable of offering worthy praise.

8 God reigneth over the heathen : God sitteth upon the throne of his holiness.

Now at this moment, over the most debased idolaters, God holds a secret rule ; here is work for faith. How we ought to long for the day when this truth shall be changed in its aspect, and the rule now unrecognised shall be delighted in ! The great truth that *God reigneth* in providence is the guarantee that in a gracious gospel sense his promise shall be fulfilled, and his kingdom shall come. "*He sitteth upon the throne of his holiness.*" Unmoved he occupies an undisputed throne, whose decrees, acts, and commands are holiness itself. What other throne is like this? Never was it stained with injustice, or defiled with sin. Neither is he who sits upon it dismayed, or in a dilemma. He sits in serenity, for he knows his own power, and sees that his purposes will not miscarry. Here is reason enough for holy song.

9 The princes of the people are gathered together, *even* the people of the God of Abraham : for the shields of the earth *belong* unto God : he is greatly exalted.

9. "*The princes of the people are gathered together.*" The prophetic eye of the psalmist sees the willing subjects of the great King assembled to celebrate his glory. Not only the poor and the men of low estate are there, but nobles bow their willing necks to his sway. "All kings shall bow down before him." No people shall be unrepresented ; their great men shall be good men, their royal ones regenerate ones. How august will be the parliament where the Lord Jesus shall open the court, and princes shall rise up to do him honour ! "*Even the people of the God of Abraham.*" That same God, who was known only to here and there a patriarch like the father of the faithful, shall be adored by a seed as many as the stars of heaven. The covenant promise shall be fulfilled, "In thee and in thy seed shall all the nations of the earth be blessed." Shiloh shall come, and "to him shall the gathering of the people be." Babel's dispersion shall be obliterated by the gathering arm of the Great Shepherd King.

"*For the shields of the earth belong unto God.*" The insignia of pomp, the emblems of rank, the weapons of war, all must pay loyal homage to the King of all. Right honourables must honour Jesus, and majestics must own him to be far more majestic. Those who are earth's protectors, the shields of the commonwealth, derive their might from him, and are his. All principalities and powers must be subject unto Jehovah and his Christ, for "*He is greatly exalted.*" In nature, in power, in character, in glory, there is none to compare with him. Oh, glorious vision of a coming era ! Make haste, ye wheels of time ! Meanwhile, ye saints, "Be ye stedfast, unmovable, always abounding in the work of the Lord, forasmuch as ye know that your labour is not in vain in the Lord."

The Ascension.

“And he led them out as far as to Bethany, and he lifted up his hands, and blessed them. And it came to pass, while he blessed them, he was parted from them, and carried up into heaven.”—Luko xxiv. 50, 51.

METHINKS 'twas morning, and the grass was wet
 With early dew upon Mount Olivet;
 Deep stillness reigned in Salem's streets and halls,
 Disturbed alone by watchmen on her walls—
 The Roman guards, with measured step and slow,
 In heavy armour pacing to and fro.
 Above the hills the glorious orb of day
 Had not yet risen with bright illumining ray,
 To wake the sleepers into conscious life,
 And call them to renew their daily strife;
 When lo! from out the eastern gate, just near,
 The Saviour and his chosen band appear—
 A little flock who have forsaken all
 To follow him, obedient to his call.
 As shepherds' lead their sheep he leads them out,
 Taking at once the old familiar route
 By which he often went in days gone by,
 To Martha's village home in Bethany.
 And as they go, he speaks to them aloud,
 Wasting no precious moment on the road,
 Unveiling to their opened, wond'ring eyes,
 Views of himself in types and prophecies—
 Views which affect with ecstasy each heart,
 Mingled with grief that they so soon must part,
 Which make them feel and silently avow
 They never knew him as they know him now.
 Revealing thus to them their glorious hopes,
 He leads them up to Olivet's green slopes,
 Whose summit gained, they now together stand,
 The loving Saviour and his loving band.
 That loving band no higher now can go
 With Christ their Lord, although they love him so:
 The day has not yet come when they shall rise
 To leave the earth and soar above the skies.
 A little while, and then this more than friend
 Who came from heaven, shall unto heaven ascend;
 Angelic legions poised on outstretched wing,
 Filling the air, await the victor King,
 Expecting till the signal shall be given
 To follow him or lead the way to heaven.
 A moment's pause!—and now, with hands outspread,
 He breathes his blessing on each follower's head,
 As Levi's son had oft pronounced the word
 Of blessing in the name of God the Lord.

But who shall say what tenderness and love
In that divinely-human heart now move!
More than a mother's yearning o'er her child
Dwells in his tender looks and accents mild:
Ah, precious thought! that he who came to bless
The weary dwellers in this wilderness,
Whose angels sang salvation at his birth,
Should breathe a blessing as he leaves the earth—
While yet his words upon their ears re-sound,
His form ascendeth from that sacred ground.
In mute amazement they behold him rise,
Following his track with their astonish'd eyes;
And, when no sound their listening ears can gain,
His hands of blessing still outstretched remain—
Teaching this truth, with joy their hearts to fill,
That though they hear him not, he blesseth still.
Gone! gone at last!—the clouds their Lord now hide:
Yet from those clouds they cannot turn aside;
Fixed to the spot at which he disappeared,
They gaze on still till other sounds are heard:—
Angelic voices greet their startled ear,
And close at hand angelic forms appear.
No accident it was that brought them there,
A message from the ascending Lord they bear
To those sad hearts who feel bereaved of all
That they held dear upon this earthly ball;
To tell them that the Saviour, now removed
A season from their sight, but still beloved,
Shall come again just as they saw him go,
In the same body he had worn below;
Shall come again, upon their heads to pour
With hands outstretched his blessing as of yore.
Soul-cheering word! their hearts with this elate
Can be no longer sad and desolate;
The oil of joy for mourning now is given,
Garments of praise are brought to them from heaven,
Arrayed in which to Salem they return,
That from their lips their brethren too may learn
The "blessed hope" which Christ their Lord hath given
To cheer them on their pilgrimage to heaven:
A hope not theirs alone, but for all those
Who all their hopes on Jesus Christ repose;
Who, raised above all sorrow, sin, and care,
In his bright home his glory hope to share;
Who to his word, "Behold, I come," reply,
"Come quickly, Lord, and bear us to the sky!"

The New Covenant.

BY THE REV. ROBERT MURRAY M'CHEYNE.

“But now hath he obtained a more excellent ministry, by how much also he is the mediator of a better covenant, which was established upon better promises.”—Hebrews viii. 6.

THE last day that I spoke on this chapter, we saw three things. First, *what was the pattern showed to Moses in the Mount.* And we saw that it was not a vision of the Tabernacle, but that which it represented. He showed him the true mercy-seat—the true sacrifice for sin; and that was the reason why Moses and the believing children of Israel worked so willingly in gathering the materials for the building of the Tabernacle, because that was a shadow of the heavenly things. Secondly, I showed you, *that the Jewish high priests were a shadow of the heavenly High Priest.* Their dress was a shadow of him that was to come. Thirdly, I showed you, *that Christ's was a more excellent ministry, because theirs was only the shadow—his the substance; and I showed you his ministry was more excellent, because it was in heaven.* And now from these words let us notice—First, *the covenants that are spoken of in the word of God.* Secondly, *the betterness of the new covenant over the old.* Thirdly, *the superiority of Christ's ministry, seeing that he is the mediator of the new covenant.*

I. First let us enquire INTO THE COVENANTS THAT ARE SPOKEN OF IN THE WORD OF GOD.

The first covenant that is mentioned in the word of God is the *covenant of works*, which was made in Paradise with Adam. Now, it is evident that it is not called a covenant in the Bible, and therefore it has been quarrelled with by some people—namely, our calling it a covenant; but if we look at the transaction, we shall see that, by whatever name we call it, it was a covenant or agreement. When God placed Adam in the garden of Eden, he promised that he would give him life on condition of perfect obedience. We have no mention, indeed, of the promise, but the ever-green tree of life showed that it would be so; but if he transgressed, he should die. And we are quite sure that he accepted it, for it was what he owed to God. This, then, was the first covenant God made with man; but this is not the covenant mentioned in the passage before us. It is not the covenant mentioned here, for these two reasons: First, the covenant of works had no mediator, and it needed none. Before Adam sinned there was no need of a mediator. The other reason why it is not the covenant mentioned here is, that verse nine declares that the new covenant is not “according to the covenant which the Lord made with their fathers.”

There is a second covenant mentioned in the Bible—it is the *covenant God made with Noah.* After the flood, you remember Noah built an altar unto the Lord, and took of every clean beast, and of every clean fowl, and offered burnt-offerings unto the Lord; and it is said, “God smelled a sweet savour,” and he said, “I will not curse the earth any more for man's sake.” And a little after God said, “I will establish my covenant with you and with your seed after you.” And

God placed the rainbow in the heavens, as a sign of the covenant. Now, it appears to me, that this was intended to be a type of the covenant of grace.

There is a third covenant mentioned in the Bible—namely, *that made with Abraham*. You may read of it in the seventeenth chapter of Genesis, at the beginning, “And when Abram was ninety years old and nine, the Lord appeared unto Abram, and said unto him, I am the Almighty God; walk before me, and be thou perfect,” etc. This was the first promise that was made in the covenant when established. And then, verse 8—“And I will give unto thee, and to thy seed after thee, the land wherein thou art a stranger, all the land of Canaan, for an everlasting possession; and I will be their God.” That was the second promise made. Now, it appears to me, that this was a type of the covenant that was to be afterwards.

A fourth covenant which was made by God was, *when he brought the children of Israel out of Egypt*. Verse 9—“Not according to the covenant that I made with their fathers in the day that I took them by the hand, to lead them out of the land of Egypt.” The time when this covenant was made, was the time when God took them by the hand. It was the time when God spoke to them from heaven—when they were at Mount Sinai, which is a rocky mountain in the desert of Arabia. It was there God made the covenant with them. We are told of the making of the covenant in Hebrews xii. 18—21. It was an awful day. Now, some of you will ask. “What was the subject matter of the covenant?” You may read of it in Exodus xxiv. 1—8. You will observe, that in the making of this covenant, there was—First, a revival of the holy law of God. God gave Moses the Ten Commandments, and he went and showed them to the people, and they said, “All that the Lord hath said will we do, and be obedient.” The second part was touching the building of the Tabernacle. So this was the double object of the covenant. There is another point I would like you to notice—that is, what was the use of the covenant? You will see it mentioned in Galatians iii. 19—“Wherefore then serveth the law? It was added because of transgressions, till the seed should come to whom the promise was made.” Here the very question is asked. And then, verse 23—“But before faith came, we were kept under the law, shut up unto the faith which should afterwards be revealed.” Now, here you will see the true object of the law: it was intended to convince men of their sin. That was the great object of the legal covenant. It was intended to let men see their sins, that they might be shut up to the faith, and that they might wait for Christ. This, then, is the old covenant mentioned in this chapter.

Now, it remains for me to show you *the new covenant*. The new covenant is that made between the Father and the Son. Now, here the same objection is raised, that we have no account of the covenant transaction. Now, it is true that we have no express mention of it in the Bible, yet we have many hints of it: for example, we are told in the Revelation of the Lamb slain from the foundation of the world; and then, in the seventeenth of John, “I have finished the work which thou gavest me to do.” And we are told in this verse, that “he is the mediator of a better covenant.” So that, although we have no express

mention of the covenant, we gather from these and many other passages that there was such a covenant; and in that covenant, God promised to the Lord Jesus that he would give life to sinners if he would die for them, and the Lord Jesus promised that he would die. As the children of Israel said, at the foot of Mount Sinai, "All that the Lord hath said will we do," so Christ said, "All that the Father hath given me to do I will do it." Note well that this is the better covenant here spoken of.

My dear friends, I fear I have wearied some of you in going over this. I would have you learn from it, the amazing love of God in entering into a covenant at all. The covenant which he made with Noah was a covenant of grace; and the covenant he made at Sinai was also a covenant of grace; but the covenant that was made with Christ was beyond all others *the* covenant of grace.

II. THE BETTERNESS OF THE NEW COVENANT OVER THE OLD. Verse 6—"But now hath he obtained a more excellent ministry, by how much also he is the mediator of a better covenant, which was established upon better promises."

I say then, first of all, that the covenant of Calvary was a better covenant than that of Sinai. You will see this in 2 Corinthians iii. 7, 8—"But if the ministration of death, written and engraven in stones, was glorious, so that the children of Israel could not steadfastly behold the face of Moses for the glory of his countenance, which glory was to be done away: how shall not the ministration of the Spirit be rather glorious?" Here you will notice, brethren, that the covenant made at Sinai is called the ministration of death, because it was a revival of the law—it was given with great signs of terror. The greater part of the Sinaic covenant was intended to condemn men; but how different that of Calvary! It was one of love. It had words such as these—"I will be their God, and they shall be my people."

The betterness of this covenant may be seen in various particulars.

1. The new covenant was a better covenant than the old, *because it had better promises*. Observe, that the old covenant had hardly any promises. The old covenant says, "If you will be obedient, and do what I command, you shall have life." But the new covenant says, "If you are sinners, believe and you shall be saved." The new covenant says, "I will be merciful to their unrighteousness, and their sins and their iniquities will I remember no more." And again, it says, "I give unto my sheep eternal life."

2. The new covenant is a better covenant than the old, *because it is a ministration of the Spirit*. Under the old covenant, the Spirit was not given with such power as he was given afterwards. You remember it is said, "The Spirit was not yet given, because Jesus was not yet glorified." And Christ promised, when he left the world, that he would send the Comforter. The old covenant had no promises of the Comforter, it had only the type of his divine operations, so that the new covenant is a better covenant.

3. It is a better covenant, *because it is spread out to all nations*. No longer is grace confined to the Jew.

4. The new covenant is better than the old, *because we can come with boldness to God*. Under the old they had only the types, and

were at a distance from the substance. The high priest went in only once a year into the holiest of all; but we have a high priest who ever lives within the veil, to make intercession. There is greater nearness to God under the new covenant than under the old.

Now, dear friends, if you have taken up what I have been saying, you will carry away this lesson with you: If you would have been punished for trampling under foot the old covenant, what may you expect who trample under foot the blood of Christ? You live under an economy where you have access to God. O do not live and die at a distance from him!

III. And last, CHRIST HAS A BETTER MINISTRY THAN THE OLD TESTAMENT PRIESTS, BECAUSE HE IS THE MEDIATOR OF THE BETTER COVENANT.

I told you what a mediator was—it is one who comes between two parties; but Christ has not only come between, but has taken away the quarrel; “He bore our sins in his own body on the tree.” God says, “This is my beloved Son, hear ye him.” Do you trust in him then? Do you delight in him? Are you willing that his obedience be called your obedience? If you are, then you will see that he is the mediator of a better covenant, one who was ordained on purpose to reconcile sinners to his Father. Amen.

The Eye.

BY EDWARD LEACH.

WITHIN a few yards of the handsome city station of the North London Railway, and contiguous to the Congregational Chapel which was the scene of the late Dr. Fletcher's labours, is a plain brick building, known as the Royal London Ophthalmic Hospital. The thousands of merchants and traders who pass into the city by the railway, have probably as little conception of the value of this institution to the poor as those who have never heard of its existence; and yet it is not only the largest of all hospitals for the treatment of diseases of the eye, but is the parent of all similar institutions in the British dominions. For sixty-six years it has carried on its benevolent operations, and its usefulness has never been greater than at present. The reader can judge of the need which exists for such an institution in the heart of London from the fact that nearly one hundred thousand persons have during the past year received the medical aid afforded by it, and of this number about sixteen hundred required those delicate operations which only practised and skilful surgeons can properly perform. The poor can therefore have the benefit of the best surgical assistance gratuitously, and be relieved of those distressing complaints which, unattended to, might eventually lead to absolute blindness.

Let the reader accompany us through the premises of this excellent institution. He need not fear seeing or hearing anything that shall greatly distress his sensitive sight or ear. The suffering represented may be great, but it is remarkable how science has minimised the

terrors which our forefathers must have experienced. We ventured within the walls with a shudder, lest we should be the beholders of that which might haunt us evermore ; but we had less cause for fear than we might have had if we were about to witness a tooth drawn. The amiable secretary and the obliging curator and house surgeon accompanied us, volunteering information at every step, and answering questions as numerous as the inquisitive writer could make them. Entering a department, large enough for a place of worship, and far better lighted and ventilated than many such buildings are, we find ourselves in the out-patients' waiting-room. The hour is half-past nine in the morning, and yet the room is full of patients, although a large number have already left. Seated on forms are some two or three hundred men, women, and children, of all degrees of poverty, and of almost every condition in life. Over yonder is a well-dressed clerk, seemingly suffering from severe inflammation of the eyes, caused possibly by over-work. Is he a fit subject for charity ? Poor fellow ! he has lost his situation through his affliction, has a wife and family dependent upon his labours, and at no time has he earned sufficient to ensure such medical aid as now he may gratuitously obtain. Close by his side is a stonemason, who has injured his eyes by the chips of stone which have shot from the point of his chisel. A butcher in his blue smock, a navvy in his every-day attire, and a middle-aged man, once a tradesman, and another a commercial traveller, sunk in misfortune, sit side by side, silent and sad. Here is a labouring man who has this morning come up from his cottage sixty miles from town, with his aged wife, who is suffering from a blindness which it is hoped is not incurable. Such cases are very frequently occurring. Ministers of religion, who are also ministers of philanthropy, have heard of the institution, and, having perhaps obtained such pecuniary help as may be needed, they send up the poor sufferers for examination. Some of the men this morning have come from considerable distances, and are glad to sit quietly, although somewhat moodily, with small baskets of provisions at their feet. The vast majority of patients, however, are women and children. You may detect the poor needlewomen very readily by their pale, wan, care-ridden countenances. They are mostly from fifteen to thirty years of age, and thus early in life they have cause to complain of their imperfect and weakened vision. When they get up early in the morning their eyesight is clear, and for two or three hours it may continue to be distinct, but after working beyond that time, they experience a distressing fatigue, and their eyes give way. Here is the case of a well-dressed, admirably-behaved young woman who supports herself and poor widowed mother by machine labour; but constant work with these machines has impaired her vision and disabled her for a short time. "The ruling passion" of dress is even brought out here. All that a girl has will she give for finery, and even when receiving gratuitous aid will appear in her Sunday best. Feathers of all colours suspended, like flagstaves, from ill-shapen straw hats, not daring to point upwards, and yet not content to lie resting humbly on the rim; gaudy ribbons that float gaily at every inlet of the breeze; velvet jackets that sail somewhat proudly by the faded diverse-coloured shawls of the poorer folk, and worn-out silks of shabby genteel appearance, are all indicative of a

poverty that would rise above the surface of mean society if it could. Cases do occur in which the institution is imposed upon by persons who can afford surgical aid, and it is not always easy to detect such persons in their acts of imposture. And instances have been known in which even professional men of adequate means will present themselves as out-patients, and feel deeply aggrieved if the offer of half-a-guinea as a donation to the hospital does not satisfy the scruples of the officers as to their eligibility. The free admission granted to all patients of the poorer classes is liable to be abused; and those who are not fit objects for charity may be mean enough to misrepresent their circumstances to save a surgeon's fee. A clerk is stationed near the entrance, whose business it is to refer such cases to the secretary for further investigation.

What would strike the stranger as being most remarkable is the large proportion of children who are brought here by their parents. At least one quarter of the patients are children. There are some wee babies, suffering from a purulent disorder. Children, healthy in appearance, are afflicted with inflammation, brought on by neglect and inattention to cleanliness. Indeed, these, and bad and irregular nutrition, are common causes of children's complaints. Perhaps there is nothing about which the mothers of England are more ignorant than the proper feeding of their children. Ask them whether they give their offspring such food as is convenient for them, and you may get the unsatisfactory reply, "We give them what we give ourselves." Eating not only very inferior meat, but also those scraps and decoctions which are so much sought after by the London poor, giving them bad pastry, and soothing and obliging them all day with common sweetmeats, which are an infallible recipe for spoiling their appetites, many children are brought into such a condition of health as leads to inflammation of the eye and other disorders. Or neglect will bring on obscure diseases in the healthiest of children; and it is important that they should be taken to the hospital early, that these cases may not drift into blindness.

The consulting-room is one of the most admirably adapted rooms for the purpose to be found in the kingdom. Here the patients are received according as they may be required by the consulting surgeons. The reader may picture four small desks; before each a surgeon stands to examine his patient. A clear light from above enables the medical officer to see what is the nature of the disorder, and very frequently a simple prescription alone is needed, and the applicant files off to the adjoining dispensary, where the lotion or medicine is gratuitously supplied. It is a physiological fact that the majority of Englishmen's eyes are in the present day much smaller than those of some other nations. At least seventy per cent. are under the proper size. On the other hand, nine out of every ten Germans have eyes that are too large; they are short-sighted, and hence they require spectacles. It is of the utmost value to any child that is short-sighted to be thoroughly and properly examined, and if necessary to be early supplied with suitable glasses. For there is an invaluable instrument known as the ophthalmoscope, which teaches medical men that in all cases of short sight certain changes go on in the tissues at the back of the eye which, if permitted to continue unchecked, may

result almost in complete blindness. It was not until the invention of this useful instrument, fifteen or twenty years ago, that the fact was ascertained that the eye being small was simply deficient in optical power, and that the cure for it was by giving such patients the help of convex spectacles. This was an important discovery, since many persons by the assistance of such simple means have been completely cured of their visual defect. Indeed, one of the most pleasing sights to be witnessed in this institution is the joy which lights up the care-worn haggard faces of poor needlewomen who have for months feared total blindness, when the surgeon assures them that all they need is a suitable pair of spectacles, or that simple remedies will fully restore to them that invaluable sight, the total loss of which would be to many of them worse than death. The dark spectre of absolute destitution which hovered before their vision—the gloomy walls of that prison-house which is always dreaded by the honest poor, and never sought save as the last refuge of hope—we mean the workhouse—no longer creates dismay and melancholy. The surgeon's words have been magical; hope is revived, and courage to do and to suffer given. What untold joys are thus brought to saddened hearts and broken spirits! Next to being the instrument in God's hands of giving the oil of joy for mourning, and the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness, one would desire to be the physician of bodies. Nor can we forget that Christ identified himself with the two noblest professions of life—he was a preacher, for he was sent to “*preach* deliverance to the captives,” and a physician, for he was commissioned to “*heal* the broken-hearted.”

A select number of the patients are drafted off into a smaller department, where they are taken singly into a darkened partitioned room for closer examination. In this room there is one light in each one of the corners, which is afforded by gas; and it is here that any or every internal disorder of the eye can readily be detected. Here is a poor woman who cannot see to read large type at a short distance. Before she enters the room, she is requested to decipher certain letters arranged on the wall a few yards from her, from a very large to a smaller type than that in which these words are printed. She is unable to read more than the first large line of capitals; a proof either that some disease is lurking in the eye, or that the eye needs assistance. Taken into the dark room, and put by the side of a gaslight, the surgeon raises a small instrument of delicate construction, by which he is able to see through the pupil into the interior and back part of the eye, and to detect any form of even incipient disease. To the unpractised eye nothing can be seen by this instrument; all appeared to us as dark as it was before looking through it. But constant use and a skilful adaptation of the instrument to the eye, reveal to the surgeon that which he could not otherwise possibly know. Fifteen or twenty years ago no means existed of looking into the eye beyond a certain depth; and as a consequence, all the diseases at the back of that organ were, to a certain extent, matter of guess-work with the best practitioners. This was all changed when it was found possible to look into the eye and to discover, just as in a picture book, the actual condition of the parts affected. The reason why no such instrument had been previously invented, was due to early mistakes on the subject of the pupil of the eye, which was supposed to be black, as

indeed it appears to be. The older writers believed that the pupil was black because no light was known to come out of the eye. They knew light entered the eye, and they considered that it became absorbed therein. This scientific or unscientific fallacy was disproved by an Englishman, named Cumming, many years ago, who noticed that the eyes of animals, such as the cat, and dog, and horse, and, under certain circumstances, the human eye, really did emit, as well as take in, light. But strange to say, the fact lay dormant for a number of years, without being applied by the profession to eye diseases, until a distinguished German worked out the idea practically. This he did by inventing a combination of mirror and lenses, which enabled him freely to examine the interior of the human eye. The result of this discovery has been the possibility of ascertaining the causes of many diseases and visual imperfections which were regarded in former days as hopelessly incurable; and a more scientific treatment of such cases. So that blindness is often prevented by the knowledge of that which will stay the progress of the disease; and really when one looks over—for to read some of the names is a task we decline to accept—the number and variety of diseases affecting the human eye, it is strange that our forefathers should have done so well without the aid of so invaluable a guide as the ophthalmoscope.

The accommodation provided for in-patients has been adequate since the erection of the new wing. There are now nearly one hundred beds for these patients, who are well fed and cared for while under treatment. The wards are lofty and cheerful, and it would seem that every comfort is provided for the inmates. Their stay is not long, since the cure is in the majority of instances very rapid, and the number of new patients would prevent a prolonged occupation by those who may safely return to their homes. Let us go into the operating theatre before visiting the sufferers in their wards. There are two very popular mistakes which, for the benefit of our sensitive readers, we may at once correct. In the first place, it is commonly believed, and has been asserted even by patients who have undergone an operation, that the affected eye is taken out of its position, laid on the cheek, washed with milk, and then restored to its accustomed socket! Now this is simply impossible; since to do it would be to destroy the sight entirely. There is also a very popular fallacy as to the sight—namely, that it proceeds from some peculiar substance in the eye which is liable to be displaced or injured. Now this is incorrect, as will be apparent to anyone who understands the structure of the eye. The eye and the brain are closely connected; from the brain starts forth two large nervous trunks, commonly known as the optic nerves, which are as thick as an ordinary quill. These nerves pass through the socket into the back of the eye-ball, and expand within the latter into a delicate, transparent membrane, upon which are formed all the images of surrounding objects. Any operation therefore which removed the eye would inevitably destroy the sight. In some cases, where an eye is so thoroughly diseased that to allow it to remain would only endanger the other eye, it has to be removed, and this is done with a result which is simply wonderful. But here is a lad who has a squint: it is so bad that he sees too much. The surgeon talks with him, and he is under the impression that he sees two surgeons, and what boy would not

have his spirits cowed under such circumstances? It might quicken his appetite to see two plates of meat before him instead of one, but the pleasure is lost when one plate is but the ghost of another. Now, in this operating theatre there is a collection of some of the finest instruments to be seen perhaps in the world. There are needles so delicate that if you were to let them fall perpendicularly upon a strip of very thin leather, they would not only pierce it, but in the upraising of the instrument the leather would be necessarily pulled up too: and unless it were thus perfectly constructed it would not be serviceable. There are scissors microscopically small, which have taken the place of those clumsy expedients which our forefathers used. In the case of the boy with a squint, the mode of operation is simply this. A dose of chloroform is given him; he is then laid at full length upon the operating table, and the unruly muscle of the eye-ball causing the squint is divided. No pain is felt; the lad is removed to a bed, and whether his eye has been taken out and replaced, or a new one given him he knows not, although the former opinion becomes in a few instances a deep-seated conviction which no scientific proof or positive contradiction will ever remove. There are other and more delicate operations, such as removing a cataract from the eye. This is done by a small incision in the transparent part—so small as scarcely to be perceived—from which the opaque matter escapes. The lens of the eye is thus removed; but this is partially remedied by the use of spectacles which serve the same optical purpose. There is one disease which can only be cured by infusing diseased matter into the eye, which raises such an inflammation as to kill the original disease. Some, alas! who come for relief arrive so late as to be absolutely incurable. They will come from all parts of the world, especially from the British colonies. Having heard of the great fame of the institution, they resolve to visit it as the last resource—sometimes going back with restored sight, but as often returning in the dark night of blindness. Only the other day two Moors came from their native country. One of them had been blind for eleven or twelve years. Yet his faith and the faith of his friends was so great in the physician's skill, that they travelled over mountain wilds and deserts drear, and over the wide ocean, if perchance they might be restored to sight. The failure of human skill points a contrast to the certainty of the Great Physician's cure, which is saddening in the one case, but gladdening in the other. "He sent his word *and* healed them."

We said that under the influence of chloroform no pain was felt by the patient while under the operation. We saw a poor woman who had just recovered from the effects of the anæsthetic, but she acknowledged she felt no pain. A brave old man, who preferred to retain consciousness while under the operation, smilingly assured us of his deep thankfulness to God for his goodness, and to the surgeon for his tender skill, and how he looked forward to the time when his eye would be relieved of its bandage, and he would be able to see as was his wont; and there were chubby little babies, under the care of nurses, and of the patients, or their own mothers, upon whom operations had been or were about to be performed. Happy little things! They were scarcely conscious of their sufferings.

The one-half has not yet been told of what might be written of this institution. Next month we hope to return to the subject, and deal with a few popular fallacies respecting the eye, for our notes have only been half used. Meanwhile, we would draw attention to the fact that all the varied and beneficent operations of the hospital are carried on at a cost so surprisingly low that it seems incredible. Last year the total expenditure was only £2,825. For this amount 851 in-patients were housed and fed, and 98,765 out-patients received advice, medicine, artificial eyes, and spectacles, supplied at a nominal sum, and the officers and nurses remunerated. Of course, this could not be unless the surgeons gave their time gratuitously, as in other hospitals—a practice very beneficial to the poor, who can thus attend upon the best skilled surgeons in the world. The institution is sustained by voluntary contributions; although one would think that if its worth were better known—and a visit to it would be the best mode of ascertaining how great was its value—the merchants of the city, and the great employers of labour, whose servants and workmen avail themselves so largely of its privileges, would cheerfully aid this most philanthropic and Christian work. And the gospel of Christ is not neglected, as we were glad to find; for a chaplain and missionaries hold services and minister religious instruction nearly every day to the in-patients.

Special Aspects of the Church of Christ in England,

AND THE DEMANDS THEREFORE MADE UPON THE MINISTRY.

BY PASTOR R. H. ROBERTS, OF CORNWALL ROAD CHAPEL, NOTTING HILL.

IN order to indicate at once the scope of this paper, let me say that the special aspects which I wish to treat of are *First*, and chiefly, the position now held by the sacramental and sacerdotal school of thought in the church of Christ as by law established; and *Secondly*, in a very few closing words, the position occupied in relation to the world by that portion of the church of Christ which claims the proud privilege of maintaining, in the purest integrity, the principles of him whose "kingdom is not of this world."

I. *The position held by the sacerdotal and sacramental school.* I begin by assuming that the doctrines of the so-called Ritualists are sufficiently well known to relieve me from the necessity of showing, at any length, that they differ in no essential point from those of the church of Rome, save in the refusal to acknowledge the supremacy of the pope. Proofs of this may be found in Dr. Pusey's second letter to Dr. Newman, the third part of the "Eirenicon;" in a review of which in the "Church Times" for April 8th, occur the following sentences: "The identity of principle existing between us (*i.e.*, the Ritualists and Romanists) on the nature and the functions of the church and her Divine Author, in matters of faith, inspires us with the hope that the difficulties (in the way of re-union) may be overcome; what the whole church

receives, that we receive; what the whole church anathematizes, we anathematise also. Private judgment has no place wherever a general Council has spoken." "Instructed Catholics among ourselves know that no Roman doctrine is inconsistent with faith in the sole merits of Christ; that the Tridentine decrees about tradition are not destructive of the august veneration due to the holy saints; that the reverence paid to sacred images is no violation of the divine rights of worship, *and so on.*" "The difference, to a great extent, is a mere difference of words." "With regard to justification, Dr. Pusey has for many years felt and taught that we held nothing which Rome does not equally hold," and so on, I add to the end of the article. Other proof could be given if time allowed or if need demanded.

2. I would observe that their object is sufficiently plain, and to do them justice, honestly announced. We perhaps should not place implicit reliance upon indirect testimony, furnished by a recent letter of Dr. Newman's; but the following quotation, also from the "Church Times," puts the matter beyond doubt: "*We are busy hunting down the doctrines of the Reformation, and have no intention of foregoing the chase till we have extirpated them.*" After this, it would be weakness in us to hesitate to accept their own account of the meaning of the movement; and it becomes a very interesting and important question what progress is this party making in this country, what position does it hold in that church which claims to be the Bulwark of the Reformation. They themselves speak in language of exultant triumph; they talk of "the ball lying at their feet," and "of the battle being virtually won;" whilst the leaders of the evangelical party are using the language either of despondency, or of desperation, plaintively complaining that they are "frowned upon by bishops for protesting against Romanism," and talking wildly of "sinking the ship rather than allowing it to be steered into the harbour of Rome." Now is there any real ground for this exultation on the one hand, and this despondency on the other? I think there is very serious ground indeed; and I proceed to submit the reasons for this belief.

(1.) No one can fail to notice the boldness with which they are allowed to advocate their doctrines, both from the pulpit and through the press; they make no secret of the views which they hold, nor do they attempt any concealment; and yet they remain members of and teachers in that church which is established in order that it may be a barrier against the inroad of those very doctrines which they are thus openly, and with impunity, doing all they can to spread. But—

2. Let us glance at the actual statistics which they can present. There were in London in 1868, 545 churches; in 1870, 830; there were weekly holy communions in 1868, 129; in 1870, 169; daily holy communions in 1868, 11; in 1870, 20; early holy communions in 1868, 125; in 1870, 159; choral holy communions in 1868, 28; in 1870, 63; daily services in 1868, 99; in 1870, 132; surpliced choirs in 1868, 98, in 1870, 137; Eucharistic vestments in 1868, 11; in 1870, 20; with regard to which the "Church Times" remarks, "All this is very satisfactory. The addition to the number of churches in the three years has been less than a sixth, and the proportionate number of weekly celebrations should have been at the most 21, whereas it has

really been 40. In like manner the increase of daily celebrations has been 9 instead of 2; early celebrations 34 instead of 21; choral celebrations 35 instead of 5; daily services 33 instead of 17; surpliced choirs 39 instead of 16; vestments 9 instead of 2." Now these statistics do not by any means indicate a uniform stage of advanced or rather retrograde belief, but they do serve to show in which way the current is setting, and combined with the undoubted vigour displayed during the recent twelve days' mission, prove that their jubilant congratulations are not altogether empty boasts, but based upon marks of progress which are by no means to be despised. And this has taken place in spite, or perhaps we ought to say to a certain extent in consequence, of the lawsuits which have been instituted against them; prosecution and persecution are near enough in sound to be easily and tellingly interchanged, and the results in this instance only confirm the truth which all history teaches us, that persecution always defeats its own ends and succeeds in helping to spread the doctrines which it seeks to crush out. Its effects on the Ritualists may be gathered from the following quotations out of speeches by two clergymen delivered at the last annual meeting of the English Church Union, and received with "laughter and cheers." The first said, "Perhaps, after all, there was a great advantage in being persecuted. It gained them sympathy from the public, it made no difference in the congregation, and for his own part, it made no difference in the services." (Laughter.) Another clergyman, who is also a baronet, thus spoke, "As he interpreted it (the recent decision of Sir R. Phillimore) they really were forbidden to stand at the north side." (Now this must, for some reason, be a most frightful calamity, for in the next sentence we read,) "He had not given up the altar lights, loud cheers, but he thought he would relinquish them sooner than give up the north side." Nor is there any reason for believing that this policy will succeed better in the future than it has done in the past; for, of course, no decision has any effect until the bishops put it in force, and there are many reasons why they will feel disinclined to interfere if they can possibly avoid it; and even if they do, it is a very doubtful question whether they will be obeyed, for nothing strikes one more forcibly than the tone of bitter, nay, almost angry contempt in which members of the Church of England, of all shades of opinion, speak of the Episcopal bench. I venture to affirm that the leading pastors of our own free church are looked up to with a vast deal more of respect than is rendered to the hierarchy by law established by a large proportion of that church which is supposed to be consolidated by the firmest ties of ecclesiastical discipline.

We give one or two examples of the criticisms indulged in, though not by any means the most outspoken that could be selected. "If instead of persecuting the clergymen who do their work, his lordship (the Bishop of London) *would give an eye occasionally to those who do not*, we should perhaps be spared such a scandal as that of seeing Mr. Rogers, the Rector of St. Botolph's, Bishopsgate, advertised as about to preside at a lecture of Mr. Spurgeon's, to be delivered in one meeting house in aid of the funds needed for keeping up another." At a recent meeting of the Church Association, Mr. Ryle is reported to have spoken as follows:—"The final court of appeal should be composed of good laymen, and

should not be handed over to the tender mercies of deans and bishops. He had the greatest possible respect for episcopacy *in the abstract*. . . . When they saw such specimens of episcopal judgment as they had seen in the Upper House of Convocation lately, he thought they would agree with him, that the sooner they took away from the bishops the power of deciding in final courts of appeal, the better it would be." And further in the same speech: "The bishops have a perfect horror of the Church Associationists; whilst Archbishop Lycurgus had been received with open arms, a body of men, the lovers of the Church of England, the clergy of the Church of England, protesting against Romanism, and standing up for the truths of the Reformation, banding themselves together to hand down to their children the church unaltered, were being looked upon with frowns and suspicion and receiving the cold shoulder." How much therefore may be expected from the interference of the bishops, may be judged of from extracts like these, which might be almost indefinitely multiplied. But, supposing they do succeed in putting down certain ritualistic practices, how much is gained? Have they touched the root of the evil, the pernicious doctrines of which those are but the outward drapery and ornaments? By no means—the persecution will simply make the doctrines to which the ritual is only a subordinate witness dearer than ever—nor can they effect any more, for it is a curious feature in the Established Church of this country, that in spite of its articles, and creeds, and homilies, and liturgies, etc., the doctrine held by it at this very moment is "an unknown quantity," and almost all it can do by an appeal to the law, is to put out a candle or strip off a vestment. Its teachers may proclaim rank Romanism, or the most barren Rationalism, and the church will be impotent to stop their mouths.

But the most startling occurrence perhaps of any is the reception given to the Archbishop of Syra and Tenedos at the consecration of the Greek Church in Liverpool. On that occasion the Anglican church was represented officially by two clergymen. One as the representative of the Archbishop of Canterbury, who occupied a stall at the right hand of the throne; and another, the principal of the Liverpool College, as the representative of the Archbishop of York and the Bishop of Chester; and "regret was signified by the latter prelate, that a severe domestic affliction prevented his attendance at the ceremony, and he also expressed his disappointment that the consecration being fixed for a Sunday, many of his clergy were prevented from attending, and thus showing their respect for the orthodox Greek church." In an address delivered by the Rev. Cecil Wray, on behalf of forty priests and deacons in Liverpool and Birkenhead, occur the following sentences:—"The holy church, of which your Grace is so distinguished a representative, has ever been regarded by the church in this country with *profound reverence and sincere sympathy*." "Commending ourselves to your Grace's prayers, we earnestly request you to remember us in your *intercession at the celebration of the holy mysteries*." "At the request of the deputation, the archbishop pronounced the benediction, the ministers present kneeling, and at the conclusion, *crossing themselves*." And this degradation of English liberty and English manliness is witnessed almost unmoved in this nineteenth century, in a church which claims to be the chief defender

of divine truth ! I should have thought that the pitiful spectacle would have evoked a tempest of righteous indignation, and that a cry of scorn would have rung from one end of the land to the other. But the archbishop, to whom this shameless adulation is offered, is received as the guest of the highest ecclesiastical dignitaries, is toasted and feasted by even Dean Stanley, is deluged with addresses of congratulation and pious devotion wherever he moves, is entreated by a crowd of kneeling worshippers to let one drop at least of the precious mystic ointment fall out of the episcopal alabaster box, even though it be but "the benediction" in Greek. Well may the Ritualists exult, for "the tide has indeed risen," as they affirm, and to a height which might make us pause in anxious alarm, were it not that our trust is in the God of truth, and in the omnipotence of his word. "The Lord sitteth upon the flood," and though "the waves lift up their voice, the Lord on high is mightier than the noise of many waters."

But to go on for one moment longer with our examination of the signs of the advance of spiritual corruption, we light upon a most curious and instructive debate which took place recently in the Lower House of Convocation. The following resolution was submitted by the suffragan Bishop of Nottingham:—

"That a representation from this House be made to their lordships, the bishops, respectfully requesting them to address, through the president, a letter of brotherly affection to the Abuna of the Abyssinian church, inviting to mutual intercessory prayer, and to such further communication as may lead to intercommunion between our long-severed churches." This was seconded by Dean Stanley, who, in the course of his remarks, however, acknowledged that what, as he affirmed, had been "untruly said of an amiable and estimable prelate, was true of the Abuna of Abyssinia, namely, that he is a prelate of the most corrupt church in Christendom." Now, is it in the smallest degree likely, that after an archbishop of the church, which, in its doctrines and its practice is, to say the least of it, as corrupt as Rome, has been received with open arms by the highest authorities of the established Anglican church—after he and the community which he represents have been courted and caressed, and flattered, and flattered with, in a way which is nothing less than a disgrace to our Protestantism—after a resolution has been carried in one of the highest ecclesiastical synods, expressing a desire to enter into fellowship with—what shall I call it—a church?—nay, only the abandoned wreck of a ruined and blasted shrine—a fellowship denied to Protestant Nonconformists ! Is it, I say, likely that any action now taken for the professed object of suppressing Ritualism, will excite the smallest respect, or appear to nine out of ten anything more than a delusion and a sham ? Is it likely that the effects thus produced will be counteracted by such paltry acts of authority as the removal of "a tapestry screen," or "a silver cross," or the extinguishing of a candle, or the prohibition of the north side of the altar to the priest ? Does it not seem far more probable, that what would otherwise sound like the astounding and impudent libel of a high church organ, is in reality a sad but undoubted truth. "No one will now deny that the moment the Church of England is *free*, intercommunion with the holy Eastern church will be *openly* resumed." A

confession, by-the-way, as significant in its form as it is astonishing in its substance, since it acknowledges that the Church of England is in bondage, and that it is practising something very much like dissimulation.

There are, I confess, some hopeful signs to be observed. The present Council in Rome is a very hopeful one. I know of no such striking example of "strong delusion" as that which is forcing upon an unwilling community the dogma of papal infallibility. And I confess I cannot help feeling the desire that the pope may be left alone, and permitted to succeed in his designs, for it will be a fatal blow, not only to the hope of reunion cherished by many in this country, but to the power of popery throughout the world. Still there is enough and more than enough to make all the true followers of Christ, not anxious, but more than usually watchful and earnest, and especially is there a call upon us as ministers of the Lord Jesus to be *standing*, standing each at his post, clothed from head to foot with "the *whole* armour of God; that we may be able to withstand in the evil day, and having done all, to stand."

II. *Our position as ministers of him whose "kingdom is not of this world."* I think the time is come when we should insist upon it openly and more strenuously than ever, that the church shall be separated from the state. There ought to be no hesitation or compromise. There are, I know, signs that the connection must sooner or later come to an end, and that perhaps the event is not very far distant, but we may be sure of this, that the position and prestige given by this relationship will not be relinquished by those who profit from it one day sooner than they are compelled by the necessities of the situation; and it is our duty to help on the emancipation and "hasten the coming of the day of God." I have a very strong opinion that we are occupying our true place, not when we follow in the halting course of any minister of the state, however distinguished, in the enunciation of a policy, but when we lead the van as the ministers of the King of kings in the fearless and emphatic and uncompromising proclamation of our principles. I often fear that there is at present the danger of our being the champions of statecraft (using the word in no bad sense) instead of untrammelled expounders of the truth of him who died on Calvary, because from the very first he flung out the folds of a banner which had emblazoned upon it, "My kingdom is not of this world: I am come to bear witness to the truth."

This of course is only an individual opinion, but I think I shall carry you with me when I say that we ought to make our people clearly and fully acquainted with what Ritualism really is and what it means. That name is a very deceptive one, and hides a multitude of sins from their eyes: no doubt there is a good deal in Ritualism proper which is ridiculous and nothing more. We feel inclined only to laugh when men supposed to be possessed of common sense and enlightened by the Spirit of God, and claiming to be successors *par excellence* of the apostle Paul, will seriously and eagerly debate whether "candles shall be lighted when not wanted for the purpose of giving light (I am quoting the very words employed*), and carried on Candlemas day or used at the reading

* See reports of the Council of the English Church Union on the "Wix and Purchas judgments."

of the gospel;" whether "when the gospel is read the gospeller shall be attended by acolytes and crucifer;" whether "candles and ashes and palms shall be blessed;" whether "the alms bason shall be elevated at the presenting of alms, and then removed to a side table;" whether "the gospel-book shall be kissed before reading the gospel;" whether "*tippets* shall be of a circular form"!!! whether "the epistle shall be read with the back to the people"; whether "there shall be a *stuffed dove* (!!!) *over the altar on Whitsunday*;" &c. One asks in wonder are these the occupations of *men*, or are they the nursery amusements of babes in Christ? But then people are apt to be deluded and to fancy that what is absurd is therefore harmless; they get a notion that at the worst it is only a question about trifles, when in reality it is a question of truth, a question of life and death. And then on the other hand there is a good deal about the movement that is to some minds very attractive: their Catholic desire for unity is paraded with a sincerity which is really touching: that very pomp and pageantry which you despise is to people of a feminine and sentimental turn of mind unspeakably fascinating; besides, there is an earnestness about them which cannot be disputed, and zeal, even in a bad cause, must always produce an effect. Now God forbid that we should convert the pulpit into an arena for embittered debate, or desecrate its lofty purpose by noisy clap-trap declamation. Nevertheless I hold it is not only legitimate, but imperatively required, that we should by this or by some equally effective means expose the corruption, which this Ritualism does in reality cover, and show that it is not simply exuberant foliage growing out of the tree of life, but a heap of dead branches, and leaves, and flowers gathered from Rome, decking out whilst it conceals the crucifix; that it is not simply an extravagant adornment with which a questionable taste has decked out the fair form of truth, but that beneath that garish veil, there is the hateful visage of one of the most promising of the offspring of the Man of Sin.

Still more, however, is it needful that we should be thoroughly grounded in, and hold and teach intelligently, the great principles of the Reformation in all their legitimate development, and that we should be animated by the grand spirit of fearless faithfulness and unflinching self-sacrifice, which enabled the reformers to draw and to use the sword of the Spirit with such splendid effect, and to become puissant champions of the Cross of Christ. What with them was *an inspiration*, a living, moving, constraining impulse, is with us in danger of being hardened and degraded into a *dogma*, a badge of party, and a convenient shibboleth of controversy. The patriots of the past that fought and won the first campaigns, are in danger of being replaced by the mere professional standing army of to-day. *They* will prove to be the successors of apostles and reformers who are baptised with apostolic spirit, and anointed with Pentecostal fire. May God grant us that unspeakable honour.

Still further let me add, that pre-eminently is it of importance that we as ministers should be characterised by an intense attachment to the Lord Jesus Christ; our personal devotion to him, and our zeal in his cause must be beyond suspicion—we must be "*burning as well as shining lights*." It is a complaint often urged,

that Protestantism tends to coldness and infidelity; that the piety which it *permits*, is at best only the glitter of an intellectual iceberg, and not the glow of a fiery furnace. Now we must make it plain that it is possible to unite the very tenderest attachment with the manliest robustness; that it is possible to burn with the ardour of Paul in our love to the Saviour, whilst we rise with the free spirit of Paul above the beggarly elements of a sentimental symbolism. I feel very, very strongly the importance of this deep, ardent, personal attachment of the soul to Jesus, as of a bride to her husband, who in her eyes is "the chiefest among ten thousand, and the altogether lovely." "The greatest aid to the progress of Romanism which we can render, will be coldness towards Christ; let it but be suspected that we fail to apprehend the real presence of a living Redeemer, whom having not seen we love, and we shall be fatal witnesses against our boasted Protestantism, monuments of the fact that we needed the discipline of children, that we were not fit to be treated as men. On the other hand, let us show indisputably, without being at all gushing, that our love is the natural and necessary outflow of a fount of emotion as deep and as unfailing as that which throbbed in the breast of the great Apostle of the Gentiles, and then the gospel light of three centuries ago will never be extinguished: even though the waters rise, it will rise above them and float over them, and cast its clear and guiding beam in a path of light across the surging deep, because it never can fail to occupy the same position as he does, "Who walketh in the midst of the golden candlesticks," and says to every one of his faithful followers as he walks also upon the raging billows, "I am with you always."

I urge this the more strongly, because of another mischief which is making its appearance in the church of Christ, especially as represented in the Nonconformist denominations. No one can doubt or deny that whether for good or evil, a very great change has taken place in the modes of thought and habits of life of those who are the proper descendants of the Puritans, and the tendency of this change has been continuously towards a greater conformity to what is technically called "the world." So great has been the advance made, that I very often find myself asking the question, What special distinguishing differences are there now to separate clearly and at once the ordinary Christian from the decent respectable man of the world? It is said, and said with truth, that everything becomes religious if performed in a religious spirit—and business and pleasure are elevated into sacred things if done unto the Lord—but this alluring and high-sounding talk is in danger of being abused. Sometimes when I listen to it, I call to mind the story told, I think, of an Irish dragoon. He was heard to boast that he had taken a prisoner. "Bring him along then," was the response. "He won't let me," was the odd reply. And when they came to look, the reason was plain enough, for the so-called prisoner was a man on foot whom the dragoon had attacked, but who, seizing the bridle of his adversary's horse was leading both rider and steed into the enemy's camp. I sometimes fear our boasted conquest and capture of the world is very much of that character; in endeavouring to take hold of and subdue the world to our control, it looks remarkably as if the world had taken us prisoners and were running away with us. Or to change the figure, it

sometimes seems as if the life of the church—which ought to be a deep-rooted, all-pervading enthusiasm—were becoming a merely decent, respectable fashion. It is to be feared that the church has become something like that old heathen statue, which represented the river Orontes rising out of the feet of Antioch—a marble figure, beautiful to look at, but still only a figure of the swift-flowing river, a petrified allegory of the heavenly spring. If this should ever take place, Nonconformity is doomed, it is nothing if it is not intensely spiritual. All the more need, therefore, is there for us to cultivate that personal attachment to Christ, out of which alone the living water will flow.

“The church will always go a little beyond its ministers in conformity to the world, and linger behind them in conformity to Christ.” As we are leaders in name, so let us also be leaders in truth—leaders in this respect, that we press nearest and get closest to him who is the great Author and Finisher of the faith; and by our chivalrous daring evermore keep the hearts of our people in a blaze of enthusiasm, inspiring them by our example to love and to good works.

Objection and Reply.

MINISTER.—The benevolence of my people has been much strained during the past year and will be this year. When the deputation for the Missionary Society was with us last September, the brethren drummed my people so much that they got subscriptions which I fear will leave us very bare in our home department. And then, many of our friends help other Societies, so that I fear our church income will suffer. I wish it could be possible to keep off all poachers from my preserves. A pastor's cares about temporal matters are often very heavy, and deacons are not nice men to deal with when finances are in a low state. I wish we could keep ourselves to ourselves; and if there must be missions and such things, let the richer churches help them. We must shut the door against all outsiders and look at home.

REPLY.—Nonsense, brother! Let your people give till they get into the habit of it. It does not injure bees to have their honey taken from them; they only set to work and make the more. If the sheep are sheared it is no trouble to them, for another and cleaner coat is sure to grow. It does not hurt cows to milk them; let them be milked dry, they will give the more next time. Nor is there anything lost by dipping a spring dry; it will fill again with water even more fresh and sweet than the first. If we do not clear out the old mercies they will grow musty and prevent the new ones from being sweet when they come. Old misers and covetous people dry up and die, having known only old and stale blessings; they never, by parting with the old, prepared the way for God to replenish, refresh, and bless them as he does the benevolent, with new manifestations of his faithfulness.

Moreover, brother, those who try to reserve their strength for home work, usually grow weaker and weaker. The heart would not be strengthened, if it were to store up the blood, but by sending it forth as it comes in, it abides in a healthy condition. “There is that scattereth, and yet increaseth.” Generosity is economy. Selfishness is not thrifty.

Rest.

BY THE LATE SIR J. Y. SIMPSON, BART., M.D.

OF 'mid this world's ceaseless strife,
When flesh and spirit fail me,
I stop and think of another life,
Where ills can ne'er assail me.
Where my wearied arm shall cease its fight,
My heart shall cease its sorrow,
And this dark night change for the light
Of an everlasting morrow.

On earth below there's nought but woe,
E'en mirth is gilded sadness;
But in heaven above there's nought but love,
With all its raptured gladness.
There, till I come, waits me a home,
All human dreams excelling,
In which at last, when life is past,
I'll find a regal dwelling.

Then shall be mine, through grace divine,
A rest that knows no ending,
Which my soul's eye would fain descry,
Though still with clay 'tis blending.
And, Saviour dear, while I tarry here,
Where a Father's love has found me,
O let me feel, through woe and weal,
Thy guardian arm around me.

England's Break with Antichrist.

BY G. HOLDEN PIKE.

THE abundant and goodly fare of England was proverbial among foreigners in the olden time; but of all the viands on which French and German natives feasted during visits to our island, and fondly remembered when again housed in their own leaner continental provinces, was that proud joint, knighted by Henry the Eighth. Most of our readers are capable of relishing a loin of beef, and they doubtless also prize it the more for the true, though humble, part it played in the Reformation. One day—a day destined to be eventful and fruitful of events—Henry was hunting in Windsor Great Forest. Having the misfortune to miss his path, and separate from his party, his Majesty found himself at dinner-time before the gates of Reading Monastery—in those days as likely a house wherein to meet with animal comforts as the Reform Club would be in our own. Preserving his disguise, Henry knocked with the dignity becoming an illustrious stranger, and on entering the hall found the table crowded with dishes for a sumptuous mid-day repast. Seating himself, the guest and his Tudor appetite did justice, or, as a poorer host would have thought, more than justice, to what was before him. But my lord Abbot, being a man given to hospitality, rejoiced at entertaining a stranger so competent to enjoy a dinner. Every delicacy procurable by the revenue of a wealthy monastery was at the service of the august visitor, who, however, prompted by a simpler than an ecclesiastical taste, observed, "I will stick to this Sir-loin." Quoth the "holy" man, unable to restrain his envious astonishment, "I would give

£100 to be able to eat with corresponding gusto; but, alas! my weak and qualmish stomach can hardly digest the wing of a fowl." Probably a frown shaded Henry's brow, while in thought only he answered, *I know how to cure your qualms*. A few days subsequently some officers arrested the Abbot, and without any explanation summarily imprisoned him. As week by week he languished away the weary hours, he must have vainly sought the origin of his trouble; but no clue to the mystery enlightened his den, and no omen of liberty cheered his solitude. Sunrise and sunset came and went, each bringing a spare meal of bread and water. Then at length, at a convenient season, the King visited the prison. Shielding himself from observation, Henry ordered the prisoner from his cell, and directed that a sirloin of beef should be set before him. When the famished wretch, with greedy appetite, had eaten till the bones were bare, Henry stood forth and cried, "Sir Abbot, I have cured you of your qualms, give me my £100." The fine was taken, and the fatal seed-thought sown, which spread its empire until the tide of public opinion told against the luxurious iniquity of monasticism.

It is more than difficult, it is impossible, either for historians to portray, or for readers to imagine, the true condition of England at the accession of Henry the Eighth, in 1509. Ignorance and priestcraft prolonged their hateful alliance; and, enchained by the first, the people were too often the victims of vicious ecclesiastics, who, encouraged by their successful encroachings on the domain of the politician, were apparently bent on annihilating the last vestige of liberty. The secular arm might oppress, but such oppression weighed lightly against the religious bondage which debarred the people from the benefit of laws grown obsolete from long disuse. For the most part the ecclesiastical revenues ministered to the luxurious indolence of priests, who, instead of attending to their cures, whether in the parish or the diocese, rarely, and in some instances never, set foot in the country they were paid to benefit, but which they lived to defraud. Thus England, at the eve of the Reformation, differed almost as greatly from our Great Britain as does one planet from another. In times when even persons of title could be found who were unable to read, it naturally followed that the moral condition of the lower orders was correspondingly distressing. One redeeming tint slightly enlivens the dark picture. The peasantry appear to have enjoyed a more plentiful provision than they do in this age of progress. Each farmer presided at the head of a household composed of his own family and a troop of hinds; and the common board which all surrounded, was daily loaded with coarse abundance, while the halls of lords and squires were centres of hospitality for travellers to call at and refresh themselves. But no thanks are due to Popery for a state of things belonging to a thin population, and an abundance of cheap land. Feudal customs were departing, and the first symptoms of a rupture with Antichrist was the sense of tyranny to which the people were awakening, while learning to distrust the clerical ascendancy. Nor was the religious anarchy without those intellectual stars so common to any historical crisis, and in this instance so capable of shedding a happier light than they really gave forth. As years rolled on More, Cromwell, and Wolsey, not to mention Henry himself, are the great actors in English history; and, though unfortunately these were not Christian examples, they were men whose genius and scholarship the most gifted might envy.

One of the earliest ruptures between the clergy and the secular power, or, as may be truly said, between the populace and Antichrist, occurred soon after the close of the fifteenth century; and this catastrophe, so fruitful in results, was occasioned by the evil passions of the clergy. In proportion as the church grew corrupt, it showed a disposition to encroach; and bad became worse, until the abandoned priesthood claimed entire exemption from legal penalties. Villains of every degree, whose crimes as laymen were too black to be paraded with impunity, sought holy orders, so that under a pastor's cloak they might revel in lustful riot, such as in ordinary citizens the magistrate discouraged by summary punishment. The time had arrived when this clerical license was destined to

receive an ominous check, by means of what, as times went, was a trivial circumstance—the murder of Richard Hunne, a deed that, happily, redounded with terrible force on the heads of those who gave it their sanction. This same Hunne, a merchant citizen of London, refused payment of some trifling ecclesiastical fee. A legal quarrel ensuing, the defendant, as advised by counsel, took counter-proceedings against the priests, on the strength of their illegal procedure. The bare thought of being resisted by a mere trader, became insupportable, and stirred up the worst passions of the holy brethren, who, consequently, with a ferocity peculiar to Rome in her day of ascendancy, hunted down their victim, murdered him in his cell, as wild beasts do their prey, and to give completeness to their singular infamy, the priests arraigned the lifeless Hunne on a charge of heresy, and, on conviction, condemned his corpse to the flames. Favourable as the times still were to the perpetration of such deeds of blackness, this wickedness was too enormous to be hidden. The angry murmurs closely following, by refusing to be stifled, troubled the church, and made the assassins tremble. A crime had been ventured on for the purpose of striking terror into refractory hearts: it only awakened indignation and a desire for vengeance. Fain would the churchmen have undone their work; but there was no repairing and no receding. "After that day," says Burnet, "the city of London was never well affected to the Popish clergy." Wickliffe had laboured at sowing; his disciples had watered with tears and blood the first seeds of the Reformation; and now in the fire which consumed the corpse of the murdered tailor, the priests were beginning to annihilate their own ascendancy. That Smithfield fire, like a beacon, sent forth a sure and early warning of England's break with Antichrist.

Thus the early years of the sixteenth century saw Rome's dominion threatened in England, as well as on the Continent. In Britain the voice of hope and warning, which a century before had died in a wail around Wickliffe's grave, was being revived. Startled, yet scarcely awakened to a sense of danger, the clergy dreamed not of defeat in the approaching contest. It is true that by art and diligence, they sought to trample out what they called the new opinions; and they imagined the respirations of new-born liberty would be stifled, if those precious seeds of the Reformation, the tracts and Testaments of Germany, could be seized in the English ports. But when hope of success receded as the stream of knowledge widened and deepened, the priests became almost desperate in their fanatical alarm at the prospect of a decaying interest. Even the King attempted to write down the Reformation. The fierce opposition of those directly interested, was of a character such as evil spirits might have inspired. The offence of introducing into their households the Lord's Prayer and the Ten Commandments, in the vulgar tongue, brought eight persons to the stake in 1519.

We have no sympathy with a religious indifference which classes Popery among harmless superstitions; for no superstition can be professed with impunity, and in the dismal train of spiritual impostures, Romanism stands out as the darkest and basest. A system binding itself to persecute on principle, besides cherishing unholy institutions, and forbidding the Bible to the people, is surely but a caricature of the truth of the New Covenant. In the insolence of pride, Rome pronounces herself unchangeable and infallible; and so far as the dogma concerns her hatred to an unsullied faith, her love of cruelty, and abject superstition, we are prepared to endorse it. The light of the Cross is death to her high pretensions; for she thrives best in heathenish darkness, which is blighting to genuine religion. It is too true. Rome is unchangeable; but she is so in the worst sense. Give her the power, and her influence would again be exerted to enthral the nations. The murderous Inquisition would be revived; and texts quoted in justification of rackings, burnings, and enclosing of living offenders in brick and mortar coffins; truth would be poisoned at every fountain, and the moral atmosphere polluted by exhalations from ten thousand sinks of iniquity named after religion. As of yore, Antichrist is under an

obligation to extirpate opponents; so that what some would consider a charitable bearing to such a semi-political heresy, might, on closer inspection, be found to be a suicidal charity. That England was enabled to cast adrift the false church, assume the garments of truth, and become the asylum of liberty, ought to awaken feelings of deeper gratitude than arise from the fullest tide of commercial prosperity.

Yet the Roman church never tires of dinning in the ears of the world her pretensions to apostolical succession, and consequently to the possession of an unsullied faith handed down from the first age of Christianity. What is the answer of history to these pretensions? At first the change brought by the New Covenant was deemed so complete, that Christians in general were believed to be a universal priesthood, and only for the sake of expedience were powers to dispense ordinances confined to a class. When times grew easier, or when peace followed persecution, pride entered the hearts of important officers, until something mysterious was alleged to belong to ordination, and until "priest" became a term of superiority unknown to the first Christians.

Thus to contrast the noble faith and simple worship of an earlier age with the semi-pagan pomp of Rome during her unchallenged ascendancy, is somewhat like comparing pure morning sunlight with the artificial glare of a midnight haunt. In days when the church was purified by the fire of persecution, professors were devout and plain livers. Without courting danger they were wont to evince a rare bravery in facing peril. Death was scarcely terrible to communities that so keenly realised the truth of instant immortality. Their deacons assiduously looked to the poor. Pastors were required to be men of sober conversation, and to possess cultivated intellects. If men of substance, as they often were, they set an example of hospitality; if poor, they lived on labourer's hire in the midst of a united brotherhood.

To Wickliffe the honour undoubtedly belongs of opening the breach with Rome; and a monkish quarrel had much to do with promoting the original rupture. Islip, archbishop of Canterbury, founded at Oxford a college for eight secular and three monkish students, and appointed Wickliffe president. Circumstances transpired that made it necessary to eject the monks on account of quarrelsomeness. In the meantime Islip died, and Langham his successor on re-admitting the friars, dismissed Wickliffe, who according to prevailing custom appealed to a foreign court, and lived to see the dispute become a stream of controversy wider and deeper than the friends of Rome desired. By such means were the eyes of Wickliffe opened to the abuses of the church; and to the understanding of himself and party, the rapacity of popes, the indifferent or even licentious lives of dignitaries and parish teachers, and the seizing of English benefices by foreigners, who neither understood English nor resided in England, told against Rome with a force such as mere opposition could not have ensured. Thus did Wickliffe and his little band volunteer for the pioneering work of reformation. Severely simple in their living, and stimulated in their work by an elevated piety, the foot-prints of these evangelists long appeared as green spots in that desert land, separating the era of purity of faith from the Reformation. Eating but plain fare, and wearing coarse garments, these prophets of better days travelled the country, "Leaving here and there," says Froude, "their costly treasures as seed-points of life."

More than a century passed, and it was found that the painful seed-sowing of the Lollards had been expended on good ground. On the ever-memorable last day of October, 1517, Luther posted his protest against indulgences on Wittenburgh Cathedral, and henceforth Wittenburgh became the centre of the Reformation. Instead of undertaking pilgrimages to bejewelled shrines, where pseudo relics were marketed at famine prices, travellers having nobler objects, now proceeded in ominous earnestness to the old city where genuine gospel truth was gratuitously preached. People received the light with a species of wondering gratitude, such as modern Bible-owners can hardly realise. And what was it which sufficed to shake the Continent, to trouble its rulers, and to

threaten with extinction the greatest and most corrupt hierarchy the world has ever seen? It was nothing but the awakening of the people to the old truth of salvation by faith in Christ.

The first abettors of the Reformation in England were persons of mean social position; but the fact rather adds to than detracts from the glory of the epoch, that truth rooted itself among the humble until it commanded the respect of the great. The year 1525 saw the formation in the capital of a society, the germ of many a more pretentious counterpart. A few citizen traders, with piety as genuine as the fire from heaven that of old consumed the sacrifice, formed themselves into a body for disseminating religion. They met stealthily, suffered the hardships peculiar to their profession in those days, and their agents risked life and liberty in traversing the country with Testaments and religious publications.

A community must indeed be deadened in moral perception by misrule, when its members are unable to detect wrong in their rulers and pastoral overseers. England never sank to this degradation; for though her educated citizens saw with other eyes than the vulgar, and acted from different motives, all in common saw that great evils were obstructing national prosperity, and annihilating religious life. The crowd regarded with disgust the fat living of the clergy, and the every-day splendour of their superiors, because with all their simplicity they hated hypocrisy. Henry himself, as he angrily witnessed the extravagance of the Reading monks, or as, in 1521, in company with Charles the Fifth, he knelt before A'Becket's shrine, must have been moved by similar emotions; for though it would be hard to prove that mercenariness prompted the confiscation of church property, he may have thought that the State could make good use of what the priests abused. However much, whether as a ruler or a man, Henry miscarried, he was very sagacious. With unmistakable Tudor instinct, he made events he could not avert redound to his royal advantage, besides turning revolutions of public opinion into channels he could himself control, rather than risk defeat and ruin in combating them as did his successors the Stuarts. The government indeed was wakeful, but the sunrise of the Reformation found the clergy sleeping. During weary centuries of darkness they apportioned themselves what was comfortable and easy to bear, in the meantime threatening with spiritual terrors such as presumed to assail their sacred enclosure by exposing the evils corrupting the whole fabric of the church. The commencement of the great rupture came in reaction. As the providence of God has so often ordered, wickedness overreached itself. The lofty insolence of popes, the libertinism of cardinals and bishops, the unconcealed licentiousness of priests, and the avarice of the whole clerical body, even before the rise of Wickliffe, awakened misgivings in the minds of the few able to discern between good and evil. Such men as Roger Bacon, and Robert Grosshead, bishop of Lincoln, if not actually open reformers, were to the Reformation what Lord Bacon was to science—pointers of others into fruitful paths.

As already shown, in the instance of the Reformation, great results were achieved by means of humble instruments. The great ones of the earth, however, were not idle. If we regard the daily acts of the three leading European Kings, Henry the Eighth, Francis the First, and Charles the Fifth, we shall see them always influenced by greedy desires, often acting without principle, and apparently with no other wish for their subjects' weal than such as was included in ministering to their own selfishness. Yet, nevertheless, though they may have done it by inadvertence, these men really forwarded the cause of truth. Among them, moving hither and thither, we see Henry's great minister, Wolsey, allowing his powerful mind to speed its force in pandering to self-conceit, and to waste its energies in chasing the phantom of the tiara. Led astray by ambition, he suffers himself to be used as a cat's-paw by the emperor, so long as the siren deceiver keeps him loyal; but we see Wolsey seeking vengeance by means of France when the death of two popes effectually tests the hollowness of Spanish promises. We see Charles

the fifth in unprincipled avarice evince many degrading passions; and France is acting as the dupe of a revengeful woman, or becoming the captive of Spain: while Henry, in a manner little suspected either by himself or people, stands before Europe the puppet of Wolsey, assuming enmity or friendship to France as dictated by priestly ambition. Watched from this distant standpoint, how steadily and surely the great movement proceeds. How, in a manner calculated to make us hopeful for the future, is good seen to be brought out of evil. How prominently does the hand of God appear overruling righteous and bad men's actions! Like some imposing building, too great to be viewed in close proximity, but which stands out in proportions of chaste magnificence when seen from a distance, so the workings of Providence are more manifest to us after the lapse of three centuries, than they could have been to Luther and Tyndale. Providence was working when Wolsey, by his childish love of showy parade, his proud bearing and enormous wealth, bred popular discontent, and promoted his own fall; and providence or the hand of God, brought lasting good out of the bickerings and hollow friendships of European potentates. Hence the widening of the rupture with Rome represented the growth of the Reformation. The crowned actors in the scene, though able to misuse their power, were yet powerless to stunt the growth of public opinion in three countries; and, therefore, those writers who aver that Protestantism sprang from the evil passions of a bad king, are either ignorant or dishonest historians. Had not Henry the Eighth broken with Rome, he would have risked the alternative of breaking with England.

In the meantime, the day of hope and knowledge was breaking. People who hitherto had been wont to repair to their parish church as to a sanctuary of undefiled Christianity, occasionally disgraced by renegade priests, and who had supposed the church to be really infallible, on the rising of the heavy cloud of ignorance, saw through the dread illusion. Men who had not the gospel in their hearts could now perceive that its pure profession was but caricatured by the illiterate and sensual pastors who, instead of feeding their flock, were greater transgressors than their parishioners, from the fact of having more leisure for wickedness. Now, however, retribution had come, and the ill-gotten ascendancy of the priests tottered on its base, and threatened by its fall to stir up civil war and social anarchy. The petition sent up to the King by the Commons, after the fall of Wolsey, was the offspring of national discontent and indignation. This remarkable document is one of the best aids extant for arriving at clear views of the state of England at an unparalleled conjuncture of circumstances. Then, as now, the House of Commons followed rather than formed public opinion: and, prior to the crisis of this "great session" of 1529, as Burnet calls it, popular disgust had not been altogether restrained. In some instances priests had been maltreated in the streets, and driven from doorways followed by the execrations of indignant householders. The ecclesiastics, unwise in their generation, unheeded these straws upon the stream, until the national murmurings became a torrent unmanageable and irresistible. Their petition descends to minute particulars; and when these Catholic Commoners complain of the growth of heresy, the fact shows that they eyed the abuses of the church from no Protestant standpoint. The bishops are depicted as intolerant and overbearing. Convocation, by enacting certain laws, ensured the aggrandisement of the clergy and the oppression of the laity. While church dignitaries abused their power, the inferior clergy were sufficiently shameless and Simoniacal to demand money for administering the sacraments. To the common scandal of Christendom, the children of bishops were installed into numberless benefices. The excessive number of holydays encouraged idleness instead of promoting piety in the populace. This petition, here only alluded to rather than summarised, provoked an equally elaborate reply, chiefly remarkable for falsehood and dishonesty. Thus the religious contest of the sixteenth century in England, at its opening was not a controversy between Protestantism and Popery but a difference between grasping churchmen and the secular power.

By the end of the session many valuable reforms were granted, and the ecclesiastics shorn of a portion of their iniquitous power. Nevertheless, the priests acted as though a temporary blight merely had settled on their heritage, which, passing away with the turbulent times, would leave abuses as they were. But the storm thickened. Warnings in the low murmurings of the people troubled England, and the louder voices of foreign reformers were awakening the Continent into action. In this country the discomfited churchmen sought the most unlikely means of relief; and, opposed as the public were to the priests' unholy living and defective teaching, those priests themselves were their own worst enemies; but the proving of this proposition must be deferred till another opportunity.

New Fables.

CHAPTER THE SECOND. ABOUT BELLS, CLOCKS, ETC.

FABLE X.—Our handsome glass-case timepiece was superciliously ridiculing the old-fashioned plan of striking the hour. It said it did all very well for the dark ages, but in these days of refinement such vulgarities were unendurable. We hadn't been in the room many minutes, before our poor old grandmother began to complain, "Since you had the old eight-day taken away I never know the time, for you know I'm quite blind." Our servant just then knocked and came to say she was very sorry to be so late of a morning, but ever since the old clock had been taken away, she couldn't tell the time, for the mornings were so dark. The upshot of it was, though the handsome timepiece suited some of us, we were obliged to have a good striker for the others.

I find in our churches some very handsome non-striking professors. First-rate timekeepers, I mean, men living very consistent, calm, useful lives. But they are not always appreciated—their quiet, polished style is not understood by the vulgar. They are equally unable to appreciate the rough, out-spoken demonstrative style of others. They are of opinion that vehement declamation and fiery exhortation are unnecessary now. Yet facts prove the contrary. The refined have their work; the unrefined have theirs also.

FABLE XI.—A magnificent lion, who had been for a long time engaged in training a host of young cubs, was adjudged by the supreme king of liondom worthy of being ruler of a certain forest. Immediately the royal intention was known, all the blackbirds, crows, and ravens of the forest were in a flutter of excitement—they met again and again in solemn conclave, and at length published the astounding fact that the said lion was totally unfit to rule over a province of such immaculate birds, because years before he had been in league with an old serpent to poison the food of all the birds of paradise. "It must not be," "It shall not be!" they screamed. "It is base injustice," said a raven, who had just flown in with a purloined ring. "Let us be honest," said he, "come what may." They protested and protested; tried to carry off the crown; made furious attacks on the lion himself, but all in vain. The lion was crowned; he ascended the throne, and gave as magnificent a roar as lion ever uttered. But, to the amazement of all on-looking lions, he came down from his throne, walked to the tree where the angry ravens were debating how they could humble him, crouched among the underwood, licked the dust, and with tearful eyes looked up and said, "You have been kind to me; I shall never forget your goodness." The lions roared all around in wonder: said one, "he must be satirical." Said another, "he was never so before." Said a third, "he must be mean at heart." But, said a fourth, "Nay, nay, he is a true lion; but no lion, whoever he be, can have such a ponderous crown as that placed on his head without injuring *his brains*."

See daily papers of Feb. 10, 1870, which record the grateful utterances of

the present Bishop of Exeter in convocation. Surely such a display is a fresh reason for the disestablishment of the English Church. We are not over-done with *men*, let us advocate means which will prevent their degeneration!

FABLE XII.—“We are all culpable kickers,” groaned a company of not very amiable-looking horses. “We kick in spite of good stables and excellent fodder and rich pasture.” “We kick day by day, we kick maliciously, we kick——.” At that moment they were interrupted by the sudden advent of the master, whip in hand, driving and upbraiding a terrified pony into the field. They all paced off to the offender. “Foolish colt!” they cried; “what have you done?” Poor Nancy held down her head, and told them the groom had put the harness on so carelessly, and it irritated her to such an extent, that she had in an unguarded moment kicked furiously. The whole company looked aghast. “Let us leave her,” they cried; “she is not fit company for respectable horses.” They at once galloped off to the remotest corner of the field. But, strange to say, every day poor Nancy could hear them groaning, “We are miserable kickers.” And in her anger she said, “miserable kickers? You mean, miserable hypocrites!”

Dedicated to those “Pharisees” who call themselves “publicans and sinners.”

R. A. GRIFFIN, Weymouth.

How shall we Sing?

COULD we rule the service of song in the house of the Lord, we should, we fear, come into conflict with the prejudices and beliefs of many most excellent men, and bring a hornet's nest about our ears. Although we have neither the will nor the power to become reformer of sacred music, we should like to whisper a few things into the ear of some of our Jeduthuns or Asaphs, who happen to be “chief musicians” in country towns or rural villages. We will suppose the following words to be our private communication:—

O sweet singer of Israel, remember that the song is not for your glory, but for the honour of the Lord, who inhabiteth the praises of Israel; therefore, select not anthems and tunes in which your skilfulness will be manifest, but such as will aid the people to magnify the Lord with their thanksgivings. The people come together not to see you as a songster, but to praise the Lord in the beauty of holiness. Remember also, that you are not set to sing for yourself only, but to be a leader of others, many of whom know nothing of music; therefore, choose such tunes as can be learned and followed by all, that none in the assembly may be compelled to be silent while the Lord is extolled. Why should so much as one be defrauded of his part through you? Simple airs are the best, and the most sublime; very few of the more intricate tunes are really musical. Your twists, and fugues, and repetitions, and rattlings up and down the scale, are mostly barbarous noise-makings, fitter for Babel than Bethel. If you and your choir wish to show off your excellent voices, you can meet at home for that purpose, but the Sabbath and the church of God must not be desecrated to so poor an end.

True praise is heart work. Like smoking incense, it rises from the glowing coals of devout affection. Essentially, it is not a thing of sound: sound is associated with it very properly for most weighty reasons, but still the essence and life of praise lie not in the voice, but in the soul. Your business in the congregation is to give to spiritual praise a suitable embodiment in harmonious notes. Take care that you do not depress what you should labour to express. Select a tune in accordance with the spirit of the psalm or

hymn, and make your style of singing suitable to the words before you. Flip-pantly to lead all tunes to the same time, tone, and emphasis, is an abomination; and to pick tunes at random is little less than criminal. You mock God and injure the devotions of his people if you carelessly offer to the Lord that which has cost you no thought, no care, no exercise of judgment. You can help the pious heart to wing its way to heaven upon a well-selected harmony; and you can, on the other hand, vex the godly ear by inappropriate or unmelodious airs, adapted rather to distract and dishearten, than to encourage intelligent praise.

The Time is a very primary consideration, but it is too often treated as a matter of no consequence. Large bodies move slowly, and hence the tendency to draw out tunes in numerous assemblies. We have heard the notes prolonged till the music has been literally swamped, drenched, drowned in long sweeps and waves of monotonous sound. On the other hand, we cannot endure to hear psalms and solemn hymns treated as jigs, and dashed through at a gallop. Solemnity often calls for long-drawn harmony, and joy as frequently demands leaping notes of bounding delight. Be wise enough to strike the fitting pace each time, and by your vigorous leadership inspire the congregation to follow *en masse*.

May we in the very gentlest whisper beg you to think very much of God, much of the singing, and extremely little of yourself. The best sermon is that in which the theme absorbs the preacher and hearers, and leaves no one either time or desire to think about the speaker; so in the best congregational singing, the leader is forgotten because he is too successful in his leadership to be noticed as a solitary person. The head leads the body, but it is not parted from it, nor is it spoken of separately; the best leadership stands in the same position. If your voice becomes too noticeable, rest assured that you are but a beginner in your art.

One of your great objects should be to induce all the congregation to join in the singing. Your minister should help you in this, and his exhortations and example will be a great assistance to you; but still as the Lord's servant in the department of sacred song you must not rely on others, but put forth your own exertions. Not only ought all the worshippers to sing, but each one should sing praises with understanding, and as David says, "play *skilfully*" unto the Lord. This cannot be effected except by instructing the people in public psalmody. Is it not your duty to institute classes for young and old? Might you not thus most effectually serve the church, and please the Lord? The method of Mr. Curwen, and the use of his Sol-fa Notation, will much aid you in breaking ground, and you can in after years either keep to the new method, or turn to the old notation as may seem best to you. Thousands have learned to sing who were hopelessly silent until the sol-fa system was set on foot. The institution of *singers*, as a separate order is an evil, a growing evil, and ought to be abated and abolished; and the instruction of the entire congregation is the readiest, surest, and most scriptural mode of curing it. A band of godless men and women will often instal themselves in a conspicuous part of the chapel, and monopolise the singing to the grief of the pastor, the injury of the church, and the scandal of public worship; or else one man, with a miserable voice, will drag a miserable few after him in a successful attempt to make psalms and hymns hideous, or dolorous. Teach the lads and lasses, and their seniors, to run up and down the Sol-fa Modulator, and drill them in a few good, solid, thoroughly musical tunes, and you, O sons of Asaph, shall earn to yourself a good degree.

C. H. SPURGEON.

Reviews.

The Sabbath School Index, pointing out the history and progress of Sunday-Schools, with approved modes of instruction, examples in illustrative, pictorial, and object-teaching; also the use of the black board, management of Infant classes, Teachers' meetings, Conventions, Institutes, etc. By R. G. PARDEE, A.M. With an Introductory Chapter by Rev. J. H. WILSON, M.A., Barclay Church, Edinburgh. London: James Nisbet and Co., 21, Berners Street.

EVERY Sabbath School teacher should read, mark, learn, inwardly digest, and constantly practise the teaching of this remarkable book. It is a compendium of the whole Sabbath-school system, a work so complete, suggestive, and sensible, that we know of no other to be compared with it. For the good or those teachers who cannot afford to purchase it for themselves, every superintendent should secure its circulation from the teacher's library. To remind teachers how they should serve the Lord in their work, we subjoin the Teacher's Covenant, and a chapter on Mistakes of Teachers.

THE TEACHER'S COVENANT.

1. *I promise* to be in my place punctually every Sabbath at the time appointed, unless prevented by sickness, or some other cause so urgent that it would in like manner keep me from important worldly business.
2. *I promise*, in every such case of unnecessary absence, that I will use my utmost diligence to secure a suitable substitute, whom I will instruct in the character of the class and the nature of the duties to be performed.
3. *I promise* to study carefully beforehand the lesson to be recited by the scholars, and to have the subject in my mind during the week, so that I shall be likely to lay hold of, and lay up for use, anything that I may meet with in my reading or experience that will illustrate or enforce the lesson of the approaching Sabbath.
4. *I promise* to be diligent in informing myself about the books in the library, so that I can guide my scholars in selecting such books as will interest and profit them; also in becoming acquainted with other good books and tracts, so that I can always be prepared, as opportunities may occur, to lead their minds into right channels of thought.
5. *I promise*, whenever a scholar is absent from the class on the Sabbath, that I will visit that scholar before the next Sabbath, unless prevented by sickness, or by some other hindrance so grave that it would, under like circumstances, keep me from attending to important worldly interests.
6. *I promise* to visit statedly all my scholars, that I may become acquainted with their families, their occupations, and modes of living and thinking, their temptations, their difficulties, and the various means of reaching their hearts and consciences.
7. *I promise*, if any of my scholars or their parents do not attend statedly any place of worship, that I will make the case known to the superintendent and pastor, and that I will use continued efforts to induce such children and their parents to go to church regularly.
8. *I promise* that every day, in my hour of secret prayer, I will pray distinctly, by name, for each one of my scholars, for their conversion, if they are still out of Christ; for their sanctification and growth in grace, if they are already converted.
9. *I promise* that I will seek an early opportunity of praying with each scholar privately, either at his house or mine, or in some other convenient place that may be found, and of asking him in a serious and affectionate manner to become a Christian.
10. *I promise*, when I have thus prayed and conversed with each scholar once, that I will begin and go through the class again, not omitting any, and not discontinuing my attempts, but going on faithfully, week by week, month by month, and year by year."

MISTAKES OF TEACHERS.

- "It is a mistake to suppose that mere *talk* is teaching.
It is a mistake to think that hearing a Bible lesson recited, or the reading of questions from a book, or telling stories, is good Sabbath-school teaching.
It is a mistake to think that one who in manner and temper is impatient, dogmatic, overbearing, slow, heavy or dull, can be a good Sabbath-school teacher.
It is a mistake to suppose that one who is not understood, or is misunderstood, is a good teacher.
It is a mistake to suppose that he who gossips with his class is a good teacher.
It is a mistake to suppose, because we have a general idea beforehand, that we shall be able to supply the details and illustrations as we go along.

It is a great mistake to underrate oral teaching, and overrate merely reading and reciting from the Bible.

It is a great mistake to think that our scholars are too young to appreciate a well-prepared lesson or a well-governed school.

It is a mistake of teachers to expect attention from motives of duty, or the sacredness of the day, or importance of subject—nothing but real interest will secure it.

It is a mistake to teach as if all young children had the same tastes.

It is a great mistake to fail to arouse curiosity and awaken interest.

It is a mistake to suppose that we shall be understood without careful simplicity of language.

It is a mistake not to recall by questions the last Sabbath's lesson, and to treat lessons as if they were isolated; by all means connect them.

It is a great mistake for teachers to think that giving good advice or exhortation to children is as good as 'breaking down' Bible truths with questions and answers.

It is a mistake to suppose that many common terms, such as 'Providence,' 'grace,' 'repentance,' 'justification,' &c., convey any meaning to children, ordinarily.

It is a mistake to attempt to purchase affection or attention by frequent gifts to children; or, on the other hand, to influence them by threats or punishments.

It is a great mistake of Sabbath-school teachers to suppose that their work is that of a mere philanthropist, or a moral educator, or a mere promoter of social good order, or raising up of good citizens and children.

It is a mistake of teachers to expect a cold reception from parents.

It is a mistake of teachers to suppose that their manner and habits are unobserved by the children.

It is a mistake to avoid repetition with children. Simplify and repeat.

It is a mistake to teach our children, that if they will be good and read the Bible, pray and join the Church, they will thereby go to heaven. Nothing but repentance towards God and faith in the Lord Jesus Christ will secure that.

It is a great mistake for Sabbath-school teachers ever to teach Bible truth without being really in earnest—calmly, cheerfully, seriously in earnest."

Feathers for Arrows. By C. H. SPURGEON. Alabaster & Passmore. Price 2s. 6d.

ALREADY the publishers have disposed of six thousand copies of our new volume. We trust that those who have purchased it will find it useful as furnishing illustrations to be used in setting forth gospel truth.

Anti-Nicene Christian Library. Vols. XV. & XVI. T. & T. Clarke, Edinburgh.

Two more volumes of this very useful and valuable series, containing the one the chief polemical works of Tertullian, and the other the Apocryphal writings of the early period of the church's history. This latter book we regard as an important auxiliary to the New Testament. No one can pass from the clear shining of the gospel narrative to the mistiness of these spurious stories, without feeling that he has stepped out of sunlight into an artificial region, whose gloom is verily a darkness which may be felt. The senseless displays of miraculous power ascribed to our Lord by these writers are their own refutation, and serve to add a peculiar force and beauty to the eminently beneficent and necessary acts, in which his divine nature manifested itself when here tabernacling among men.

Sermons Preached at King's Lynn. By the late Rev. E. L. Hull. Third Edition. Two Vols. Nisbet and Co.

ALL the critics bear witness that these sermons are the product of a highly cultured intellect, which some of them liken to that of Robertson, of Brighton. The praise of some of these authorities is no commendation, but such discourses as these are able to outlive it. They are thoroughly thoughtful, original, and suggestive. We do not know if they were popular as delivered—we should almost conclude that they could not have been so, they are beyond the run of the common mind; but this is not said in depreciation of them, for there must be preachers to the educated few as well as to the many. There is a singular quiet beauty reigning over the whole, a mixture of poetry and sanctity, of thought and taste, of scholarship and grace. We do not wonder that the first volume has reached a third edition, for it is a standard classic among sermons, and the second is a worthy companion to it. It is one of the mysteries of Providence that such a preacher should be called away in his youth, but it is no small compensation for his loss to have such a memorial left behind in these volumes.

Bye-path Meadow. By Rev. PAXTON Hood. S. W. Partridge.

WE read through this delightful story during our journey to Scotland, and its perusal materially shortened the time. Much practical morality and godliness are here set forth in a tale of the most entertaining character. Here is nothing sensational, but good entertainment for youth. We shall be much surprised if this book does not become a permanent favourite with the juveniles. A safer and better story for the young we scarcely know.

The Upright Man. Conference Office, 2, Castle Street. E.C.

A MEMOIR of the Rev. Corbett Corke, which will have considerable interest for his friends and fellow members of the Wesleyan denomination. Mr. Corke was "an" upright man, but why he is to be styled "the" one we fail to discover from the not very scholarly book before us. All honour to his long and useful career. May the Lord send the church many more such in the future, as he certainly has done in the past. "He rests from his labours, and his works do follow him." The most unfortunate thing, apparently, about his life, is the form in which the narrative of it is given to the world. More execrable paper and printing, and a worse exterior, we have not seen for some time.

The Terrible Sights of London. By THOMAS ARCHER. London: Stanley, Rivers & Co.

A FAIRLY readable, though very verbose, book on the evils and destitution of London. We are glad to notice amongst the rest of charities a reference, at considerable length, to our Orphanage at Stockwell. We can assure the author that our "dietary scale," which, not having seen, he appears a little anxious about, is all that can be desired. We are not of the starving order ourselves, and have a partiality for plump cheeks in youngsters; and rather flatter ourselves that finer specimens of youthful fatness it would be hard to find than may be seen any dinner-hour around the amply-supplied tables of the boys in our Institution. Will our readers help us to keep them so?

The Resurrection of the Dead. By the Rev. JAMES COCHRANE, A.M. William Blackwood & Sons, London.

AN exposition of the fifteenth chapter of the first epistle to the Corinthians. We closed the book, which it had been rather a weariness of the flesh to read, with some amount of disappointment. The twenty sermons, for they are such, rather than an exposition, are very much alike, and reiterate the author's views of the resurrection, with some discursive observations, which, though generally good, are not, to our mind, always connected with the subject in hand. An extract or two will give the drift of the writer's thoughts, and his leaping logic, which is scarce so much a chain of reasoning, as a flight of fancy or conjecture.

"If we read the first chapters of the Bible we shall find that the heaven of the past was, undeniably, a portion of this planet, beautified by the hand of God himself, and inhabited by our first parents; and the only fair inference we can draw from this portion of Sacred Writ, is the obvious one that, had not sin entered, the entire globe of earth would, in time, have become equally paradisaical—inhabited throughout all its borders by their posterity; glorious and immortal. May we not with some probability conjecture that the heaven of the future is also this same world of ours, redeemed from the curse, delivered from the bondage of corruption and sin, and inhabited by a human race, glorified, sinless, blessed, and undying?"

"When Christ returns to this world he will raise from the dead his own people, and them exclusively—possibly, indeed, only a portion of them—the more distinguished saints, those who, like Paul and his fellow-labourers, were the martyrs, confessors, and earnest-minded servants of Jesus. Does not this explain that remarkable expression 'The first resurrection,' of which it is said that he is blessed and holy who shall be found worthy to have part in it—an expression which involves in it the idea that there are other resurrections to follow. 'Not at once, but in successive bands, and it may be with vast intervals between, will the world's population after they die, be restored to corporeal existence.' 'What can these resuscitated persons do, all over the world, but form themselves into new social communities, and resume the activities of animated and corporeal existence? They absolutely can do nothing else. They are bound to this by the very condition of their being.'"

Thus does the author spin out his theories over 402 pages.

Winer's Grammar of New Testament Greek. Rev. W. F. MOULTON, M.A. T. and T. Clark, Edinburgh.

WINER's book has always ranked high amongst works on the New Testament, for its exhaustive and accurate treatment of the whole question of Greek criticism. The translator has done full justice to the original, and increased the value of the whole by various notes and selections from other sources, or by contributions of his own. Foremost amongst the improvements are the valuable indices and tables at the end of the volume. This is eminently a work for scholars, and will be of service in any library. Some other books for students and beginners will possibly be found of more service; this is for those who mean to content themselves with nothing short of a complete mastery of the subject of New Testament Greek. With the probability before us of a revision of the present version of the Holy Scriptures, it will be well for all expositors of the Bible to peruse carefully this and kindred books, so as to be able to share in the inevitable discussions which such an attempt will cause. We are not in love with the foreign type, which is always an eyesore to us in reading. We know it is cheaper to print abroad such works as this, but it is at the expense of accuracy. If the editor had been able to correct his proofs more readily, we think that the list of errata would have been shorter, and the Hebrew pointing more satisfactory. We strongly commend the work as an efficient help to the fuller understanding of the language of inspiration.

Education of the Heart. Woman's Real Work. By Mrs. ELLIS. Hodder and Stoughton.

A book for women, written by one who deserves attention, and this has had ours. After a careful perusal, we conclude that it is likely to be of service to heads of families. There is nothing very fresh in itself, nor strikingly presented, but it is practical and judicious. The object of the book is to urge a higher order of education for the girls, so as to make them more able to fight life's battles, and especially to qualify them when mothers to train up their little

ones. We should have liked a more direct expression of the necessity for God's help, and the need of family prayer in order to introduce the highest of all life, that of a believer in Jesus.

Familiar Talks. By HENRY WARD BEECHER. T. Nelson and Son, Paternoster Row.

ANYTHING from Mr. Beecher's pen is sure to be worth perusal, and even when our judgment is not convinced, there is always enough of thought and talent manifest in the argument to command our respect. A good deal of the personal element is brought out in these short "Talks" which gives a piquancy and an interest which will make them very acceptable to the author's many friends.

Chimes from Heaven's Belfry. By G. HUNT JACKSON. Richard D. Dickinson, 92, Farringdon Street.

WHAT the precise connection may be between such a title and the book itself, we have failed to discover. The Belfry is the Bible, why so called we cannot see, except that the words begin with the same letter. The Chimes are certain short sermons, of average power, on all manner of subjects. There is a gentle vein of gospel truth, set off with a good deal of extract in poetry and prose, running through all the discourses and making them sufficiently readable to ensure a perusal, though not to excite any great amount of thought or admiration.

Christ in the Word. By Rev. FREDERICK WHITFIELD, M.A. James Nisbet & Co.

SOME fourteen sermons by the senior curate at Greenwich, enlarged for the press by the author. Without placing them in the first rank of printed sermons, they occupy a very honourable place. Rather verbose and a little loose in construction, they convey wholesome truths in a clear and earnest manner. We rejoiced as we read them that they were preached by a clergyman of the Establishment, and prayed that our brother might be soon freed from State control and all connection with such as do not preach the truths he evidently loves.

A New Introduction to the Study of the Bible. By E. P. BARROWS, D.D. Religious Tract Society.

A MORE popular book than the "Bible Hand Book" of Dr. Angus, but very far from being as reliable. There is, for instance, a want of care in the selection of texts, to see that they fairly bear the weight imposed upon them. Under the head of "Inspiration," the author speaks of "express promises to the apostles that they should be divinely qualified for their work, through the gift of the Holy Ghost." Four passages are given, and not one touches the question of inspiration of Scripture at all, though that and that alone is the question under discussion. The texts quoted are promises of help in a given emergency, and the writer is obliged to argue "express promises" thus: "If they were divinely qualified to defend the gospel before their adversaries without error ('I will give you a mouth and wisdom, which all your adversaries shall not be able to gainsay or resist'), so were they also to record the facts of the gospel, and to unfold in their epistles its doctrines." Surely, if a promise of help to the suffering church—and women are spoken of in the context—a promise given in the treasury, and not to apostles only, but to "some who spake of the temple how it was adorned with goodly stones and gifts," if that is made to teach the inspiration of the Pauline epistles, we must demur to such a style of argument when placed under the head of "express promises" in the matter of the inspiration of the Bible. We take this as an illustration of the want of care in selecting proof passages, so as to give them their legitimate force. We cannot agree with the author when he says that, "The oral traditions of our Lord's life and teachings, from which the first three evangelists drew as from a common fountain, must have existed in Palestine in a twofold form, Aramæan and Greek." What oral tradition would Matthew need if the Holy Ghost brought all things to his remembrance, whatsoever the Master had said unto him, in the course of his private or public teachings? Popularly, the book will be of service for the general Christian world, but students will do better elsewhere in works which

display profounder scholarship than we can trace in this book. It will be useful we have no doubt, because it is more readable than many works of the same class, and it arranges the matter in a clear and intelligible manner. The printing and type are excellent, and the book will be an appropriate addition to the library of a Sunday-school teacher, or leader of a class where the object is rather to do good than instruct in the higher departments of Biblical criticism.

Overton's Question, and what came of it. Partridge and Co.

A VERY probable story, containing within itself the way of salvation, earnestly told. A very nice shilling's worth for a young lady who is hopeful, but not decided.

The Living Sacrifice, or all for Jesus, as exemplified in the life and labours of Isaac Septimus Nullus, late of Ashampstead, Berks. G. Lamb, Primitive Methodist Book Room, 8, Sutton Street, Commercial Road East.

To those who wish to know the manners and customs of those useful servants of God, the Primitive Methodists, we recommend the perusal of this most simple, unaffected, childlike book. It is Primitive Methodistic through and through, and much of it is far afield of our modes of feeling and action, but this only renders the biography of this self-taught preacher the more interesting. We were much amused to find in the diary of this earnest Primitive such notes as these. "Wednesday, 15th—Went to Stroud, to hear the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon. A rank Calvin, but I believe a good man." And further on, "This day is one of the greatest days Ashampstead has ever known; they tell me every conveyance has been taken for miles round. What we shall do with the people and horses I cannot tell: people are coming from Reading, Henley, Wallingford, Newbury, and from every village round on the occasion of Mr. Spurgeon's visit." Among the glorified this warm-hearted herald of the cross now rests from his labours, and has become "a rank Calvin" himself, for the doctrines of grace are the theology of the blood-washed before the throne.

Our God for Ever and Ever. By OCTAVIUS WINSLOW, D.D. Brighton: John F. Shaw and Co.

DR. WINSLOW never misleads his readers by ventilating novel opinions, nor dazzles them by new illustrations, nor surprises them by originality of thought. We always feel safe with him, and we must confess also a little sleepy. Hundreds of "the excellent of the earth" will read this book and be edified and comforted; but we sometimes wish that the Doctor's writings, and the whole mass of evangelical literature, could be less tame, less repetitious, less elegant, and more rugged, forcible, and suggestive. The cooing of doves might, with some advantages, be exchanged for manlier voices; but still "every man in his own order." In the gospel as here taught we heartily rejoice.

Maranatha. By JOSEPHINE. Morgan and Chase, 38, Ludgate Hill.

THESE poems on the Lord's appearing are well worth perusal. The quantity of rubbish which we have sent us in the shape of rhymed nonsense few but editors can conceive. It is refreshing now and then to find sober sense conveyed in a poetic spirit, with a little of the true fire instilled into the words. Such a pleasure has been ours in reading this little book containing some twenty-six poems, which will be gladly welcomed by all who can sing,

"Although no flock be in the fold,
Nor herd within the stall;
Yet, yet will I rejoice in God,
My Saviour and my all."

Sister Rose, or Saint Bartholomew's Eve. By EMILY SARAH HOLT. John F. Shaw, 48, Paternoster-row.

A VERY interesting and historical tale of the French massacre, and the terrors of that black St. Bartholomew. We could not but feel in reading the book that the charm of it lies mainly in the facts, and not in the fiction. We greatly wish that as much of interest could be put into pure history, so that the excuse for the "novel" element should no longer exist. The book is very readable, and will we have no doubt be very popular.

Hugh Latimer: a Biography. By the Rev. R. DENMAUS, M.A. Religious Tract Society.

A VERY excellent book; we have much enjoyed its perusal. There is a freshness and fulness about it that delights us. It is a most suitable thing to issue a work on the English Reformation at this juncture of popish and semi-popish teachings. We hope that it will be widely circulated. It is a handsome volume, well printed, with a capital index.

Teachings of Experience; or Lessons I have learned on my way through Life.

By JOSEPH BARKER. James Berridge, 34, High Holborn, London.

WE should like to hear the other side before we pronounce an opinion on the actions of the Conference towards Joseph Barker. His life-story is worth reading, and full of interest, but the book as a specimen of paper and binding is the worst we have had in hand of late.

None but Christ; or, the Sinner's Only Hope. By ROBERT BOYD, D.D. London: Thomas Jack, 30, Ludgate Hill.

WE are delighted with this book. It is after our own heart. Here we have the gospel set forth in all its simplicity, not with wisdom of words and embellishments of chilling rhetoric, but after the fashion of the Lord of preachers, with many a simile and instructive parable. We were never more hearty in commending any book; its theme, its style, its spirit, all win our admiration.

The Heritage of Peace. By T. S. CHILDS, D.D. Hodder and Stoughton, 27, Paternoster Row.

A SMALL treatise, very sound in the faith and scriptural in its proofs. It is remarkably well printed, and edited in good taste. We like it much, and are glad to hear in it the clear ring of the gospel in the good old style. The author is well read in the vagaries of Emerson, Parker, Renan, and others, and as far as his brief space permits, fairly reasons them out of his path, to make way for "the truth as it is in Jesus."

Memoranda.

Our journey to Scotland has occupied all our time and energies, and therefore our memoranda must be brief.

Nothing can exceed the brotherly kindness with which we have been welcomed by our Scotch friends. We feel truly grateful, and trust that lasting blessings may follow from our mutual intercourse. It is a privilege of the highest order even to know many of the fathers of the Scottish Israel, by whom we were so generously received.

That eminent physician, Sir James Simpson, has fallen asleep. His loss will be felt by thousands. Edinburgh gave him a worthy funeral. He belonged, however, not to Edinburgh only, but to the whole world. The discoverer of chloroform ranks far higher than a conqueror of nations or a wearer of diadems.

We trust that all Christians will unite to secure that the Bible be read in all the schools set up by the State. We must have no creeds, or catechisms, or denominational teaching; but there must be liberty for the children to read the Word of God. We propose a conscience clause of a novel order, not one which allows exemption from Bible reading to be claimed as a favour, but which makes the reading of it a privilege to be asked for by those who desire it. Surely no Jew or Catholic, or even Secularist, can object to this. Religious liberty would be at end if this were not granted. We would counsel Christians to refuse to send their children to the schools if the Bible be excluded; and we believe that if they defied the government compulsion, they would do well. We have long held that the government had better let education alone; but if it must undertake the task, and we think it must, then the utmost freedom must be allowed, and liberty for our children to read the Word of God in the school is one of the rights which no government will have the hardihood to deny, if all Christians unite in demanding it. The Irish school system, and that of the United States are standing instances that the reading of the Bible involves little or no difficulty. If the Church of England does not unite with Dissenters in accepting the common basis of the Bible, we shall know the reason; and every Christian sect that refuses to do the same will pronounce judgment upon itself. Our cry is undenominational education, but the Bible read in the school by all children whose parents wish them to read it; and these we trust will be the great majority of

the nation. In these remarks we are thinking of England only.

We thank our old friends who help the College; we are more in need in this matter than on most other accounts.

WILL ALL OUR FRIENDS REMEMBER THE BAZAAR FOR THE ORPHANAGE, AND FORWARD GOODS BEFORE JUNE 19.

Several of our friends have told us that they supposed our Volume on the Psalms to be all contained in the *Sword & Trowel*; this is a great mistake, as the matter in the magazine constitutes barely a third of the volume. The *Treasury of David* contains matter from hundreds of sources besides our own exposition.

We hope to occupy the Tabernacle pulpit on Sabbath-day, June 5.

The Article in last month's magazine, entitled *Landlord and Tenant*, can be had of our publishers, as a separate little book, for one penny.

It ought to be a significant sign to the Christian people of Scotland, that the anti-union party in Scotland receives great sympathy from prelatical writers in England. Such papers as *The Rock* deprecate the union of the two great churches; and well they may, for it will be one of the greatest steps towards the overthrow of the great Diana of the Establishment. Let members of the Free Church suspect the principle, and quit the party, which would lead them into alliance with the church which slew their fathers, and which only courts their friendship to prolong its own unrighteous ascendancy. We need not fear that we shall endanger the crown rights of Jesus by unanimously resolving to break the bonds of the State from off the neck of every church now subject to it. Let Establishment men rage as they may, the evil is dead in Ireland, is dying in Scotland, and shall be slain in England, God helping us.

Services have recently been held in connection with the re-opening of Thornton Street Chapel, Kensington, which has passed into the hands of the Baptist church and congregation under the pastorate of Mr. R. I. Mesquitta, and is now called the Kensington Tabernacle. The chapel has been converted into an elegant structure at an outlay of £700. We wish our friend the largest possible success.

Leads.—Formation of a Baptist Church. A number of Baptists who, in October last, seceded from York Road Baptist Church, have, during the past five months, been

worshipping in Ann Carr's Chapel, Leylands, Leeds, with a view of establishing a Baptist cause in that densely populated neighbourhood, and their labours have been attended with great success. The chapel has undergone considerable improvement, and is now as comfortable a place of worship as one could desire. On Monday, 9th May, a Particular Baptist Church was formed, when Mr. R. Holmes, of Rawdon, officiated, assisted by Mr. J. Russell, of Bradford. The forty friends who were formed into a church signed their names to twenty articles of faith, and a covenant, to which every person who joins the church must subscribe. Mr. James Jack, who has laboured amongst them since the commencement of the cause, was unanimously called to the pastorate of the church, which he in a short but affecting speech accepted. The Lord's Supper was then observed by the church, many of the members of the Baptist churches in the town also partook of the ordinance. In the evening there was a public meeting, presided over by T. Foster, Esq., of Farsley. Addresses were given by Messrs. R. Holmes, J. Russell, J. Hansom, J. C. Forth, H. Dunn, A. Ashworth, and J. Jack, interspersed with music rendered by the choir. The neighbourhood greatly needs Christian effort, and we hope Mr. Jack and his friends will continue to have spiritual success.

Our former student, Mr. Chamberlain, having resigned his first pastorate, Bath Street, Glasgow, has recently accepted a very hearty and unanimous invitation to Bath, to the pastorate of the church and congregation formerly under the care of Dr. O. Winslow, and until recently presided over by Dr. Leechman. A recognition service, in connection with the settlement, was held on March 24th, in the Assembly Rooms. At 5.30 p.m., a numerous company sat down to tea; at seven o'clock a public meeting was held, presided over by Mr. George

Rogers (London). After introductory devotional exercises, conducted by Mr. J. Davis, addresses were delivered by the chairman, J. Raymond King, Esq., on behalf of the church and people; the minister elect; Messrs. Richard Glover, David Wassell, W. H. J. Page, and Edward Blewett.

We are delighted to hear of the good prospects that await our brother in this large and important field of labour. He has recently removed with his church and people to a new and spacious house of worship, at the opening of which Mr. Wigner, of New Cross, preached in the morning; and Mr. James Spurgeon in the evening.

On Wednesday, March 9th, a tea and public meeting was held in the Public Hall, Pudsey, Yorkshire, to recognise Mr. H. Dunn, late of Hunslet, as pastor of the church, Littlemoor. B. Bilborough, Esq., of Leeds, kindly occupied the chair in the unavoidable absence of J. Foster, Esq., Farsley. Very able addresses were given to the pastor, the church, and the congregation, by Mr. W. Best, B.A., of Leeds; Mr. E. Barker, of Farsley; and Mr. R. Holmes, of Rawdon. The following ministers were present to show their sympathy:—M. J. Atkinson, Pudsey; H. Watts, Stanningly; J. Harper, Horsforth; J. Jack, Leeds; A. J. Ashworth, Bramley; G. Edmondson, Bradford; J. Walker, Armley. The attendance at the tea and meeting was unusually large; and Mr. Dunn enters upon his present sphere with pleasing prospects.

A new place of worship has recently been opened at Aberdeen for the Baptist church in that city, under the pastoral care of Mr. C. Chambers. Dr. Culross, of Stirling; Messrs. F. Johnstone, of Edinburgh; Wills, of Dundee; Grant, of Grantown; Anderson, of Old Aberdeen; and several ministers in Aberdeen took part in the services.

Baptisms at Metropolitan Tabernacle, by Mr. J. A. Spurgeon:—April 29th, 20.

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 April 20th, to May 19th, 1870.

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Messrs. Bourne and Taylor	5 5 0	Legacy of the late Miss E. Cope...	...	50 0 0	
Mr. G. Startin	2 2 0	Mr. H. Speight	...	2 0 0	
Mr. J. Doyle	0 10 0	A Friend, Lombard Street Post Mark	...	5 0 0	
S. L.	0 10 0	E. G.	...	0 10 0	
Mr. Varley	5 0 0	A Friend, per Mr. Dodwell	...	1 0 0	
Mr. Pickworth	5 0 0	Lillah	...	2 2 0	
Mr. R. Law	0 2 6	A Friend, per Lillah

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Mr. Izard	5	5	0	Mrs. Charlotte Ware	0	7	6
Part of collection at City Road Chapel, Bristol, per Rev. J. R. Wood	2	2	0	Henry	0	2	0
A Widow's gift	1	0	0	May	0	5	0
Mr. J. H. Chappell	0	5	0	Mr. McCleery	1	15	0
Masters C. and T. Spurgeon	0	10	0	Friends in Littledale	23	19	0
Mrs. Best	1	0	0	A. S.	0	5	0
Maryport	0	13	0	Greenock	1	15	0
A. S.	0	5	0	Miss Magnus	2	10	0
A Friend at Dartford	5	0	0	Mrs. Rothine	1	1	0
Mr. James Batty	1	0	0	Psalmody Class, 85	10	10	0
Mrs. Sims	5	0	0	Mrs. Harris	0	10	0
Mr. and Mrs. Haldane	5	0	0	The Trustees of the late Miss Cunning- ham, Cupar	5	0	0
Mr. T. Hanson	1	1	0	A Friend, per Mr. F. R. B. Phillips	2	15	0
Mr. Redgate	5	0	0	Mr. T. Cook	2	2	0
Miss Betty Spliedt	5	0	0	Annual Conference Tea Meeting	34	17	0
Mr. W. P. Hampton	5	0	0	Weekly Offerings at Tabernacle April 24	20	11	1
Mr. R. Stevens	0	5	0	" " " " May 1	36	7	0
Mr. M. Tutton	5	0	0	" " " " 8	42	15	4
Miss Spurgeon	1	1	0	" " " " 13	25	14	6
Mr. R. Pickworth	10	10	0				
Mr. H. G. Fisher	0	10	0				
Rev. W. Jackson	1	0	0				
Mr. Dransfield	2	2	0				
					£336	1	11

Mr. Spurgeon begs to acknowledge the following sums received for his various enterprises,
Mr. Paten Allen, £100; Collections at Cupar, £100; from friends at Invergordon, £50.

Stockwell Orphanage.

Statement of Receipts from April 20th, to May 19th, 1870.

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Master Davies, Collecting Box	0	2	5	May Fair	0	5	0
Mrs. Berry,	0	5	7	A Thankoffering, Preston	0	10	0
Sunday School Missionary Box, Leslie, per Mr. J. Hall	0	5	0	Mrs. Batty	1	0	0
Mr. Sugars	0	10	0	Mr. G. Palmer	20	0	0
A Friend, per Mr. Davis	40	0	0	Rebecca	0	2	0
S. L.	0	10	0	Mr. G. Pine	2	0	0
Mrs. Dunn, Stirling	0	2	6	Polly and Eph.	5	0	0
Legacy of the late Miss E. Cope	50	0	0	Mrs. Sims	5	0	0
Messrs. J. A. Dunn & Co.	2	2	0	Mr. J. George	5	5	0
Mr. H. Speight	2	0	0	Collected by Mrs. Vynne	0	11	0
E. K.	5	0	0	Mr. C. W. Smith	10	0	0
J. S.	0	10	0	Mrs. Shelley	1	0	0
Mr. J. Fuller	0	5	0	Messrs. C. and T. Hodge	5	0	0
Matthew vi. 31	0	13	6	Dunse	0	8	0
H. S. G.	0	5	0	Mr. T. Bigwood, per E. B.	1	0	0
E. G.	0	10	0	Mr. Gardner	1	1	0
Wellington Street Chapel, Luton	1	0	0	Ellen	0	5	0
Willie, Freddy, and Lillie	0	3	0	A Wesleyan Student	0	5	0
Percy and Amy	1	0	0	Collected at Baptist Sunday School Mint Lane, Lincoln, per Mr. A. Gibson	0	12	0
Harrie and Fred	1	0	0	Bush	5	0	0
A Friend, per Mr. Dodwell	0	10	0	Mr. Cowley	1	1	0
A Country Baptist Minister	0	6	0	Mr. R. Talbot	2	0	0
Mr. W. Hard	0	5	0	A Poor Widow, Leominster	0	1	0
Mrs. Buckmaster	0	5	0	A Widow's Gift	5	0	0
Miss Harris	0	2	6	Mr. H. G. Fisher	0	10	0
Mr. C. Ruck	2	2	0	Collected by Master J. Spurgeon Jackson	0	5	0
Mr. A. Stephenson	0	2	6	A Friend to the Poor	5	0	0
Mrs. Whitemore	0	2	6	Mr. H. Pledge	0	5	0
Mr. J. Potts	0	10	0	Greenock	1	15	0
Mr. J. Walker	0	10	0	Miss Magnus	2	10	0
Mrs. Davidge	0	2	0	Amy Stratford	0	1	0
Mr. J. Houghton	1	0	0	Agnes	0	1	0
Mr. Rideal	0	10	0	Collected by Mr. Near	0	14	6
Mr. F., per C. H. S.	0	10	0	" Mrs. Nugent	1	11	0
Mrs. Cross	0	5	0	A Friend	2	10	0
Mr. Howler, Grantham	0	7	8	A lover of God's Truth	0	5	0
A Friend at Chardleigh Green	1	0	0	Mr. John King	1	0	0
M. P. S.	0	2	0	Mr. J. Harrap	1	0	0
Stoneycroft	10	0	0	Mr. R. Jenks	1	0	0
B. G.	1	0	0	Mr. C. B. Brown	0	5	0
G. S. Cullen	0	5	0	Mr. Silas Corke	1	0	1
Mr. W., York	0	5	0	A Widow, Bristol	0	4	0

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Mrs. Harris	0	10	0	Mr. and Mrs. Finlayson	1	1	0
Mr. J. G. Best, Collecting Box	1	0	9	Mind Me to God, Dingwall	0	5	0
Wesleyan Sunday School, for Sunday School House	1	10	0	Mrs. Bain	0	15	6
Leamington Baptist Chapel	0	5	0	Mr. W. Dickson	5	0	0
Bethesda Chapel, Ipswich	0	7	6	Boxes at Tabernacle Gates	2	6	11
Baptist Sunday School, Margate	1	10	0	Annual Subscriptions per Lady Burgoyne	1	10	0
Mrs. T.	50	0	0	Messrs. Bourne and Taylor, Annual Sub.	5	5	0
The Trustees of the late Miss Cunningham, Cupar	5	0	0	Mrs. Rathbone Taylor	1	1	0
Mr. Collins, Ticket Collector, Inverness	0	10	0	Mrs. Mortlock	1	1	0
A Friend at Dingwall	0	7	6				
					£297	18	8

Orphanage Infirmary.

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Mr. McLeod	1	1	0	Taken to Mr. Spurgeon's Residence, Bank of England Note, No. 27,163. Thank-fully received.	100	0	0
Mr. T. Bousfield	20	0	0	Mr. A. Pidgeon	0	5	0
Mr. W. Cox	20	0	0	J. R., Diss Friend	0	2	0
Mr. Crowther	0	2	6	R. W. L.	0	5	0
Mrs. Webster	10	0	0	M. G.	0	5	0
Mr. J. Butler	1	1	0	Mr. Fryer	5	0	0
Mr. John Challis	0	10	0				
Mr. James Challis	0	10	0				
J. S. O. T. P. C.	0	5	0				
Mr. W. Carter, Sen.	1	1	0				
A Friend, Dorking	1	0	0		£161	7	6

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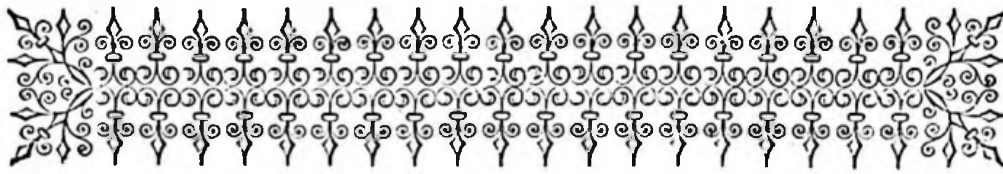
	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
<i>Donations—</i>				Miss Colls, Collingham	0	3	0
Mr. Scott, Jun.	0	1	0	Collection at Annual Meeting	10	0	0
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Mrs. Rathbone Taylor	1	1	0	Mr. Boot	1	1	0
Mr. Dransfield	1	1	0	Mr. Padget	1	0	0
A Friend	1	1	0	Mr. J. B. Mead, (nine men at 10s. per man)	4	10	0
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Mrs. Gaze, Uxbridge	0	5	0	Mr. Chamberlain	5	4	6
Rev. C. H. Spurgeon	5	0	0				
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Mr. H. G. Taylor	0	10	0				
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Received for the Orphanage.—Twenty-five Pairs of Shoes, Mr. Marshall; One Box of Corn Flour, Messrs. J. and J. Colman; Two Casks of Moist Sugar; Fifteen Loaves of Refined Ditto, and twenty-one Hundredweight of Yellow Soap, Mr. and Mrs. T.

Received for the Orphanage Bazaar.—One Piece of Lace, D. D.; One Patchwork Quilt, in 5,776 pieces, an Invalid, Balham; Two Small Parcels, anon; One Ditto, S. C. C.; One Ditto, Mrs. and Misses Bashley; One Box of Goods, Miss Johnson; One Wool Antimaccassar, anon.

Mr. Orsman's Mission and Ragged School, Golden Lane.—New Building Fund, per C. H. Spurgeon. A widow's gift, £5; G. Palmer, £50; a friend to the poor, £5; a friend, £2 10s.; per D. Pague, 5s.; per Miss G. B., £5 5s.; Miss W., £1; J. Gibbs, £1; C. V., 2s. 6d.; J. G. L., 10s.; H. G., 5s.; Charles Gordon, £2 2s.; A. V. L., 16s.; Mrs. Gibson, £25; E. W. Saunders, 5s.; C. Norton, £5; Eliza, £2; E. H. Risdon, £2; J. W. Castle, 1s. 6d.; E. Morgan, £2; Miss Coles, 2s.; John and Grace Snell, £1; J. Houston, 5s.; A. Pidgeon, 5s.; Mrs. D., 7s. *For Mission.*—J. I. B., £10; "Harry," 14s. 6d.

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.

JULY 1, 1870.

Michael Faraday—the Christian Philosopher.
A STUDY FOR YOUNG MEN.

BY W. R. SELWAY, LECTURER ON SCIENCE, PASTORS' COLLEGE.



It may be, and undoubtedly is, a trite and worn saying, that the true aristocracy is that of intellect, yet it may not be without advantage to call attention to it once again; as, in the case of the illustrious individual whose name heads this article, we have so striking an example, that to the patient and persevering seeker for truth, nature does not scruple to reveal her deepest mysteries, and to open her most secret recesses, regardless, of the birth, the parentage, or the wealth of the explorer.

The record of the lives of great men is always useful, serving as an incentive to those who may ponder over the paths they have trod; it needed not the poet's affirmation to convince us that "we may make our lives sublime:" not indeed by seeking to imitate the ways of him or her who may be our hero, or to fashion our course precisely by the same rule—this would often be to clothe the ass in the lion's skin, or the old fable of the frog and the bull over again—but rather by seeking to impart to our own mind the same qualities of mental character which have always belonged to all truly great men. These qualities are the common property of the race, and if not possessed and cultivated by each one of us, not only the loss but the crime is ours. We may not all become, nay, must not be, great discoverers in the domain of science; or leaders in literature; or art; because democratic though the region

of intellect may be, the variety and power of attainment are almost infinite; yet each one of us may and ought to guide his life with that industry, patience, perseverance, humility, generosity and Christian trust and hope, which have ever characterised our greatest men.

Seldom have we met with a book so well calculated to incite these virtues in a young man, or, for that matter, young woman too, who would be none the worse, but much the better for a perusal of the two volumes* which Dr. Bence Jones, the friend and admirer of Faraday, has given to the world. Here we have Faraday the boy of humble parentage, the young man, the mature philosopher, the Christian and the friend; and we may express a hope that Dr. Jones will either himself favour the young men of England with a condensed life of his friend, which may be published at a low rate, or that in due time, a cheap edition of the present book may be issued, more within the means of the bulk of the people. In the absence of this it has been thought a page or two of this magazine devoted to this exalted life and pure character, would not be without use to many, and might afford information to some.

We may claim a neighbourly feeling of interest in Faraday, he having been born in the year 1791, in this parish,† within as is supposed less than half a mile of the place where the pen is now being used; his father having been a working man of very humble position, and in indigent circumstances. Says the great man, writing during the zenith of his fame, "I love a smith's shop and anything relating to smithery. *My father was a smith.*" The writer has a lively recollection of the sensation occasioned by a remark of his own in an address on education and mental culture, delivered, he is almost afraid to remember how many years since, just after the period when the newspapers were recording the attendance of the late Prince Consort at Faraday's lectures, and when his origin was by no means so well known as it now is; to the effect, that the philosopher and lecturer, then receiving well earned and richly deserved laurels, once wrought as a journeyman bookbinder for small daily wages. How would that effect have been intensified had it been added, as we learn from Dr. Jones, that at a still earlier date his parents obtained public relief, the young Michael receiving, as his allowance for a week's food, *one parochial loaf*.

In his thirteenth year he entered upon the serious duties of life, by becoming an errand boy, and having to carry and fetch newspapers lent to his master's customers; but this occupation opened the way to the development of what became the ruling passion of his mind. While engaged as an apprentice, without premium, to the newspaper dealer, stationer and bookbinder, he appears to have made his earliest acquaintance with works of natural science, and immediately began by a few small experiments which a boy of very slender means might perform, to test some of the conclusions stated by the authors he read. During his apprenticeship he had the opportunity of attending a few lectures on natural philosophy. Lectures were by no means so common at that time as they now are, neither were they so accessible: now our

* Life and Letters of Faraday. By Dr. Bence Jones. 2 Vols. Faraday as a discoverer. By John Tyndall.

† St. Mary, Newington.

best men find pleasure in diffusing their knowledge, then the fee was beyond the reach of all but the comparatively well-to-do, and Faraday would not have had this mental stimulus had it not been for the generous and self-denying kindness of his brother, himself only a working smith. Subsequently by the aid of a customer at his master's shop he obtained admission to the Royal Institution, where he heard four of the last lectures of Sir H. Davy; this was in 1812. These lectures were of the utmost importance to the young man, not merely from their effect upon his own mind, but from their having ultimately led to his connection with that institution which his genius has done so much to adorn. He wrote out full and clear notes of the lectures, illustrating them by his own drawings, and sent the paper to the Lecturer expressing his strong desire to enter into the service of science. Sir Humphry was kind to him, strongly advising that he should continue at his trade of a journeyman bookbinder; but soon after, March 1813, he was enabled to obtain Faraday, then in his twenty-second year, the appointment of laboratory assistant in the institution at twenty-five shillings a week. How many young men are there of twenty-two years, masters of a trade, yet feeling that they have powers within them, who would be willing to give their time and energies for the munificent salary with which the aspiring philosopher was remunerated!

He had occupied his leisure hours after his daily toil by often performing simple experiments; and by corresponding with friends, had cultivated the power of expression and a command of language which was of the utmost value; still further to improve his mind and enlarge his education, he joined a philosophical society, such as in our day would probably be termed a mutual improvement class, as it appears to have been the duty of each member to contribute to the common stock of knowledge, and to freely comment upon the respective contributions; at these meetings he was a frequent attendant, and ready to take his part, but with characteristic quiet and modesty. After his return from the Continent, whither he had gone as assistant to Sir H. Davy, he was reinstalled at the Royal Institution, and again joined the class in the City, before which he gave his first lecture, one of a short course, in 1816. He was most methodical and pains-taking in all he undertook, and these his first attempts at public work were prepared with great care; indeed, so anxious was he not to spare any pains or expense, in order that he might be as successful as possible, that he did not give them until after he had himself attended a course of instruction on elocution. The following year, having again to lecture, Smart, the teacher of elocution, says he once more attended his class and put himself through a second training. Those who like the writer have had the pleasure of listening to his voice at the lecture table, will remember the singular clearness, fluency, and correctness of language which characterised all his utterances; the entire absence of mannerism, and of any peculiarity. He was guiltless of straining after effect, and equally clear from florid redundancy. These excellences of public speaking were said to be his natural manner; in one sense this of course was so, but it was nature cultivated with the greatest assiduity and with unremitting labour; the result being as it should be with all who would be effective public speakers, that he used precisely so

much art that none could be perceived. He appears to have had the assistance of the master of elocution on not less than five successive occasions spread over several years, and thankfully received hints from a kind friend who attended his early lectures and noted down any faults of delivery or defective pronunciation. His niece informs us that at this time he adopted a practice, which might be advantageously followed by many preachers and other teachers in our day, that of placing before himself, previous to commencing, a card having the word "slow" written upon it in distinct characters; and when he became a lecturer at the Royal Institution he made it the duty of the attendant, when he gave indications of prolonging his discourse beyond the usual period, to place a card prominently before him having the word "time" upon it.

His scientific education continued to be prosecuted with the closest attention and in the most arduous manner; we cannot, however, afford space for details which are admirably given in Dr. Jones's work: his great discoveries are most aptly summarised by Professor Tyndall. In June, 1821, he married after an unromantic courtship, the wedding being conducted in the quiet, unobtrusive manner which characterised all his proceedings. He writes previous to the marriage, "There will be no bustle, no noise, no hurry occasioned even in one day's proceedings. In externals that day will pass like all others, for it is in the heart that we expect and look for pleasure." Twenty-eight years after, he wrote, "The union has nowise changed, except in the depth and strength of its character."

Immediately upon his marriage he entered into church fellowship by making confession of sin and profession of faith. Dr. Jones informs us that the earliest notice of Faraday's family is to be found in the parish register of Clapham, in Yorkshire, which between 1708 and 1730 records the births of ten children to one Richard Faraday, a stonemason and "separatist." Separatists were the father and grandfather, and so was the philosopher. They were of what Faraday, in later years described in a letter to an eminent lady of title, "A very small and despised sect of Christians, known, if known at all, as *Sandemanians*, and our hope is founded on the faith that is in Christ." This branch of the Christian church has always been small and obscure, and never previously had so bright an ornament become attached to it as it received in the person of Faraday, who had then made much progress in his scientific education, and was on the eve of his great discovery of magnetic rotation. It is the custom in this community for the elders to conduct in turn the religious services, and it is said of Faraday: "When he entered the meeting-house he left his science behind, and he would listen to the prayers and exhortations of the most illiterate brother of his sect with an attention which showed how he loved the word of truth from whomsoever it came."

The explorer of nature's secrets exposes himself to no small risks and dangers, and has to endure much patient toil, and many severe disappointments, ere he is enabled to grasp the fact for which he seeks. In his experiments on the condensation of gases, Faraday was subject to severe accidents, which on two occasions much injured his eyes. Writing to a friend after the second occurrence he says, "My eyes were

filled with glass at first;" subsequently, while at the lecture table, he received so severe an electric shock as to be almost incapacitated from proceeding with his duty.

In 1840 he was elected an elder of the church of which he had been nineteen years a member; during these years he had made many original researches, published numerous papers of the highest scientific importance, delivered a large number of lectures at the Royal Institution, performed much work in relation to lighthouses for the Trinity House, and amidst all this occupation had been occasionally called upon to exhort the brethren at the week-day meetings; but he was now to perform this duty with greater regularity, preaching on alternate Sundays when in London.

To our mind, there is something inexpressibly touching in the sight of this great man, the holder at that time of no less than *twenty-nine* titles of honour conferred by scientific bodies in London and Edinburgh, and from almost every city of Europe, as well as from America, wending his way to the almost unknown chapel or meeting-house in Barbican, where his brethren gathered together for exhortation and worship; and to see him, at whose feet intellectual giants might well have sat, taking his place at the humble desk, and expounding the sacred word; exhorting to holiness of life, warning of sin, or speaking with gentle tones of love as it is in Christ Jesus. His preaching was always extemporaneous. Those who are curious to know the mode in which he arranged his thoughts, may see in Dr. Jones's book a copy of a card, with notes or an outline of a sermon on 2 Peter iii., verses 1, 2, 14; his biographer adds, "Generally, perhaps, it might be said that no one could lecture like Faraday; but that many might preach with more effect. The reason why his sermons seemed inferior to his lectures, is very evident: there was no eloquence, there was not one word said for effect. The overflowing energy and clearness of the lecture-room were replaced by an earnestness of manner, best summed up in the word devotion. His object seemed to be to make the most use of the words of Scripture, and to make as little of his own words as he could; hence, a stranger was struck, first, by the number and rapidity of his references to texts in the Old and New Testaments, and, secondly, by the devoutness of his manner."

As might have been expected from the habit of his mind, he was a most careful reader. One says, "I once heard him read the Scriptures at the chapel where he was an elder, he read a long portion of one of the Gospels slowly, reverently, and with such an intelligent and sympathising appreciation of the meaning, that I thought I had never heard before so excellent a reader."

To the genuine humility and devotion of the Christian, he united the most thorough adhesion to science for its own sake, choosing the retired and unremunerative investigation of natural phenomena, that he might, if possible, be the means of unfolding some of the great laws imprinted by the Divine Architect, rather than to follow the application of scientific discoveries, either to manufactures or commerce, which would have been vastly more remunerative, but in his estimation much less noble. There can be no question but that he might have amassed a fortune, instead of being a pensioner upon the bounty of the Crown, had he

chosen the utilitarian and not the purely intellectual departments of science.* He had a small pension from the Civil List, and the Queen gave him in the most generous manner the use of a house at Hampton Court. Never did a kindness done by a crowned head reflect greater honour upon the diadem, than that conferred upon this illustrious but humble man, who had conveyed to her Majesty's children much valuable information.

The history of the pension is suggestive, and reveals the genuine independence, boldness, and firmness which this meek and gentle man was capable of displaying when these virtues were necessary. Sir Robert Peel had intended to confer the pension as a mark of honour, but was unable, in consequence of retiring from office, to carry out his wish. Lord Melbourne having succeeded to Peel, sent for Faraday, but the Prime Minister having expressed himself in a way the philosopher did not approve, the latter wrote declining to receive the proposed honour, and it was not until after he had been prevailed upon by his friends, and the nobleman had apologised for the words he had used, that Faraday consented to accept the pension.

As an indication of the character of his mind, the following passage from a lecture on mental education, delivered when he was sixty-two years old, at the Royal Institution, before Prince Albert, is very interesting:—"I must make one distinction, which however it may appear to others, is to me of the utmost importance. High as man is placed above the creatures around him, there is a higher and far more exalted position within his view, and the ways are infinite in which he occupies his thoughts about the fears, or hopes, or expectations of future life. *I believe the truth of that future cannot be brought to his knowledge by any exertion of his mental powers, however exalted they may be; that it is made known to him by other teaching than his own, and is received through simple belief of the testimony given.* . . . I shall be reproached with the weakness of refusing to apply those mental operations which I think good in respect of high things to the very highest. I am content to bear the reproach."

At sixty-eight years of age he was again elected an elder of his church, and filled the office for the space of about three and a-half years, when he finally resigned it. He was now residing at Hampton Court, whence he occasionally came to perform such duties at the Royal Institution as his health and failing memory permitted. Writing from Hampton Court to a lady, he says, speaking of his failing powers, "The past is gone *not* to be remembered; the future is coming *not* to be imagined or guessed at; the present only is shaped to my mind. But remember I speak only of temporal and material things. Of higher matters I trust that the past, present, and future are *one* with me; the temporal things may well wait for their future development."

His vast intellect had nearly done its work; he was no longer able to give that close and continued attention which his researches had demanded; and on March 12th, 1862, he made his last investigation upon the

* Dr. Tyndall writes: "Taking the duration of his life into account, this son of a blacksmith, and apprentice to a bookbinder, had to decide between a fortune of £150 000 on the one side, and his unendowed science on the other. He chose the latter, and died a poor man."

magnetisation of light—a subject upon which he had been engaged for twenty-eight years, the first experiment having been made in 1834. The notes of his experimental researches, made for his own use, are said to have been most neatly prepared and carefully numbered, the last bearing the astonishing number of 16,041. Yet he did not give up work; in the following year he made several reports to the Trinity House, and was active in investigating the desirability of applying his grand discovery of electromagnetism as a source of light to guide mariners over the dreary and dark waters.

Writing to H. R. H. the Count of Paris in 1865, he says: "I bow before him who is Lord of all, and hope to be kept waiting patiently for his time and mode of releasing me, according to his divine word and the great and precious promises whereby his people are made partakers of the divine nature." He remained two years longer thus patiently waiting the summons, his physical powers almost exhausted and his mind much unhinged, yet occasionally flashing out some of its old energy when his attention was called to a new discovery or a fresh application of an old one. At length the message came; after about a fortnight of so great prostration as to be scarcely able to notice anything, he died in his chair in his study, the date being the 25th August, 1867; his age seventy-five. He who might justly have expected a resting-place among the tombs of those whom the nation has delighted to honour, expressly desired that his body should be consigned to the earth in the most private and plain manner; and accordingly it was deposited in the cemetery at Highgate, where a simple stone marks his resting-place. What a life had his been! Seldom has the world seen such a bright example of all that was noble, true, and lovely. We cannot better conclude our sketch than by reproducing Dr. Bence Jones's closing paragraph. "That one who had been a newspaper boy should receive, unsought, almost every honour which the republic of science throughout the world could give; that he should for many years be consulted by the different departments of the Government; that he should be sought after by the princes of his own and of other countries; and that he should be the admiration of every scientific or unscientific person who knew anything of him, was enough to have made him proud; but his religion was a living root of fresh humility. . . . One word more must be said of his religion. His standard of duty was supernatural. It was not founded upon any intuitive ideas of right and wrong; nor was it fashioned upon any outward expediencies of time and place, but it was formed entirely on what he held to be the revelation of the will of God in the written word, and throughout all his life his faith led him to act up to the very letter of it."

It is not unfrequently asserted or covertly insinuated by timid and doubting minds, that science and religion are antagonistic; but this can only be the opinion of those who do not reflect that science, truly so called, is but the elucidation of those laws which govern material things, its office being to point out the relationship existing between the various parts of the visible creation, and to establish the bearing of one upon the other; and all this simply from the desire to satisfy the craving after knowledge which is deeply implanted in every

mind, and especially to trace the wonder-working ways of the great Master, and thus by an enlarged acquaintance with the works of God, to expand and quicken the human intellect. Here is nothing which can militate against those grand and higher truths which have been specially revealed to man, of which indeed he could never have had the faintest intimation or conception if God had not mercifully enlightened his children—science is the province of human intelligence, religion is a revelation to be received by faith alone. Man by experiment, investigation, and the use of his reason, may learn much of the ways of God; but all this does but enable him to answer in the negative the question of Zophar of old, "Canst thou by searching find out God?" No man would have been more ready than he whose name heads our paper to acknowledge that he who would know the Lord must receive the testimony even as a little child.

Proposal for the Relief of the Rich.

WE saw among the Cumberland hills many sheep which had not yet been shorn. Poor things, they looked very ragged—their wool hung about them in huge tatters; their fleece was a nuisance to them, for it was constantly being caught in the bushes, and altogether they presented a most pitiable appearance. Murillo, who loved nothing so well for a subject as a Spanish beggar, might have varied his labours by painting these sheep, as companion pictures. It would have been a great blessing to them if they had been divested of their miserable superabundance. The joy of sheep-shearing would not have been confined to the shepherds.

An ungenerous Christian, if he be one of Christ's sheep, must very much resemble these ragged creatures. His substance, however much he may prize it, disfigures him in the eyes of angels, and being withheld from the cause of God, it proves a curse rather than a blessing to him. Often is he entangled in the briers of worldliness, or rent by the thorns of care, while his superfluous wealth becomes a harbour for all manner of evils. It would be a bright day for such a man, if he and his golden fleece could be well washed with sanctification, his fleece, as Paul would say (1 Tim. vi. 19), "laid up in store against the time to come," and himself fresh and fair as the sheep that come up from the washing, sent on his way rejoicing. Solomon found beautiful poetic imagery in "a flock of sheep that are even shorn" (Sol. Song iv. 2), but the unshorn wanderers among the mountains of the lake district, suggested in their redundant wealth of wool nothing but beggarly uncomeliness; cheerful givers, and miserly withholders, present the same contrast, morally and spiritually. Superfluity of property, while the church and the poor need so much, is little better than a superfluity of naughtiness. Nothing could better cure the canker of avarice than liberally dispensing to the needy.—*From My Note Book, C. H. S.*

John Ploughman as a Dutchman.

WHEN I was a small boy, I remember being told by some wag or other that the Dutch had taken Holland. That wonderful bit of history did not open my eyes one-half so wide as when I saw that the Dutch had taken John Ploughman. Yes, Mr. Editor, we sometimes say, "that's the fact, or I'm a Dutchman," but John Ploughman can say so no more, for, like the Bishop of Oxford, he has been translated, and his see is the Zuider Zee. Mr. Adama van Scheltema has turned John Ploughman's Talk into PRAATGES VAN JAN PLOEGER, and on the cover of the book an Amsterdam artist has given John Ploughman, *alias* Jan Ploeger, a cap and a jacket, instead of a smock frock—"a very great improvement," says John's wife. Best of all, seals and keys are visible below Jan Ploeger's waistcoat, which, it is to be hoped, show that there is a watch snugly hidden away somewhere; though that is not quite certain, for nowadays we see chains and no watches, whips and no horses, sermons and no gospel, churches and no piety, wigs and no wisdom, degrees and no learning, and fine dress and no lady. As John Ploughman has never had such seals to his ministry before, he supposes it is a clear proof that he is rising in the world, or else that Dutch labourers are better off than English ones, certainly they had need be, as Tom Skinner says, who has to keep thirteen children and a wife on fourteen shillings a week, and pay rent into the bargain. By the way, his landlord is a squire, and Tom's cottage is about a tenth as good as the squire's piggeries. Pray don't let a Dutchman or any other foreigner hear that.

When you are in Turkey, you must do as the Turkies do, and being now made a Dutchman, Jan Ploeger must talk as if he lived in Holland. Not a very easy thing this for a thorough-bred Englishman, but John has once been in Holland on his Master's business, and so has picked up a Netherland proverb or two; and besides he has eaten a Dutch cheese, and walked through a field of Dutch clover, and so he feels wound up like a Dutch clock. So let us try it, as the boy said, when he ate all the pie. If we do not succeed no harm will come of trying.

Our talk is about prosperity, and some other things beside. Some cool evening or other, a certain burgomaster will sit in his summer-house and smoke his pipe and read these lines; to him Jan Ploeger wishes good health, a clear conscience, and rest in heaven at the end.

It is not given to every man to prosper, but, as a rule, perseverance brings success. Keep the windmills going, and the mere will yet grow good corn. Though every shot does not bring down a bird, a careful marksman will carry home the crow. Step by step goes far; every day a thread makes a skein in a year; industry, by plodding on, gains the prize at last. Bit by bit the stalk builds her nest. Wide-awake and Waste-not will keep the sea from coming through the dyke, while Always-at-it and Work-hard will drag the net ashore with plenty of fish in it. He who follows the trade of thick-headed Michael, eating, drinking, and idling, says he was born on St. Galpert's night, three days before luck, but diligence and thrift are the darlings of fortune.

It is easier to prosper than to bear prosperity well, easier to get upon

a tight rope than to walk on it, easier to fill a cup than to keep from spilling it when you carry it. When prosperity smiles, beware of its guiles. You may escape the smoke of poverty and fall into the fire of sin. Many a man can bear anything but good days. A man is not known till he comes to honour, but honours change manners. It may be true that clothes make the man, but some clothes make very queer men. When men grow rich on a sudden, pride breeds in their purses, like mites in a Gouda cheese, and so it comes to pass the more silver the less sense. When Hendrick had climbed to the top of the ladder he looked down on his brothers. A dog with a bone knows no friend. Jan, when he is made a gentleman, does not remember his grandmother. The mouse in the meal-tub thinks he is the miller himself. The man who is full of God's meat often makes a god of himself, even as the fat ox kicks at the master who fed him. Yet why should a man boast of his riches? Money does not make a man more honourable. Gold-water cannot wash a blackamoor white. An ape's an ape though he wear a gold ring. A cat with a silver collar is not a lion. A pig is but a pig however full his trough may be. The ass in the arms of Bruges sits in an arm-chair, but he is all the more an ass for that. The king of tom-tits is only a tom-tit after all. True honour belongs to the worth of men, not to what men are worth. He is noble who performs noble deeds. Better poor with honour than rich with shame. None but very bad Jews worship a golden calf. Yet many a Mynheer Money lords it like an eel in a tub, and flies his flag as proudly as if he were Van Tromp himself. If wealth brought wit it would make our upstarts hide their empty heads, and pray for brains more than for gains.

Some men grow the more greedy, the less they are needy. They are of the race of Johnny Van Cleeve, who would always much rather have than give. Their alms flow like a fountain from a broomstick. They would not even throw their bones to their dogs if they could gnaw them themselves. The more meal they eat the greater their hunger. You will never satisfy them till you put the Rhine into a flask, and put it into their pockets. Like the gapers outside the apothecaries' shops, they are always opening their mouths for more. The bigger the snow-ball grows the more snow it tries to gather as it rolls, and the more dirt it draws up. *Have* is father to want. Covetous men would drink the sea and swallow the fish. It is bad drinking that makes a man thirsty, beware then of drinking at the fountain of greed. Ill worms breed in full meal bags; set not your heart on what so soon grows stale and sour.

We have seen men become great fools when they have become great owners. When the ass was too happy he must needs dance on the ice. Owls are blind if they get too much light. The boat with the great sail and little ballast was soon upset by the breeze. With too large a fire, many a house has been burnt down. Men have been smothered in their own clothes, choked with their own fat, and ruined by their own riches. It is not every man who can keep a cool head when he gets to the top of the mast. Good servants often make bad masters. A cow on a throne never milks well. Poor and respectable has grown into rich and abominable. When they put the cock on the steeple he left off calling the maids in the morning. The mastiff was a fine watchman, but when they made him butler he bit his master. The eagle did the tortoise no

kindness, when he began teaching him to fly. A horse who is good before a plough would prove a sorry hack if he were put into Baron Van Wyck's carriage. Let none of us court high places, for they are dangerous. He that abideth low falleth not.

Rejoice in little, shun what is extreme,
The ship rides safest in a little stream.

I do not believe that success in life is to be measured by the quantity of pelf a man loads himself with : as well count that horse to be happy which has most to draw. Riches are very uncertain blessings. It is said that the rich devour the poor, and the devil devours the rich, so I do not see much to choose between them; there is small choice for frogs, if they must be swallowed alive ; one throat is very like another. Low places are damp, but if high places are cold I would choose to be in neither. If the ship is swallowed up in the sand, and wrecked on the rock, God give me to keep on shore. Better once in heaven, and poor on the road, than ten times near the gate and yet miss it to make money. Better be Delft ware and unbroken, than china and be smashed. Better at Amsterdam safe in the canal, than in the spice groves of Java in fear of your life. Better a happy ploughman, than a miserable burgo-master. The Hague is well when you are well, but even palaces are dark to heavy hearts. If the Prince of Orange is tripped up he falls as heavily as any of us. Misfortunes happen everywhere, and very great ones to great people. If deep swimmers and high climbers seldom die in their beds, then give me shallow creeks and low trees. If I cannot sleep in the church at Haarlem because of the great organ, then make my bed in the cupboard.

After all, riches are such bubbles, and honours are such baubles, that wise men will not fret for them. I would not find fault with money because I have not got it, lest you should tell me of the fox who called the grapes sour because he could not get at them ; but I know they are sour, for those who have them often make very wry faces. A crown is no cure for the headache. Riches and troubles, ditches and frogs, go together. No one knows where another's shoe pinches, but he can see it does pinch by the way the wearer hobbles.

The richest man, whatever his lot,
Is he who's content with what he has got.

After honour and state follow envy and hate. After the sweet comes the sour. Night treads on the heels of day. Moreover, all these things perish in the using, and often fly away before you can use them. The finest tulips fade. Worldly good is ebb and flood. No man knoweth all his fortune till his time comes to die. Fortune and glass break soon, alas ! It is good steering with wind and tide, but both change in due time. He that is at sea hath not the wind in his hands. He who rode in a carriage may yet sleep under a bush with rags for his coverlet. Where once was water for a whale may soon be scarce enough for a herring. It is bad building your house of butter in a world where the sun shines.

Moreover if money rules this world, it has no power in the world to come. Where the streets are paved with pure gold like unto transparent glass, our poor dull muddy gold is of no value. Give me an

inch of heaven sooner than a league of earth. That is good wisdom which is wisdom in the end. Treasure laid up in heaven for me. Reader, what say you? Remember no dyke can keep out the waters of death. The end of time's mirth is the beginning of eternity's sorrow. Time goes, death comes. A worldling works hard, and death is his wages. Is his portion your choice? If so, John Ploughman must needs say, "Farewell," but is sure you will fare ill.

To all whom it may concern.

THE vane always turns its head to the wind, and so tells us which way the gale is blowing. Certain spirits are, from a perverse necessity of their nature, always in opposition, and their principal use in the world is to indicate the prevailing current of opinion. If a Conservative measure were likely to be carried by a majority they would in virtuous indignation take the Radical reformers' side, but if the Liberal element prevailed they would with resolute obstinacy battle with its advancing tide. In the church which they adorn in the same fashion as thorns beautify a rose, they consecrate their abilities to pugnacity, and steer their conscience according to the opinions of the minority. They are grand men, they were better if they were wiser. Their sturdy independence and bold defiance of general opinion are so admirable, that we grieve to see them dragged in the dust like an Irishman's garment at Donnybrook fair, when the owner waving his shillelah, cries out, "Will any jintleman oblige me by treading on the tail of my coat." To fight for truth is one thing, but to fight for fight's sake is quite another. We have seen an insect on the surface of a pond quite unable to pass another of the same species without a skirmish, and we have known little dogs that felt it their duty to run into the road and bark at every passing horse; we never thought very highly of either. We do not believe that the opposition side is always the right one. It is true that the opinion of a majority of good men is not infallibly right, but it is quite as certain that neither is it necessarily wrong. Conscience is not the same thing as prejudice, neither is boldness synonymous with bitterness. A bigot may mistake pugnacity for courage, unjust suspicion for watchfulness, slanderous accusation for faithfulness, and obstinacy for firmness; but when these matters come to be weighed in the balances of the sanctuary, the delusion will be dissipated. "What a pity! Is it all out so soon? Why I have run a mile to see it!" said a panting individual when he reached the scene of a fire. "Hang it. Let 'em go at it hammer and tongs. What's the good of your interfering," said an amiable individual when the policeman parted two drunken women who were clawing each other's hair, and trying to tear out each other's eyes. We have no sympathy with either of these gentlemen, we had rather go a mile round about than get into a row; but there are persons of another mind, whose voice is still for war, and of whom Dr. Johnson would have said, "If the man had two ideas in his head, they would fall out with each other;" to these we affectionately commend a thoughtful reading of Matthew v. 9.

Jesuitism and the Jesuits.

AN Ex-Premier has just published a work of fiction, the design of which is partly to show the subtlety of Romanism, and to warn Englishmen against its growing power. Whether the novelist expresses the opinions of the Conservative statesman or his own individual convictions, it would be hard to determine; but he must, indeed, be blind to the signs of the times who shall decide that no warning voice is needed. Popery is undoubtedly increasing in power and in numbers; and Englishmen are beginning to lose sight of the inevitable tendency of its growth. In our land, as in every civilised country, Jesuitism has, since its restoration in 1814, insinuated itself, and is working the direst evils wherever its influence is exerted. The organs of Romanism in this country unblushingly avow their purpose, which is to crush religious and civil liberty. "Liberty of conscience" is held to be a big phrase "upon which infidelity and Protestantism have been built more than three hundred years." These are not the words of screeching journalists who are ignorant of their meaning, but of men of culture and intelligence; nor are they uttered by frantic Ritualists whose vehement zeal outruns all discretion, but by men who write calmly and with deliberate purpose. It is well for us to know the foes that we have in our midst; and since Jesuitism is not so harmless an enemy as some amiable Protestants seem to consider it, we propose to devote a paper to its history, and a sketch of some of its malignant evils.

The history of Jesuitism reads like a romance. It had its rise in a romantic youth, who had inherited much of the haughty, chivalrous nature of the Spaniards. Don Inigo de Loyola was a page at the court of Ferdinand and Isabella, where he gained no inconsiderable reputation for his courtly habits and his valorous deeds. A gay man of the world, fond of tournaments and combats, no one suspected that he would be the founder of a religious order. A wound which he received at the siege of Pampeluna, the capital of Navarre, in conflict with the French, turned the tide of his fortunes. Through the unskilful treatment of the surgeons, his leg had to be broken a second time, and this operation being badly performed, he endured a third, so as to avoid the deformity which the accident would have caused. He bore the agony attendant upon these operations without a sign or a groan; and was greatly disconcerted to find that he must inevitably remain lame for the rest of his life. He thus lost all hope of gaining the hand of a lady with whom he had been enamoured; and for solace he betook himself to reading the legends and fables issued by the Romanists for the religious instruction of the people. His "conversion" is traced to this period; and it was while under the influence of this change that he resolved to undertake in sackcloth a journey to the Holy Land, to expiate the sins and follies of his youth. The "holy virgin" was to be his lady, to whom he designed to render service, as was the practice of the knight-errants of those days of chivalry. Clothed in sackcloth, girded with a rope, with a pilgrim's staff in his hand, and a calabash at his side, he resolved upon his journey to Palestine, but ere he reached a neighbouring village, he decided

to halt there awhile, and bring his body into subjection by a series of privations and pains which brought him to death's door. These rigorous mortifications startled even those who were accustomed to practise austerities; and it was not strange that those whose faith in penances was so great should esteem the new convert as either an unexampled saint or a great saint in embryo. He begged from door to door, and his wild and, as we should term it, dirty condition, excited the dislike of the children and caused the women to flee from him in terror. The conversion of the profligate soldier to the submissive son of the church, was a long and tedious affair; but having been gone through, to his own satisfaction and to the delight of his monastic friends, he was prepared to undertake the pilgrimage upon which he had started. It was during this conflict of mind, that Loyola composed his "Spiritual Exercises," and conceived the daring project which has made his name famous. Returning from the Holy Land he resolved to convert the infidels. He believed that heaven had commissioned him to labour among the Mohammedans. He mentioned his project to the provincial of the order of St. Francis, who threatened to excommunicate him if he persisted in his plan. Loyola had been a soldier and not a priest; he was but ill-educated and a confirmed dunce. Full of zeal and animated by an untiring and restless ambition, he could not settle himself to the hard work of study, but preferred to preach and to influence the minds of monks in favour of his mission. Notwithstanding a host of difficulties, and a number of discouragements presented by those to whom he looked at least for moral aid, he succeeded in securing five men of a like ambition, who in the crypt of an abbey in Paris, bound themselves solemnly by vows to absolute poverty, celibacy, and obedience. Of this number was Francis Xavier, then a young Frenchman, who subsequently founded the well-known Jesuit mission in the Indies. The first step was to gain the assent of the pope; for a time this was refused, but ultimately the requisite sanction was purchased by a vow of unconditional obedience to that pontiff. "Whatever the Roman pontiff may enjoin on us, touching the progress of souls and the propagation of the faith, we are under an obligation to execute at the very moment, without excuse or refusal, whatever may be the land into which he sends us, whether to the Turks or other infidels, even should it be to the Indies, or against the schismatics and heretics." The main purpose of this new ecclesiastical army was the extinction of Protestantism—the suppression of all liberty of conscience. From their own account of the institution of the Jesuits, we learn that it consisted principally of novices, scholars, coadjutors, and the professed. The *novices* having spent some few days in acquiring some knowledge of the society, are, if approved, inducted into the house of probation, where they remain for two years. Here they are expected to go through the spiritual exercises of their leader, the nature of which may be judged from this one specimen: "To imagine to himself hell; to see in his spirit vast fires, demons and souls plunged in liquid fire; to imagine that we hear wails, vociferations; to imagine also that we smell a putrid odour of smoke and sulphur, and to taste things the most bitter, as tears and gall." They were required for a time to visit the hospitals, minister to the sick, to beg for their bread,

to do menial work in the house, to instruct the ignorant, and when fully qualified, to hear confession. The *scholars* were those of the novices who required additional instruction, who must give their patrimony to the society, and must not expect any control over it. These are the picked men of the body; as also are the *coadjutors*, while the *professed ipso facto* constitute the society. The general, or ecclesiastical superior, is to be obeyed in all things. Loyola himself says: "He who wishes entirely to immolate himself to God, besides his will, must necessarily offer his reason also, so as not only *to will*, but also to *think*, as his superior, and submit himself to his judgment, the devoted will, as far as possible, binding the intelligence." Here we have as degraded an enthralment, and as terrible a despotism as was ever submitted to and exercised by man. Their organisation, as such, is almost perfect, and not without reason do they boast of the power they thus exert, and of the unity they thus secure. One superior, in the seventeenth century, asserted that "from his closet he governed, not only Paris, but China, and not only China, but the world, without any one knowing how it was done." So united a body, bound by secret vows, loyal to a common purpose, and unscrupulous in the use of means to effect their ends, could scarcely fail to work dire mischief in the world.

At first, the pope restricted the numbers of the Jesuits to sixty, but the restriction was subsequently removed, in consequence of the services rendered to the papacy. They then increased rapidly, and, guided by Loyola, soon overspread the nations, their great object being to reduce Protestantism to servile submission to the papal throne. Their emissaries, it should never be forgotten, were mostly highly-educated men, who, however mistaken in their views, were fired with a zeal which consumed all lesser ambitions. Nor was their zeal so intemperate as to lack discretion. Nothing could exceed their skilful subtlety. They sought the education of the young, and became their sole teachers. They aspired to educate kings and queens, and succeeded in becoming their priestly confessors. Every plausible pretence was used to gain over the minds of statesmen, and men who wielded authority, and their good fortune was remarkable. There is no necessity to appeal to Protestant literature for proofs of the vitiating influence of their immoral teachings. Roman Catholic witnesses have impugned them, and the testimony of Pope Alexander VII. is sufficient to prove what he termed "the unbridled licentiousness" of their doctrines. The Jesuits themselves have revealed all that is necessary to form an adequate conception of their morality. A commission appointed by the parliament of France, published extracts from the writings of 147 Jesuit authors, which are full of the most diabolical and hateful assertions. It is expressly declared that these opinions must be received, must not be added to nor taken from, unity of belief being necessary to conformity of action. Their philosophic distinctions as to the nature of sin are simply an outrage upon common sense, and the tendency of such distinctions is to open up the floodgates of immorality and crime. We cannot stay to quote their justification of numberless evils which even men of the world do not openly defend. There is scarcely a sin which ever defiled the human race that has not, by some immoral refinement, been justified or extenuated by the Jesuits.

Nothing could exceed the boldness of their missionary enterprises. "The Jesuit missions among the heathen," observes a very candid writer in the "Encyclopædia Britannica," "have been illustrated by instances of Christian zeal and devotedness such as have never been surpassed; while at the same time these very missions have exhibited, as in India and in South America, those characteristics of the Jesuit institute which are the most to be reprobated, namely—its unscrupulous compromises with pagan superstitions and vices, and its pursuit of worldly influence and power, as in Paraguay, *apart from any genuine zeal for the spiritual, or even temporal, well-being of the people whom it has assumed to govern.*" The ceaseless ambition of the Jesuits has been to gain power for their church, and the accomplishment of this unsanctified object has not been associated with any higher purposes. The history of Jesuitism is not the history of any great Christian effort, but of a bold political attempt to bring the world into subjection to the Pope of Rome. Every member of the body was animated by the same zeal as that which aroused all the energies of the great leader, Loyola. By him they had been well schooled, and in every land they employed the same unprincipled modes of obtaining their ends that he had taught them to use. Foremost among these extraordinary zealots was Francis Xavier. Under the patronage of the King of Portugal he proceeded to India, spending some time, *en route*, in the Isle of Socotra, which failing to convert by moral power he succeeded in getting the Portuguese to conquer by the sword. Among the soldiers and sailors he was very active; they willingly received his instructions, listened to his severe rebukes for swearing and immorality, and thankfully accepted his attentions when sick and dying. By these means he won their respect if not admiration. Along the coast of India, celebrated for its pearl fishery, he worked his way, succeeding in destroying temples, abolishing idols, and instructing the heathen in the Romish catechism and prayers. At Travancore his success was unprecedented. He baptised six thousand idolaters, built forty-five churches; and twenty-five thousand savages of the Mauritius, frightened by being told that a volcano in the island was one of the mouths of hell where God would eternally punish all idolaters, renounced their heathen gods and professed the new religion. To aid him in one place, the Portuguese troops destroyed all the idols and temples, and the viceroy prohibited all idolatrous worship. Indeed, in all cases where his terrifying appeals could not produce conviction, the arm of the state was employed; and as Dr. Cooke Taylor, in his history of British India, observes: "Every offer of religious instruction which he made was attended with the most flattering proposals of alliances—of alliances, however, which were calculated to render the natives dependent on the Portuguese, and, in fact, mere tributaries." How much the progress of Christianity has been retarded in heathen lands by the unscrupulous tactics and the coercive policy of the Jesuits may never be known; but there is scarcely a heathen country that has not been unfavourably impressed with the efforts of missions through the scandals occasioned by the Jesuits. Even a Roman Catholic Bishop in China declaims against their practices in the Celestial Empire. He says: "They have kept the cross out of sight and authorised customs absolutely pagan."

Instead of Christianising idolaters, they have heathenised Christians; they have united God and Belial at the same table, in the same temple, at the same altar, and in the same sacrifices. . . . Nay, they themselves offer sacrifices to the idols, prostrate themselves before them, present incense to them, and erect the cross on the same temple as Dagon—such rites being evaded by a pretext of the Jesuits, directing the inward attention of the worshippers to a cross which is carried in secret, at the same time that their exterior worship is offered to the idol." The many bulls that have been issued by various popes confirm this testimony, and show that the missions of these Jesuits tended more to paganise the gospel than to reveal it.

Every reader of European history is acquainted with the tactics of these political intriguers. The political history of Jesuitism, remarks a judicious writer, is a dark narrative of a guileful interference with the course of national affairs; "dark enough even when left to work itself out in its own way, but deriving a deeper colour, a fouler stain from this source, not because crimes more flagitious were committed by the hands, or at the instigation of Jesuit agents, but because the Jesuit—whether suggesting crimes or employed in smoothing the path of the criminal, or in extracting the sting of remorse—went about his work with refined reasonings, with an apparatus of orderly logic, with a carefully-adjusted scheme of spurious ethics, which as often as it made one man actually a criminal, prepared a hundred for walking in the same path." M. Michelet and others attribute to the Jesuits all the horrors of the thirty years' German war: "The Jesuits launched them into it, and carefully watched over them; and whenever Tilly on his charger was seen dashing over the smoking ruins of cities, or the battlefield covered with the slain, the Jesuit trotting on his mule was not far off." Their influence in Austria has been such as to keep down every national aspiration; and what it has been in Switzerland, let the immortal lines—

"Avenge, O Lord, thy slaughtered saints, whose bones
Lie scattered on the Alpine mountains cold,"

be a perpetual witness. The blood of the martyred Protestants of France has also cried from the ground against their implacable foes the Jesuits. They conspired against French monarchs and murdered them; they were restless in their machinations, until the famous edict of Nantes was revoked, when on St. Bartholomew's day, they were "drunk with the blood of the saints," for in three days Paris lost ten thousand of her sons in the wholesale butchery.

But England has always been the object of their desires. The conquest of this country to Rome has been a dream which Jesuitism has striven hard to make a reality. In Queen Mary's reign, the Jesuits sought to gain the monasteries which Henry VIII. had abolished; but their demands were so extravagant, that Cardinal Pole rejected them with indignation. The influence which two Jesuit priests had over the mind of Mary Queen of Scots was the origin of all her troubles. The subsequent attempts of the members of the "Society of Jesus" to guide legislation in this country are well known. Whatever opinion may be formed as to the measure of their influence upon our present legislators

—and we have no faith in the tittle-tattle of some alarmists—it cannot be denied that England is at present beset by Jesuits. We have statistics before us as to the growth of Catholicism in recent years which prove that the influence of the papacy is considerably on the increase. And Mr. Disraeli only expresses the belief of the Jesuits of the present day, when he represents a Catholic dignitary as saying in his recently published novel, “Let Christendom give us her prayers for the next few years, and Pio Nono will become the most powerful monarch in Europe, and perhaps the only one.” Although this prophecy may on the part of Roman Catholics be merely a wish that is father to the thought, it is only too evident that they have more reason than ever to believe in their future success. Their “religious houses” are numerous and powerful. Most of the Roman Catholic colleges are in the hands of the Jesuits and monks; and every effort is made to make their instruction so effective and so adapted to the wants of the age, that their weapons may be suitable for the coming conflict. They are well organised and maintain an intimate connection with head-quarters. Their movements are in the dark, for secrecy is well known to be the essence of the system. “The Jesuits are an invisible people, known by the effects only—a species of ‘processionary caterpillars;’ interesting silkworms, that live in societies where the eye of the incurious observer sees nothing but a tree and its waving foliage. Here they spin, when young, a kind of silken tent, divided into cells. They may be seen to issue from it in the evening in procession. One of them advances at the head, and seems to act as a guide; two of them follow; next three; then four, and so on; each rank containing one more than the proceeding. To complete the comparison, I must state that the larva, when first hatched, is in weight about one hundredth of a grain; but just before its metamorphosis it increases to ninety-five grains, or nine thousand five hundred times its original weight. The quiet, imperceptible, expansion of the Jesuits—when other men are sleeping through ignominious dreams—is not less certain, is not less wonderful.”* And these men have found their most invaluable allies in a church that boasts of being *the* bulwark against Romanism—we had almost written Protestantism: for the Anglican church has now become the worst foe to the gospel of Jesus Christ. If any one doubts this, let him read the current High Church literature, where he will find men openly advocating, as Dr. Pusey has done, as an Anglican clergyman advocated in a conversation with the writer of this paper only a few hours before these lines were penned, reunion with Rome. These men are continually praying that all difficulties may vanish; and are prepared to throw overboard every little distinction that reunion may be effected. A church paper last month, observed that there was identity of principle existing between the two churches: “what the whole church receives that we receive; what the whole church anathematizes we anathematise also; private judgment has no place wherever a general council has spoken.” Good Mr. Ryle! after this you need not assure us, as you have done in the *Record*, that there is a great difference between a Churchman and a Dissenter. We are not ignorant of it!

* The Novitiate. By Andrew Steinmetz.

The true church of Christ, which is under the dominion of neither pope nor state, nor subjected in any way to the spiritual despotism of priestcraft, needs to be aroused to the importance of the issues involved in this conflict. Let us cry out for more labourers, for they are yet few; and when God thrusts them into his vineyard let us not seek to thrust them out, but receive them, as all God's servants should be received, warmly and thankfully. O that God would raise up some more specially qualified ministers of his truth in our land! The church of Christ needs money, but it requires *men* more; real men—honest, fearless men, who shall speak with the accent of conviction, roughly sometimes, plainly ever. We have more than enough of those who bring up their hearers on the diluted, thin, attenuated, colourless and strengthless skim milk of a merely *pretty* theology. He who seeks to give his hearers "the sincere milk of the word" is a stronger bulwark against the inroads of Jesuitism than the sect that boasts of being "the church of the Reformation."

More Gossip about the Eye.

BY EDWARD LEACH.

THOSE who have had the privilege of preaching at any time to the poorest classes in our great cities, will not have found it difficult to estimate the number of Christians present in the congregation. In dress there may be nothing distinctive. The shabby brown that after many periodic slumbers in the hospitable shop of the pawnbroker, ceased years ago to make any pretensions to be black; or the dingy cotton shawl that has lost all traces of the glowing colours which once made it the pride of the wearer, may be common to all the women alike, as is generally the case. The well-elbowed, well-greased—too well!—coats of the male attendants may not be relieved by other and superior associates; all the clothing may be indicative of the deep poverty of the wearers—a poverty that may never wear out any more than the clothes which, after a certain stage in their history, seem defiant of the attacks of time. But there are few things more certain than this—that, making deductions for the irrecoverably unclean, the best washed in the auditory are the converts, and the dirt-encrusted faces are the frontispieces of unwashed and unforgiven natures. One of the most pleasant events in the writer's life occurred one Sabbath evening when preaching in a mission-hall. In the assembly there was a careworn young woman, whose attire was of the poorest description, and whose face was, from long neglect of that almost forgotten virtue, cleanliness, unpleasant to look upon. And yet under a somewhat unfavourable exterior there was a warm, agitated heart; and as the preacher spoke of the love of Him who came to seek the lost, tears rolled down her cheeks, the cry of distress was uttered, and the soul found pardon, and Christ. A few months afterwards the writer preached in the same hall. The poor woman was there, with the same clothing on, but with another countenance, radiant and beaming. Her husband, whom she had brought for the first time, presented a marked

contrast as he sat by her side, unkempt, unwashed, unconcerned. He had been a sad blackguard, and a great lover of ardent drinks. The home had been distinguished for dirt, and cruelty, and wretchedness. The young wife whom he had sworn to cherish, he quarrelled with incessantly, and the children whom nature taught him to protect, he ill-treated. But God arrested him that night; his conscience was aroused and his heart wounded; salvation came to him, and believing in the Lord Jesus, he rejoiced to see sin removed and the Father reconciled. At this moment, a cleaner, nattier little couple you could not find; and their Christian profession, like their faces, is fit to be looked upon. Sanitary effects follow the reception of the gospel; and with this change there is less liability to the diseases that affect those of the lower classes who banish soap and despise the towel. Our evangelists are the social, as well as the spiritual, benefactors of the poor.

Uncleanly habits lead to many affections of the eye. The visitor to the Moorfields Ophthalmic Hospital can perceive this if he observe the type of persons who are suffering from inflammation of that organ. Not a few visits to the surgeons might be rendered unnecessary were greater care taken in preserving so delicate an organ from dirt. If our city missionaries and evangelists were acquainted with the elements of sanitary and medical science, they might render good service to the poor by advising them. For instance, poor folks have a wonderful affection for any lotion they can procure for the eye from charitably disposed people; perhaps small tradesmen. Some are harmless, others are of very doubtful value. Great care should be taken in applying to small, unpractised chemists. One of the surgeons at the Ophthalmic Hospital informed us of the dangerous character of what is known as "eye-drops"—a lotion of lead which may even permanently damage the eye. Some poor persons who have used it have suffered acutely, and the surgeon has found on the eye a deposit of white lead, which, of course, has to be removed.

Among the many curious facts one may learn from a visit to such an hospital as this, is that different nationalities have diseases peculiar to them, and that even when living in London they are still subject to such complaints. There is a certain kind of disease which frequently presents itself to the surgeons. It is confined—if we mistake not, entirely so—to the Irish, and is so common in Dublin and Cork, and other parts of the Emerald Isle, as to be denominated the "potato disease;" but whether it is because the eyes of potatoes are similarly affected deponent sayeth not. Nor is it easily understood why the Irish who change their country, and frequently their mode of life, should be still liable to this peculiar complaint. But from various causes four out of every six of the cases of the London Irish who come to the hospital are suffering from a disease of the eye that is characterised by chronic inflammation of the eye-lids, leading to a displacement of the eye-lashes, and many of the poorer classes of Irishmen are treated for this singular complaint.

As might reasonably be supposed, workmen engaged in iron factories—where chips of hot metal fly about like burning stars, in all directions—are peculiarly liable to receive injuries to the eye. Numbers of the builders of iron ships suffer from accidents thus caused, who might and ought to wear eye-protectors. Very few Sheffield file-workers, dangerous as that

trade is known to be, take this precaution, and it is remarkable that the masters should not have seen the folly of this long ago. Of course, when the chips of metal fly off from the heated lump, they are sufficiently hot to burn the fingers; and if one of the pieces finds its way into the eye it not only cuts it, but also seriously burns it. And yet the hardihood of the workmen is astonishing. In every iron factory, where any number of skilled workmen are together, you may be sure to find some stalwart, steady "hand," whose fame in the workshop for taking fragments of steel or iron from the eye is notorious. An eye-surgeon once, in walking through an iron factory, was struck by one of the flying bits of iron, which lodged very inconveniently in his eye, and instantly the celebrated practitioner, Bob, was fetched to extract the unwelcome intruder—a service thankfully declined, and performed by one who had more knowledge of the subject, though probably less practice. In simple cases Bob's services are useful, and his skill undoubtedly becomes, through long and continued practice, considerable. But the mode of operation is sometimes very primitive and rough; indeed, Bob has been known to use his penknife in extracting the foreign element—a method extremely dangerous, under any circumstances. Of course, what may be said of the dangers attendant upon working with iron may also be said of working with stone. These mechanics betray a singular recklessness of feeling which can only be accounted for by the influence of habit. If a piece of stone should get into the eye it is either left to work its way out, or is pecked out as if it were an ordinary affair of no moment. A large proportion of cases of blindness in the country are among men who set their chisels with millstones.

A number of accidents occur in the course of the spring in consequence of the passion among street boys for playing "tipcat;" and if the Commissioner of Police would put down every "tipcat" in the metropolis, it would be greatly for the advantage of Her Majesty's liege subjects. But it would be an awful day for the police if they should arouse the ire of the boys of London. Now that their minds are filled with stories of rollicking highwaymen and savage burglars, and tales of vengeance, and are disposed to regard all policemen as the enemies of heroism and daring, it might be dangerous still further to increase their enmity towards the men who walk our streets with so stately an air, and with such perspiring rage vainly chase the *gamins*. Still, we must educate our young masters, and teach them to deny themselves the exquisite pleasure of "tipcat" if they wish to escape accidents.

There are a large number of persons who have "casts" in the eye, or squints; and some mothers have the idea that a slight squint is an addition to their children's beauty. Possibly it is; only mothers have a law of beauty peculiarly their own, which does not command universal acquiescence; nor does it extend beyond the circle of their own loved ones. A squint in a child can only be an attraction to its adoring mother; but that it is frequently considered to be such by her is incontrovertible. Some, however, think it an exquisite torture to be for long in the society of an arch-critic who looks *from* you with one eye and *to* you with the other. How you cower under such side glances, not knowing what passes in the mind of the person who thus surreptitiously surveys you from top to toe! How innocent is the one eye of

that searching analysis of your character which is being made (so you fear) by its cynical partner, which you wish were turned in any other direction but towards the angle which brings you within its view. No wonder that, however neglected during childhood, when a young woman attains the age when that little urchin, Master Cupid, tries his irresistible arts, she should be desirous of seeing her lover with *both* eyes; for it appears to be an ascertained fact that when a person squints, she only uses the eye that is straight; and who would choose with one eye when two might guide the choice, or who would be chosen by the one when the other cannot judge for itself? Michael Faraday, in his youth, hoped to conquer Cupid by galvanism, which he denominated an "anti-amorous remedy." But even he, with all his scientific attainments and experiments, fell a victim to the little archer A.D. 1820, and so was turned from a philosopher into a —.* And love with many persons suffering from a squint turns them towards surgical science; and so many a young woman, before being married, applies to the Ophthalmic Hospital, to have beauty's sole defect removed. Unfortunately, such persons sometimes make the unpleasant discovery that the eye which squints is, when put straight, nearly blind, and the surgeon is blamed for want of care in performing the operation, instead of those who have neglected the aid which should have been sought years before.

Among the many popular fallacies entertained with regard to the eye, is that which supposes that persons with short sight have better eyes than others. The short-sighted eye is better in this respect, that it can see smaller objects in youth, and in more advanced years it may see without spectacles; but we are assured that a short-sighted eye is always a somewhat damaged and diseased eye, so that at any time it is far more liable to suffer from attacks of inflammation and derangements of vision. It may be added that in most cases short sight is hereditary.

While upon the subject of popular fallacies on the eye, it may not be out of place to correct some general impressions with reference to the use of spectacles. Whoever invented spectacles was a benefactor to humanity; his name we have not been able to discover, though it is worthy of being embalmed in history. Old Friar Bacon must have used something of the kind, as we may judge from an old book which contains the following curious passage: "Great talke there is of a glasse he made at Oxford, in which men might see things that weare don, and that was judged to be don by power of euill spirits. But *I know* the reason to be good and natural, and to be arright by geometry (with perspective as a part of it), and to stand as well with reason as to see your face in a common glass." It must have been about this period when spectacles came into use, for in an Italian manuscript written in 1299—(Roger Bacon died in 1292)—the author says: "I find myself so pressed by age that I can neither read nor write without those glasses they call spectacles, lately invented, to the great advantage of poor old men, when their sight grows weak." Twelve years later, a friar stated in a sermon delivered at Pisa, that "it was not twenty years since the art of making spectacles was found out, and is indeed one of the best

* "Miss Barnard (the galvaniser and the galvanised), showed this letter (containing a proposal) to her father, and he, instead of hoping her to decide, said that love made philosophers into fools."—*Dr. Bence Jones's Life of Faraday*. Vol. I, p. 317.

and most necessary inventions in the world." We need not follow the history of the subject, except to say, that there is much ignorance prevalent respecting the use of spectacles. "There is no scientific problem," remarked the curator and registrar of the Royal Ophthalmic Hospital, to the writer, "more necessary to be thoroughly worked out, than to determine the exact kind of spectacle needed by each person." What is very frequently done, is for young people to wear their mother's or grandmother's spectacles; and many a pair of spectacles is handed down from father to son, and weak sight being hereditary, it is deemed that the family heirloom will meet the case. Poor persons are much imposed on by the men who hawk worthless spectacles about the street. Then, too, there is an old-standing preference for what are known as "pebbles," and there is a prejudice against glasses. Pebbles, which are a transparent rock crystal, are not only expensive, but are alone to be purchased of first-class opticians. Although they have certain advantages from their extreme clearness and freedom from scratches, yet practically glass spectacles, when good, are of equal value; and while the one can only be purchased for a guinea, an equally good pair of glasses may be had for the well-known lawyer's fee of six shillings and eightpence. A large proportion of the time of the surgeons at the hospital is occupied in determining the kind of spectacles needed by poor persons of deficient sight; and it is no small advantage which is open to them, that they may purchase at wholesale price, for a small sum, the best of glass spectacles.

We have no desire to interfere with the business of anyone who supplies artificial eyes to the public, but we cannot withhold from our readers the following information. These artificial eyes are, it would seem, exceedingly common. Some are very costly, and are so beautifully made that it would be quite impossible for an untutored person to detect them. People will have them as a matter of vanity, and are not acquainted with the fact that they entail considerable expense. They must be renewed once every year, because the hardest and best made enamel becomes opaque and loses its polish from constant friction and the working of the lids, and then of course the beauty is lost. And there is this danger, that directly the artificial eye becomes rough it excites inflammation of the eye-lids, and as a consequence it can no longer be worn.

In a former article* we exposed some of the tricks of the mendicants who feign blindness. There are not so many impostors of this class as in former years, but they are by no means few. They may generally be detected, notwithstanding the cunning arts to which they resort in self-defence against the practised eyes of those who are acquainted with their artifices. If you see a professedly blind woman with her eyes broad open, led by a child, you may perhaps distrust her; the probabilities are, however, that she is a genuine object of pity, and cannot see anything. But if you observe another beggar who is groping about with a stick, led along the road by a dog, and apparently looking on the ground, you may not judge wrongly if you conclude that he has at least some sight—perhaps has good eyesight. Those persons who have a well-marked stare, and keep their eyes straightly fixed, are probably stone blind, and therefore deserving of charity; but those whose blindness is more apparent may be sheer impostors.

* "Sword & Trowel," 1868, p. 253.

Reasons for seeking God.

BY C. H. SPURGEON.

"Seek him that maketh the seven stars and Orion, and turneth the shadow of death into the morning, and maketh the day dark with night: that calleth for the waters of the sea, and poureth them out upon the face of the earth: the Lord is his name."—Amos v. 8.

IDOLATRY has been in every age the besetting sin of mankind. In some form or another the unregenerate are all given to it, and even in God's people there remains, in their old nature, a tendency towards it.

In its grosser manifestations idolatry is the desire of man to see God with his eyes, to have some outward representation of him who cannot be represented; who is too great, too spiritual, ever to be described by human language, much less to be set forth by images of wood, and stone, however elaborately carved and cunningly overlaid with gold. There is a great God who filleth all space and yet is greater than space, whose existence is without beginning and without end, who is everywhere present, and universally self-existent; but man is so unspiritual that he will not worship this great invisible One in spirit and in truth, but craves after outward similitudes, symbols and signs. If Aaron makes a calf Israel forgets the divine Jehovah's glory, and says unto the image of an ox that eateth grass: "These be thy gods, O Israel, which brought thee up out of Egypt."

We are apt to imagine that it is a very strange freak of human depravity when men are led to worship visible objects and signs, but it is not at all unusual or singular; it is the general sin of all mankind. I suppose no man has been entirely free from it, and every believer has to contend against it in its subtler forms; for idolatry takes insinuating shapes, less gross in appearance but quite as sinful as the worship of Dagon or Ashtaroath. Take, for instance, the common religious idolatry of our own country, which consists in part of reverence to holy places, as if under the Christian dispensation, which is not one of type but of fact, holiness could inhere in stone, lime, wood, slate, iron, and brass, when architecturally arranged. English idolatry further reveals itself in reverence to an order of men, not because of their superior character, but because of certain mystic rites performed upon them, by virtue of which they are supposed to become the representatives of heaven, and the reservoirs of grace. How trustful are our English idolaters in these men when they behold them apparelled in vestments which the tailor has cut into fashions remarkably helpful to devotion. Without these priests and their sumptuous adornings, and grotesque disfigurements, our modern idolaters cannot publicly worship, but in these they have as much trust as the Ephesians in their great Diana. They can only worship their God by objects which appeal to the senses. An outward altar, an outward priest, an outward ritual, outward rites—all these are nothing but another form of the old idolatry of Babel and of Bethel. Man still turns from the unseen God; the unseen priest who has passed within the veil, man still ignores. The spiritual feast upon

the body and blood of Jesus Christ which is the joy of the saints, they know not; but the outward emblems are adored by some and held in great reverence by others. Bread and wine, which are but created and common things, even when placed on the table to assist us in communion, are made into deities by the blind idolaters of this age. Could Egypt or Assyria do worse? Bread used at the ordinance is but bread, and no other than ordinary bread; its emblematic use imparts to it no measure or degree of sanctity, much less of divinity. It is idolatry—flat, grovelling, idolatry—and nothing less, which on all sides is spreading its mantle of darkness over this land under the pretence of profoundly reverent piety.

Where Ritualism does not reign, how easy it is for men to be idolaters of themselves! What is self-reliance, understood as too many understand it, but idolatry of self? It is the opposite of dependence upon the living God, the great source of power and wisdom. Reliance upon my own wisdom, upon my own resolution, upon my own strength of mind—these are idolatries in a subtle and attractive shape. What is much of our overweening affection to our children and to our relatives? What is our unsubmissive repining but idolatry? How is it that we rebel against God if our friends are suddenly taken from us? O man, why is it that thy God has so little of thy love and the creature so much? There is a lawful affection; up to that point thou shouldst go. There is an unlawful affection, when by any means the creature comes before the Creator, to this thou mayst not descend. Unlawful love, love which idolises its object, is to be avoided with all our might. Then, again, perhaps a less excusable form of idolatry, though no excuse is to be offered for any, is that in which men idolise their estates, and put their confidence in their accumulations, living only to acquire wealth and position, struggling in the race not to win the crown which is immortal, but that poor wreath with which men crown the wealthy merchant, the diligent student, the eloquent barrister, the valiant man of arms. This is idolatry again, for it is setting up an earthly object in the place of the Creator. To God is due all my love, my trust, my fear. He made me, I am bound to serve him, and whenever I lay down at the feet of any person or object, dominion over my powers, apart from God, I am at once guilty of idolatry.

I cannot stay to tell you all the various forms which this idolatry assumes, but may God give us grace to strive against them, and those who still are dead in the idolatries may he deliver. May he save you from leaning upon an arm of flesh, from trusting in what may be seen and handled, and bring you to rely upon the invisible God, to whom alone belongeth power and strength, and who has a right to our confidence and our service.

The text is addressed to those who have been guilty, either in word, or thought, or deed, of idolatry against God. It gives arguments to persuade them to turn away from everything else, and to seek the true God. We shall read the text, first, *in its natural sense*, and then diving into its meaning a little more deeply, *we shall find spiritual reasons in it for seeking to Jehovah, and to Jehovah alone.*

I. First, then, IN THE NATURAL SENSE OF THE TEXT, we find a truth which is plain enough, but which we need constantly to be reminded of,

namely, that *Jehovah is really God*. If Jehovah were not really the Creator of the world, if he did not in very deed make the seven stars and Orion, if he did not actually work in the operations of Providence, changing the night into day and day again into night, we might be excusable for not rendering him service, since homage might be safely withheld from an imaginary deity. But, as *God is real* and exist as truly as we do, as our existence is dependent upon his sovereign will, and he is all in all, it is due to him that we should "seek his face." And simple as that utterance is, I have need to push it home to you. I am afraid, dear friends, that many of you think of religion in its bearing towards God as being a very proper, but at the same time imaginative, matter. You do not practically grasp the thought that God is, and that he is the rewarder of them that diligently seek him. You do not lay hold upon this fact that as surely as there are fellow creatures round about you, there is a God close to you, in whom you live, and move, and have your being. The worldly man puts his foot down on the earth, and he says, "Ah! I believe in this! Here is something solid and I feel it." He takes up certain fragments of that earth, yellow and glittering, and he says, "This is the main chance, I believe in this." Just so, the created earth is real to him, and God who created all things, is to him but a shadowy being. He may not rudely deny his existence, but practically he reduces his thought of God to a mere fancy, and says in his heart. "No God." My attentive hearer, I trust that thou art not so unwise. Thou knowest that God is, that he *is* even if we *are not*, that he filleth all things, and that he dwelleth everywhere; and since he is the Creator, the First and Chief of all things, I trust thou art anxious to seek him and yield him thy obedience.

Note from the text, that God is not only the true God, but he is *the glorious God*. I cannot understand how the heathen, supposing their gods had been gods, could worship such little, mean, base, and contemptible beings. Think of Jove, for instance, the great god of Rome and Greece, what a disgusting animal he was! What a monster of sensuality, selfishness, and folly! I should feel it hard as a creature, to worship such a god as that, if god he could be. But when I think of him who made the stars and Orion, who stretched out the heavens like a curtain, and made the sky as a molten looking-glass, who is magnificent in the acts of creation, marvellous in the wonders of grace, and unsearchable in all the attributes of his nature, my soul feels it to be her honour and delight to adore him. It is an elevation to the soul to stoop to the dust before such a one. The more we reverence him, and the less we become in our own sight, the more sublime are our emotions. Well did even a heathen say, "To serve God is to reign." To serve such a God as ours is to be made kings and priests. Oh, were not our hearts perverted and depraved, it would be our greatest happiness, our highest rapture to sound forth the praises of a God so glorious, and our hearts would be evermore enquiring of him, "Lord, what wouldst thou have me to do? Thy will is wiser and better than mine own will. I ask no greater liberty than to be bound with thy bands of love; I ask no greater ease than to bear thy blessed yoke." Since then the Lord is real, and moreover so glorious as to be infinitely worthy of worship, we should seek him and live.

Again, Jehovah the true God is most *powerful*, for "he made the seven stars and Orion; he calleth for the waters of the sea, and poureth them out upon the face of the earth. Jehovah is his name." Think reverently of him, for he is not like the gods of the heathen, of whom the prophet said in satire, "Eyes have they, but they see not; mouths have they, but they speak not; noses have they, but they smell not; hands have they, but they handle not." Contempt and ridicule are poured upon these wooden gods by the prophet, when he tells of the workman who takes one end of a log and makes a god of it, and then with the remainder kindles a fire, and warms his hands, and boils his pot. Such a god as this it is indeed a degradation for the human mind to worship, but the true God, who has displayed his power in the glittering firmament, and in the foaming sea, who is revealed with power to the eye of the astronomer in the innumerable worlds revolving in boundless space, such a God we must reverence. Oh! in the hour of storm and tempest, when the Lord is abroad riding in his chariot of thunder-cloud upon the wings of the wind, casting forth his hailstones and coals of fire, making the earth to shake at the sound of his voice, and breaking the cedars of Lebanon with the flash of his spear, we feel we must adore him, and as we bow before him reason endorses the worship which grace suggests. Is not his power a cogent reason for seeking him? Will not you who have lived without him now adore him? A real God, so glorious and so powerful, should surely command your reverent adoration.

Further, *he is a God who works great marvels*, achieving wonders every moment which would astonish us if we were not so used to beholding them. They tell the story—'tis but a legend of the days of Solomon the wise, that the King astonished all beholders by taking a seed and producing from it in a few moments a full grown plant. They cried, "How wonderful! How astonishing!" But the wise man said, "This is only what the Lord doeth every day; this is what he is performing everywhere in his own time, and you see it, and yet you never say, 'How wonderful!'" When we have watched those who practise sleight-of-hand perform their feats, we have marvelled greatly, but what are a few poor conjuring tricks when compared with the ordinary, but yet matchless processes of nature? Our fields and hedges team with marvels never equalled by all the wisdom and skill of man. Walk into the grass field, and you tread on miracles. Listen to the birds as they sing in the trees, and you hear marvellous speech. If one little mechanical bird, with a few clockwork movements, were warbling out something like music in an exhibition, everybody would gather round it, and some would even pay to hear it sing, and yet thousands of birds sing infinitely more sweetly than anything that man can make, and men had rather kill them than admire them. Men fail to see the miracle which God is working in each living thing. Turn your eyes above you to the starry firmament, and watch the Pleiades and Arcturus with his sons; for though we know but little of them, they have won from many an observer an awestruck acknowledgment of the greatness of God, insomuch that it has been said—

"An underout astronomer is mad."

The order, the regularity, the manifest calculation and design which appear in every part of the constellations, in every single planet, in every fixed star, and in every part and parcel of the great multitude of worlds which God has created, are such decisive evidences that if men do not see something of God in them, they must be weak in their minds or wicked in their hearts. Surely what is seen of God in this way has tended to make us worship him. Many of you may know but little of astronomy, but still you see every day that God is working everywhere around us, and that heaven, and earth, and land, and sea, are teeming with the products of his marvellous skill. The revolutions of day and night, and the formation and fall of rain are indisputable proofs of the presence of eternal power and Godhead. Let us, therefore, seek the Lord ! How is it that a man can go up and down in God's world, and yet forget the God who made the whole ? I do not suppose that a man could have walked through the exhibition at Paris without thinking of the emperor whose influence gathered all those treasures together, and who attracted the kings and princes of the earth to visit it ; and yet men will go through this world, compared with which the Exposition was a box of children's toys, and will not recognise God therein ! Oh ! strange blindness, mad infatuation, that with God everywhere present, and such a God, the God whom to know is life eternal, whom to delight in is present happiness and future bliss—man is willingly ignorant, blind to his own best interests, senseless to the sweetest and the most ennobling emotions, and an enemy to his best friend !

The surface of the text supplies us with motives for seeking God. O that the Holy Spirit might supply us with grace that we might *feel* the motives, and be obedient to them !

II. We will now regard the text WITH A MORE SPIRITUAL EYE.

We speak to those who are sensible of their departure from the living God, and are anxious to be reconciled to him, by the forgiveness of their sins for Jesus' sake, but our text has also a word for the obdurate and unawakened. The Lord has been pleased to invite the penitent to come to him in many places of Scripture, but in this passage, in order that the invitation may miss of none, it is made exceedingly wide in its character. Our text will appear to be very wonderful if we notice the connection. "Ye who turn judgment to wormwood, and leave off righteousness in the earth, seek ye him." There is no mention of those who thirst for him, who are humbled, and confess their faults, but this exhortation is given to those who have no good points about them, but many of the most pernicious traits of character. Those who turn judgment into wormwood, and leave off righteousness in the earth, even those are bidden to seek God. Marvellous mercy ! Who after this shall dare despair ? If my hearer has up to this day lived a stranger to God, the text does not exclude him from seeking God, but as with an angel's voice it whispers, "Seek him." If sin has perverted your judgment, yet seek the great Creator and Preserver ; seek him, for you shall find him ; you are not bidden to seek his face in vain ; the command to seek him implies the certainty of his being found of you.

The reasons given for seeking the Lord are, spiritually, these. The Lord "maketh the seven stars"—that is to say, the Pleiades, and he

also "maketh Orion." Now, the Pleiades were regarded as being the constellation of the spring, harbingers of the coming summer. We read of "the sweet influences of the Pleiades." They are most conspicuous at the vernal period of the year. On the other hand, the Oriental herdsman, such as Amos was when he saw Orion flaming aloft, knew the wintry sign right well. Both the Pleiades and Orion are ordained of the Lord, *he makes our joys and our troubles*. See, then, the reason why we should seek God, because if Orion should just now be in the ascendant, and we should be visited with a winter of despondency, chilled by howling winds of fear and sharp frosts of dismay, if we seek to God he can withdraw Orion, and place us under the gentle sway of the Pleiades of promise, so that a springtime of hope and comfort shall cheer our souls, to be succeeded by a summer of rare delights and fruitful joys. Hearest thou this, poor troubled one? Whatever thy sorrow may be, the God who made heaven and earth can suddenly change it into the brightest joy. By providence he can do it. Thy circumstances which are now so desperate can be changed by a touch of his hand within an hour. To whom canst thou better apply for succour? And if thy heart be sick and sad with a sense of sin, and thou art pining with remorse, his grace can find a balm and cordial for thy wounded conscience, which shall give thee peace at once. Before the clock ticks again God can grant thee perfect salvation, blot out thy sins like a cloud, and like a thick cloud thine iniquities. Seek thou the pardoning God. Seek him, I say, for to whom else shouldst thou go? Where else shouldst thou look for strength but to the Strong? Where else for mercy but to the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ.

The Lord, moreover, turns grief into joy. In the text it is added, "he turneth the shadow of death into the morning." The long dark night of sorrow, blacker than darkness itself because it presages everlasting wrath, the night created by the grim shadow of death, cold, chill, terrible, may have fallen upon your soul, but the living God can at once transform this darkness into the brightness of the morning. When the sun arises with healing beneath his wings, the whole earth is made to smile, and even thus at once can the Lord make your whole nature glad with the light of his countenance. Though you are ready to lie down in despair; though you suppose that hell yawns for you, and will soon receive your guilty soul—he can turn this shadow of death into the morning of peace and joy. To whom, then, should you go but to this God? He has already given his dear Son to be the way of life for us sinners. Have you ever heard of another who gave his son to die for his enemies? Gad not about after other helpers, but come at once to your heavenly Father's arms, and with the prodigal say—"I will arise and go to my Father!" If you are willing to come, the way is open, for Jesus died. You must not come arrayed in the supposed fitness of good works or good feelings, but you must come resting on the finished work of the appointed Saviour. If you look to him you shall be lightened. If you come with his name upon your lips, you shall ask what you will, and it shall be done unto you. Should not this be a reason for coming, that he can turn your night into day, your winter into summer?

But the text bears another aspect, namely, that *God can also turn*

your present joy into grief, and therefore you should seek him. He makes the seven stars give way to Orion. "He maketh the day dark with night." At this moment, it may be, that you are at ease; but how long will you be so? Though you have no God, you are content with what you possess in this world, satisfied with your daily earnings, or with your yearly income, charmed with your wife, your children, your estate; but remember how soon your joys may be taken from you! Have you not heard how often God's providence has stripped the house, stripped the family, stripped the man's very soul of every comfort? Remember ye not the story of Job, who in one day descended from riches to poverty? Know ye not that if the wicked spread themselves abroad like a green bay tree, they shall suddenly wither, and though they be exceeding proud and strong, like the ox fatted for the slaughter they shall come to their end? All our joys on earth are dependent upon the sovereign will of heaven. Some of you know this by bitter experience, for you have seen the delight of your eyes taken away at a stroke, and the comfort of your heart carried to the grave. Now, to whom should you fly for succour, but to him upon whom all your present comfort depends, and who can so soon take it all away? How prudent to be at peace with him! How wise, above all wisdom, to be reconciled to the mighty God! But, alas, for those who have often been warned! They have hardened their necks, and will be suddenly destroyed. Their day will blacken into everlasting night. The proud sinner will die as others do, his eye will pale, and his brow grow cold, for he must face inexorable Death, and then when he comes into the land to which the wicked are banished, he will enter into the outer darkness, darkness which shall be felt, in the land of confusion, where there is no beginning of hope, or end of misery; who would then desire to stand in his soul's stead? Escape then before the darkness gathers. Seek him, O man, who maketh the day dark with night.

"Ye sinners, seek his face,
Whose wrath you cannot bear;
Fly to the shelter of the cross,
And find salvation there."

The last clause of the text suggests a third reason for seeking the Lord, namely, *God may make that which is a blessing to some a curse to others*. Did you observe it? Seek him that "calleth for the waters of the sea, and poureth them out upon the face of the earth." This may allude to the deluge, when the waters of the ocean covered the very tops of the mountains; but it may be equally well explained by reference to the clouds which yield refreshing rain. The sun draws up the waters of the sea, leaving the salt behind; and, when these exhalations have floated their appointed time in the air, they descend upon the thirsty earth to make glad the soil. Now, since the clause bears two readings, it were well to note how the actions of God oftentimes bear two renderings. There is, for instance, the gift of his dear Son, an unexampled act of love, and yet to some of you it will prove a savour of death unto death. To the unbeliever it will prove a terrible thing that Jesus ever came into the world. He is a precious corner-stone to those who build upon him, but those who stumble upon him shall be broken, and if this stone shall fall upon any man

it shall grind him to powder. That which is heaven's greatest joy is hell's greatest horror. When Christ shall come, the sight of him shall draw forth the acclamations of his people, but it will also cause anguish to his enemies. They shall weep and wail because of him. They shall call upon the rocks to cover them, and upon the mountains to hide them from the face of him that sitteth upon the throne. Since you who so constantly hear the gospel cannot escape from it, but must have it made to you either a savour of death unto death or of life unto life, I pray that the Eternal Spirit may show you the wisdom of seeking God by Jesus Christ, and of seeking him now. It will be a dreadful thing at the last great day to find the gentle Lamb become a Lion to you, to tear you in pieces when there shall be none to deliver! Why should that which is the meat of humble souls become your poison? Why should the blood of that Saviour, in which so many have washed their robes and made them white, be your condemnation? Remember, Jesus' blood will be either upon you to cleanse you or upon you to condemn you. That dreadful cry of the Jews in the streets of Jerusalem—"His blood be on us, and on our children," what a curse it brought upon their race in the massacres within the city walls and, in the bitter exile and suffering which they have so long endured. Take care that the same curse do not bring upon you an eternal exile from God! Seek you his face. I beseech you! You may not long have opportunity to seek it. The day of his mercy may close as closes this day with the setting sun. You may not survive to enjoy another day of gospel invitation. May God the blessed Spirit, who alone can do it, make you seekers, and then make you finders, and his shall be the praise!

Thus much to the unconverted. The people of God can think over the text in relation to themselves. It is rich in priceless instruction to them, but time forbids me to direct their meditations. Farewell.

England's Break with Antichrist.

BY G. HOLDEN PIKE.

(SECOND PAPER.)

THE pain and disgust engendered by studying the pages of mediæval history find some compensation in the discovery, that while apparently supreme, evil was usually too blind to be unbrokenly successful. The false-hearted never have memories sufficiently powerful for their necessities; and the cause of error has never yet attracted to its standard enough sagacity to ensure its escape from disaster. During the ascendancy of the popes in the dark ages, kings and subjects were the common if not the uncomplaining slaves of the church. When times changed, instead of adopting a liberal policy in keeping with the progress of knowledge, an insolent bearing and lofty airs were retained, which, being obsolete, helped to open people's eyes to the absurd pretensions of the ecclesiastics.

Most of us have been interested as children, while our indignation has been awakened by those pictures of death and torture, or illustrations of old Foxe's text, drawn to show the nature of the rough discipline that tried our fathers' faith in distant days. If the martyrologist's pages with their prints still present

to English readers unanswerable evidence of the iniquity of popery, let us proportionately estimate the worth of that irresistible force of conviction, which emanating from the real fire, the torture, and the dying testimony of the martyrs, biassed the multitude against the papacy till it prepared England for the Reformation. False and earthly indeed must a system be when it can supply excuses to a powerful mind like Wolsey's for his extravagance and libertinism; and wherein the otherwise learned and pious More supposed he found divine license for oppression and cruelty. But so false and so earthly is popery. Had Wolsey manifested the fendishness of a hundred Bonners, and had More sunk to the moral level of a Nero, each would have been stimulated in the work of a deadly repression of religion somewhat after the manner that slave-hunters urge on their hounds.

The flames of Smithfield, it is true, shot forth their testimony, while prisons witnessed against the cruelty and intolerance of Rome. These, however, were not the only agencies at work to open the yet dim eyes of the populace. The attendant circumstances of an execution would occasionally tell on public opinion with a power such as persecutors would seem to be incapable of realising. That the heroism of a Bainham or of a Bilney aided the cause their death was supposed to check will easily be believed; but when evil overwhelmed those who had hunted down the Protestants, feasted their eyes on dying agonies, and mocked the heretics in their last hours, people stood aghast, as though the visitation of punishment on the offender had filled them with wonder and terror. "May God forgive thee, and show more mercy than thou angry reviler shovest to me," cried Bainham from the fire, when derided by the town clerk of London. A few days, subsequently, the ghastly news sped through the City that the railer had hanged himself. The martyr's words had haunted him to the death, if they had not hunted him into the grave. Nevertheless, the cause of error had its confessors; for in common fairness we cannot deny that the papacy had some very noble martyrs—such is the frailty of human judgment when perverted by a wrong education. Sir Thomas More, and Fisher, bishop of Rochester, saw in the church, notwithstanding her corruptions, enough of good to be worth testifying for unto death. Besides these illustrious victims of religious delusion there were the less conspicuous, but not less devoted Charterhouse monks, men whose life and cloisters combined as it were to form an oasis of purity in a wide desert of moral corruption and spiritual deadness. All these were unmistakable examples of conscientious devotion to the old order of things; and they all, no less than did the fourteen Baptists who were burnt about the same time, discovered an unwavering faith not common to quieter times.

It is one glory of the Reformation that though it produced its agitators, it was not in itself the work of agitation. Looking back from our standpoint on the first half of the sixteenth century, and regarding the area of its great movement, it seems as though some good angel must have gone abroad, now to visit a monk's cell, or a students' hall, or anon to call at a warehouse, or step into a royal palace to drop into favoured hearts seeds destined to germinate to the troubling of rulers and the shaking of the hierarchy. Thus stealthily proceeded the work of the Christian brethren. These people were poor and obscure; but that fact necessitates our forming a high opinion of their labours; for their energies were of a nature which nothing short of strong faith could have prompted or sustained. It may also be remembered that in those days, earth contained no asylum for heretics within the confines of civilisation. Whatever were their political differences, a common sympathy against heresy bound together the European rulers; and consequently, we should judge leniently of those in the vanguard of progress who are found to have quailed and recanted in the prospect of fire and death. Smithfield had too often been provided with its hideous paraphernalia of the discipline of mother church: it was reserved for old St. Paul's to present the less happy spectacle of a public retraction of Protestant doctrine. How mockingly unreal do the surroundings appear.

There is a burning pile of Bibles and Testaments. There are pale victims carrying fagots around the flames. Sitting in state there is the magnificent Wolsey with his brilliant suite. Six Christian brethren recant; but alas, their shrinking from present pain is no escape from the punishment of a convicting conscience.

In times of popular revolution comparatively small actions may become so linked with great results, and be attended with such noble danger as to compel our classing them among deeds of heroism. To this order belongs an occurrence of 1532—a work that a few years later would have elicited popular applause instead of earning the death awarded to the majority who were engaged in its completion. The Dovercourt of those days contained a wondrous rood. The nods, winks, frowns, or glances of approval of this image attracted an anxious and interested stream of pilgrims, who were not averse from paying liberally for any supposed blessing they carried away. Night and day the sanctuary remained open and unguarded; for, so the monks mysteriously intimated, whoever sought to close the door of the church was preternaturally opposed. Now it happened that four stouthearted and comely youths, with souls irradiated by the light from Germany, not only doubted but resolved on testing the popular theories by putting them to a strain sufficiently severe to convince the populace of their truth or falsehood. The time chosen for the adventure was a frosty, moonlight night in February. After walking ten long miles they came to the open door, the same having been open, as tradition averred, from time immemorial. In ghostly solitude, with silvery light shining aslant through the windows, stood the dreaded object, now destined to be dreadful no longer. Entering the church, and deliberately taking down the image, these nocturnal reformers carried their burden into the open air, set it on fire, and while it blazed and cracked in the crisp atmosphere, returned to their homes and beds. We rightly give all honour to the leading spirits of any beneficent movement. There are lesser men—men who could do such a deed as that of burning the Dovercourt rood—"Their consciences being burdened to see the honour of Almighty God so blasphemed," and their names are inscribed in noble prominence on the roll-list of British reformers.

While regarding the Reformation as a whole, we must not mistake Henry the Eighth for its originator, nor even as its abettor, though undoubtedly he materially smoothed the path for its progress in England. While not so illiberal as many of his contemporaries, the King still showed himself to be a stickler for papal doctrines, although his natural sagacity prevented his associating infallibility with the tiara. He seems to have supposed, that for ecclesiastical purposes a local pope in England would answer as well as a universal pontiff in Italy. There is no disputing that the quarrel with Rome on the question of the divorce hastened reform; but to make the divorce the pivot on which the movement wholly turned is to misunderstand or misrepresent. During the weary period of Henry's negotiating, or of Wolsey's dream of purifying and amending the church, an under-current of public opinion against priestcraft daily increased in volume. The ecclesiastical fabric had grown notoriously corrupt, and only a slight shaking threatened to lay its apparently fair exterior in ruins. Here and there a household had received the "new" doctrine of salvation by faith; and the inmates in stealthy meetings and nocturnal studies represented the heaven destined to permeate the nation. In students of the New Testament the corrupt church found the truest opponents to her pretensions.

As already shown, the church lost ground in Parliament though dealt with by professed adherents. A desire for something better than hypocrisy was abroad in the nation; and the prolonged controversy on the divorce almost involuntarily drew the King to the right side. Persons are commonly sensitive observers of passing events when their interests are affected; and therefore the priests saw with rage and alarm that their power was waning. Because so sensibly losing ground in the senate and in public esteem, they desperately attempted to restore by violence, coercion, or superstition, the prestige forfeited by a

profligato proceduro. A persecuting spirit was revived in all its intensity. Because a gentleman of Buckinghamshire died without honouring the church in his will, his body was contemptuously burned to inculcate a spirit of liberality; while, in the department of superstition, the services of Elizabeth Barton, the maid of Kent, were enlisted.

The tragical story of the Maid of Kent, an epileptic girl, whose misfortune the opponents of reform sought to turn into capital, is too long to be given at length. Elizabeth Barton was just such an instrument as the corrupt clergy gloried in possessing, and had she lived a century earlier, she might have become the means of diverting considerable spoil into the ecclesiastical exchequer. In 1534, the village of Aldington witnessed an unwonted excitement, consequent on the strange doings of one, who, the peasants believed, exhibited involuntary symptoms of speaking and acting under preternatural influence. The country people had scarcely begun accounting for her distorted features, unearthly writhings, and half-intelligible utterances, ere one Masters, a priest, and one Bocking, a friar, discovered in the epileptic a source of profit. The priest rejoiced in commanding a means of money-making, and the friar in possessing an agent of approved potency for obstructing the Reformation, and of hindering the divorce which especially threatened to trouble the hierarchy. The girl's wonderful doings were industriously noised abroad: and what were called miracles were plentifully exhibited, until the attention of high and low was attracted. Being well tutored, Elizabeth made her peculiar misfortune serve the Church, as desired by the ultramontane party. In her rustic simplicity, she may have imagined that she was the favoured medium between shortsighted humanity and invisible powers. For a time all progressed smoothly. Crafty and worldly, the churchmen cautiously felt their way. In order to prevent any flagging of the excitement, it was arranged that a forsaken and desolate chapel in the vicinity should become the scene of the maiden's miraculous cure by the Virgin Mary. This farce having passed off satisfactorily, the party adopted stronger measures. The king was threatened in church and cloister, should he dare to marry Anne Boleyn. Yet one more step, and the pinnacle of triumph would be reached. Elizabeth must appear before Henry himself, and break his Tudor obstinacy with the terrors of heaven, if commonplace entreaty failed. These manoeuvres were partially successful. On being carried before his Majesty, the girl, in homely village phraseology, assured him he would "die the death of a villain," unless he changed his determination. Growing yet bolder with success and desperation, the party, of which this girl was the nucleus, as they saw high and low—even Fisher and More—came over to believing in the inspiration of their *protégé*, contrived a conspiracy for restoring the Pope's supremacy. All this ended, as it could not but end in such troublous days, in ruin and death. Elizabeth admitted her fraud, and her confession, a few minutes before her death, was a protest against the iniquity of popery: "I was a poor wretch without learning," she cried to the Tyburn crowd, "but the praises of the priests turned my brain."

Defeated and exposed in the affair of the Maid of Kent, the priests looked for assistance in other quarters. They could have borne with Pope Henry the Eighth, had his subjects been in a temper to tolerate abuses. Happily, it was otherwise. With the Pontiff's decision in the matter of the divorce came the voice of warning and alarm to monkery. One centre of hope, however, remained. Catherine of Arragon was intensely bigoted to the papacy. She came of a powerful family, while her obstinate temper and fanatical mien rendered her the pliable agent of the extreme party. The harsh treatment, or supposed harsh treatment, experienced by the queen, was awakening indignation on the Continent, and arousing the vindictiveness of her nephew, Charles the Fifth. Fearful vows of vengeance were taken. France was offered substantial rewards to ally herself with Germany against rebellious England; and Europe suddenly resounded with preparations for war. In the midst of this alarm and commotion, Catherine died, and in her grave were covered the

budding hopes of the enemies of the Reformation. In the range of English history, the hand of providence nowhere more visibly appears than in the timely removal of this misguided woman. Dangers were gathering around our island like a threatening tempest; and had she lived, the queen would probably have become the soul of a powerful coalition against purity of faith. At her decease the voices of alarm were hushed; the political atmosphere quickly cleared, and the Reformed doctrines so lately threatened with destruction, had their growth encouraged.

In the meantime, the great business of inspecting the monasteries was progressing. The notion has been too commonly entertained that Henry the Eighth first looked with greedy eyes on the religious houses, and next, in a covetous spirit, planned their destruction for the sake of the spoil. The truth is, that the need for these institutions was superseded; and not only had they grown unpopular, they were a moral eyesore and a shame. While, therefore, he dealt with them as his wisdom dictated, the King in the main yielded to the pressure of public opinion. The worst about these refuges of sin is not known, for Bonner, instructed by Queen Mary, destroyed every copy of the "Black Book" laid before Parliament by the Commission of Inspection. Much more is known about the abounding iniquity, however, than can be told with decency by modern historians. Despised in common by squire and peasant, those ignorant and indolent monks, who wasted their lives in feasting and sensuality, inherited sufficient wit to perceive that the pope was their stoutest defender, and that Rome was the only capital whither they could safely appeal against English affronts—an important consideration, since certain yeomen were now beginning to feel aggrieved at handing over the fat of the land to incompetent pastors and useless monks, while they, the thrifty producers, were constrained to live on common fare. The days had been when the religious houses in a certain manner had served the nation. Learning had been encouraged, travellers hospitably entertained, and the needy sick carefully succoured. But mediæval night had departed, and institutions which, with all their errors, were once a partial blessing, were now an insupportable burden. Thus, because the fabric was rotten, and invitingly attracted the hand of the spoiler, the agitation and threatened quarrel with Rome on the question of the divorce bred alarm and apprehension. To complete the breach with the papacy, it was seen, would seal the doom of the convents. When the dreaded rupture was actually occasioned by the pope's declaring against the divorce, the Government had no alternative, while preserving its honour and safety, but to defend itself by collecting information respecting the interior of houses crowded with transgressors, who, to the list of crimes contained in the first of Romans, occasionally added the art of false coining. The exposure of the fraudulent sins and low sensuality of the monks contributed much towards preparing the way for the swift demolition of their sanctuaries, besides hastening the complete separation of the national heart from Rome, by revealing the true nature of monasticism.

The idea of visiting the monasteries was not altogether novel. Towards the end of the preceding century reports were murmured among the populace of the amazing wickedness to be found in the places consecrated to holy purposes, and some abortive attempts at reform were made by the reigning pope. But now everything was ripe for immediate action. England was under an interdict. Her monarch was excommunicated, and political as well as moral and religious considerations made it necessary for due surveillance to be exercised over houses which, under the hitherto impregnable shield of a holy profession, promised to become temples of treason as well as moral lazarettos. The well-timed inspection of these places greatly aided the Reformation; and the principle then acted on still remains as just and as reasonable as it did of yore. It is no encroachment on the liberty of the subject, nor does it savour of intolerance to bring within the jurisdiction of the magistrate institutions whose nature is subversive of liberty. If the commissioners in their progress were not scattering light they were at least exposing darkness. Nor were the written reports the only evidence

given to the country of monastic abominations. Wherever the visitors halted, nuns under age, and monks not older than twenty-four, were allowed their freedom; and the numbers who accepted the boon dispersed themselves over the country, to become witnesses against an unnatural system. Many of the circumstances attendant on the visitation were sufficiently ludicrous, though painfully illustrative of a phase of the papacy which cannot with propriety be exhibited in all its enormous wickedness. A company of Waltham Abbey monks were literally caught in a strong game net on their return from a midnight debauch. At one place a phial, said to contain some of the blood of Christ, was found. This fluid, now discovered to be the blood of a duck, renewed weekly, became visible to penitents only; and, as sorrow for sin and handsome donations were commonly blended, the bottle was conveniently constructed with a thin and thick side, the former being turned towards the sinner on the forthcoming of something substantial. At another place a crucifix with a nodding and winking figure, was brought to light, and when the people realised how they had been befooled by mechanical contrivances, the bitterness manifested towards their detractors helped to widen the great breach.

We may believe that Henry sought the national welfare when he confiscated the abused property of the ecclesiastics. The King was certainly a reformer, and a host of good things followed in the train of the Reformation. The people awakened to a desire for knowledge, and in proportion as knowledge increased trade expanded. Then the growing expenses of the executive became more pressing as the traffic grew between England and foreign nations. Funds were needed for improving the home ports, and for other public works; so that it was not strange if partially to meet the outlay, the squandered revenues of the monks temptingly offered themselves.

But while the breach with Rome daily widened, and though reformers gained ground and rejoiced in the promise of better days, it was still a time of martyrs. Thomas Hardinge, an old man of Buckinghamshire, and John Frith, a Cambridge scholar, were burnt in 1533. Clerical fanaticism was urging churchmen to extreme action when their blindness to the signs of the times became the indirect occasion of their discomfiture. They discovered that one Thomas Phillips possessed a New Testament, and also impiously ate butter and cheese during Lent. An imprisonment in the Tower, and other indignities inflicted on him, provoked the opportune interference of Parliament. An immense advance in the cause of freedom was made when the secular power refused to sanction ecclesiastical cruelty, or even prevented its perpetration; and the preachers of the reformed doctrine breathed freely when the legislature invested the king with power to correct abuses and order observances. Better than all, was the grand declaration which now rang throughout England.—SCRIPTURE IS THE STANDARD OF THE CATHOLIC FAITH. The Bible was released, and before a free Bible, with a populace competent to read it, Antichrist cannot maintain its empire.

Hundreds of small religious houses were abolished in 1536, and during subsequent years the larger convents followed. About the same time a controversy sprang up concerning printing the Bible in the vulgar tongue. The king, the queen, before her fall, Cranmer and others, were for placing a copy in every parish church. Partially stayed in their persecutions, the papal party hailed this timely innovation with demonstrations of rage and alarm. A free Bible! What strange infatuation! The doctrines and practices of Rome could not be reconciled with the popular interpretation of inspiration! As all knew, or might know, the heresies of Luther sprang from the New Testament.

On the demolition of the large convents, swarms of famishing monks traversed the country, each with only forty shillings in his pocket; but with a heart filled with vindictive passions. The government used a sharp cure for a sore evil, and the sudden breaking up of so many houses was necessarily attended by temporary inconvenience or actual misery. This apparently harsh procedure was strictly in keeping with an age in which changes often came with sudden

violence, rather than in the gradual manner common to our own quieter days. With no other possessions to lose but their heads, and having no choice between penury and a life of industry, the monks, encouraged by the priests, stirred up rebellion, their success being shown in the Lincolnshire rising, and in the formidable northern outbreak under Aske—the Pilgrimage of Grace. Defeat and the usual executions of rebels followed. The sword in religious controversies is sure to produce the results predicted by Christ, and, therefore, the humiliating spectacle was now witnessed of two great parties pushing their quarrel to blood and death. In Anne Boleyn and others, churchmen hunted down their prey. The death of sundry popish lords for treason was regarded as fair retaliation.

On the pope's publishing his Bull of Deposition, in 1538, the breach with Rome may be said to have been completed. It was a bold or even desperate course to adopt. The Vatican gave an example of its own impotence. Its curses were discovered to be no withering blight, but rather the ravings of an imbecile blasphemy. The requirements of the Bull, for candles in churches to be extinguished; for religious ordinances to be suspended; for trade to be stopped; for the King's goods to be seized, and for his orders to be disobeyed, served as a seasonable intimation that the power of the pope had set in England. His anathemas were replied to in an edition of the Bible now published. From the Vatican issued the voice of cursing and condemnation; but, said Cromwell, referring to England, "The light of God's Word does shine over it without any cloud."

There are a few interesting facts illustrative of the times associated with the above-mentioned edition of the Bible. The art of printing being then imperfectly understood in England, a Parisian printer was engaged. The afterwards notorious Bonner was then French ambassador, and receiving instructions from home, he obtained the sanction of the authorities before proceeding with the work in hand. The clergy, however, were intensely anti-Protestant, and discovering what was being done, they began an agitation, which resulted in the seizure and destruction of most of the printed copies. Fortunately the type and a few sets of sheets were preserved, and these, with the workmen, being removed to London, the printing there satisfactorily proceeded. Yet, amid all this happy promise of a revival of life and liberty, John Lambert was burned for denying the Real Presence.

In 1539, the Reformation received a check in the Act for Abolishing Diversities of Opinion—a measure showing how the Legislature groped in darkness while light was breaking over the country. With the exception of the pope's supremacy, and the permission to read the Bible, the cardinal papal doctrines were defended. Anon, the Government authorised the sale of the Scriptures; for hitherto it had been illegal to uphold such a traffic in England. Then the Reformation found a compensation for the fall and death of Cromwell in the publication of the *Formularies of Religion*, which, encumbered as they were with error, retained enough of truth to cause the opponents of Rome to "Rejoice to see the doctrine of the gospel opened more and more." This book, moreover, prefaced by the King, awakened a spirit of enquiry. Truth advanced; but the van of progress was troubled by two evil spirits—two names destined to become linked with lasting infamy. Gardiner and Bonner instigated most of the persecutions and burnings which yet occasionally disgraced the administration.

In the meantime an unrestricted study of the Bible created a public interest unparalleled in kind and degree. People began spending their leisure hours in parish churches, where good readers with clear voices were sure of attentive and appreciative congregations. From Bible reading sprang desires for education. Aged persons, whose dim eyes had never read, wished that their children at least should be endowed with the coveted art. Six Bibles were chained to as many desks in old St. Paul's, and thither the citizens flocked in crowds, the children frequently being the readers. Nevertheless, during those closing years

of the reign of King Henry, much alloy mixed itself with the sterling metal. The populace, for the first time, understood what was meant by preaching the gospel. Hitherto the practice had been rare, and when undertaken on holy-days or saints' festivals, the sermon was too commonly a farrago of fable and mummary, unprofitable because unintelligible; but as light increased, a race of genuine preachers appeared, and drew around them delighted multitudes. On the other hand, many injudicious reformers encouraged the interludes—those absurd stage-plays acted in churches or in the open air, ostensibly for the purpose of exposing the excesses of monks and priests.

Space will not allow of our extending this sketch. The reign of Henry the Eighth was pre-eminently a time of awakening; and it is especially dear in an Englishman's remembrance, as the era of his country's severance from the papal see. What occurred subsequently, not excepting the shocking persecutions of Mary's dismal ascendancy, served to show how complete was the rupture, and how impossible it was for an array of terrors, springing from an alliance of the ecclesiastical and secular powers for the suppression of truth, to undo what the Bible in the hands of bold preachers had effected.

A few of the party-leaders of the time merit a parting word. Henry the Eighth rises before us as the chief enigma in English history. We may not believe him to have been the master of iniquity delineated by most writers; neither may we accept as altogether unchallengeable the portrayal of his character as drawn by Froude. It is impossible to harmonise Henry's solicitude for the spread of piety with his every-day actions; but charity will remember, that through long centuries, the abettors of Rome have striven to blacken the king's character. It is the same with Anne Boleyn. Vilified or extolled by rival parties, her true character cannot be recovered. The severe exposure of her failings by Froude, and the equally able picture of her pattern life, cruel usage and tragic end to be found in the pages of D'Aubigné, if taken together, will form an historical maze not easily escaped from with any clear notions of the real truth. Near the king and his consort moves Cranmer, whose character also is variously written. Suffice it to say, that his conversion from Rome to Protestantism was really his experience of the new birth. What is more affecting, the change was aided by the writings of Frith, whom the bishop had helped to condemn in darker days. Then Wolsey deserves more pity than contempt. Though a great minister he had the infirmities of a weak man; but his beneficence and encouragement of learning may be allowed to outshine, though they cannot atone for his frailties. In Cromwell, moreover, we discover the enviable trait of never forgetting a kindness; while so little is known of Tyndale's busy life, that one refers to him as "a man whose history is lost in his work, and whose epitaph is the Reformation."

The mention of the names of those who began the great work in England begets hope of final victory, though the day may be deferred till a future generation. If popery occasionally shows signs of life amidst our Protestant population, it is in its dotage elsewhere. In France it is held in contempt. In Spain its chief upholder has been driven from her throne. Even in Rome itself, the symptoms of impending anarchy and ruin are more plentiful than any signs of a so-called Catholic revival.

MARROW OF A SERMON. Jesus said, "*They need not depart.*" Matt. xiv. 16: If these strangers need not, much less need his own people. Saints need not break their communion with Jesus. No present necessity exists either in their circumstances or his own; and no future want, trial, or sin, need drive them from fellowship with him. Certainly no force can compel them to leave him, nor is it in itself impossible for their fellowship to remain unbroken. No reason can be imagined which will render it needful for them to leave him, and therefore all their departings from their Lord are as inexcusable as they are injurious.

Metropolitan Tabernacle Colportage Association.

THIRD ANNUAL REPORT.

THE success attending the operations of the Metropolitan Tabernacle Colportage Association during the past twelve months, has given abundant evidence that this work is one eminently fitted to meet a great need of the rural districts of our native land.

Though we cannot rejoice over a large increase in the number of colporteurs at work, the reports from our agents are of the most interesting character, and bear unanimous testimony to the willingness of the people to hear the word of God, and the heartiness with which they welcome the colporteur in his visits. Numerous instances of conversion are attributed to a blessing upon the books sold, as well as to the word in season spoken either at the house door, by the wayside, or in the meeting.

The districts occupied by the agents of the association, are as follows:—

Middlesex—Bow. C. Holton.	Lancashire—Haydock. J. Varnham.
Cambridgeshire—Ely. J. E. Smith.	Kent—Eythorne. J. Avery.
Wiltshire—Warminster. S. King.	„ —Isle of Sheppey. W. Baker.
„ —Wootton Bassett. B. Summersby.	Hertfordshire—St. Alban's. J. Ayliffe.
Essex—Colchester. A. Smith.	Shropshire—Shrewsbury. A. Ingram.

It has been feared by some, that the constant repetition of the colporteurs' visits would weary the people of buying books, but it is not found to be so, the increased taste for good literature, produced by the opportunities afforded, has fully maintained the amount of the sales at the average of last year.

During 1869, 127,130 visits have been paid, and some 78,714 publications sold, of the value of £1,211, by an average number of ten colporteurs. These works consist of—

1,733 Bibles	11,822 Miscellaneous Books
1,354 Testaments	2,506 Baptist Magazine & Messenger
178 Scripture Portions	1,654 Sword and Trowel
9,243 Spurgeon's Sermons	17,222 Children's Magazines
2,566 Almanacks	7,552 Temperance Magazines
1,247 Spurgeon's Works	1,467 Sunday School Magazines
1,530 Hymn Books	2,226 Cassell's Publications
1,133 Bunyan's Works	1,419 Bible Parts
989 Educational Works	16,520 Miscellaneous Magazines
513 Fox's Martyrs	

The number of periodicals supplied monthly, now amounting to upwards of 4,000.

In addition to the above, Bibles and other works have been sold by means of book agents, who merely undertake to dispose of the books in consideration of a discount allowed to them by the Association.

At present we have only four such agents, but trust that many others will avail themselves of this very simple means of providing sound literature, and spreading printed truth. The Committee desire specially to recommend this matter to the attention of ministers and teachers in country villages, at present destitute of any regular supply of good books.

Since our last report, new colportage districts have been commenced in St. Alban's, Shrewsbury, Isle of Sheppey, Chatham, and Salisbury, but the two latter, as well as the old district of Canterbury, have been discontinued, from a failure to obtain the necessary £30 subscription towards the expenses.

The Committee, though most anxious to extend the work, and especially to be able to maintain it in those districts at present occupied, find it impossible to do so with the funds placed at their disposal, and even fear that further reductions in the staff will become absolutely necessary, unless they meet with a larger response than hitherto, to their appeal for support.

Colportage, as a form of Christian labour, is by far the cheapest known, being self-supporting to the extent of nearly one-half the whole expense incurred, while it provides, at the same time, a good supply of God's Word and religious

books, a house to house distribution of tracts, an earnest Christian visitor of the sick and dying, a ready witness-bearer among the people to the truths of the gospel, and frequently leads to the establishment of cottage meetings, open-air services, night schools, and almost every form of evangelistic work yet thought of.

Our most earnest prayer is, therefore, that the Lord would incline the hearts of his people to contribute of their substance towards the maintenance of these Christian labourers, that the work to which he has already so manifestly set his seal, may greatly increase and prosper.

The annexed extracts from the agents' journals, will give the best idea of the work :—

Reception of the colporteur, and opinions respecting his work.

"I find that many people are beginning to feel more and more interest in colportage work, and look upon it as calculated to accomplish much good. Many who at first I believe looked upon bookselling as of little or no importance, yet now are beginning to see more of the value of such a work, and take quite another view of the subject."

"Many of the gentry whom I supply with books, together with the intelligent lower class, have frequently expressed their delight that such an enterprise was started, and many, out of a desire to see its progress and establishment here, have wonderfully encouraged me. I am acquainted with hundreds of cases where families never took in parts of works or periodicals till of me. Although there are other book hawkers who traverse this district, yet the major part of the people encourage the colporteur. The time of his arrival is eagerly looked for, and the dear children on seeing him hasten home to tell their parents that "Spurgeon's Man" is coming, so that they may prepare the cash for the books brought for them. The great mass of the people appreciate Colportage Agency, as they always expect some sweet word about Jesus and his death. The pleasant consideration to the colporteur, that souls will be added to heaven by his instrumentality, that God is glorified by his efforts to do good, cheers him up amid the toil of his body and of his mind."

"Passing a farmyard in the summer one evening, just as the men were leaving work, I pulled up and opened my box, showed the books, and sold about ten shillings' worth in a short time. Thus have I found the labouring class eager for knowledge, and many of these have bought books of me, that would not have cared for them if they were not brought to them."

Appreciation of the books and tracts, and blessing on reading them.

"To-day I met with a poor old man, eighty-four years of age, to whom I sold a book some time since. He is so delighted with it that he has had a large pocket made in the inside of his waistcoat so that he can carry it, and read it whenever he feels disposed, for he says he does not know what he should do without it."

"Many have purchased good books that have been a great blessing to their souls, and most likely they would have known nothing about them had it not been for the colporteur taking them and testifying of their value."

"Many of those who used to take in a novel or other light reading, now take other things more profitable. Some of the people that I have induced to take in magazines are so anxious for them they scarcely like to wait from month to month, but wish they came out oftener. One woman who at one time scorned the name of anything approaching religion, now says that she looks forward every week for the sermon as regularly as clockwork, and she says her husband would almost as soon go without his breakfast on Sunday morning as go without the reading of the sermon."

"In one place, far out of all but the colporteur's reach, I am looked for with quite anxiety, and many are their forebodings if for a few days my visit is delayed. For as one remarked, I must take in Mr. Spurgeon's Sermons, for we can't get any food here, our parson is up to nothing, with his angels clad in white and tomfoolery, I don't care for going to hear him."

"At one house a lad was waiting with his money in his hand to purchase a Bible. This lad had seen me on my previous visit, and had saved his money, and was waiting for me to call."

"A man told me but a short time since that Mr. Spurgeon's Sermons had been blessed to him, and that he now believed in Christ to the saving of his soul."

"One day a gentleman purchased a second copy of "John Ploughman's Talk" from me, and told me that the man to whom he gave the first read it, and from being a drunkard he was led to be a sober man; from being a sober man, to attend the house of God on the Sabbath, which we trust will not end there, but in his conversion."

"A man spoke to me in the street, and said to me, 'Missionary, that tract you gave me, oh, that tract!' I asked him what tract it was. He said to me, 'Why, about the blood.' I said, 'What blood?' He said, 'the precious blood of Jesus,' and he came to my house on Sunday morning, and begged me to give him some more."

"A woman to whom I gave a tract, entitled, 'The Way of Salvation,' on my next visit, pressed my hand, and said, 'O sir! what a beautiful tract that was; the Lord has blessed it very much to my soul, and I trust I am walking in the way of salvation.'"

Hindrances to the colporteur from prejudice and ignorance.

"I was told once by a farmer to be off out of his parish at once, or his rector would put me in jail. When I first came to this district, I had to preach in a village called T—, a wild place indeed. I shall never forget the first time I preached there. Stones were thrown, the door was broken, bricks torn out of the walls, and the conduct was awful. Self told me to give up this village, but Jesus told me to go on, and go on I did, and T— is now a very good preaching station. One I know has found the Saviour, and others I think are feeling after him, if haply he may be found."

"By Papists I have been met with, 'Be off, be off, I'll stick you in a moment,' and bang goes the door in my face."

Opportunities for speaking of Jesus on the colporteur's rounds.

"To-day I went to H— and C—, sold some books, distributed some tracts, spoke to several about the one thing needful, read a tract to a poor woman, and also read and prayed with a poor old man and woman who could not read themselves; they appeared to be very thankful, saying they never had anyone to read to them except when I came."

"I am constantly meeting with opportunities of reading and praying with the sick, and sometimes the dying. The other day I spoke to an old woman about getting her soul saved, and during the conversation she burst into tears, expressing a wish to know Jesus. I prayed with her, and shall not soon forget how thankful and earnest she was about her soul. I have great reason to believe that she is saved. In June, I visited a village at some distance; on entering a cottage, and speaking to a woman about her soul, the following conversation took place, as near as I can tell: 'Master, have you any book that would do for my husband, he is a great drunkard and pigeon-flyer?' 'Yes, missis.' I sold her a penny book, 'Buy your own cherries,' and left her a tract. She asked me if I would pray for her husband, and I assured her I would put him on my list for prayer. I did so, and prayed for him. I visited her again in July, and nearly the first word was, 'Did God ever answer your prayer before, master?' 'Many a time, missis.' 'Your book made him cry, master, an' he's sold his pigeons, and he's signing the pledge.' 'Praise the Lord, missis.' 'Have you got another book like that, master?' 'Yes, missis, I have got one here, that will touch him, it is 'Voices from the coal-pit.' 'I'll have it; bring me another when you come again.' 'If he gets signed with the blood of Jesus, missis, it will be a case with him.' 'I hope he will, master.' 'And you must be determined, too, missis, and take him to the house of God.' 'He has not many clothes to go in, yet we have been married several years, and I have had no comfort with him. He's been drinking, and pigeon-flying all day on Sunday, and stayed out till two or three o'clock in the morning.' 'Take him as he is, missis, Christ does not look at clothes. Christ can strip off those filthy rags of his own righteousness, and put heaven's best robe of righteousness upon him, without anything to pay for it, missis.' 'I wish he was turned, how happy I should be to continue to pray for him, master.'"

"I called at K., and found a man who had persecuted his wife for her religion, lying very ill. I began to converse with him, and said what frail creatures we are when the Lord lays his hand upon us. I told him I hoped the affliction would be blessed to him, and be the means of leading him to Christ."

The colporteur holding meetings and cottage services.

This work, though not required of the colporteur, is frequently engaged in by him in his own time.

"To-day I held two meetings in the open air, and thus one man was brought under the sound of the gospel who had not been seen in a chapel for years."

"During the year, I have held a number of cottage meetings, and they have been well attended; some hundreds have heard the gospel through that means, and good has been done. One man has been brought out to speak a little for Jesus. I have also tried to instruct the ignorant, by means of night schools, and many that could scarce tell their letters, when they began, can now manage to read their Testaments very nicely, and they have their names put down for periodicals this next year. I also hold a weekly prayer meeting at eight. Many Christians of different sects have attended it, and have had their hearts warmed and cheered by waiting upon the living God. A man and his wife told me once how mightily they had been wrought upon by the open-air preaching. The woman said, 'I wish I had called you in last Sunday night to pray with us, my husband did nothing but cry.' I held the prayer meeting in their house the Sunday night following, when the man and his wife cried out for mercy. Both professed to find Jesus, and are going on very nicely. I heard a stone come at the door while we were praying, and it made my heart begin to flame, and my faith to take hold of God, for I knew it came from hell."

Again: "We have a Sabbath school of about eighty scholars, but only four teachers. A temperance meeting on Monday evenings, which is well attended, and about seventy have

signed the pledge. On Tuesday we have a preaching service, on Thursday a prayer meeting, and on Saturday a class to teach the youths to read. We have about twenty hopeful cases of conversion, besides many others under impression. One case in point, a man who has been one of the worst characters in the neighbourhood, was brought to the room, and after attending some time, was deeply convinced of sin. All next day he felt, as he told his wife, 'as if the devil was continually at his elbow,' but on Tuesday he found peace in our room."

"Attended and addressed a crowded tea meeting, which was got up by myself and friends at one of the cottages where I hold religious meetings, our object being to try and promote unity, and to try to get more people to attend the meetings. I trust the Lord will own and bless our feeble endeavours. With the profits and a collection, we gave several poor children a tea a day or two afterwards, and then I spoke to them about their souls."

A few Questions for present Consideration.

THE writer firmly believes that the State, as such, ought neither to patronise nor persecute religion, hence he has been and is a member of "The Society for Liberating Religion from State Patronage and Control;" but he hears on all sides this principle roughly and popularly stated in these terms—"the State has nothing to do with religion," and as from this last statement he dissents very strongly, he is anxious that the difference should be as clear to the minds of others as it is to his own; or, that reason should be shown to convince him of his error. As a preliminary exercise upon this subject, the following queries are proposed:—

1. Are not all mankind under law to God, and where, and when did the King of all the earth announce that nations were to be free from his control, and from all recognition of his existence and authority?

2. Ought not a nation in all questions which necessarily involve religion, to decide for God, and according to his word, rather than for infidelity; and when a question is decided by numbers, is not every citizen burdened with a share of responsibility, and should he not give his vote on the Lord's side?

3. If the case of a government appointed for secular rule be exactly parallel with that of a company for the management of a railway, so that neither may go beyond their special business, are not both the government and the company still bound by the laws of God; as, for instance, by that which allots one day in seven for rest? And can either of them break such laws without sin? If it be true, that both are free from all allegiance to the law of God, where is this affirmed or implied in Scripture?

4. If a government has nothing to do with religion, by what right are public-houses closed on Sundays at certain hours? Why are theatres closed on the Lord's-day? Why are chaplains provided for the army and navy? Why is religion taught in reformatories? Why is divine service held in gaols? Why are public works closed on the Lord's-day? Why does not Parliament sit on Sundays? We venture to challenge the believers in the non-religious principle to endeavour to carry out the logical inferences of their own assertion; most devoutly hoping that they will never succeed.

5. If a government should cease to acknowledge God at all, or in any sense, would it not at once become religious in the very lowest and worst sense, and be to all intents and purposes atheistic, and would it not necessarily by disregarding the Sabbath, and in other ways, become a persecuting government towards the Christian faith, at least in the case of its servants and employes? And would it not thereby involve all its Christian subjects in a share of its sin?

6. As the non-respect of God's word is as much a religion as the respect of it, and as the avowed believers in this religion are a small minority of the nation, is it consistent with justice that the governing power should be controlled by the negative faith or non-faith of the minority, in a word, by their irreligion? If not, then in questions which necessarily involve religion, must not the government decide for respect to God and his Word?

7. How can religion be eliminated from education, unless it be eliminated from the teacher himself? If books of history and science, and all reading lessons be expurgated of every religious idea, and the Bible be excluded, will not the work be still incomplete till we raise teachers of a colourless character, or so utterly destitute of all zeal, that they will never intrude their faith in God, his providence, his Word, or his Son?

8. Supposing this last fact to be accomplished, what results beneficial and desirable are likely to follow from the teaching? What results which Non-conformist Christians could look upon with pleasure when on their knees before God in intercession for their country?

9. If it be said that Sabbath schools will make up the deficiency, is it remembered that in large towns the government schools will mainly gather those who never have gone to such schools and never will? Is it also remembered that many of the lowest class of parents who now send their children to Sunday-schools as their only chance of learning to read, will probably withdraw them when they are forced to acquire that accomplishment, or at least can do so for nothing, elsewhere. Is it really believed by Christian men that mere reading, writing, and arithmetic, without religious instruction, will elevate our street Arabs, and train the waifs and strays of London to be honest men and good citizens?

10. Is this the freedom which our fathers fought and bled for, and this the liberty for which Nonconformists have suffered and laboured—the liberty to deny to those who ask for it, permission for their children to read the Bible in the government schools? If it be so, was the object worthy of the effort? Is it not tantamount to gaining authority to withhold from our degraded juvenile population the fairest chance of moral elevation which was ever placed within their reach?

11. As we have now with considerable clearness taught the world that the State has no power within the sphere of the church, would it not be as well to teach the further lesson, which is needed to balance the first, namely—that God is King over all the earth, and that Jesus Christ is King of kings and Lord of lords? Is it not true that parliaments, and kings, and nations, are under the law of Christ, and that whoever may say, "Let us break his bands asunder, and cast his cords from us," such language ill becomes Christian men.

C. H. SPURGEON.

Golden Lane Mission.

To the Editor of "The Sword and the Trowel."

SIR.—Permit me, through the medium of your excellent magazine, to thank the generous friends who have responded to my appeal* for funds to build a permanent home for the mission.

From various sources about £160 have been received and promised, being rather less than a fourth of the sum actually required. Ground is very valuable in the city of London, and even in Golden Lane the landlords make exorbitant demands for their property. We have permission to remain in our present building three months longer. It will be in the hands of the auctioneers by the time this magazine is published.

Wishing to keep from debt, we are waiting till the Lord inclines his people to give liberally before we commence building. Our poor hearers are doing their utmost to help. We ask *not* for a decorated Gothic structure with an ambitious, towering spire, but simply for a plain brick building to shelter the numerous operations now carried on.

153, Downham Road, N.

I am, faithfully yours,
W. J. ORSMAN.

* See "The Sword and the Trowel" for May, 1870.

Reviews.

We are obliged this month to leave out many reviews and much interesting matter.

The Doom of the Unjust; or, the doctrine of Eternal Punishment considered in relation to the Person and Work of the Lord Jesus Christ. By ARTHUR PRIDHAM. Yapp, Welbeck Street. Partridge, Paternoster Row. Price Sixpence.

A PAMPHLET on the right side, gracious, thoughtful, and, as we think, conclusive. The author shows the incompatibility of the short-punishment doctrine, with a just and worthy view either of the person or the work of our Lord Jesus Christ.

An Impartial Review of the late Rev. J. C. Philpot, M.A. By a Watchman on the Walls of Zion. Price Two-pence. Mrs. Paul, Chapter House Court.

WE are not fond of these reviews of character, but if we must have them it is well that they should be kind where they discriminate, and discreet where they eulogise: such we judge this to be,

but we really do not feel competent to judge. We have read Mr. Philpot's sermons with much profit; he was incomparable on his one theme, and now that he is gone to his reward, we will not write a word of that friendly criticism which were he living we might feel called upon to utter.

The Jews, their Past, Present, and Future, being a succinct history of God's ancient people in all ages. By J. ALEXANDER. S. W. Partridge & Co.

MANY valuable works on the history of the Jews, may be hunted up by those who are called to go deeply into the subject, but we know of no work which, in a short compass, gives so much and such correct information as that before us. Mr. Alexander is a brother whom we love in the Lord, but even apart from this we feel bound warmly to commend his work. Every Christian who loves the seed of Israel, should not only procure and peruse this volume, but profit by meditating upon its contents.

Memoranda.

THE Education Meeting at Exeter Hall over which we presided, was an extraordinary triumph for those who would preserve our national liberties in connection with the proposed new schools. The crowded meeting was made up of working men, and the speakers, all working men, delivered speeches as eloquent as they were brief, which is saying much, for ten minutes was the time allowed to each. When the resolution, that the Bible be permitted to be read in the National Schools by those children whose parents wished it, was put to the meeting, it was carried amid a tumult of cheers, about twenty hands only being held up for the secularist amendment. The working men of London are not prepared to withhold from their children the book of God. We are amazed that so many religious people should think differently. Is it come to this, that those ardent lovers of religious liberty who claim to be the representatives of Nonconformity, would deny the children of their fellow countrymen the liberty to read the word of God in the schools of the

nation? If so, there is some truth in the remark that there is no such tyrant in the world as your shouter for freedom, and no such bigot as your ultra-liberal.

Our appeal by letter, and at the end of the weekly sermon, brought us a very great number of kind responses, in the form of help for the Orphanage. Sums large and small poured in, and boxes of goods arrived from all quarters. Most of the cash was received after the 19th of June, and so was too late to be acknowledged in this number of the Magazine, but all will be accounted for in the August number. The same remark applies to a large number of the boxes of goods. It may possibly happen that some parcels will be omitted in the list, the truth being that as almost all came in on the last day, and there was so much to do to get ready for opening the Bazaar, it is very probable that some of the letters enclosed were overlooked, and so we have no means of describing the parcels. We are however most grateful to all our dear helpers, and we thank them heartily for their cheering

words as well as their gifts. Our readers have gladdened our heart by their love. We are not able to report accurately the success of the Bazaar, for we write while it is going on. The numbers attending have been comparatively small, we scarcely know why, and therefore our sales are not what we might have expected; but the gifts of many friends have been liberal, and we have reason to believe that, together with donations, when all is made up, we shall have received rather more than £1,000. The infirmary will require not less than £1,200, and the master's house, laundry, and other matters, all put together, will probably cost another £800. There would thus be a further £1,000 needed, but our beloved friend, Mr. Wigner, of New Cross having collected and brought in a further sum of £192, as the gift of the Baptist churches, we shall be so much the nearer the desired end; and as the work proceeds we shall hope to see the other £800 forthcoming. Our friends, the collectors, we have to thank for £177 brought in for the general funds during the Bazaar. We have never had any doubt that God would send us means for his own work, but we were not a little troubled to find our old friends putting off their help to the last moment. Our gentle hint sufficed to bring them up to their wonted generosity.

Friends who aided the Bazaar, by sending boxes of goods, can receive a record of our thanks, inscribed upon the back of our *carte de visite*, and signed with our autograph. We do not know in what way to thank our generous helpers, but as this little matter has afforded pleasure in some instances, we shall, at the risk of being thought vain, feel most happy to do the same to all our kind workers who will send a line expressing their desire for it, they must however give time for printing the photographs. The inscription on the back of the portrait may aid our friends in getting us subscribers for our Orphan work in time to come.

Enquiring friends will be glad to know that Mrs. Bartlett's class is favoured with much blessing, and souls are being converted to God.

John Ploughman's Talk has reached the 110th thousand, and Feathers for Arrows are in the 10th thousand.

The gracious God, who is ever with us, was pleased to move a friend hitherto unknown, to bring us on the 21st June, the sum of £400 for our work, whereof £300 is set apart to the College, and £100 is included in the amount received for the Infirmary. To God be praise, to our friend a blessed reward.

Mr. George Hill, of our College, has

accepted the unanimous invitation of the church in Commercial Road, Oxford, and has become their pastor.

Mr. E. S. Neale, late of Waterbeach, is much cheered in his labours in his new sphere at Monkwearmouth.

Mr. Kerr, a most useful man, late of our College, has been compelled to return from St. Helena, through his wife's illness, and is now seeking a suitable sphere of labour.

Our friend, Mr. Wigner, of New Cross, is a living embodiment of disinterested brotherly love. At the laying of the first stone of one of our houses at the Orphanage, it came into his heart to ask the Baptist churches of our land to raise a sum of money sufficient to build two houses, and present the same to us as a testimony of the love and esteem our brethren bear to us. He set to work, with Mr. Goodall as treasurer, and he persevered in his labour of love till he had made up the goodly sum of £1,764 14s. 4d., of which the last instalment of £192 was presented, June 22, at the meeting presided over by Lord S after-bury. We were also enriched by receiving from him a beautiful book, containing the name of every contributing church and person, a book worth its weight in diamonds to us, for it is perfumed with Christian love. We had an additional pleasure in receiving a photograph of the two houses, beautifully framed and inscribed. To every one of the thousands of givers, we render our heartfelt thanks, humbled deeply, and yet greatly comforted by the sweetly evident fact that we live in so many hearts. To the man whose greatly loving heart conceived the idea, and whose energy so gallantly carried it to completion, our lifelong gratitude shall be paid, nor can we forget his worthy fellow labourer, Mr. Goodall.

Since the article on "the eye" was in type, Mr. Leach has received a very interesting communication from the father of the English gentleman, the late Mr. W. Cumming, who was stated in the first paper to have been the first to prove that the human eye really did emit as well as take in light—a fact of the utmost value, leading, as it did subsequently, to the construction by a German of an instrument which has been a great blessing to suffering humanity. This gentleman died at the early age of thirty-three, just when his scientific powers were full of promise. Our readers will be glad to hear that this benefactor to his race was much esteemed by the Baptist church, Cotton Street, Poplar, of which he was a member.

Baptisms at Metropolitan Tabernacle, by Mr. J. A. Spurgeon:—May 26th, twenty; June 2nd, eighteen; 9th, four.

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

[illegible]

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

Bible Class, Gorebridge		Manse, per Mr.	£	s.	d.	A Thankoffering from a working mason		£	s.	d.
Thomas Forsyth	0	14	6	Collection at Woollaston, per Rev. H.	...	6	5	0
W. A. M.	0	2	6	Varley	0	11
The Widow's Mite, Hull	0	2	0	Collected by Mrs. Vynno	1	0
A. L. B., Stafford	0	2	0	Mr. C. C.	2	0
O. Oyne Aberdeen	0	2	6	Mr. J. Dow	1	0
A Minister of the United Presbyterian Church	1	0	0	A Strict Baptist	0	2
Mrs. Turner, Collecting Box	0	10	0	Daniel's undaunted courage	0	10
Master Brock	0	6	7	A Thankoffering, Ewell	0	2
Captain Meltichie, per Rev. W. C. Bunning	0	5	0	Mr. J. Ross	0	5
Mr. C. Meeking	10	10	0	Miss Lizzie Grosso	0	10
R. S.	0	5	0	Mr. A. Searle	0	8
Mr. Ashton, Collecting Box	0	8	0	Miss Gay	1	17
Sanctified Affliction	0	2	0	Collected by Mr. Sandwell	0	6
A debtor to mercy	1	0	0	Mr. Titchner, Collecting Box	1	0
Little Louis John Mallows	0	15	0	Let brotherly love continue	0	0
A well wisher	10	10	0	Jane	1	0
Friends at Invergordon	50	0	0	Mr. J. F. Wyckoff	0	10
Rebecca	0	2	6	Mrs. Draycott	1	0
C. A.	0	5	0	A Friend near Leicester	0	2
A Servant	0	1	0	A Friend at Melton	0	10
Mr. J. Davey	0	2	6	Mr. Collins	0
Rags	0	14	0	Collection at Cupar after sermon by C.	101	0
Collected at Castlemilk, by Malcolm Clark	1	0	0	H. Spurgeon	0	5
Mr. J. Fellows	0	2	7	Mr. Stevenson and Friends	0	2
S. W. F.	0	5	0	A Friend, Montrose	0	6
T. H. H.	1	0	0	Durweston Chimney and his boys	0	5
Miss Summers	0	2	6	Glapham Omnibus Driver	28	8
D. W.	0	3	0	Mrs. Spurgeon's Carriage	1	0
A Mite, Glasgow	0	5	0	Mr. R. Oakley	1	6
Friend	0	4	0	Collected by Mrs. Bengus	1	0
Mr. J. Pennell	1	0	0	Mrs. Munro	4	0
Rev. W. J. Inglis	0	2	6	Acknowledgements of mercies	0	5
Mr. S. Hayman	0	3	0	Mrs. Bettie	0	1
Mr. Wyld, per Rev. J. A. Spurgeon	0	10	6	Hard Times	0	6
Mr. and Mrs. Booth	1	0	0	Two Presbyterian Friends	0	1
Mr. J. Mc Elhinney	0	4	0	Mr. J. Turner	2	0
Little Nellie	0	5	0	Mrs. Beilby	0
One whose beloved is better than all	0	3	6	Proceeds of Entertainment by the Mutual Literary Society	10	10
J. G., Scotland	0	5	0	A. W.	0	5
R. C. F.	0	5	0	Rebecca	0	4
Miss Ashcraft	0	12	0	A Thursday Night Hearer	5	0
Per Rev. J. May	0	8	0	Mrs. Kennedy	0	10
						A Friend	2	4
						Mr. H. Speight	1	0

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Mr. Gordon ...	1	0	0	Mrs. Rutherford, Collecting Box...	0	7	5
Mr. and Mrs. Akehurst ...	0	10	0	Mr. J. S. Barker, Collecting Card	1	14	9
Messrs. Pocock Brothers ...	1	0	0	Master S. C. Spurgeon ...	2	17	0
Mr. William Hall ...	1	1	0	Rev. D. Morgan ...	1	13	6
Mrs. Bell ...	2	10	0	Miss Jephth ...	1	0	2
Mrs. E. May ...	0	5	0	Miss Summersell ...	1	3	0
Mrs. Kelsey ...	1	0	0	Miss Wade ...	0	15	6
Mrs. Gould ...	1	0	0	Miss How ...	0	6	6
Miss Abbott ...	1	0	0	Mr. W. J. Evans, Collecting Box	0	9	6
Mr. J. Barrett ...	1	1	0	Mrs. McDougall, Collecting Book	1	0	6
Collected by Miss Jesson—				Collected by Mrs. Withers—			
Mr. G. Emery ...	2	0	0	Mr. W. Moore ...	1	1	0
A Friend ...	0	5	0	Mrs. Tutty ...	0	2	6
Mr. H. Carrier ...	0	10	0	Mr. G. Palmer, Quarterly Sub.	1	0	0
Mrs. C. B. Robinson ...	0	10	0	Mr. W. J. Palmer ...	0	10	0
Mr. W. Stanyon ...	0	10	0	Mr. J. Huntley ...	0	10	0
Mr. Pickard ...	0	10	0	Mr. J. O. Cooper ...	0	5	0
Mrs. Hill ...	0	10	0	Mr. W. Moore ...	0	5	0
The Misses Bennett ...	0	5	0	Mr. J. Leach ...	0	5	0
Mr. George Ellis ...	0	5	0	Mr. James Withers ...	0	5	0
Mr. C. Smith ...	0	5	0	Mrs. Robert Poultton, Annual	0	3	0
A Friend ...	0	7	0	Subscription ...	0	3	0
Mrs. Pickering ...	0	1	6	Mrs. Searle ...	0	2	6
Mrs. Hargrave ...	0	3	0	Mr. T. Gregory ...	0	5	0
A Friend ...	0	1	0	Rev. F. Clowes, per Mr. E. Leach,	4	14	0
Mrs. Wardle ...	0	3	0	Annual Subscription	1	1	0
Mr. Barrow ...	0	2	6	Mr. G. Palmer ...	50	0	0
Mrs. Eames ...	0	3	6	Mrs. Green ...	5	5	0
A Friend ...	0	1	0				
Miss Coopis ...	0	2	6				
Miss C. Jesson ...	1	0	0				
	7	15	0				
					£329	7	0

Orphanage Infirmary.

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Mr. Watson ...	1	0	0	Dr. Mill ...	1	0	0
A Widow's Mite, per Rev. W. C. Bunning	0	5	0	Mrs. Howell ...	0	2	0
Mr. W. C. Greenop ...	2	0	0	Matthew xiv. 8 ...	0	6	0
Misses Dransfield ...	10	10	0	An Orphan ...	0	1	0
A. M. ...	0	5	0	Mr. R. Harding ...	0	19	1
A Friend at Communion ...	1	0	0	Mr. L. Guthrie ...	3	0	0
Mr. Vickery ...	1	1	0	Mr. J. W. Dew ...	0	5	0
Miss S. Hadland ...	0	10	0	E. M. ...	0	10	0
A. J. ...	0	5	0	Mr. D. Paul ...	0	13	6
Mr. J. Cairns ...	1	10	0	Hastings ...	0	1	0
Mr. Wyld, per Rev. J. A. Spurgeon	0	10	0	A Scotch Presbyterian ...	0	5	6
Glasgow ...	0	10	0	M. R. ...	0	10	0
Mr. Frearson ...	5	0	0	Mr. S. Williams, Junr.	0	10	0
Miss Rebecca York ...	0	2	6	Two Readers, Keith...	0	5	0
Miss Elizabeth York ...	0	2	6	K. S. ...	0	2	0
Friend at Newburgh ...	0	15	0	A Grateful Mother ...	0	10	0
Miss Strugnell ...	0	10	6	Mr. J. Sadler...	0	5	0
Mrs. Swinstead ...	1	0	0	Perth ...	0	1	0
Mr. A. Searle ...	0	10	0	Miss Hopperton ...	0	5	0
A constant reader ...	0	10	0	Miss Broughton ...	0	5	0
Miss Hallum ...	5	0	0	Mr. H. Fells ...	0	15	0
A Widow ...	0	1	0	Mrs. G. Wynnan ...	4	2	0
Two rather poor old women	0	4	0	Exeter ...	0	3	8
Glasgow ...	0	1	0	Belfast ...	0	2	0
A poor rich man ...	0	5	0	Mr. M. G. Hardy ...	2	2	0
Arundel ...	0	1	0	Dollar, N. B. ...	0	3	0
Constant Readers, Aberdeen	0	7	6	J. H. F. ...	0	0	6
Mr. R. Law, Junr., Aberdeen	0	7	0	Mrs. Waller and Mrs. Blundell	0	6	0
Darlington ...	0	1	0	Miss S. Munro ...	1	0	0
Rhyl ...	0	1	0	W. E. ...	10	0	0
Mr. F. J. Ackland ...	0	10	0	Friends in Montrose	1	2	6
A Poor Law Officer ...	0	2	0	Mr. J. Rankin ...	0	2	6
Warminster ...	0	2	6	Greenock ...	0	1	0
Nottingham ...	0	2	0	Berkhamstead ...	0	2	6
L. B. P. ...	0	2	6	Stirling ...	0	1	0
Mr. W. H. Roberts ...	2	2	0	A Friend ...	0	2	0
Norwich ...	0	5	0	Preston ...	0	2	6
Mr. J. Walley ...	1	0	0	H. ...	0	2	6
M. D., E. M. ...	0	1	3	Mr. W. Linsey ...	0	10	0
Liskeard ...	0	2	6	Mrs. Allen ...	5	0	0
Coldstream ...	0	1	0	Messrs. C. & T. Hodgo	5	0	0
A Constant Reader ...	0	0	6	Ditto	2	10	6
Mrs. Elsey ...	1	0	0	An expression of thanks for the services			
Myself ...	0	1	0	of Students at Henley-on-Thames	1	6	0
My Wife ...	0	1	0	Miss Dawbarn ...	0	12	0
My Boy ...	0	0	6	Edinburgh ...	0	3	0
Mr. H. Shaw ...	0	5	0	Mr. Joscelyn ...	0	10	0
H. E. ...	0	1	0	Mr. R. Taylor ...	0	10	0

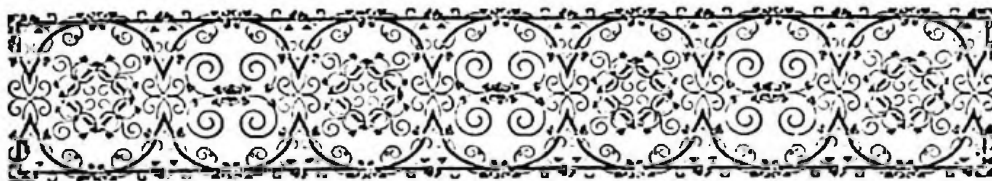
	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
A Working Man ...	0	2	6	Mr. A. Law ...	0	1	6
A Friend, Bath ...	1	1	0	A. ...	0	2	6
Miss Chapman ...	0	2	0	Dundee ...	0	5	0
Miss Alley ...	0	2	0	A. R. F., Godalming ...	0	3	0
Mr. J. Brown, Junr. ...	0	2	6	A. E. S., Dunstable ...	0	5	0
A Friend, Swansea ...	0	5	0	Mrs. Sarah Gibson ...	0	5	0
Wesleyan, York ...	0	5	0	Mr. J. Stroud ...	0	10	0
J. O. M. ...	0	4	0	Mrs. Munro ...	1	0	0
Mr. R. Adam ...	0	5	0	J. D. ...	0	5	0
Mr. E. Burnett ...	1	0	0	A Rader ...	0	5	0
A thankful Reader ...	0	1	0	Mrs. Elizabeth Dunning ...	0	2	6
Mrs. Coombs ...	0	5	0	Mr. Thomas Dunn ...	0	2	6
J. E. ...	1	0	0	J. Innocent ...	0	2	6
Manchester ...	0	2	6	Kilmarnock ...	1	0	0
Mr. Richard Marsh ...	0	2	0	T. Z. ...	0	10	0
Lucy T. ...	0	4	0	Mr. J. Moir ...	0	11	0
Mrs. Freemanway ...	0	10	0	Mr. J. Summerville ...	0	5	0
Mr. E. Simpson ...	1	0	0	Family Juvenile Missionary Box ...	1	2	0
Whitnash ...	0	1	4	W. N. E. ...	0	10	0
Mrs. Elizabeth Munro ...	0	6	0	Mr. W. Bristow ...	0	2	6
Glasgow ...	1	0	0	A. and M. ...	0	15	0
Stirling ...	0	1	0	Mrs. Cranford ...	0	2	6
North Shields ...	0	1	0	Mrs. J. Sangster ...	0	10	0
Irvine ...	0	2	6	Mr. E. Farndon ...	1	1	0
Mr. C. Harvie ...	0	2	0	Mrs. Gardina ...	1	3	0
Mr. T. H. Ross ...	0	2	6	Edinburgh ...	0	5	0
Miss M. G. Howell ...	0	1	0	E. and M. ...	0	5	0
Hungerford ...	0	2	0	A domestic servant ...	0	12	0
Sherborne ...	0	1	0	Miss Smithies ...	0	10	0
Mr. C. Gibson ...	0	2	6	Mrs. Todd ...	2	0	0
Reader, Inverness ...	1	0	0	A. W. ...	0	5	0
T. M. ...	0	5	0	Miss Mary Jones ...	0	5	0
F. & M. W. ...	0	5	0	Mr. A. Ritchie ...	1	0	0
Kelso ...	0	10	0	Mr. G. N. S. Mason ...	1	1	0
Leamington ...	0	2	0	K. P., Harrow ...	1	3	6
A Poor Widow ...	0	1	0	D. T. ...	0	10	0
A Friend, two halves, Bank Note, 75276 ...	5	0	0	Emma B. Payne ...	0	5	0
Glasgow ...	0	0	6	E. F. ...	0	5	0
A Cabman ...	0	0	6	Mr. T. Frost ...	0	10	0
Gratitude ...	0	5	0	Mr. Jenkins ...	4	0	0
Mr. E. Morgan ...	5	0	0	A Reader of Sermons, per Rev. W. C. Bunning ...	3	0	0
Mr. W. White Millar ...	25	0	0	May ...	0	10	0
Rev. G. H. Rouse ...	0	10	0	Mrs. Wilson ...	3	3	0
Maduff ...	0	2	6				
Mr. E. M. Edwards ...	1	0	0				
Mr. R. Law ...	0	2	6				
					£165	5	10

Golden Lane Mission.

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Messrs. Harms and List ...	2	2	0	M. A. R. ...	1	0	0
J. Dodson ...	10	0	0	J. Pope (promised) ...	2	2	0
J. Freeman ...	1	0	0	D. W. Turner ...	0	10	0
J. D. ...	0	10	0	A Cheshunt Student ...	1	0	0
The Earl of Shaftesbury ...	10	0	0	T. H. H. ...	4	0	0
E. Cutler ...	10	0	0	F. O. R. ...	0	5	6
Louisa Blair ...	20	0	0	Per Rev. E. Leach ...	2	11	5
C. M. ...	5	0	0	J. Edwards ...	2	0	0
J. P. Carter (promised) ...	1	0	0	B. Thorn ...	0	6	0
B. B. Bitchett (promised) ...	5	0	0	C. Henderson ...	0	4	6
J. M. Jupe (promised) ...	10	0	0	W. Brient ...	5	0	0
W. Tucker ...	1	0	0	J. Sugden ...	0	5	0
Mrs. Watson ...	0	5	0	"A Thankoffering" ...	5	0	0
F. E. Smith ...	5	0	0	Mrs. Bell ...	2	10	0
E. Grace ...	0	10	0	M. and Miss G. ...	3	0	0
J. Wilson (promised) ...	30	0	0	M. A. Pringle ...	1	0	0
Rev. F. Tucker (per) ...	3	0	0	A. Shanks ...	0	5	0
C. S. ...	0	5	0	Martha Vickress ...	1	1	0
Mrs. Perrett ...	0	10	0	M. A. C. ...	1	0	0
Per J. C. ...	1	10	0	Mrs. Bristow ...	5	0	0
"A Very Young Disciple" ...	5	0	0	"A Strict Baptist" ...	1	0	0
E. W. Ostler ...	0	5	0	A Friend ...	0	4	0
J. We therston ...	1	10	0	Mrs. E. York ...	0	2	0
W. Laid ...	0	1	0	R. York ...	0	2	0
J. C. Dew ...	1	1	6	J. Goddard ...	2	0	0
Mrs. London ...	0	5	0	Mrs. Beilby ...	1	0	0

Colportage Association.

Subscriptions—	£	s.	d.	Collected by—	£	s.	d.
A. B. Quarterly Subscription ...	7	10	0	Flora ...	2	0	0
Donations—							
M. A. R. ...	0	2	0				
T. H. H. ...	0	5	0				
					£9	17	0



THE
SWORD AND THE TROWEL.

AUGUST 1, 1870.

The Little Matchbox Makers.

EXTREME 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, harlot 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: 'Woe 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 farthing 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 *woman*, 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 stifling 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 eldest, 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 purlieus 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 vying 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 quickly 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 unfailing 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-bell 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 prizewinner, 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.

Pesant 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-cochere*,† 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 those 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, duetting 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 "cheek," 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

* Poly-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 indigenuous 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 *Ecce 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 "*Ecce 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 spake 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 "*spécialité*" 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 Turshish 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* hasted 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 hasted 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. Hurd 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 veneering 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 luxury 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 night 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 Sabboth 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.

Reviews.

Class-book on the Confession of Faith.
By A. A. Hodge, D.D. Edited by
W. H. Goold, 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. WISEMAN, 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 SYMINGTON. 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 Truthseekers. 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 Puocas, 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 Westinancote 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.

Pastors' College, Metropolitan Tabernacle.

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

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Mrs. Wrentmore ...	300	0	0	Mr. J. Campbell ...	1	5	0
Mr. J. Hector ...	1	0	0	Three Friends ...	0	3	0
Mr. G. H. Mason ...	20	0	0	Luke x. 2 ...	1	0	0
Mr. J. Lee ...	2	2	0	A. V. L. ...	10	0	0
H. A. ...	0	5	0	J. L. ...	1	0	0
Mr. T. Kennard ...	0	10	0	Mr. and Mrs. Salter ...	0	10	0
Mr. S. Wilby ...	0	10	0	Mr. J. Ball ...	1	0	0
Mr. H. Dunn ...	0	5	0	Mr. C. Webb ...	10	0	0
J. H. ...	0	5	0	Dr. Gervis ...	1	1	0
Mrs. Wilson ...	0	10	0	Dr. McGill ...	2	2	0
Mrs. Bickmore ...	20	0	0	Miss K. Leathers ...	0	10	0
Ditto Quarterly Subscription ...	2	0	0	Mr. T. Moonlight ...	1	1	6
Mr. W. J. Galloway ...	0	10	6	Mr. J. Green ...	2	2	0
Mr. Bowker's Class ...	25	0	0	Readers of "Christian World" ...	2	2	0
A Friend ...	0	2	0	Mrs. C. H. Price ...	1	0	0
V. W. ...	1	0	0	Mr. J. Pope ...	2	2	0
Iota ...	0	2	6	Mr. C. Ball ...	4	0	0
Mrs. Dring, Collecting Box ...	0	6	10	Miss Maxwell ...	0	10	0
I. Z. Z. ...	0	2	0	Mr. Draisfield ...	2	2	0
E. H. B. ...	0	10	0	Charlotte Ware ...	0	7	6
W. T. ...	0	3	9	Molety of Collections at Chaddington			
Mrs. Simmond's Collecting Box ...	0	6	5	after Sermons by C. H. Spurgeon ...	10	10	0
Mr. Page ...	1	1	0	Collection Sunday School, Cornwall			
A Birthday Offering ...	5	0	0	Road, Brixton ...	1	4	0
Mrs. Saborine ...	1	0	0	Weekly Offering at Tab., June	26	34	1
A Widow, per Mrs. Ward ...	0	10	0	" " " July	3	40	0
E. G. ...	2	0	0	" " " "	10	31	1
M. G. M. ...	0	10	0	" " " "	17	47	13
A Friend, Helensburgh ...	2	0	0				
H. F. ...	5	0	0				
E. Mc P. ...	0	7	6				
Friends at Wanaka Station, Otago ...	8	15	6				
					£617	13	10

Golden Lane Mission.

Mr. W. J. Orsman, 153, Downham Road, London, N., thankfully acknowledges the following for the New Building Fund.

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Collected by Miss Smyth ...	4	0	0	Per J. C., S. A. G. ...	1	0	0
Harry ...	0	13	0	" A Friend ...	0	10	0
Mrs. Timmins ...	1	10	0	" Mr. Wheeler ...	0	1	0
Mr. W. Longhurst ...	0	2	6	Per C. H. Spurgeon, Mrs. Bickmore ...	5	0	0
Mrs. Lousley ...	0	10	0	" A Friend, Liverpool ...	10	0	0
J. J. C. M. ...	0	5	0	" Mrs. Todd ...	5	0	0
Mr. J. S. Garratt ...	0	10	0	" J. Z. Z. ...	0	1	0
Per "Christian World" ...	7	15	0	" E. E. ...	0	2	6
Friend B. ...	10	0	0	Mrs. C. Beneste ...	0	2	0
Mr. W. Lassell ...	3	0	0	Mr. Beneste, Senr. ...	0	10	0
R. P. ...	5	0	0	Mr. A. Beneste ...	0	2	0
Joseph Heap, Esq. ...	5	0	0	W. & H. Y. ...	1	0	0
J. D. (third donation) ...	0	10	0	Eliza ...	2	0	0
Holloway Bricks ...	0	2	0	Mr. G. J. Reeve ...	1	1	0
M. T. ...	0	2	6	H. D. Gilmlett ...	1	0	0
Dei Gratia ...	0	2	6	Mrs. Leehler, Madras ...	2	0	0
Mr. C. Norton (second donation) ...	5	0	0	J. M. C. (for Excursion) ...	1	11	0

Colportage Association.

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
<i>Subscriptions—</i>				J. H. ...	0	2	6
Miss Bishop, Sheerness (Quarterly) ...	5	0	0	E. G. ...	2	0	0
North Wilts District, per W. B. ...	7	0	0	E. Mc P. ...	0	5	0
Wearing, Esq. ...	7	0	0	A Friend, Helensburgh ...	1	0	0
South Wilts District, per J. N. Toone, Esq. ...	14	0	0	Mr. C. Ball ...	2	15	6
Mr. T. Page ...	0	5	0	Mr. E. M. Edwards ...	1	1	0
Mrs. Bickmore ...	5	0	0	A Friend ...	0	2	6
Rev. C. H. Spurgeon (quarterly) ...	7	10	0	Part of Collection at Tabernacle ...	20	0	0
M. W. Salop ...	7	10	0				
<i>Donations—</i>							
H. Lowe, Esq., Bath ...	5	0	0				
A. W. ...	0	5	0				
					£78	16	6

STOCKWELL ORPHANAGE, 1869.

From the Annual Report we here give our readers Extracts.

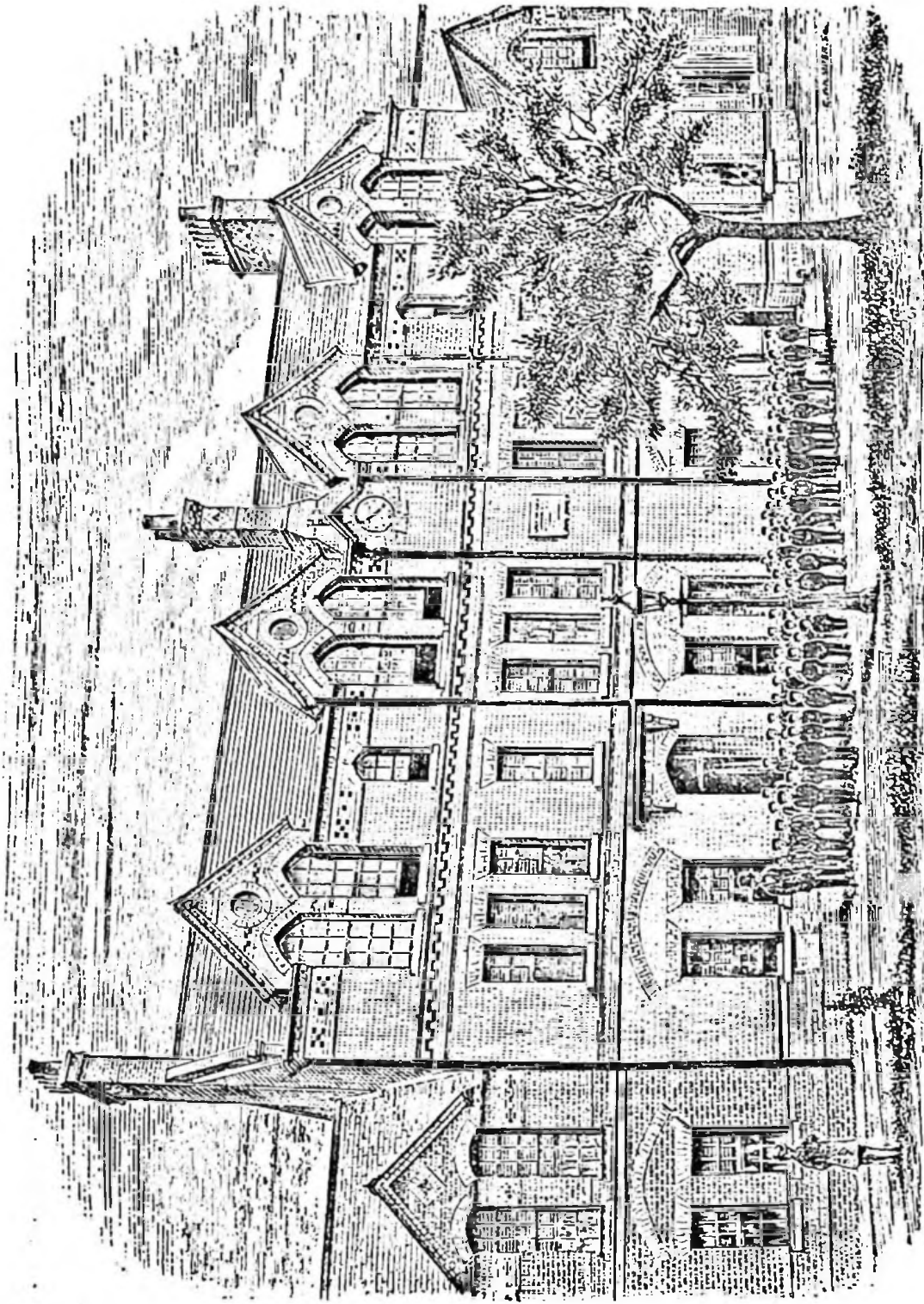


THE present Report of the Stockwell Orphanage, is issued in the spirit of gratitude and praise to the great "Father of the fatherless," for the abounding lovingkindness which he has showered upon this Institution from the first day even until now.

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 employés, 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.



ORPHANAGE HOUSES BUILT BY THE BAPTIST CHURCHES AS A TESTIMONIAL OF THEIR ESTEEM FOR MR. SPURGEON

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. Jenks	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	8
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. Axenfeld	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 Dicks	0	14	0
J. J.	1	0	0	A Seatholder	0	10	0
Collected by Mrs. Kean—				A Mantel-piece Collecting Box, Can-			
Mrs. Kean	1	0	0	terbury	0	3	7
Mrs. Moore	0	2	6	M. K.	0	7	6
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	8	M. A. R.	0	3	0
Mr. D. Huggett	0	2	8	Mr. W. Mathewson	5	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. P. 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. Dawo	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 Ferritt, Collecting Box	0	19	10	Miss Cruickshank	0	8	0
Mrs. Brake	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
Del 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. Salmon	0	2	6	Mr. J. Fuller	0	5	0
A Friend, Helensburgh	2	0	0	Boxes at Tabernacle Gates	2	16	11
Mrs. Lanchester, Collecting Box ...	0	10	2	Annual Subscriptions—			
A Reader of Sermons, per Mr. C. H.				Mr. Silas Corko	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. E. Sears	0	5	0	Mr. R. Smith	0	5	0

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Mr. Shuttleworth ...	1	1	0	Miss Bayerstock ...	2	2	7
Mr. Jos. 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	6
Miss Cones ...	0	17	6	Master W. Davis ...	0	2	0
Mrs. Boxall ...	2	0	0	Mrs. Williams ...	0	7	8
Mrs. Marsh ...	1	14	6	Mr. J. Crombie ...	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 Bone ...	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 McAlley ...	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	15	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	Mrs. 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	19	9
Mrs. Lloyd ...	0	4	0	Miss Saunders ...	1	2	1
Mrs. Lawson ...	1	1	2	Mrs. Priestley ...	1	10	0
Mrs. Copping ...	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	Mr. Corrick ...	0	11	0
Mrs. White ...	0	8	0	Miss Thompson ...	0	5	0
Miss L. Platt ...	0	6	0	Mrs. Vernon ...	0	10	0
Mr. Ferrin ...	0	5	6	Mr. Tofield ...	0	15	6
Mr. Croker ...	0	6	0	Miss J. Cockshaw ...	0	10	0
Per Mr. Simpson—				Mrs. Nisbett ...	0	11	6
Mr. C. Smithers ...	1	1	0	Mrs. Saunderson ...	0	6	0
Mr. Kekelle ...	1	1	0	Miss Carlton ...	1	15	0
Mr. D. F. Bartrum ...	0	10	0	Mr. E. W. Saunders ...	1	0	6
Miss Martineau ...	0	10	0	Miss Chivers ...	0	10	6
				Mr. Speller ...	1	7	6
Miss Baldock ...	3	2	0	Miss Champion ...	0	12	6
Mr. Hollis ...	0	14	0	Mrs. Platt ...	2	10	0
Mr. Field ...	10	2	4	Mrs. Goslin ...	0	4	0
Master C. Jennings ...	0	3	3	Master W. Phillips ...	1	12	6
Mr. R. Willcox ...	0	15	0	Miss Parnell ...	0	7	6
Miss E. Coates ...	0	1	6	Miss Joyce ...	5	0	0
Master C. Andrews ...	0	2	11	Mr. Padgett ...	0	1	9
Mrs. Outridge ...	0	5	6	Master J. Prust ...	0	0	9
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	6
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	5	0	Mrs. Ashby ...	0	10	0
Master Lemon ...	2	2	0	Mrs. Nugent ...	1	10	6
Mrs. Ryan ...	1	7	0	Miss Fitzgerald ...	0	14	0
Mrs. Bryson ...	0	6	4	Mr. C. Berry ...	0	5	8
Miss Lesser ...	2	7	7	Mr. S. Meyers ...	0	1	10

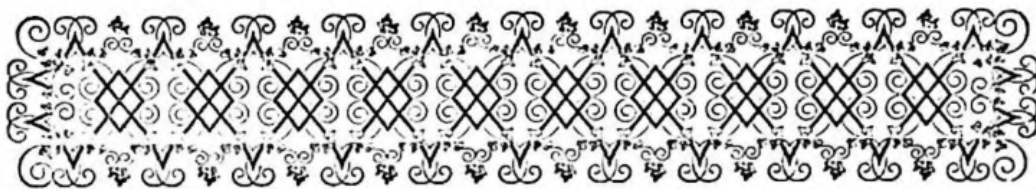
£ s. d.				£ s. d.			
Miss Swinfen	0 5 8	W. Eves	0 4 8
Mrs. Underwood	0 4 0	E. Fourness	0 5 0
Mrs. Drayson	0 11 7	J. Gatten	0 5 0
Miss Gaze	1 1 0	C. Goddard	0 2 0
Master Wicks	0 9 8	A. J. Heath	0 4 3
Mrs. Hudson	0 10 0	A. Harold	0 5 0
Mrs. Mackrell	0 5 0	James Hodge	0 5 0
Mrs. Dines	0 5 1	J. J. Hanks	0 6 0
Master Parker	0 3 2	S. Hitchcox	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. Leak	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. Manchoe	0 9 0
Master Everett	0 14 5	F. Matthews	0 0 1
Miss Desroix	0 7 6	E. Masenholder	0 6 2
Master Higgs	1 3 10	E. H. Marr	0 5 0
Miss Smith	0 13 1	E. Miele	0 5 0
Miss Rinsey	1 7 3	J. H. Osman	0 4 2
Miss Gillerd	0 15 1	W. Okill	0 10 0
Miss Quinnell	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. Passingham	0 0 4
Master Clifford	3 0 1	F. Peice	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. Abley	0 5 0	W. H. Seantes	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. Browne	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. Bruchlacher	0 4 6	C. Plant	0 4 1
J. M. Boraston	0 5 0	T. Vlockery	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
Bligh	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 5 0
J. and C. Dunn	0 5 0	Miss Storer	0 7 5
J. K. Davies	0 5 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. Edmunds	0 11 6	Miss F. Gilbert	0 5 2
R. Ehlers	0 6 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. Wrenthmore	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	6	0
Falkirk	0	2	6	Brandon	0	6	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	Neil 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	6	0
A Friend, Burnham, Essex	5	0	0	W. H.	0	6	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. Wesser	1	0	0	Mr. R. A. Jaffray	0	3	0
Mr. F. Peck	0	5	0	Two Friends	0	12	0
Friends	0	1	0	Friends at Brentwood, per Mrs. Gamago	2	12	0
I was Sick and ye visited me	0	4	0	Mr. and Mrs. Fisher	10	0	0
Mr. H. Jull	0	7	0	Rev. E. S. Neil	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.	26	0	0
Kingston	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	10	0
Mr. C. Davies	0	10	0	A Christian Lady	5	0	0
Cast all your care on the Lord	0	3	0	Mr. T. Kennard	0	10	0
Mr. W. T. Mackey	0	10	0	Miss T. Hatchett	0	1	0
	0	3	0	E. Tunbridge	0	1	0
Mrs. Jessie Dingwall Fordyce	5	0	0	Master Saunders	0	8	0
Mrs. Croker	1	1	0	A Widow	0	10	0
Miss S. Monck and Friends	0	5	0	Friends	1	5	6
M. S.	0	4	6	Mr. Mackay	0	10	0
Mr. J. Hector	1	0	0	Mr. Chew	5	0	0
Mr. Stace	0	10	0	Miss Palfrey	2	14	9
Mr. W. Irving	0	2	6	D. W. W.	0	5	0
Leven	1	0	0	Montrose	0	2	6
Reader of Sermons	0	1	0	Falkirk	0	5	0
Glasgow	0	3	0	Mr. T. Rowland	0	7	6
Mrs. Milne	1	0	0	With warmest Prayers	0	1	0
A Reader of Sermons, Inverness	0	10	0	A Widow	0	5	0
With donor's best wishes	0	5	0	Mr. E. Mounsey	5	0	0
W. W.	0	2	6	Woodbury	0	10	0
R. A.	0	2	6	Mrs. Dix	5	5	0
Mrs. McLean	0	10	0	Hon. Mrs. Rochfort	1	0	0
Alford	0	1	0	Mrs. Anderson	1	0	0
A Reader	1	0	0	Mr. B. Tice	0	5	0
E. P. G. Dudley	0	10	0	Mrs. Dods	1	10	0
Bricksworth	0	1	0	Mr. J. McDowell	3	0	0
Kilmross	0	5	0	Tweedside	0	10	0
Matt. xxii. 21	1	0	0	Mr. Temple	1	1	0
H. V.	0	1	6	E. and A. Edwards	1	0	0
Sparkbrook	0	2	6	Mr. J. Stevenson	0	2	0
Aberdeen	0	2	6	Mr. W. Stevenson	0	1	0
E. M. Bewsey	0	5	0	Miss Jessie Rag	0	1	0
Mr. Belfast	0	10	0	Mr. W. Dunbar	0	1	0
E. Kershaw	0	5	0	Mr. L. Walker	0	10	0
Mrs. C. Hunting	1	0	0	A Widow's Son	0	5	6
Dundee	0	5	0	A Reader of Sermons	0	1	0
Mr. J. Taylor	0	2	6	C. Barty	0	2	6
				M. G....	0	2	6



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 Ashtaroath, 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 comely 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 be, 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 eateth 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 taking 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 darest 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 pay for thy gaddings, aforetime? 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 aforesaid 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, or 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 discomfiture 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 desecrated 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 condemned 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 longing 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 inspire 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 Di-senters 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 Matley 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.

Pesant 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 traditionary magnificence of a grand procession. Traditionary, 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 upplings 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 à 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 phrasology. 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 you small village on this side of Onchy? 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 *asperges*, 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. Doed 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 drum; 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.

CHRIST 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 waving 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 men’al 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 Franco 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 grindstone. 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 horn 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 peace-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 IELIAN, 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. E. 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 divineness 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 Thankoffering, 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. H. Speight ...	2	0	0	Mr. Starling ...	3	0	0
C. B., Norwich ...	0	2	0	Part of Collection at Weymouth, per			
Mrs. Agnes Dick ...	1	0	0	Mr. Griffin ...	2	5	0
A Friend, Galashiels ...	0	8	0	Church in the 55th Regiment ...	5	0	0
H. M. ...	20	0	0	A Lincolnshire Reader ...	5	0	0
Mrs. Arnold ...	0	1	0	Miss Anne Morris ...	0	2	0
May ...	0	5	0	J. A. Keith ...	0	6	0
A Friend from D. ...	0	2	0	Mr. J. S. Watts ...	1	1	0
Sigma ...	5	0	0	Weekly Offering at Tab., July	24	34	1 6
Omega ...	0	10	0	" " " Aug.	31	33	5 8
Mr. J. Willson ...	1	1	0	" " " "	7	31	8 5
Mr. Dransfield ...	2	2	0	" " " "	14	36	7 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. Bainbridge ...	0	10	0
Molety of Collection at Amersham after				Omega ...	0	5	0
Sermons by C. H. Spurgeon ...	15	0	0	Mr. J. Kempton ...	0	5	0
C. V. P. Y. ...	5	0	0	A Friend ...	0	1	0
Mrs. Camps ...	1	0	0	Mr. S. Willson ...	1	1	0
Mrs. Camps' family ...	0	6	1	Mr. J. Fellows ...	0	2	7
Edinburgh ...	1	0	0	Ewell ...	0	10	0
R. W. P. ...	1	5	0	H. A. ...	0	2	6
Deeside ...	0	2	6	S. W. ...	1	10	0
Mrs. Keith ...	0	2	6	Collected by—			
Mary ...	0	5	0	Mrs. Kentfield ...	0	16	0
Miss Grosse ...	0	2	6	Master R. Adams ...	0	5	1
Mrs. Legge ...	0	7	6	Miss S. Buxton ...	2	3	0
H. J. ...	0	10	0	Mr. W. Proctor ...	2	6	0
Mrs. Agnes Dick ...	2	4	0	Miss Burgess ...	0	7	6
Collection at Barton Abbey after Ser-				Mrs. Vynne ...	1	2	0
mons by C. H. Spurgeon ...	26	4	3	J. F. ...	0	16	0
A Friend ...	0	2	6	Mrs. Wood ...	1	0	0
Mrs. Emma Chilton ...	2	0	0	Mr. F. Tate ...	0	12	0
A Friend at Tackley, given to Mr.				Mr. J. Houghton ...	10	0	0
Spurgeon at Barton Abbey ...	2	0	0	E. K. ...	0	14	0
H. M. ...	20	0	0	Mrs. Glennan ...	2	0	0
Ettie ...	0	1	0	Mr. E. E. Groom ...	1	0	0
Jonny ...	0	1	6	Mr. Baskett ...	0	10	0
Uncle ...	0	1	0	S. A. ...	1	0	0
Agnes ...	0	0	6	Friends per Mr. T. Dick ...	0	10	0
Mrs. Dafforne ...	0	4	0	Mr. T. Strickland ...	1	0	0
A Country Minister ...	0	3	0	Miss Smith ...	1	0	0
A Widow's Mite ...	0	1	0	Mr. J. Campbell ...	1	0	0
Mrs. Easty ...	0	5	0	M. T. Simdister ...	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. Ranklue	5	0	0	Mr. W. Jones	0	2	6
W. T. A.	1	0	0	Mrs. Easty	0	2	6
Mr. H. Beebe	1	1	0	Mrs. Abbot	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. Molr	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. Broekie	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. Watta	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	8	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. Comley	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. Ritchie	0	5	0
Mr. W. Wright	1	0	0	Two Friends at Cambridge	2	0	0
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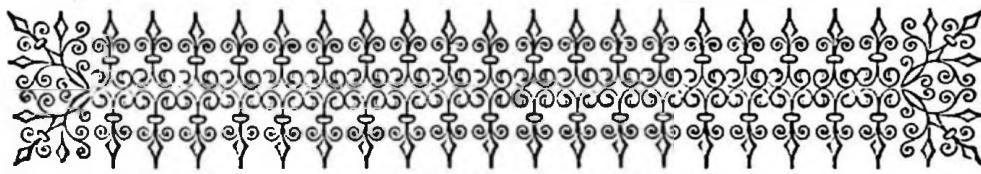
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Subscriptions will be thankfully received by C. H. Spurgeon, Metropolitan Tabernacle, Newington. Should any sums be unacknowledged in this list, friends are requested to write at once to Mr. Spurgeon. Post Office Orders should be made payable at the 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, voluntaryism, and Baptist voluntaryism 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 thril 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 livin' 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 bill 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. Pearce, 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-hog 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 chaster 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 litanies, 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, Polperro? 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 "Market 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, "Yon'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. Leaving 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 Lyonesse 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 scaled, St. Just, and the Botallack Mine to be visited, St. Ives, Carnbren, 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 reputededly 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 cheats 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 these quiet moments, these 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 feed and protection through being encaged? Go thy way, thou Iconoclast! Thou sacreligious 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.

Rebicus.

A Rhymed Harmony of the Gospels.
By FRANCIS BARRHAM 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.

Nor 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 spendest 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 resorted 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, Brock, 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. Renders	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
A Friend at Tea Meeting ...	1	0	0	" " " Sept.	24	47	13
G. K.	0	10	0	" " " "	4	49	2
Mr. W. Jones	0	10	0	" " " "	11	27	8
The Misses Dransfield ...	2	2	0	" " " "	18	60	4
Mr. J. Hollings	0	5	0				
A Friend	0	13	0				
Mrs. Blair, per Rev. E. Blewitt	10	0	0				
					£43	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 Elm	0	1	0
Baptist Sunday School, Anstruther	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	6	8
A. B. C.	1	0	0	Mr. Fellowes	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, Carlake	0	8	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	8	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	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. Vyano... ..	0	11	0
Collected by Mrs. Wright	1	12	6	Mr. W. Jones	0	10	0
Kettering	0	2	6	Mr. T. Faer	0	5	0

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Matthew xxv. 40	Miss Lucy Best	1	0	0
Miss Hadland	Collected by Miss Purvis	0	5	0
W. F. and friend G.	Mr. H. Kelson	1	0	0
Mrs. Blair, per Rev. E. Blewitt	10	0	0	Mrs. Eastfield's Collecting Box	0	11	0
A Friend	At a Wedding, T. R. H., and E. P.,
Thankoffering " "	Red Hill, September 15th	2	0	0
Mr. Edwin Fear " "	Boxes at Tabernacle Gates	2	14	8
Mr. H. Gifford	Mr. J. Lockett, per F. R. T. Ann. Sub.	0	5	0
S. H.	Mrs. Gibbs " "	1	0	0
Leominster				
Mrs. Mary Ewart				
Mr. R. Plukstones' Class				
Miss Celia Best				
					£66	11	4

Orphanage Infirmary.

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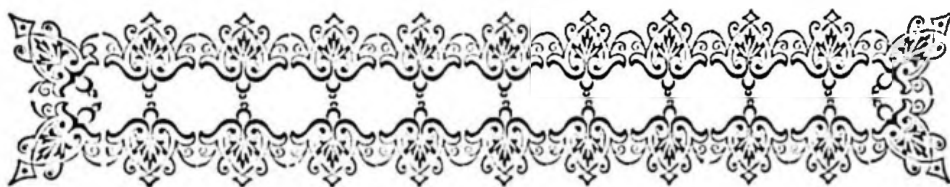
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THE
SWORD AND THE TROWEL.

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 Becon 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"—"falsome 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 solemu 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 Keyworth, 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, quæ 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 behove 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 signalised 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, Jonathan 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 as 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 further 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.

"BUT 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 Raffaele 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 Urin, 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 feign 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 villanies 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 condemn 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.

Pasant 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 sarcenet 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! 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-oo! It's cannon-balls all around, I can tell you, farthest off is the safest place. B-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-beggin, 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 flitting 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 *fiê* 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

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*" pulled 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. Schaufller, 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 blow, 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 Cantahar. The title to begin with was a plagiarism, "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 Kiurross, 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. Hole 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 Isaak 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 PARON, 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 L. 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. Greenhill. 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) sailed 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. Bleckmore 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	8	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 Jephis ...	1	5	0	Collected at Broughton, per Mr.			
Mr. W. E. Beal	1	1	0	Asquith	1	2	0
A. B. C.	5	0	0	Cornwall Road, Brixton, Sunday			
Mr. James Bass	2	0	0	School, per Mr. Asquith	0	18	8
A Christian Servant	0	5	0	R. W.	1	0	0
Mr. Booth	1	0	0	A Friend, per Mr. F. R. B. Phillips...	3	15	0
Per Mr. G. Aubrey, Goosehill ..	1	2	6	1 Chron. xxix. 14.	1	0	0
H. O.	1	0	0	Weekly Offerings at Tab., Sept.	25	49	2 11
The Misses Dransfield	2	2	0	Oct.	2	37	1 2
Mrs. Simmonds	0	10	0	" " " " " " " "	9	36	7 0
Mr. Padgett	10	3	0	" " " " " " " "	16	27	8 2
Mr. Foster	0	10	8				
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. Ranford	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	5	0	T. J. D.	1	0	0
E. Meyers (1d. 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				Mrs. Croker	0	15	0
Chapel	15	0	0	Mr. J. Fellowes	0	2	6
Mrs. Whittemore	0	10	6	Mr. Padgett	10	0	0
Friends at Great Broughton, per Rev.				Mrs. Wainwright	1	0	0
D. Asquith	0	10	0	Mrs. Simmonds	1	0	0
Mr. Weatherston, per Rev. D. Asquith	0	2	8	A. R.	2	10	0
Friends at Greystonthon	0	8	1	Mrs. H. Armitage... ..	0	10	0
Mr. J. Morley	52	10	0	Mr. J. Ford... ..	0	5	0
Mr. S. Hyndard	4	0	0	H. and H. P.	0	10	0
W. J. B.	0	10	0	H.	0	10	0
Collections after Sermons by Mr. Spurgeon, at Myrtle Street, Liverpool ...	187	8	11	Mr. Farley	5	0	0
A Devonshire Widow, per Rev. W. C.				Miss Fella	0	5	0
Bunning	0	5	0	Legacy, late Archibald Thomson ...	3	8	6
Miss Maxwell	0	15	0	Miss Mary A. Scott	0	10	0
Mr. Rawlins	0	5	0	Telata	1	1	0
Mr. Romaug and family... ..	2	0	0	Mrs. L. C. Grosse... ..	0	5	0
Mrs. Hale	0	10	0	1 Chron. xxix. 14.	2	0	0
Harriett	0	2	0	Collecting Books and Boxes:—			
Bank Note 29,157	5	0	0	Miss Lawson	0	12	0
Miss Dent	5	0	0	Mrs. Whitehead	1	18	2
Collected by Mrs. Vynne	0	11	0	Miss E. Narraway	0	4	0
Mr. H. Smythe	0	10	0	Miss A. Parker	0	5	0
Mr. J. Wilson	50	0	0	Miss Coombes	0	6	0
Mr. W. A. Butterworth... ..	1	1	0	Mr. J. Crombie	0	11	0
P.	20	0	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. Healey ...	0	6	6
Mr. Morris ...	3	0	0
Miss Budge ...	0	5	0
Mrs. Williams ...	1	3	6
Mrs. Augar ...	0	6	0
Miss E. Fryer ...	1	1	0
Miss Wilton ...	0	7	0
Master B. 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	6
Miss Ballands ...	0	5	0
Mrs. Barker ...	0	7	11
Master H. Bunting ...	0	2	4
Miss S. Champion ...	0	18	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. Willeox ...	0	6	0
Miss E. Coates ...	0	5	0
Miss Hallett ...	0	8	0
Miss E. Fergusson ...	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	12	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. Copley ...	0	6	0
Mr. 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. Baverstock ...	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. Limbert ...	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	9	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 Fairley ...	0	5	0
Miss White ...	0	7	0
Mr. Golding ...	0	19	8
Mrs. Waghorn ...	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. Ralnes ...	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

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	£	s.	d.
Mr. C. Clark	1	0	0
Mr. Alderman & Mrs. Cotton	6	0	0
Mr. Hammon	0	5	0
Mrs. Howden	1	0	0
Mr. J. Cox	21	0	0
Mr. Gadd	1	0	0
Mrs. Jones	1	0	0
Mrs. Cox	1	0	0
Miss Roberts	1	0	0
Miss Flux	1	0	0
Friends, per Rev. W. T. Henderson	1	7	0
Friends, per Mr. J. Cox	2	2	0

	£	s.	d.
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Mr. W. Wilkin, per Mr. Cox	2	2	0
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Mr. John Skinner	1	1	0
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Thankoffering, Petrolea, Canada	2	10	0	Mrs. H. Clark	0	10	0
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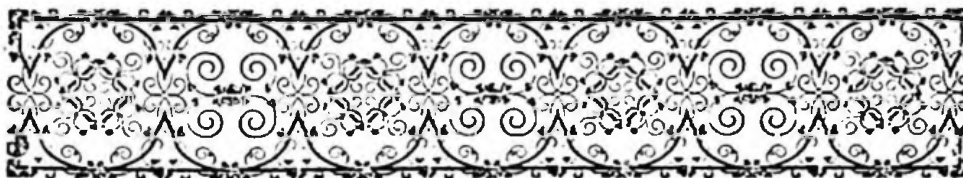
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Subscriptions will be thankfully received by C. H. Spurgeon, Metropolitan Tabernacle, Newington. Should any sums be unacknowledged in this list, friends are requested to write at once to Mr. Spurgeon. Post Office Orders should be made payable at the Chief Office, London, to C. H. Spurgeon.



THE

SWORD AND THE TROWEL.

DECEMBER 1, 1870.

Very Singular.

A SERMON. BY C. H. SPURGEON.

"He put his household in order and hanged himself."—2 Samuel xvii. 23.



AHITHOPHEL 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, cautious, 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 Ahithophel 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 gall 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 putttest 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. Putting 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 came 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 bars 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 New Glean 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 "quickenings 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 servid; 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 Lausanne, 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 MM. 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

* Gratlan.

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!—EDIRON.

† 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 Anne 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 Eastcheap. 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 home-stead 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 Cyclopædia.

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."—*Oxendon*.

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 inpress 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,

Gravelotte, Verneville, Jouaville, St. Ail, St. Mary-aux-Chenes, St. Privat, Remilly, Courcelles, Laquenox, 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 81,600 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 those 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 LII., 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 breviate.

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. SPRUNGEON. 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 Harvest 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 LYNDIE 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.			
Mr. James Salvage	1	0	0	Brown	0	5	0
Mr. W. Thomas	0	4	5	Friends at Maryport	1	0	0
H. A.	0	5	0	Miss Pringle, per Pastor W. C.			
Dinah	1	0	0	Bunning	1	0	0
A Working Man	0	4	0	Mr. W. C. Pitt	0	10	0
S. G., per Rev. E. Spurrier	1	0	0	Mrs. Elliott, per Lieutenant Moles-			
Mr. W. Knight, per Pastor E. Spurrier	1	0	0	worth	0	5	0
Mrs. Harris	0	5	0	Mrs. Bydewell, Collecting Box	0	5	6
Mr. J. Wilson	0	7	6	Mrs. Beckmore	2	0	0
A Thursday night hearer	5	0	0	W. Llanvapley	0	10	0
Collected by Miss Jephth	1	5	0	Collection at Eld Lane, Colchester,			
Miss Burls	5	0	0	per Pastor E. Spurrier	5	12	0
Trophimus	1	0	0	Mr. B. Shayer	2	10	0
Mr. Dransfield	2	2	0	Weekly Offerings at Tab., Oct.	23	40	5
Charlotte Ware	0	7	6	"	30	33	3 11
S. B. P.	0	10	0	"	6	40	5
Mr. J. B. Thomas	0	15	0	"	13	25	14 6
Mr. J. Banger	1	1	0				
Mr. C. Griffiths	1	1	0				
Mr. E. Johnson	2	10	0				
							£197 15 2

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.			
Miss Annie Heath	0	10	6	Bunning	1	0	0
Master S. Mann	0	1	5	Collected by Mrs. Vynne	0	11	0
H. A.	0	5	0	Proceeds of Band of Hope Concert at			
Stamford Hill	0	5	0	Eaton, per Mr. Field	0	16	0
A Lady at Surrey Chapel, per Mr.				Pastor J. N. Bacon	0	10	0
Charlesworth	10	0	0	M. H. N., per Rev. J. N. Bacon	0	10	0
Mr. T. Barnes	1	1	0	Mr. J. Fellows	0	2	7
Mr. W. Pitts	0	5	0	W. K., per Mr. Young	0	5	0
A Thankoffering, Wantage	1	1	0	J. G., Psalm XXXIV.	0	3	0
Mrs. Carruthers and Friends	21	0	0	Mr. E. Johnson	2	10	0
Mr. Buckmaster	0	10	3	Mrs. Silverton	0	10	0
Miss Buckmaster	0	5	3	E. K.	0	10	0
Miss S. Seaman	0	8	0	W. A. M.	0	3	0
Mr. J. Green	0	11	4	M. M.	0	5	0
The Misses Emily and Kate Nye	1	0	0	Mr. and Mrs. D. Me	5	0	0
M. A. O.	1	0	0	The Pupils of Mr. Thomas W. Cave	1	8	0
A Country Minister	0	3	0	Mr. B. Shayer	2	10	0
Mr. Joseph Wates	2	2	0	H. S. S.	0	5	0
Mrs. Joseph Wates	1	1	0	Legacy, late Mr. S. S. Allen, per Mr.			
Mrs. Harris	0	5	0	W. C. Allen	25	0	0

[illegible]

For a Christmas Festival at the Orphanage.—Miss Peck £10.

Colportage Association.

<i>Subscriptions—</i>				£ s. d.	<i>Donations—</i>				£ s. d.
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.									£16 19 0
Weering, Esq.	5 0 0					

Orphanage Infirmary.

Mrs. Blackney	£	s.	d.
W. C. W.	1	0	0
Mr. Chew	5	0	0
The late Harold Drake's Purse	2	10	0
	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. Thineus	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, Surbiton ...	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
Mr. J. M.	0	5	0				
Collected by Miss M. V.—							
" Mr. T. Vickress ...	2	2	0				
					£66	17	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.